THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

THIS PRINTING 780,000

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

20,000

8000

CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER, 1944

15,000 100

12000

12 1.3 / 1030

15,000
.01
150.00

15,000
.50
7500.00

ARTICLES
THEODORE DREISER
PAUL GALLICO
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
PAUL W. KEARNEY
MILTON SPERLING
BOB BROWN
MONROE D. ROBINSON
VICTOR BOESEN
GUS LARSON
HUGH WOOTEN
MAURICE ZOLOTOW

FICTION
MacKINLAY KANTOR
JESSE STUART
10 CURT RIESS
10 GEORGES SURDEZ
12 WILL F. JENKINS
10 FRANK G. LASKIER
12 MARCEL WALLENSTEIN
JACK KIRKLAND

ART
PETER HELCK
HERBERT ACKERMAN
TONY PALAZZO
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST

PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTON BRUEHL
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
SERGE BALKIN
SYDNEY RAVITZ

VERSE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
STAN BAUMGARTNER
LOU LITTLE
HARVEY L. MILLER

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
PAUL GALLICO
GILBERT SELDES
BENNETT CERF
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
LEONARD FEATHER
PAUL EDUARD MILLER
BRUCE PATTERSON

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
IRVING ROIR
ALI
CARL ROSE
EMIDIO ANGELO

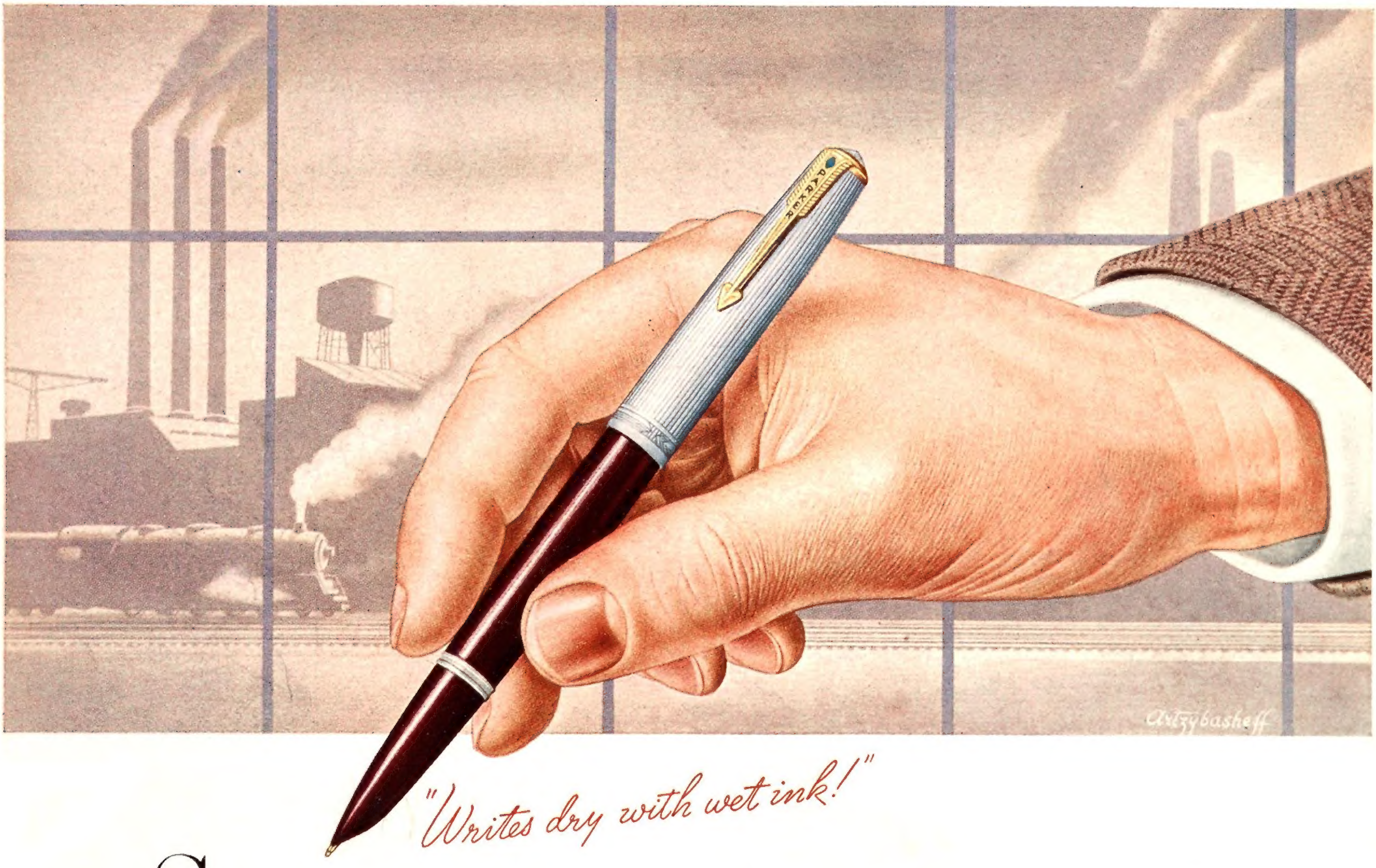
INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 304

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

6 WAR LOAN


PARKER
Artzybasheff
"Writes dry with wet ink!"

So many need the Parker "51"

...some may have to wait

A PEN to be treasured through the years—this Parker "51". Its slender, gleaming lines at once inspire admiration.

Put the unique, enclosed point to paper and it starts to write—just like that! Nimbly, eagerly, it obeys your fingers' every whim—paces your swiftest thoughts with ease.

Yet, we regret, you may find Parker 51's are scarce. So many really *need* this pen that some may have to wait.

Today, you see, all fountain pen production has been curtailed by government order. What's more, the creation of precision fuzes for bombs, artillery shells and other projectiles now has first call on Parker skills.

That's why the Parker 51's we can produce must be rationed to dealers. But please be patient. For this pen *is* worth waiting for.

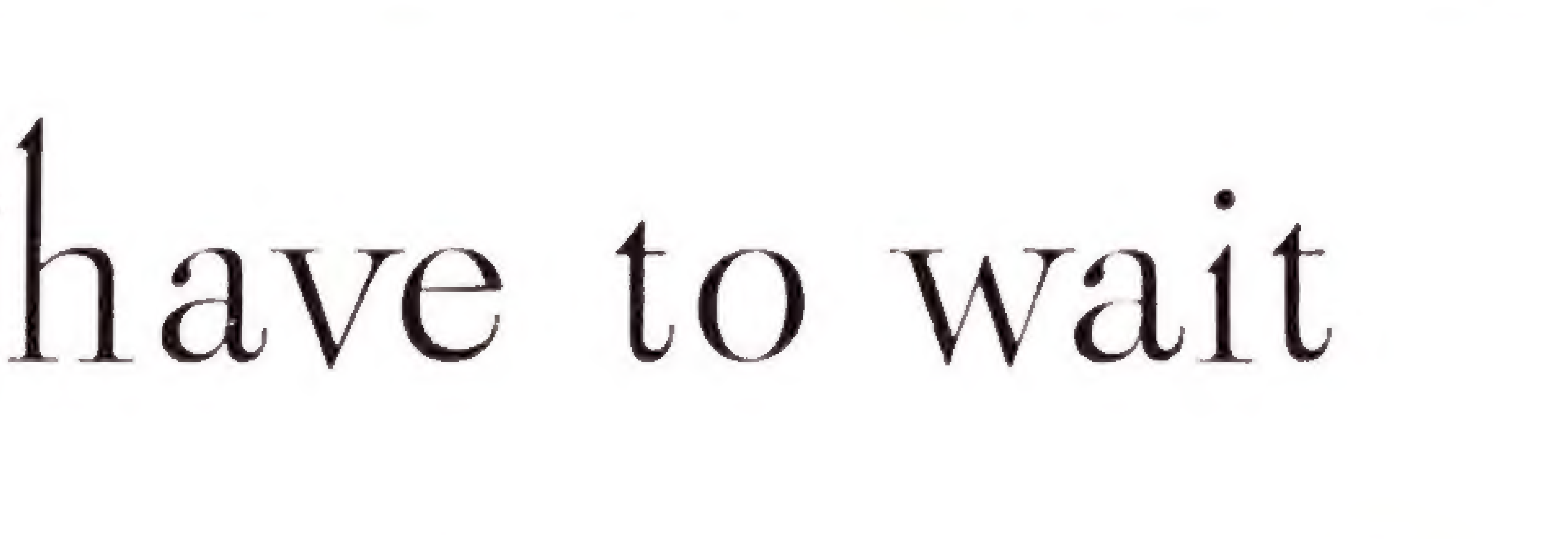
Remember: The Parker "51" is the only pen of its kind—protected by U. S. Patents. It *alone* can use Parker "51" Ink that *dries as you write!* You need no blotters. Naturally, you can use *any* ink with the Parker "51" if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

* * *

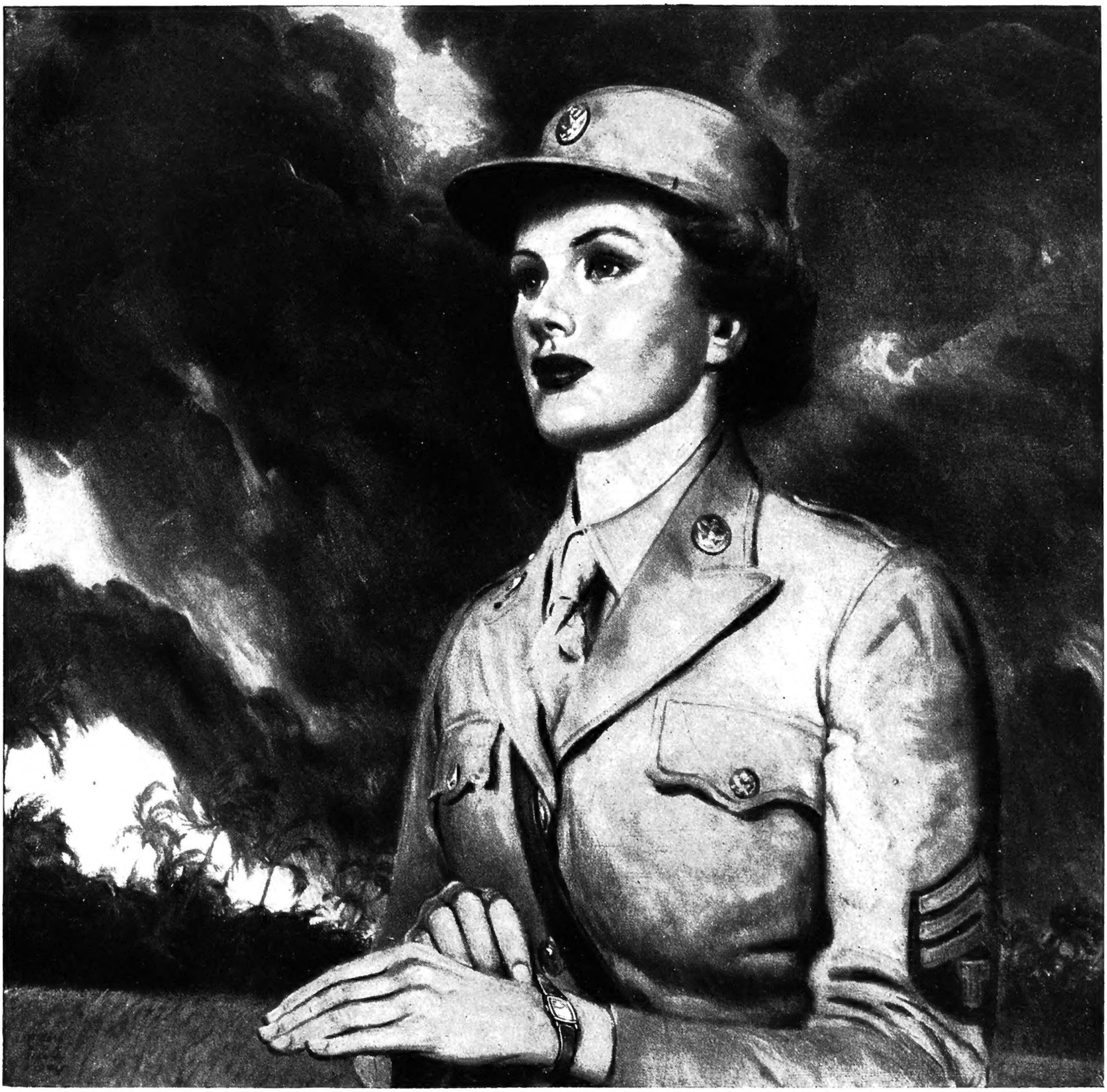
◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

Make your dollars fight—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!



Parker "51"

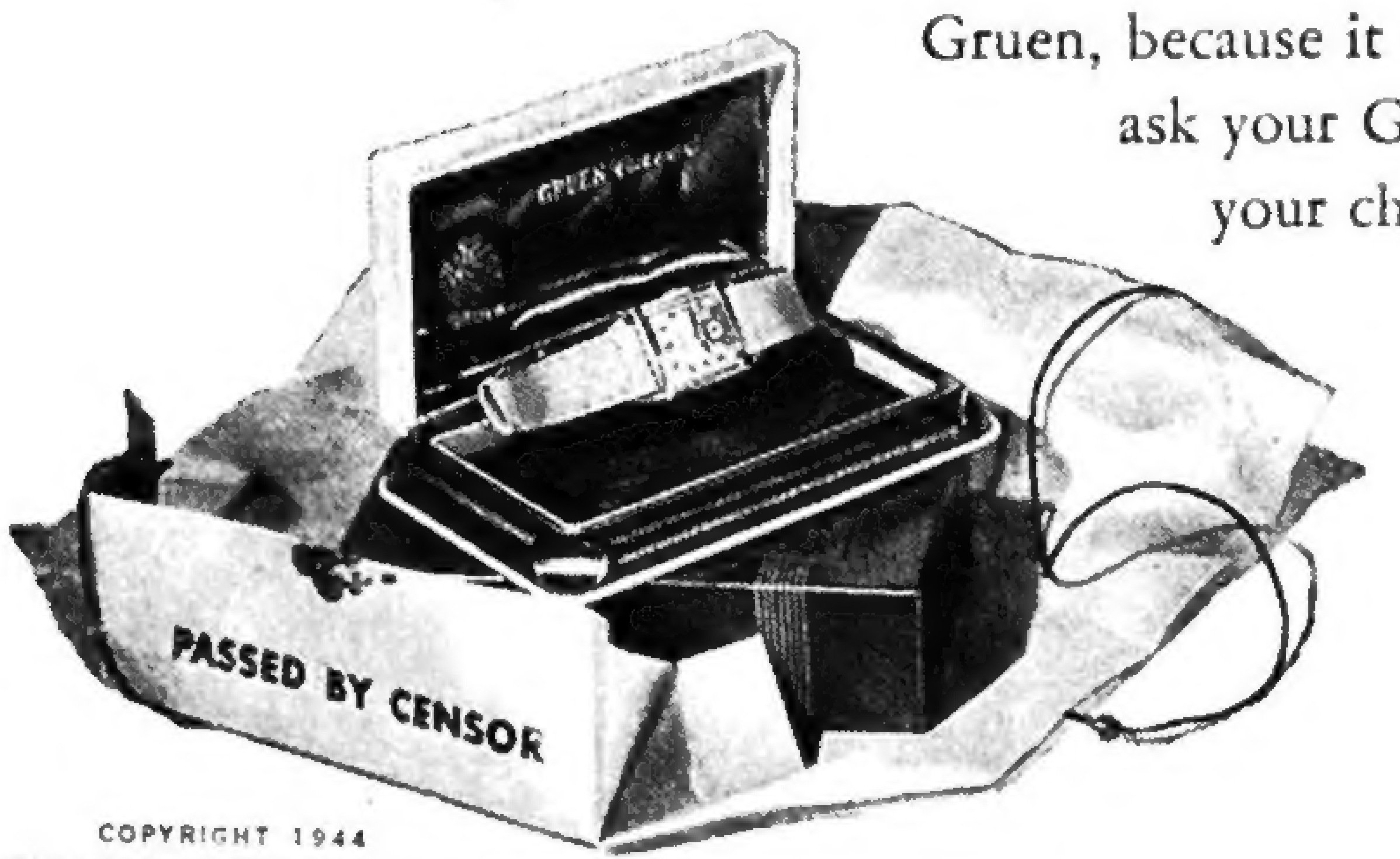
Copr. 1944, The Parker Pen Company



For a minute I was home... and it was Christmas Day!

She'd tried so hard to hold the memories back... they'd be lighting the candles now... or opening the presents. How far away it seemed! But one thing helped... the lovely watch with the tender words on the back! She looked at it a thousand times... and suddenly, she was home for Christmas!

What better gift could you find... to say the things you'll want to say this Christmas... than a fine watch? May we suggest that you choose the Precision Watch... Gruen, because it has been America's choice for precision since 1874... Gruen, because it was voted "America's best-styled watch" by leading fashion designers. Why not ask your Gruen jeweler to show you the many beautiful models still available. And remember... your choice would be greater if we weren't doing everything we possibly can for Victory!



COPYRIGHT 1944
THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

While we have been manufacturing large quantities of vital precision instruments for war, we also continue to produce fine Gruen Watches for civilian use... but of course the demand for these watches far exceeds production possibilities today.

THE PRECISION WATCH

GRUEN WATCHES from $29.75 to $250; with precious stones to $4,000. Prices include Federal Taxes. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U.S.A. *In Canada:* Toronto, Ont.

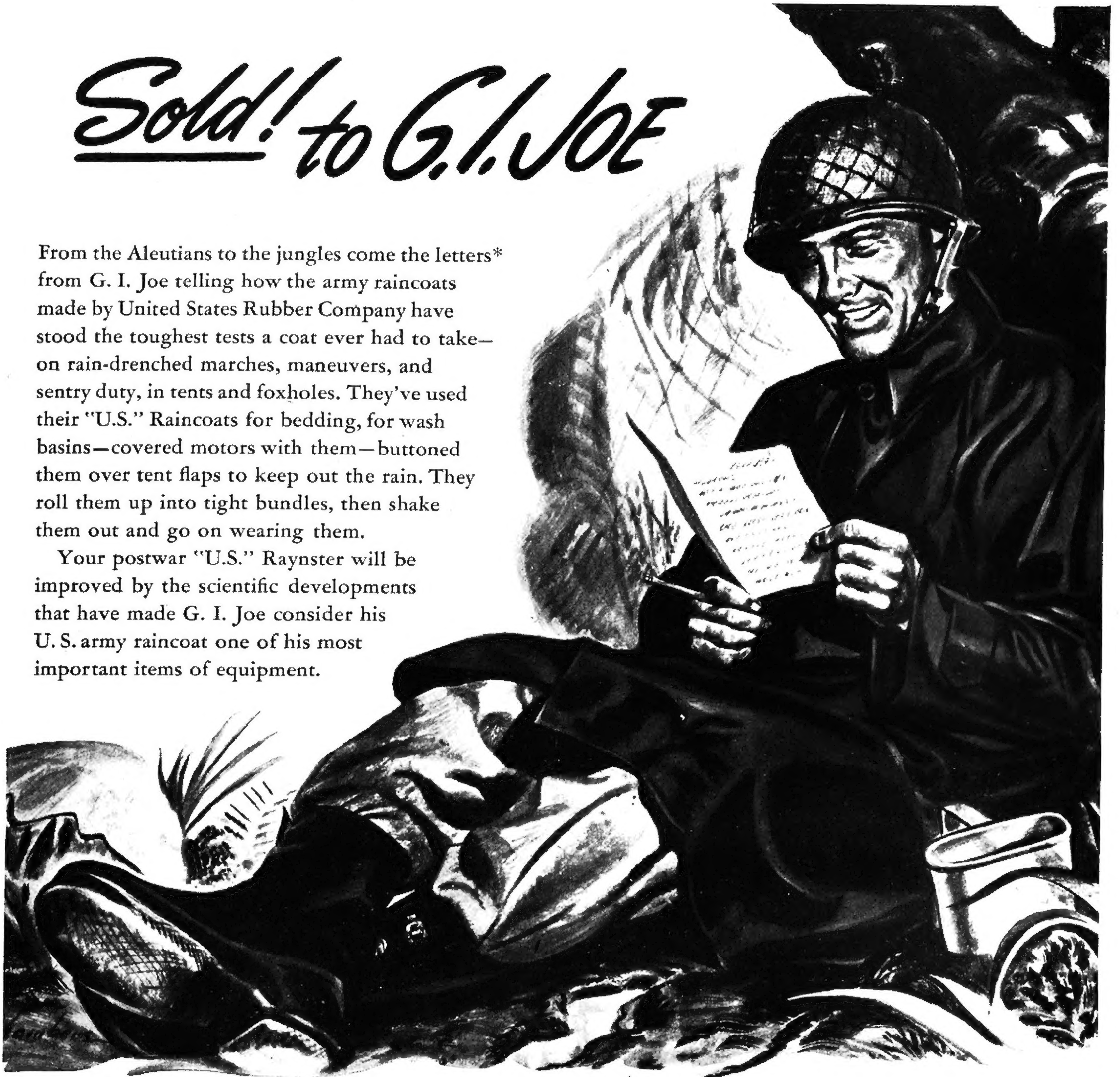
BUY A GRUEN WATCH.. BUT BUY A WAR BOND FIRST

GRUEN
THE PRECISION WATCH

"PRECISION" AND "THE PRECISION WATCH" ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

GRUEN... MAKERS OF THE PRECISION WATCH... AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

Sold! to G. I. Joe



From the Aleutians to the jungles come the letters* from G. I. Joe telling how the army raincoats made by United States Rubber Company have stood the toughest tests a coat ever had to take—on rain-drenched marches, maneuvers, and sentry duty, in tents and foxholes. They've used their "U.S." Raincoats for bedding, for wash basins—covered motors with them—buttoned them over tent flaps to keep out the rain. They roll them up into tight bundles, then shake them out and go on wearing them.

Your postwar "U.S." Raynster will be improved by the scientific developments that have made G. I. Joe consider his U. S. army raincoat one of his most important items of equipment.

"I'm still using the same 'U. S.' Raincoat that was issued to me a year ago, and it is in real good shape."

"We live in holes and the raincoat comes in mighty handy to lie on."

"We stand guard duty in all kinds of weather, day and night, and these coats keep us warm and dry."

"When the ground is damp, we first lay down the raincoat and then add the blankets."

"When it rains we button two of your raincoats together and spread them over the opening of the tent—prevents any rain from getting inside."

"On maneuvers we sleep anywhere, and spread our raincoats over us to keep the dew off."

"Bet you never thought your raincoats would be used as a wash basin! We dig two holes in the ground, fit a raincoat into each hole, and then pour in the water—one basin for washing clothes, the other for rinsing."

"U.S." Raynster RAINCOATS

REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Excerpts from actual letters received from our boys now in the service*

1230 SIXTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N.Y. • *In Canada:* DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

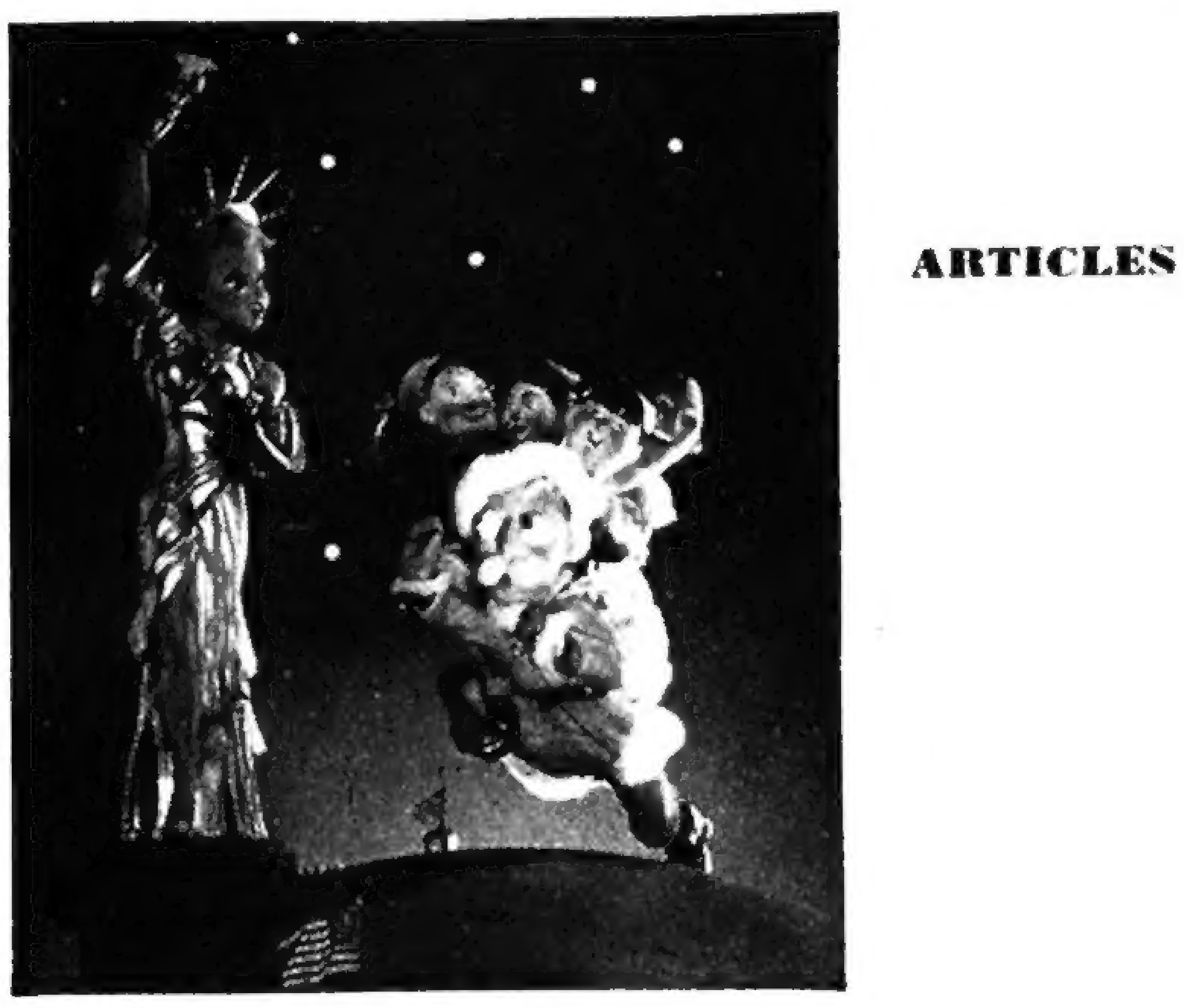
Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

Serving through Science

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1944 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or numorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.



Asst. Editor:
Bernard Geis
Board of Editors:
Fiction
Larabie Cunningham
Non-Fiction
Genevieve Pfleeger
A. D. Pitney
Features
Bruce Patterson
Mary Harbord
Sports
Ralph Cannon
Fashion
O. E. Schoeffler
Research
Fritz Bamberger
Production
Gus Berkes
Graphics
Tony Palazzo
Circulation
A. L. Blinder
Associate Editors:
Helene Richards
Edith Roberts
J. L. Cates
Frederick Sternthal
L. E. Hobart
K. F. Martin
G. M. Poston
V. B. Rogers

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1944

Page

ARTICLES

Farms for the Yanks. . . . . .*Practical advice for veterans with a back-to-the-land yen from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics*. . Gus Larson & Hugh Wooten 63
Robertson Comes Through!. . *That hard-riding dare-devil, George Robertson, promised to drive right over any car that wouldn't give him road* . . . . Paul Gallico 66
Death in a Cloud of Dust. . *Worst horror story in racing annals was the automobile contest which started at Versailles in the year 1903* . . . . . . .Victor Boesen 71
A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose. . *Interviewing a Red Cross worker at a rehabilitation center for war-weary servicemen in the South Pacific*. . . . . . .Milton Sperling 83 **R**
Rescue by the Ski Patrol. . *Trained volunteers of the N.S.P.S. spend vacations in the mountains giving first aid to major and minor casualties*. . Paul W. Kearney 103
New Year's at Boeuf Stroganoff. . *The Tziganis usually snubbed "westerners" but on this occasion they sorely needed a second violinist*. . . .Joseph Wechsberg 106
The Year of the Bunny Hug. . *At the century's turn, gilded young men dashed from Sherry's to the Haymarket in high-hat splendor*. . Monroe Douglas Robinson 115
So Now I Sleep in a Hammock. . *Travelers along the Amazon and soldiers stationed in Equator country learn to hit the hammock with aplomb*. . . . . . .Bob Brown 135

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury. . *Another dawn, so what?*. 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire. . *Some personal histories*. 58
Jazz: The Rhythm Section. . *Candid sketch of Ellington* . . . . .Leonard Feather & Paul Eduard Miller 116
Camp Humor: Goldbricking with Esquire. . *Incident of the colonel at Caserta* . . . . . Bruce Patterson 164
Opinion: This Man's World. . *The strange implications of ballet*. . . . . Paul Gallico 169
The Lively Arts: Perspective on Popularity. . *The long view on swing* . . . . .Gilbert Seldes 174
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments. . *Mae West done her public wrong*. . George Jean Nathan 181
Potables: The Holiday Wassail. . *Good news for merry gentlemen* . . . . .Lawton Mackall 186
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. . *The captivating* Cluny Brown . . . . .Bennett Cerf 193
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette. . *Directions for a novel Christmas dinner* . . . . .Iles Brody 198
Discs: Esquire on the Record. . *Crosby for the faithful; Bach for musicologists*. . . . . . . Gilbert Seldes 224

FICTION

All Night with My Darling. . *Pilot Officer Lachlan knew he was not handsome and his love for the Gold Ray Girl could only be one-way*. . . .MacKinlay Kantor 64 **R**
The Malingering of Uncle Tom. . *Grandpa insisted it was time to air the Powderjay scandal, for he wanted Shan to be a credit to the family*. . . . Jesse Stuart 72
The God from the Five-and-Ten. . *Bik-Lin was a patriotic deity and felt his responsibility, yet as the Jap plan progressed he only grinned*. . . . . Will F. Jenkins 84
The Connemara Black Fly. . *Inexplicable hatred shone in the boatman's reddened eyes when the eccentric Major O'Corvin was mentioned*. . . . Marcel Wallenstein 104
Forward as at Waterloo. . . . *If the narrator really had killed the kind old man, he could claim the principal of his school as an accomplice* . . . . . . .Georges Surdez 136
The Carpenter Goes Home. . *This was Chips' last voyage and he planned to buy a home with a flower garden on the banks of the River Dee*. . Frank G. Laskier 156 **R**
"I Beat Mickey Walker". . *Resenting the cocky Frenchman, the Americans played "the humorless native game of putting someone on the rib"*. . . Jack Kirkland 161
The Hero's House of Cards. . *Hermann Teske was so shaken with nameless fears he had no heart for his broadcast to the German people*. . . . . Curt Riess 162

SEMI-FICTION

Black Sheep No. Three: Bill. . *Above all else he loved a joke and when he could no longer see humor in everything he didn't want to live*. . . . Theodore Dreiser 118

PERSONALITIES

Don't Look Now, It's De Wolfe. . *His impersonations are masterpieces of satire*. . . . Maurice Zolotow 155

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Robertson Comes Through!. . *Vanderbilt Cup Race, 1908* . . . . *Painted for Esquire by* Peter Helck 67
The Varga Girl. . . . . *Merry Christmas and How!* . . . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack: *Painting by* Varga 69
Ladies in Waiting. . . . . *Warner Brothers' Studio* . . . . *Photographs by* Henry Waxman 87
American Beauties, Western Style. . *Anne Jeffreys*. . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 97
American Beauties, Eastern Style. . *Arleen Whelan*. . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 98
Broadway for the Boys. . . . *Sono Osato*. . . . . *Photograph by* Balkan-Pix 101
Bright Sentinels of the Sky. . *Lockheed Constellation*. . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 102
Jam Session. . . . . *At Café Society Downtown*. . . . . . *Photographs by* Anton Bruehl and Sydney Ravitz 107
Spirits of 1933-1944. . . . . . . *A collection of all-time hit cartoons from eleven years of Esquire*. 119
The Playing Fields of Post-War America. . *A Sportographic Map* . . . . *Drawing by* Ackerman 128
Studies of Four Dogs. *Verses by* Phil Stack: *Photographs by* Henry Waxman 131
Esquire's Game Book Section. . . . *Including the Armchair Manhunt*. 139
Portfolio of Christmas Gift Suggestions. . . . . *Photographs by* Sydney Ravitz 147
Varga Calendar Preview for 1945. . *One of the divinely fair*. . . . . *Painting by* Varga 159

SPORTS

Revolt on the Pro Gridiron. . *National League faces war for players and territory*. . Stan Baumgartner 74
Football After the War. . . . *Army vets, schooled to play hard, may needle the game*. . . . . . Lou Little 86
The Old Master of the Ring. . *Incomparable Joe Gans had a quality called class*. . . Harvey L. Miller 138
The Esquire Sports Poll. . . *Consensus about pro and amateur football* . . Ralph Cannon & Herb Graffis 158
The Sporting Scene. . . . . . . *Former sports writers see action with the Marines*. . . . . .Herb Graffis 205

BRIEFS

Nets to Catch the Windy. . *How Miss La Chere slickered her Hollywood sisters*. . . . Parke Cummings 95
He Can't Hear "No". . . . . *About that intrepid news cameraman, Sol Davis*. . . . . Keith Wheeler 127
New Guinea Tent Talk. . . . *The baseball fans and the hard-boiled sergeant*. . . . . .Harold Winerip 130
The Iowa Champettes. . *Davenport business school gals play championship basketball*. . John O'Donnell 200
A Knave of Parts. . . . . *The amazing adventures of Peter Grimes*. . . . . .Bennett L. Williams 217

Changing Your Address?

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the subscription department one month before they are to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given.

ESQUIRE
December, 1944
Vol.XXII, No. 6
Whole No. 133 T.M.REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

A Hail and Farewell for Joe

Remembering how small the world is we must never sleep too sound again nor forget those now asleep forever

by **MACKINLAY KANTOR**

• GUEST EDITORIAL •

Hello, Joe! What do you know? . . . Just got back from the E.T.O. Just got back from a lot of places you'd never believe: mystery places, history places, places in the Bible, places tinted in color like those travel films we used to see in the Translux theatre, cities grey as ash.

Just got back from France and Germany, from Africa and Luxembourg and Crete, from Alps and Mountains of the Moon, and India. (You can have India; give me Indianapolis.)

Just got back from cobras and from temple bells, from camels and the Pyramids, from seals and scenery and nightingales, from animals that never grew in woods where all we Boy Scouts used to go, from animals I used to think lived in the Bronx Zoo and no place else. (They've got a zoo out at Swope Park, too, in K. C.; they've got zoos everywhere. I wonder if they'll try to put us in a zoo when we get home.)

Hello, Joe! What do you know?

Well, I know who I am, anyway. A lot of guys don't, but I do. A lot of guys are past knowing anything . . . We'll have to do their thinking for them.

I know who I am: I'm the thin-faced kid who used to work down at the barber shop, and you said I wouldn't amount to anything because I was sloppy about shining shoes . . . I wasn't so sloppy over Oschersleben, when all those 109's kept coming in from a high nine o'clock. I wasn't so sloppy with a 50 caliber; and it was forty below, and Andy fell down behind the other waist-gun position, and all his blood . . . it kind of steamed awhile. But pretty soon it was frozen: I could feel it mushy under my flying boots; and the ME's kept coming in, and then there was a bunch of FW's, too.

I know who I am: I'm the guy with three hooks on my sleeve, and wondering how I ever got them. I never was any good about apple-polishing. I just tried to keep out of trouble: I kept my nose wiped and my buttons shined. I'm the old mug that never got anywhere: dumb as a skunk, but willing to do what I could and what they told me to do; and seldom promoted, and I guess not deserving many promotions anyway.

I know who I am: the white-haired boy, the teacher's pet, the mother's darling . . .

I was a good mechanic when I worked in that Chevrolet place. But I did better on half-tracks: we all did better, because we had to. We had to do the best there was.

I am two million other men, or is it nine? I know about the climate in places our schoolteachers never even heard of. I can tell you what a boy looks like when his tank is hit . . . (Did you ever hold a hot dog too long in a bonfire?) I can tell you what it means to love a lot of other guys.

All these things I could tell you; all these things I could give you. But I won't, because already the secret fingers are laid upon my lips, and so I cannot tell you anything.

Except just this: the world became so small—so very tiny that it became a great deal more important than when it was big. That's the thing that everyone must remember, and never once forget. The world is ours, and it is small. It's fenced around with crosses, it's spotted with the rust of jeeps. It's tiny, and it's plastered with a water where Americans are swimming always—dark and secret hulks within those depths . . . and not even the gulls may know where they have gone.

The world kept shrinking: (It was the size of what they call a Motordrome, that was like a big wooden teacup, maybe the size of a big room, and men rode their motorcycles round and round against the loose wooden sides: and we boys stood up on top looking down and wanted to ride motorcycles.)

The world was tiny. (It was maybe the size of a basketball. They beat us in the third round at the tournament that winter, and we had expected to win. Half our school's girls were crying, until we went down to the Soda Lunch and got some malted milks and began to have a good time.)

It was fearful and frightening, but the world was only the size of a grapefruit. (My uncle used to raise them in his grove . . . I haven't seen a grapefruit in twenty-nine months and four days.)

O, little, shrinking, shriveling, tight, small world, with so much threat a finger-length away! It was the size of a baseball. (Big Poison won the game for the Pirates in the last half of the seventh, and we kids had more popcorn and peanuts and yelled ourselves crazy . . . I haven't had any popcorn since before Salerno; I haven't had any peanuts since God was young.)

The world—small as the golf ball that fat man from Maplewood used to top and slice all the way round the Shackamaxon.

O, small as the ring I bought for a redheaded girl in Lincoln. (We were eating supper at the Hotel Cornhusker when we first talked about it . . . she was the one I married: we have two kids.)

The world was a black-eyed pea. (Callie used to cook them with fat pork, but my Aunt Chloe always said lean bacon was the best.)

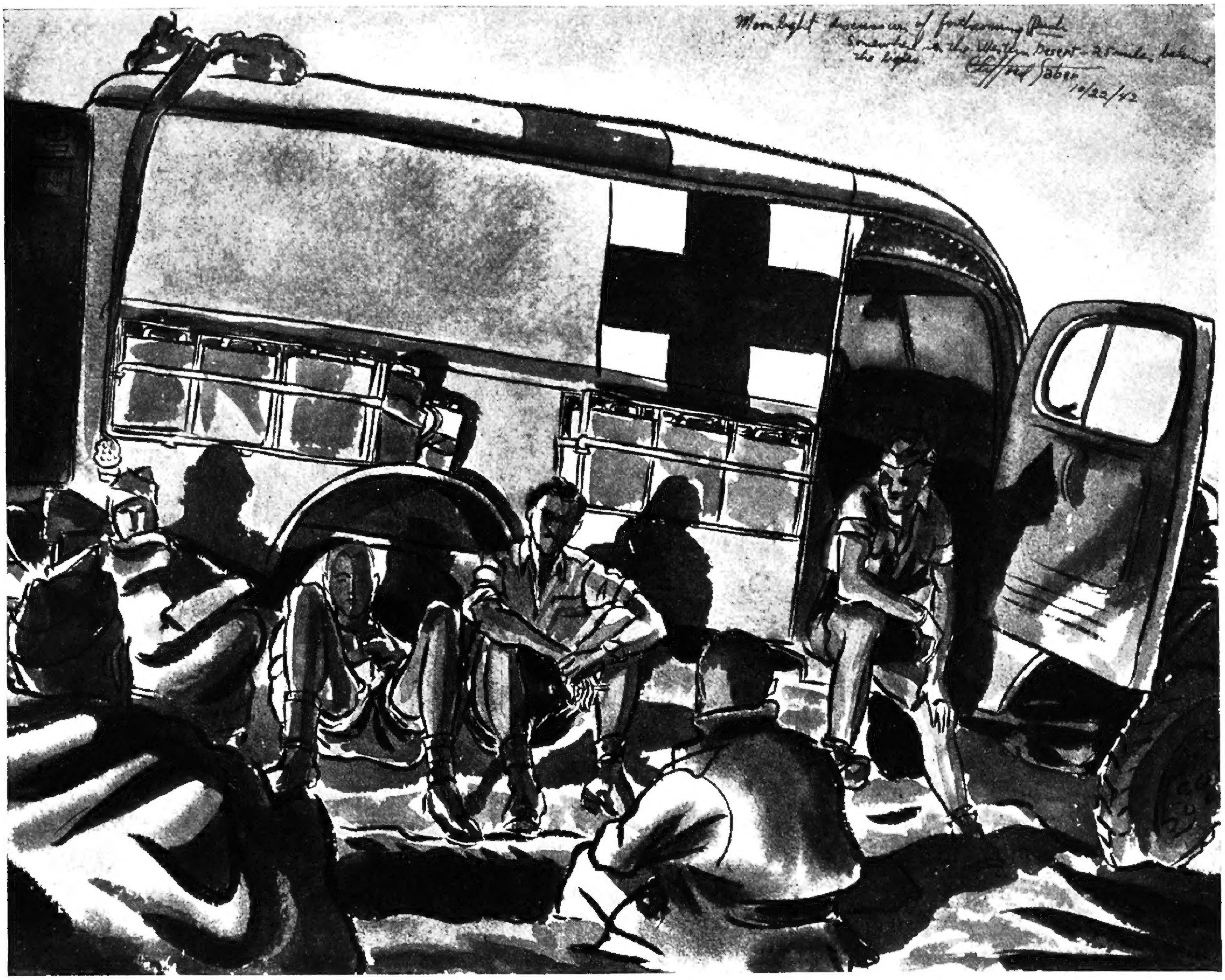
O sad, O old, O proud and pretty world . . . Remember this: it's small, and so we have to watch it; and so it is that we must never sleep too sound again. And so it is that all those other guys—we've got to do their drinking for them, and all their eating, too. The turkey and the abalone, the sweet corn next July and all the mince pies now, smoked mullet and the radishes in spring. Doughnuts at the Maxwell Coffee House on Broadway. All of the things they loved to eat: we've got to think of them when we are eating.

It's strange that I am now alive and smelling Christmas . . . Think me not licked or foolish if I cannot tell you all I know.

Bring on the hamburgers! Bring on the cokes and Dry Martinis. Bring on the pancakes and the biscuits and the hard-boiled eggs; bring on the life I never thought I'd taste again. Give me a kiss if you are fair and female: or buy me a beer if you're a male. And just say, "Merry Christmas, Joe! We're glad you're back. We'll not forget that inside you are bitter salt and you are wise." ⌗

Announcing
A New Edition of
Esquire's 1944 Jazz Book

Now, in a permanent form, with durable cloth binding in a size suitable for any bookcase shelf, you can get the famous Esquire Jazz Book that was originally issued only in pamphlet format. It makes a beautiful book of 230 pages, a reference book that you will want to keep and use. In it you will find the most important writings on jazz which appeared in Esquire in the decade from 1934 to 1944, all the point voting by the board of experts which determined the personnel of Esquire's 1944 All-American Band, a short course in jazz appreciation and an historical chart of jazz influences by Paul Eduard Miller, hot record listings and market evaluations, biographies and discographies of all the outstanding jazzmen of the day. Published at $2.00 per copy by Smith & Durrell, Inc. Available at book stores and record shops, or, if your dealer cannot supply you, from Esquire's Jazz Dept., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.


Moonlight discussion of forthcoming Push
Somewhere in the Western Desert — 25 miles behind the lines.
Clifford Saber
10/22/42

DRAWN BEHIND THE LINES BY CLIFFORD SABER

"I hear their voices now . . . in music . . ."

"I MADE THIS SKETCH at a hospital camp East of Alamein. I had a lot of friends that night that I haven't got now . . . but today, in the whisper of some melody filled with their voices and their laughter, a lot of things that seemed so wrong at the time have eased off, and the distance between us seems a little less . . . in music!"

FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD, through all the joys and tragedies of life . . . there are few of us who do not rely on the power of music to set us right, to give us solace and courage, to create happiness for us.

TODAY . . . as we at Stromberg-Carlson devote all our hours to making communications equipment for war . . . we look forward to the time when we can again bring you an instrument that will carry music into your home.

When that day comes, we will bring you radios and radio phonographs that will give you music, voice and every type of program reproduced with a naturalness you have never before enjoyed.

OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for victory to bring our boys home!

In radios, television, telephones, sound equipment . . . there's nothing finer than a

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A half-century of fine craftsmanship

In Canada, Stromberg-Carlson, Ltd.

© 1944, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Readinjack

A Most Original, Handy Lounging Jacket

...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy** and **so convenient.** Of soft-as-down Camelord, a fabric of Du Pont Rayon Yarn that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer** to the **Gift Problem. Postpaid. . . .** **$6.50**

Your favorite store has it, or send coupon direct to FIELDS & CO., 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me these Readinjacks: (Check or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
Royal Blue			
Maroon			

Name __________

Address __________

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 300 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago 3, Ill.

ADLER MAKES YOU TALLER

You can be almost 2 INCHES TALLER instantly and "confidentially." Yes,

MEN... Now you can be TALLER than "SHE" is

in these amazing shoes that *look* and *feel* like any other fine quality shoes...and DO so much for you. Change to Adler Elevator Shoes $12.95

ELAINE BASSETT
One of JOHN ROBERT POWERS' LONG-STEMMED AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Send for FREE BOOKLET in full color

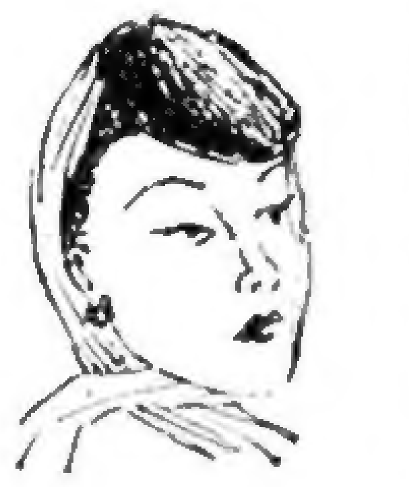
ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. E 12-44
122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.

Name........................
Address........................
City.................... State..........

Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy... what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



SALOME SCARF-CAP. For you guys who gripe about women's hats, we've personally selected a honey for you to send Her for Christmas. If you ever saw a hat with SEX, this is it. Smart as New York, chic as Paris, exotic as Cairo or Calcutta, it can make a gal look audacious, charming, pert, demure or seductive, according to the way she wears it. This temptress turban is a small felt beret, and attached to its rear there's a yard-long silk jersey scarf in a bold, contrasting color. Pixies tie it bow-fashion under the chin; dignified ladies wrap it haughtily around lily-white throats; sportswomen fold it ascot style, and Little Egypts can drap it à la Moslem. Just mention whether she's blonde, brunette or titian . . . We'll send the most flattering color combination.

TORRID FRAGRANCE. Perfumes, hot as the South Seas, they make strong men weak! Ask for "Danger" . . . and don't say we didn't warn you. Or "Shocking", "Menace", "Aphrodisia", "Tigress", "Shanghai", "White Flame", "Cobra", "Zibeline", "Algiers", "Sumatra", "Albano", "Green Eyes", "Startling".

BLACK LACE LURE. You asked for it fellows, so here it is. Black as a panther, sheer as a cobweb . . . insinuating as Mae West! Dance sets (bras and panties) in black chiffon and frothy lace: "Teaser". Black sheer nightie with off-the-shoulder neckline and wide transparent lace-ruffled hem. "Varga Girl" black sheer nightie with bare midriff and slit to the knee. "Cleopatra" black chiffon and lace negligee and nightgown . . . matching set.

CAN-CAN GARTERS . . . veritable ooh-la-las and typically Parisian. Naughty circlets of elasticized satin, bedecked with black lace, fluffy ostrich feathers, velvet bows and flowers. As pert and pretty as the Grables who will wear them. All thighzes.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Nail Clip

This La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. At the present time, the manufacture of manicure implements is sharply curtailed.

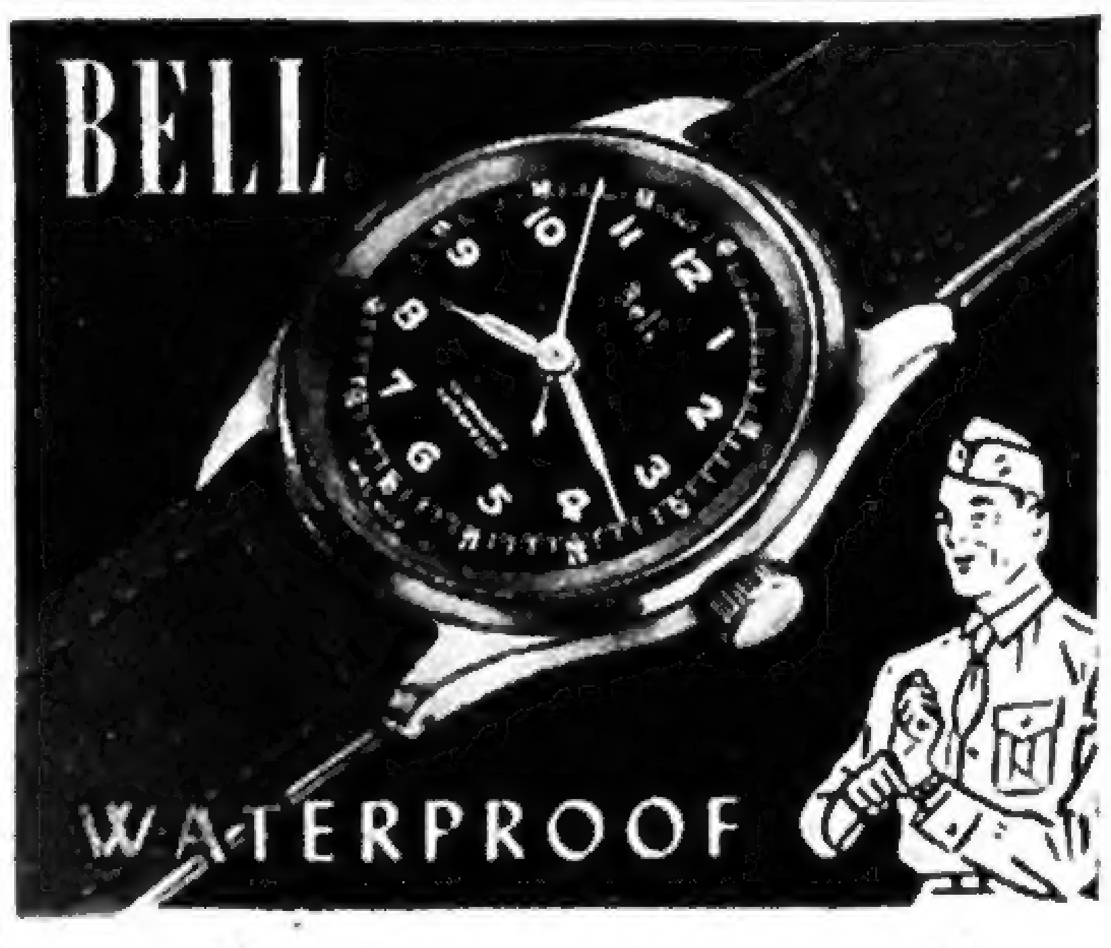
*All genuine La Cross implements are stamped—*LA CROSS ✚

La Cross

For more than four decades America's Finest Manicure Implements

SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION. 630 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.

BELL

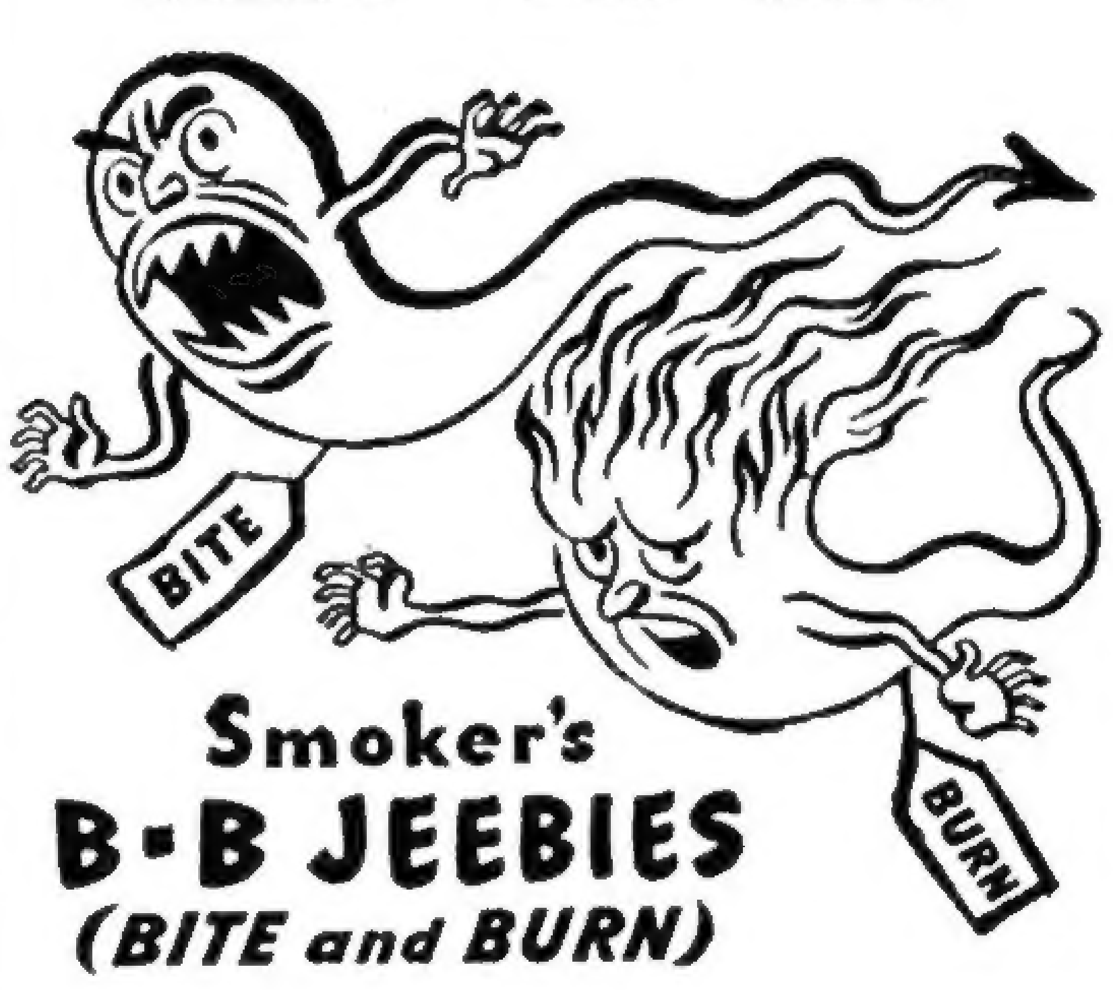


Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. TG 121 15 jewels, stainless steel back......	$39.75
No. TG 212 17 jewels, stainless steel back......	$42.50
No. TG 330 17 jewels, all stainless steel case	$59.75

Prices Include All Federal Excise Taxes. Postage Prepaid. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "TG"
BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

KEEP 'EM OUT



Smoker's B-B JEEBIES (BITE and BURN)

Smoking is *ALL* pleasure — with Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Here's why! Country Doctor's extraordinary blending experience; selection of the choicest tobaccos; skillful use of the perfect moistening agent . . . all three of these superior advantages *together* . . . definitely do away with Smoker's B-B JEEBIES (Bite and Burn) which usually lurk unseen in ordinary tobaccos. Try Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Fragrant-cool-and Oh so different.

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

25¢
A Product of Philip Morris

PLEASURE BY THE PIPEFUL

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LANGUAGE IS POWER

. . . Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, in global war and in peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

MASTER A NEW LANGUAGE *quickly, easily, correctly by* **LINGUAPHONE**

The world-famous Linguaphone Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. You learn the new language by LISTENING. It's amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded.

HOME-STUDY COURSES IN 29 LANGUAGES

Send for FREE book—
Call for FREE demonstration

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20 • Circle 7-0830

HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH

KEEP 'EM SHINING

FOR THAT BOOTMAKER'S FINISH

Your shoes are precious, extend their life by using Hollywood Stain Polish, redyes and restores their color, with the soft mellow glow of richly polished leather. Keeps leather healthy. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. . . . For sale throughout U. S. by leading stores, Strawbridge & Clothier, also John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Wagoner—Marsh, Akron; Gertz, Jamaica, N.Y.; Cannon Shoe Stores, and Roy Logan Stores from coast to coast.

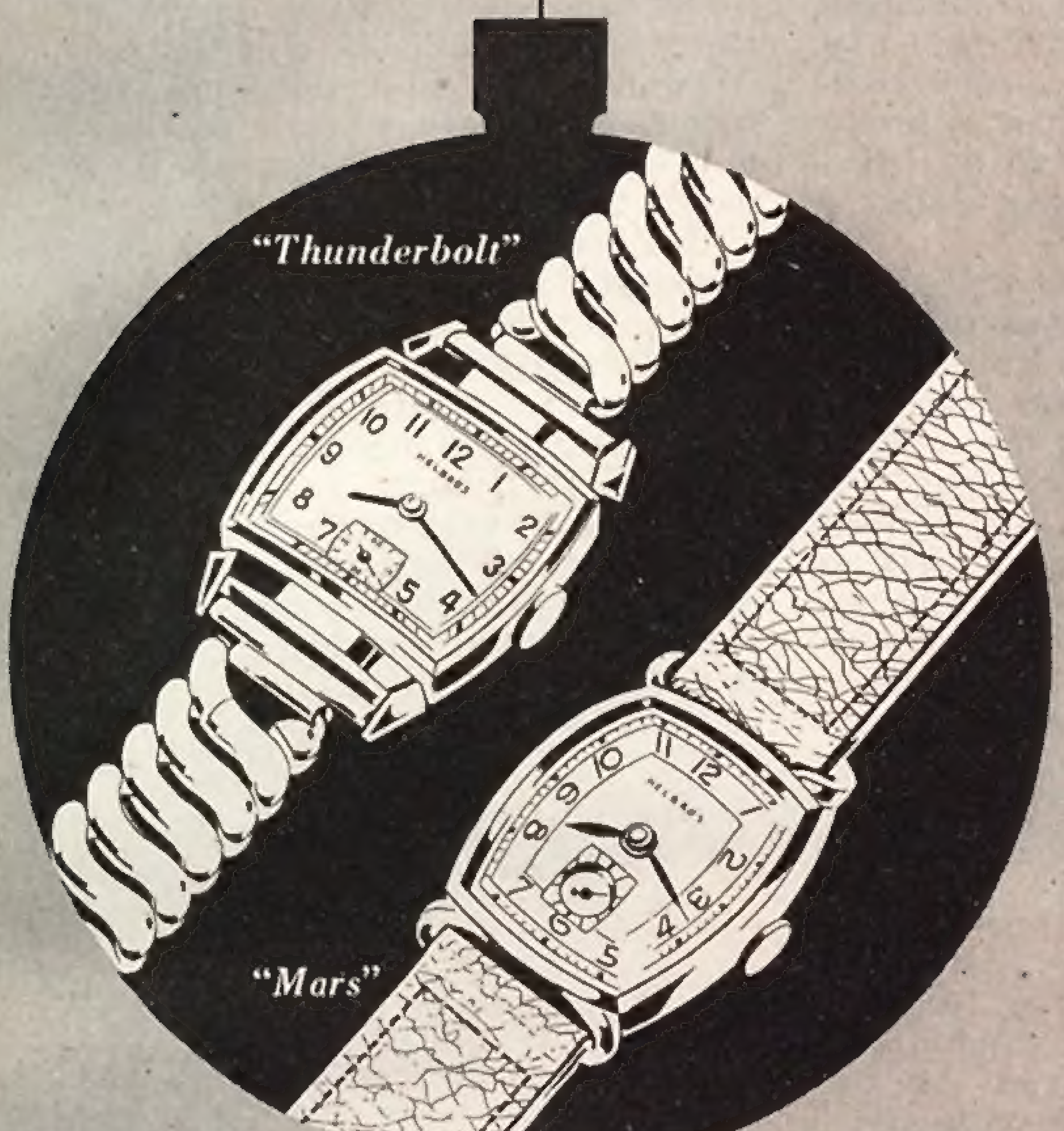
Hollywood
Hollywood BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

★Send For Set Of Five Colors

Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your dealer. Unconditionally guaranteed.

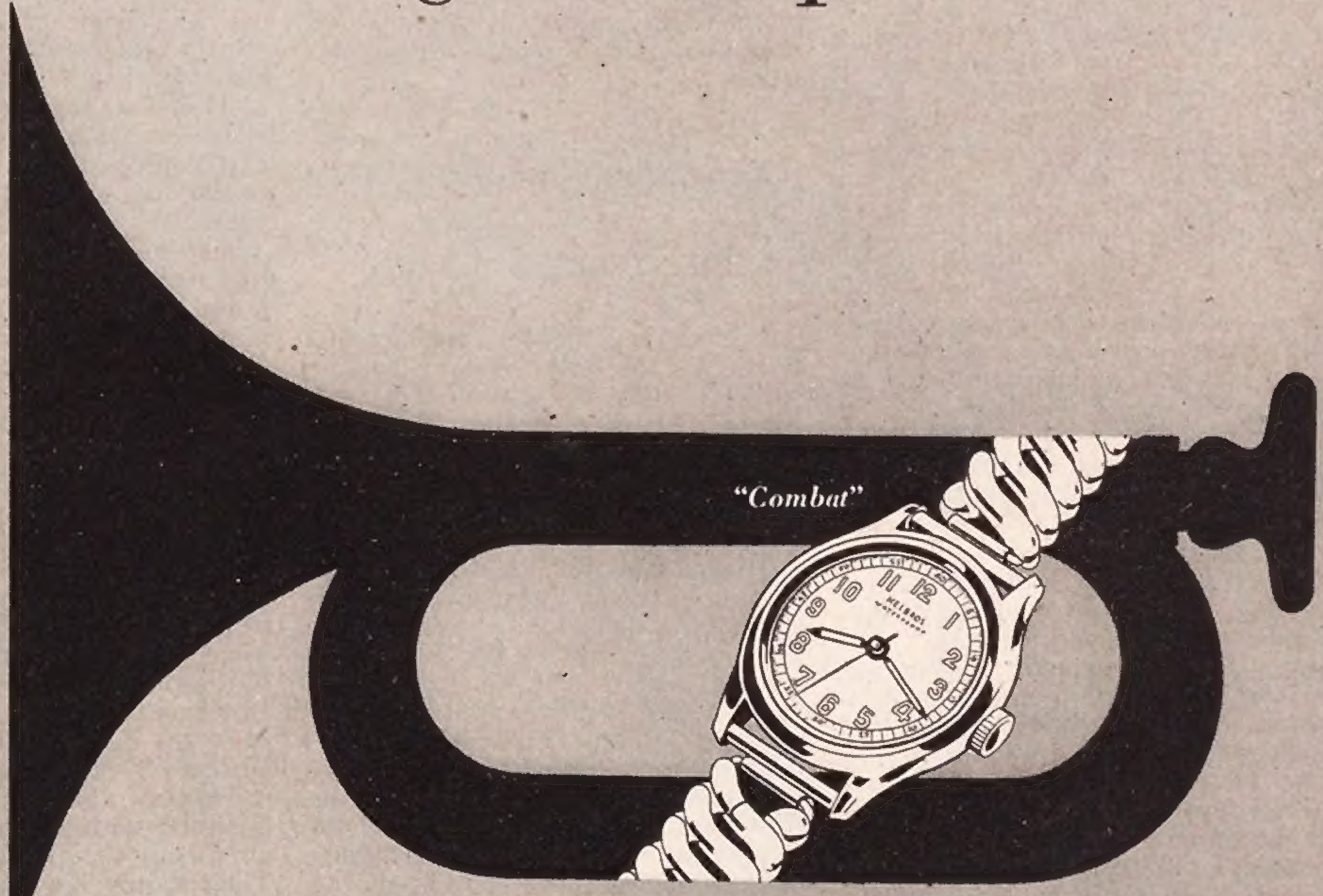
HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.
107-32 Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Wholesale Midwest Distributors, Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo. Keehn Bros. 29 W. Monroe St., Chicago

yes... Christmas is for grown-ups too!

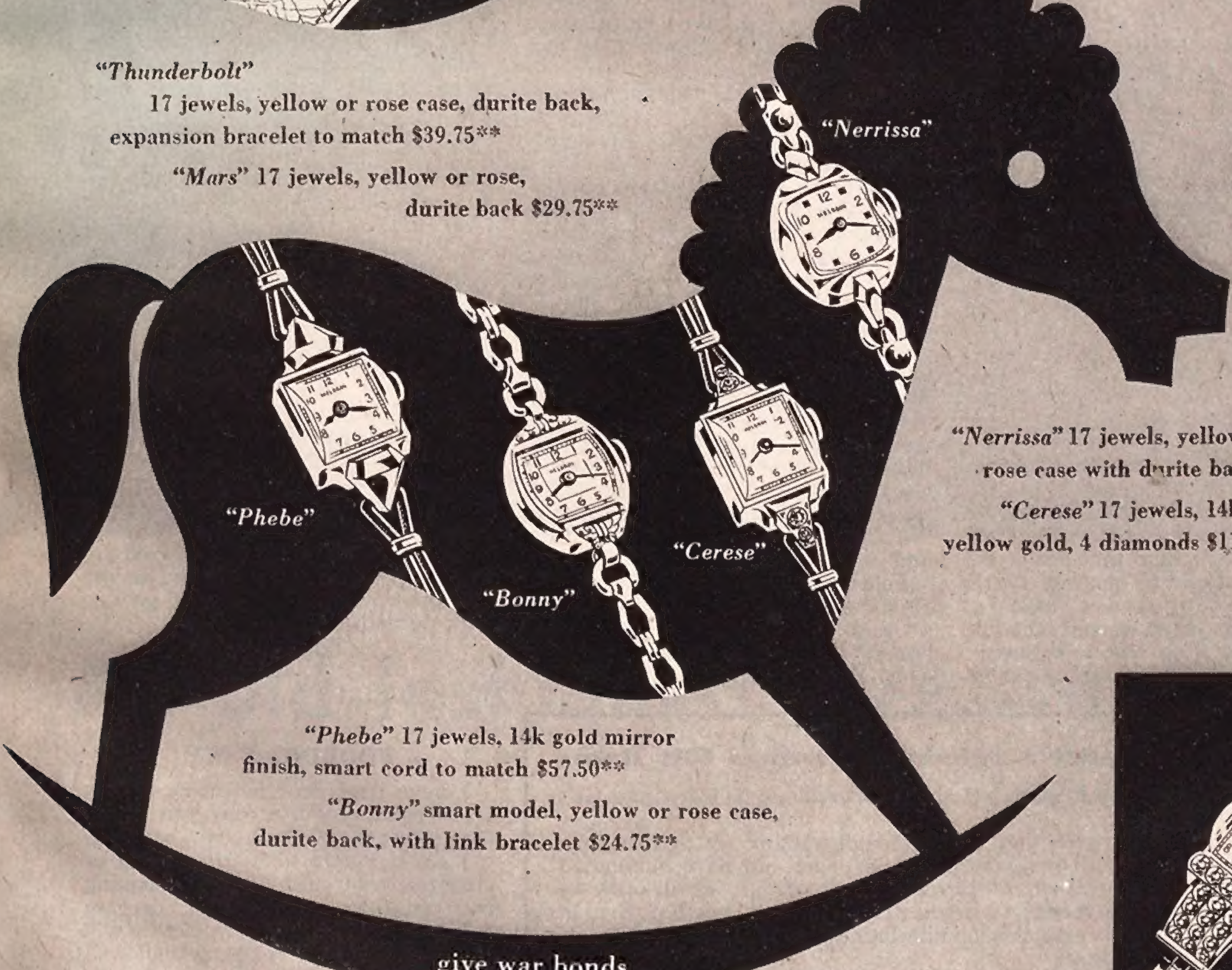


"Thunderbolt"
17 jewels, yellow or rose case, durite back,
expansion bracelet to match $39.75**

"Mars" 17 jewels, yellow or rose,
durite back $29.75**



"Combat" 17 jewels, shock resistant,
waterproof, radiolite dial and hands, white case
with expansion bracelet to match $49.75**



"Nerrissa" 17 jewels, yellow or
rose case with durite back $33.75**

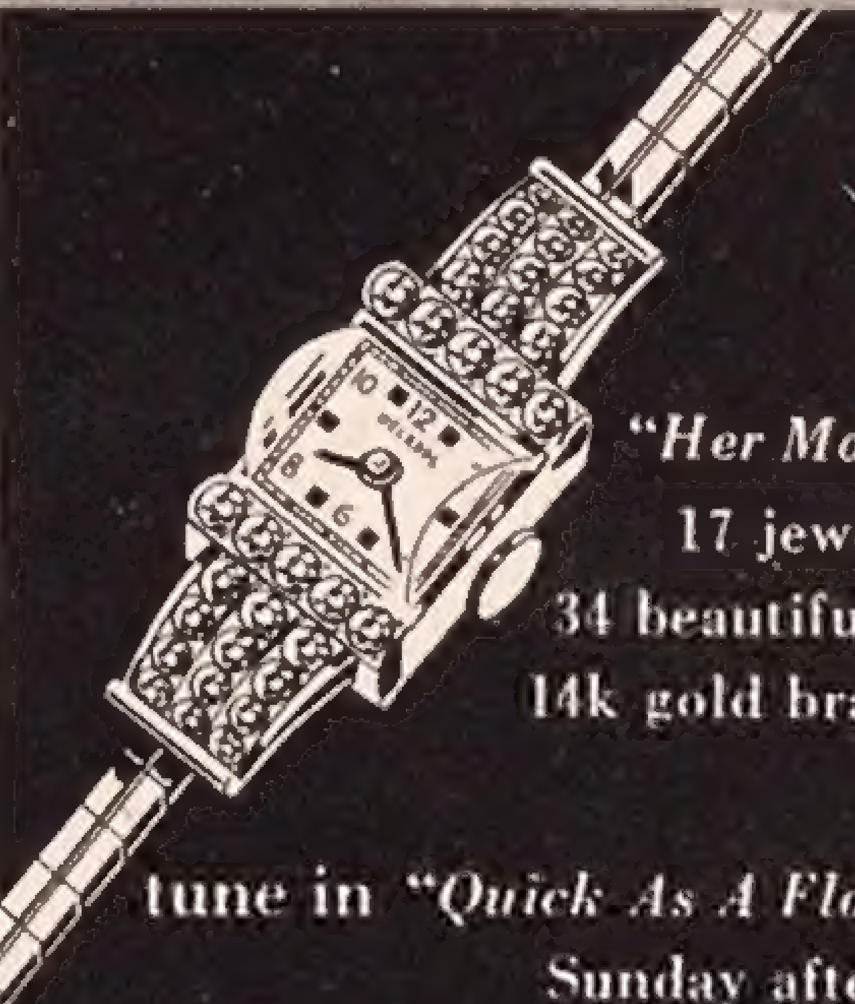
"Cerese" 17 jewels, 14k white or
yellow gold, 4 diamonds $115.00*

"Phebe" 17 jewels, 14k gold mirror
finish, smart cord to match $57.50**

"Bonny" smart model, yellow or rose case,
durite back, with link bracelet $24.75**

give war bonds

give a
Helbros
original



"Her Majesty"
17 jewels, 14k white gold.
34 beautiful diamonds with
14k gold bracelet $750.00*

tune in *"Quick As A Flash"* every
Sunday afternoon 6 p.m. ewt.
Mutual coast-to-coast network.

the correct watch for the correct time

Helbros Watch Company, 6 West 48th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

* price includes 20% Federal Tax   ** price includes 10% Federal Tax

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HOW DEEP IS A PIN-UP?

Kudos to Esquire for its fine display of feminine charm, but may we add a footnote to your September article on beauteous Miss Tyra Vaughan?

Granted that there may be a certain amount of precocity manifested in some few of the Hollywood "nebulae," we solemnly doubt the validity of Miss Vaughan's claim to being a serious student of human nature. We have traveled far and wide and have yet to find a girl who at the tender age of seventeen displays any more than a rather puerile and superficial interest in the complexities of human behavior. We may possibly call Miss Vaughan intelligent, she may perhaps be brilliant, but let us proceed with caution when we term a 17-year-old girl a "sage." To us such an incongruous title borders on the ridiculous.

We deplore the fact that Miss Vaughan regrets the "prolonged adolescence of the American male," and suggest that this juvenile Erasmus admonish personally a few of our "adolescent" comrades who recently landed on Saipan. And may we further ask Miss Vaughan, in reference to subnormal development in her own sex, if she has seen any of our adolescent males succumbing in frenzied delirium to the anguished entreaties of Frankie Sinatra?

Lastly, we vehemently object to Miss Vaughan's suggestion that we be subjected to post-war military training. We do not propose to discuss the merits of the issue, right or wrong, but we feel somewhat taken aback when such proposals come from a mere stripling of a girl. Perhaps when she has ascended like a radiant new planet to cinema's Valhalla, we, the adolescent males of America, may one day gaze at her Bernhardtian countenance in awe and transfixed reverence and then, with a wistful sigh, shoulder our rifles and take off for the mountains.

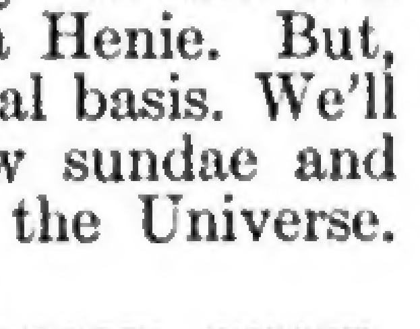
But we would like to talk to Miss Vaughan, even if she did say she was a combination of Betty Grable and Lana Turner and Sonja Henie. But, oh, purely from a mental basis. We'll sit over a marshmallow sundae and discuss man's place in the Universe.

Sincerely,
Pvt. W. C. Styron, USMCR
Pvt. J. A. Howell, USMCR

WECHSBERG TAKES A BEATING

Now that we know there is no opposition from the Nip air force, according to your June issue describing the poor quality pilots turned out by Tojo's lads, we should all be sent home immediately, if not sooner.

Needless to say your cartoons offer numerous laughs, but your best drawing cannot compare with the article presented by Mr. Wechsberg on *Why Jap Pilots Take a Beating.*



As members of one of the night fighter squadrons operating in this theatre, we KNOW that the Nip can and does fly nights. If they don't, the flags painted on the sides of our planes are mirages. And if you think they can't fly and maneuver an aircraft, just ask any returning pilot from this theatre. A Nip in a Zero, Tojo, Betty or what have you, is something to contend with. He asks no quarter and knows his business.

Mr. Wechsberg dishes out swell propaganda for the stay-at-homes and his informant must have been one of those armchair generals who has as yet to step foot outside Washington, or some such misinformed place.

Since reading your article, many of us can't figure out why we spent so many hours in an uncomfortable foxhole at NIGHT. Hell, the Nips just don't fly after dark. No? Well, in that case those sounds I've heard overhead in the deep of night must have been twin-engined mosquitoes with 1,800 horsepower engines and a slight bomb load.

Yours for more humor for humor's sake.

Lt. I. Nachman
and All the Lads
New Guinea's Ace Night Fighter Squadron.

POSITIVELY THE LAST BLAST AT ARPAIA

I have just finished reading the article in the July issue of Esquire entitled *Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses.* My first feelings of forgiveness have fused into anger, and I feel compelled to write in answer to the shocking accusations made by Lt. Wm. H. Arpaia. The entire article reflects an attitude of spoiled childishness, like that of a little boy who is pouting because his playmates in coveralls do not properly admire his new sailor suit. I realize that Lt. Arpaia has been to war, he states that in almost every paragraph of his article, and undoubtedly his experiences have not been pleasant. But may I remind the lieutenant that several hundred thousand other Americans are undergoing ordeals as severe. It is to speak for them that I write this article.

The charges that Lt. Arpaia has seen fit to make against America he states plainly. I will repeat them, in his own words. "The war simply has afforded an opportunity at home to make money, get drunk, have fun and raise hell generally". . . "personal profiteering, shiftlessness, negligence, ill-founded optimism and the failure of each American to realize that this is his war". . . "World Series business meant more than the war". . . "symptomatic of cold blooded indifference". . . "condition of complacency, profiteering, chiselling and ignorant optimism."

These are serious charges against the country that so many are giving their lives for, Lieutenant. But they're not new; we've heard them many times before. The Japanese radio station, Radio Tokyo, features a so-and-so called "Tokyo Rose" who plays choice American recordings nightly. But, of course, Tokyo Rose does not lay these fine platters on us just to be entertaining; between them she ladles out the Jap propaganda. Her charges are so similar to the article which the lieutenant has written that one or the other might almost be quoting. Therefore, we are not surprised or shocked at his accusations, just staggered at finding them coming from this new source.

Let us see just what the lieutenant offers in proof and support of his sickening contentions. Even carefully rereading his article, it still seems that he has hung his Devil's Portrait upon just four weak paper pins.

First . . . He states that after reserving a room in a hotel for two and one half days, with the stipulation clearly understood that it was to be for only that length of time, the big bad hotel manager (dressed in civilian clothes, mind you) made him move out at the proper time to give the room to the man who had reserved it in advance. What a Sainted Injustice! Lt. Arpaia seems to be under the impression that any mere civilian should jump if he says parachute! In Germany when the Storm Troopers want a room, they just move in and take it over. Here we do things differently, and we're fighting to keep it that way. The fact that a hotel manager could keep his word to a civilian in preference to breaking it for a Naval lieutenant is one of the freedoms that we're fighting for.

Second . . . In a certain well-known restaurant famous for its roast beef, when the lieutenant ordered dinner the waiter answered him "nastily." It seems the waiter said, "No! Don't ya know dere is a war goin' on?". . . Now, isn't that just too tough! Well, it happens that I am very well acquainted with the restaurant that I am certain Lt. Arpaia has reference to. Their waiters are chosen men, masters of their profession, and on the average possessed of a milieu and background I believe comparable to the lieutenant's, so I cannot imagine any one of them answering so crudely. Can it be possible that a corny conception of cheap dramatical contrast has allowed the lieutenant's typewriter to gallop away with his memory? And if that *was* the answer he received, the lieutenant would do well to cultivate a sense of humor. I have heard that expression used, and laughed at, by men on the fighting front many times.

Third . . . At one o'clock in the morning a garage attendant refused to change a tire for three men. Obviously that was not part of that attendant's duties, or he would not have refused. It is evident that he did not refuse just because they were Naval officers, but would have refused civilians as well. Does the lieutenant insinuate that because they *were* Naval officers, the man should have been forced to change their tire? Once again, Lieutenant, call out the Storm Troopers. As yet I can see nothing but amusement in the scene of three able-bodied men toiling for four hours unsuccessfully to change one tire! The Army has trained one Wac to change a tire on a truck in the mud in seven minutes. Whither, oh, fellow males, are we drifting?

Fourth . . . One of the lieutenant's "boys" who, as he stated came from a "small town" and was "trusting and honest" (Horatio Alger just rolled over), was charged three dollars for a haircut and a shampoo by a wicked New York barber. Does the lieutenant seem to think that it is something unusual and peculiar to New York for a barber to convince a customer that he needs a shampoo? Now, the boy could have gone to the Armed Guard Center and had his hair cut for fifteen cents. If that was all that he was talked into, just a shampoo, the barber either had tonsilitis or the boy has terrific will power, and it's a solid cinch the shop didn't feature a blonde manicurist. If the lieutenant thinks that's being "taken over" let me give him a tip. Keep out of New York taxicabs and away from stage doors.

Do not misunderstand me, I do not seek to detract from the lieutenant's war record. I award him full credit for doing his duty under trying circumstances—and probably doing it well. All war *is* hell. But apples are commonplace when they are in season. I only wish to point out where the sentiments that I advance come from.

The lieutenant seems to lack those two qualities which I have noticed cardinal in almost every American in uniform. Through all of the griping, these two things shine through like the dark flame. They are Faith in America, and a Sense of Humor. Let me assure America that even as she has faith in the man behind the gun to win the war, so the man in uniform has an inherent steadfast faith in the ultimate patriotism of the civilian to keep his country clean and decent until he returns.

Wm. B. Milgate, Lieut. (j.g.), USMS
c/o Fleet Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

LAMENT FOR LOST PAPER LADIES

The letter in June of "How a Colonel Won a (Paper) Lady" is very interesting. Wish I could write the same from here. All of your lovely girls were ordered taken down by some brass hat (RIP) during one of our inspections. What is here belongs strictly to officers. Even the town near our camp is "off limits" to enlisted men after 1800 hours. But not for officers. We are human and enjoy seeing pictures of beautiful women, even if they are not real. It certainly helps morale. So hats off to Lt. L. K. S., U. S. Marines, and the colonel who did not deprive his men of pin-ups. We salute you. What this Army needs is more *men* like you. After all don't we all have dreams? So if the colonel or Lieutenant L. K. S. would like some of those gals I'm sure we can oblige them. Let it not be said that we failed to build morale.

Your magazine comes to a sergeant in our company and it's passed on to the entire company and enjoyed by all. Keep up the good work and maybe someone will see the light and give us back our gals.

Yours truly,
Cpl. E. L. Strausser
West Africa.

POOLING ESKY

I have read your magazine, whenever I could obtain a copy, but nowadays they are very few and far between.

I am therefore wondering if any of your readers would, before consigning their old copies to the salvage pile, care to forward them to my wife, who will send them to me. I am not allowed to give my service address. Her address is: 187 Great Portwood St., Stockport, Cheshire, England.

I have a copy of your January issue in the billet and the way it goes round the chaps, shows its popularity.

Yours sincerely,
Trooper G. Wood

Editor's Note: *This is one of a score of letters from British servicemen requesting back issues of Esquire. We shall be glad to furnish mailing addresses to interested readers.*

A Note on Esquire's Special Christmas Gift Rates

Each holiday season Esquire has always offered special Christmas Gift subscription rates.

And this year is no exception. For, although wartime restrictions have limited Esquire, like all magazines, to less paper, we have eliminated subscription promotional efforts during the rest of the year in order to be able to bring you special Christmas Gift Rates . . . so that you, in turn, may continue to send the Esquire-brand of entertainment to your friends at Christmas time.

The following special gift rates are effective from October 15th through December 10th:

1 subscription, 1 year	$5 (no reduction)
Additional yearly subscriptions, each	$4 (saves one dollar)
SPECIAL MILITARY RATE, 1 year each	$3.50

(add $2.50 per year for foreign postage; 50¢ for Canadian. No extra postage needed for A.P.O., F.P.O. and Pan-American addresses.)

But, because of paper rationing, Esquires must be rationed, too . . . Esquire gift-giving is limited to FOUR new subscriptions! So make out your Christmas list early and give Esquire to the ones who need it most.

4/5 QUART
4/5 QU

An old-fashioned trick worth knowing

OUR photographer, a very skillful man, somehow managed to get this Old Fashioned *into* a bottle. It was highly difficult, and we're still not quite sure how he did it.

But a much more practical trick is knowing how to get the finest possible Old Fashioned *out* of a bottle. And to do that you need remember just one thing: always use Four Roses—the most gloriously smooth and mellow whiskey man ever made! And also remember, Four Roses is still the *same* magnificent whiskey it was before the war.

Recipe for a

Four Roses Old Fashioned

½ lump sugar 1½ oz. Four Roses Whiskey
2 dashes Bitters 1 twist of lemon peel

Muddle sugar, bitters, and lemon peel with a little water in Old Fashioned cocktail glass. Add ice cubes, then pour in whiskey and stir.

FOUR ROSES

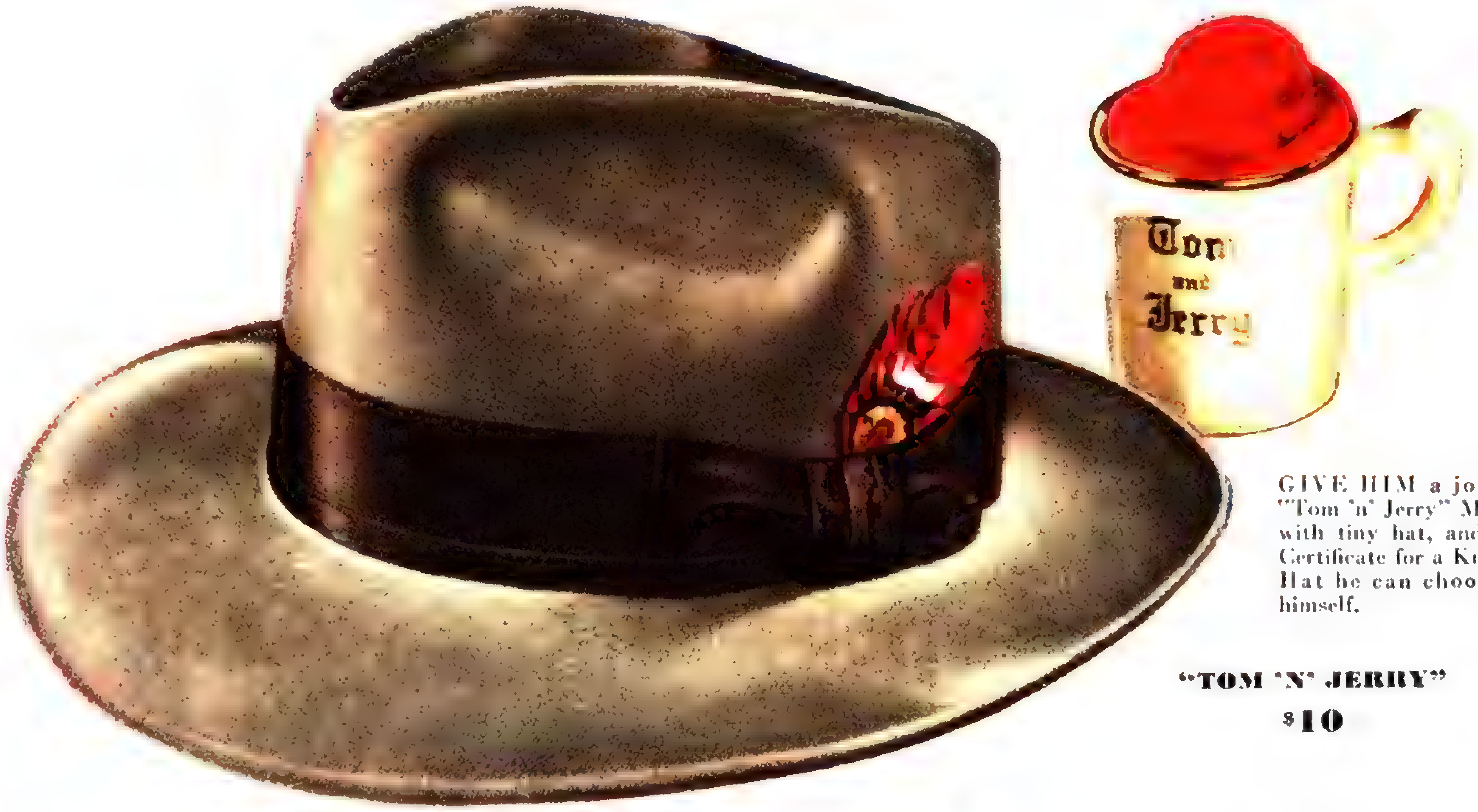
A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

—the same today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

WHEN YOU "SURPRISE" HIM CHRISTMAS MORNING . . .

IF THE LABEL IS KNOX *. . . THE HAT IS RIGHT . . .*



GIVE HIM a jolly "Tom 'n' Jerry" Mug with tiny hat, and a Certificate for a Knox Hat he can choose, himself.

"TOM 'N' JERRY"

$10

Gift Hats by KNOX

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE MOST HONORED NAME IN HATS

KNOX THE HATTER • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

McGREGOR
SPORTSWEAR MADE IN U·S·A

DON'T HIBERNATE.. INSULATE!

Army scientists in the Arctic discovered that a windproof coat *insulated* with a warm lining offers perfect winter-protection. Every one of these McGregor coats is made on that principle. Wear one for blizzard-proof warmth! The two layers—*outer* one to keep wind out; *inner* one to generate warmth within—are far warmer than a coat of just one layer, even if it were twice the weight!

SILVER WOLF *insulated with* 100% Wool Face warm Pile . . . 2-ply Whitman gabardine shell, wind-and-water repellent for life. *Insulated* with lining and collar of genuine Grey Wolf 100% wool-face warm Pile. Wristlets in sleeves for wind protection. **$37.50**

YUKON *insulated with* 100% Wool-Face warm Pile . . . Shell of double-strength Muleteam Chino Gabardine—wind-and-water repellent under all winter conditions. *Insulated* with light, warm 100% wool-face Grey Wool warm Pile.
With hood **$27.50**
Without hood **$25**

BIG ELK *insulated with* Golden Fleece Shearling . . . 2-ply Whitman gabardine, wind and-water repellent for life. *Insulated* with Golden Fleece Shearling and Tawny Beaver dyed-lamb fur collar. **$50**

BIG ANTLER . . . same coat, with 100% wool-face alpaca pile **$37.50**

KLONDIKE *insulated with* Golden Fleece Shearling . . . 2-ply Muleteam Gabardine, tough-wearing and wind-and-water repellent. *Insulated* with luxurious Golden Fleece Shearing, the finest there is, for perfect winter protection. Wristlets in sleeves to keep wind out **$22.50**

ALL-CLIMATE JACKET with your choice of 4 Insulated Linings . . . Shell is famous McGregor Scottish Drizzler Cloth—windproof, water-repellent, lustrous. And you have your choice of 4 removable, insulated linings. See descriptions of linings below. All prices include Scottish Drizzler shell and lining.

Merchandise available in Boys' Sizes at proportionately lower prices.

PREP CORDMONT—Sturdy pinwale corduroy in boys' sizes 8-18 . . . . . . **$5**

All prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

Golden Fleece Shearling Sheepskin. **$30**

Blonde Beaver dyed lamb fur... **$32.50**

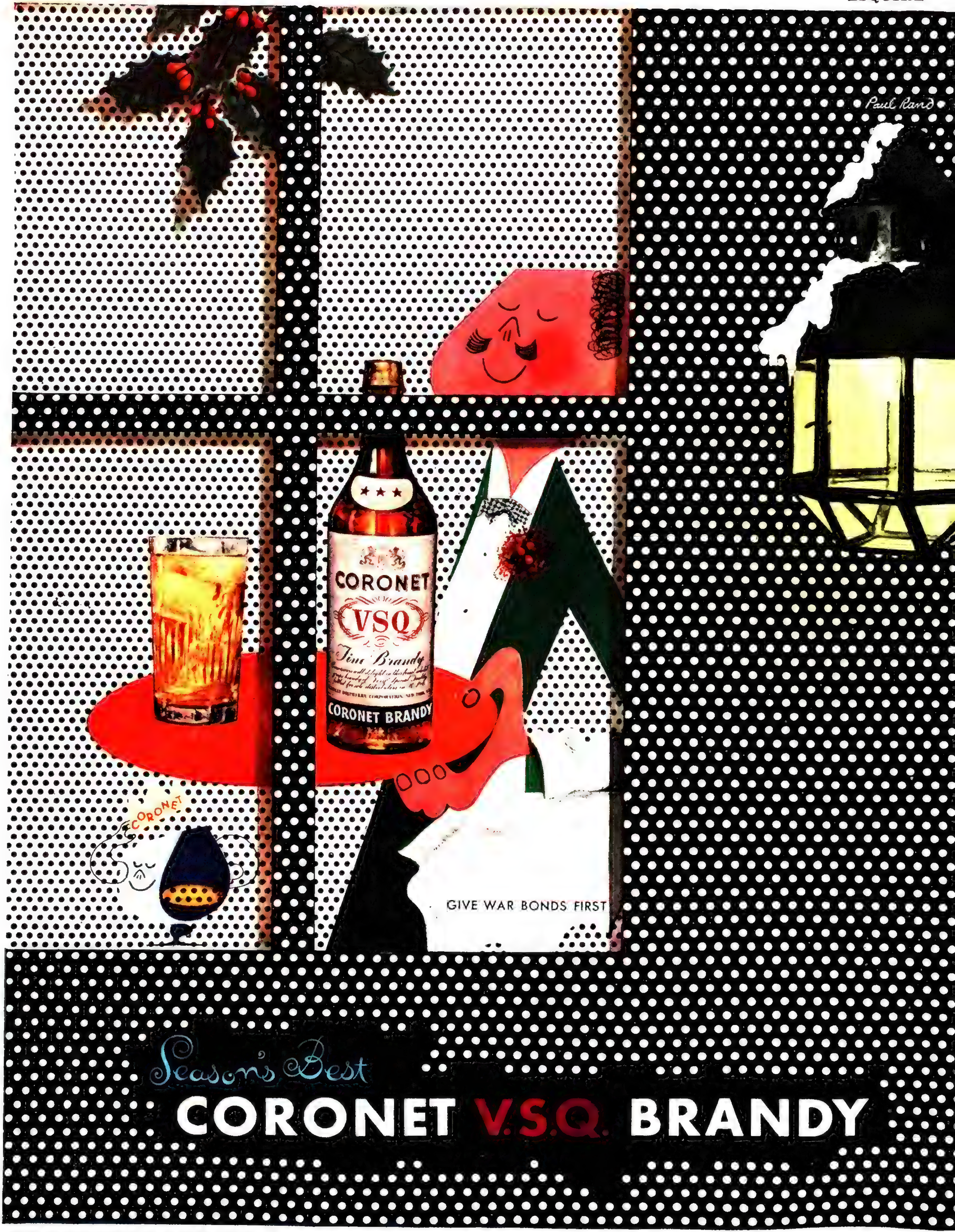
Grey Wolf 100% wool-face pile. **$25**

North Flame 100% pure wool. **$22.50**

Linings for all climate jackets

at better men's and department stores or write

McGREGOR • DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC. • 303 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.


Paul Rand
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
CORONET
GIVE WAR BONDS FIRST
Season's Best
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

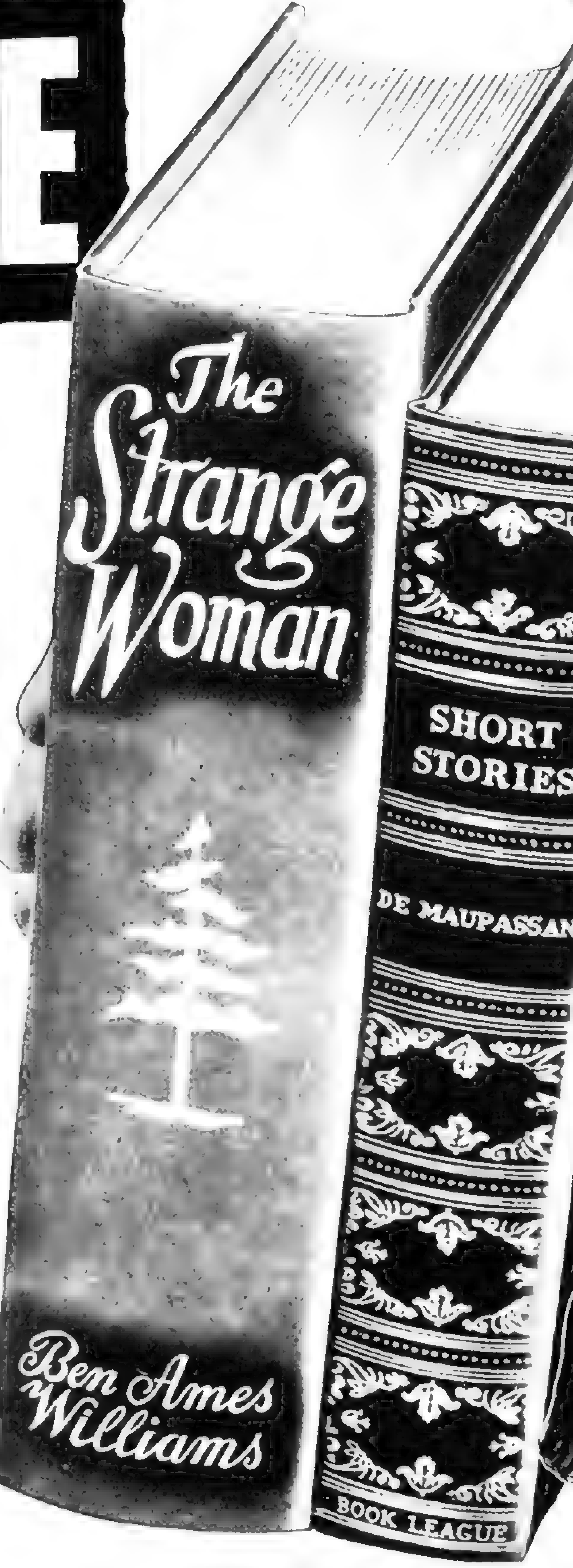
Angel...or Devil?

WHICH WAS SHE?

To the world she was a charming, charitable woman ...But to 8 men—her father, husbands, sons, lovers —she was a shameless and passionate she-devil!

BOTH THESE BOOKS FREE

Retail Price of Both Books, $3.75 in the Publisher's Edition



THE Strange Woman

BEN AMES WILLIAMS' 700-page, $2.75 best-selling novel with thousands of readers thrilled by its intriguing, amazing, passionate heroine!

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-like bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature, shameless and merciless! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton!"

Yes she was more than a match for Ephraim, who once boasted to his friend John Evered that he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met and usually found it, too! Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But John, too, fell under her witch-like spell.

Jenny really loved John and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich gaudy, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember.

and —ALSO FREE with This Thrilling Best-Seller! SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT

In addition to THE STRANGE WOMAN you ALSO receive free the 312-page SHORT STORIES of DE MAUPASSANT; complete, unexpurgated. Stories of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness, jealousy—the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written.

Read of Mathilde Loisel, in THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, who wasted the 10 best years of her life atoning for one horrible mistake. Read of BALL OF FAT, buxom girl of easy virtue, who alone could save a party of more respectable people in a dash through German-occupied France—and what she did! Read LOVE, MADEMOISELLE FIFI, STORY OF A FARM GIRL, BED NO. 29—all the best works that have made De Maupassant "father of the modern short story." And this handsomely-bound edition of De Maupassant is NOW YOURS—as only HALF of this FREE Membership Gift!

Best of the New Books AND of the Old

Each month the Book League will send you a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Ethel Vance, Van Wyck Mason, or Somerset Maugham — a book selling at retail for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. The OTHER book is a masterpiece of immortal literature by one of the world's great authors.

These volumes of the world's classics are uniformly bound in durable cloth, stamped to simulate the beauty and brilliance of genuine gold. Other great authors whose finest works appear in the series include: Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Zola, Hugo, Dumas, etc.

The Book League is the ONLY book club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces!

5-DAY TRIAL—*NO OBLIGATION*

Send the coupon at right without money. Read THE STRANGE WOMAN and SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT for five days. If they do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. Otherwise keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's selection. Mail this coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS *now!* BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. E12, Garden City, N. Y.

RACHEL . . . *who avenged France because of just one German kiss too many!*

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. E12, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me—FREE—THE STRANGE WOMAN (Retail price in the publisher's edition, $2.75) and SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to, without cost or obligation. Otherwise I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double selections for a year—at only $1.39 per month, plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

MR. / MRS. / MISS ....
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS..

CITY..................................STATE..........................

OCCUPATION..........................If under 21, age please........

☐ **HANDSOME DELUXE BINDING:** Check box if you wish your world's masterpieces (one each month) in simulated leather with silver stamping—for only 50c extra. We will then also send your FREE gift copy of De Maupassant in this binding at no extra charge.

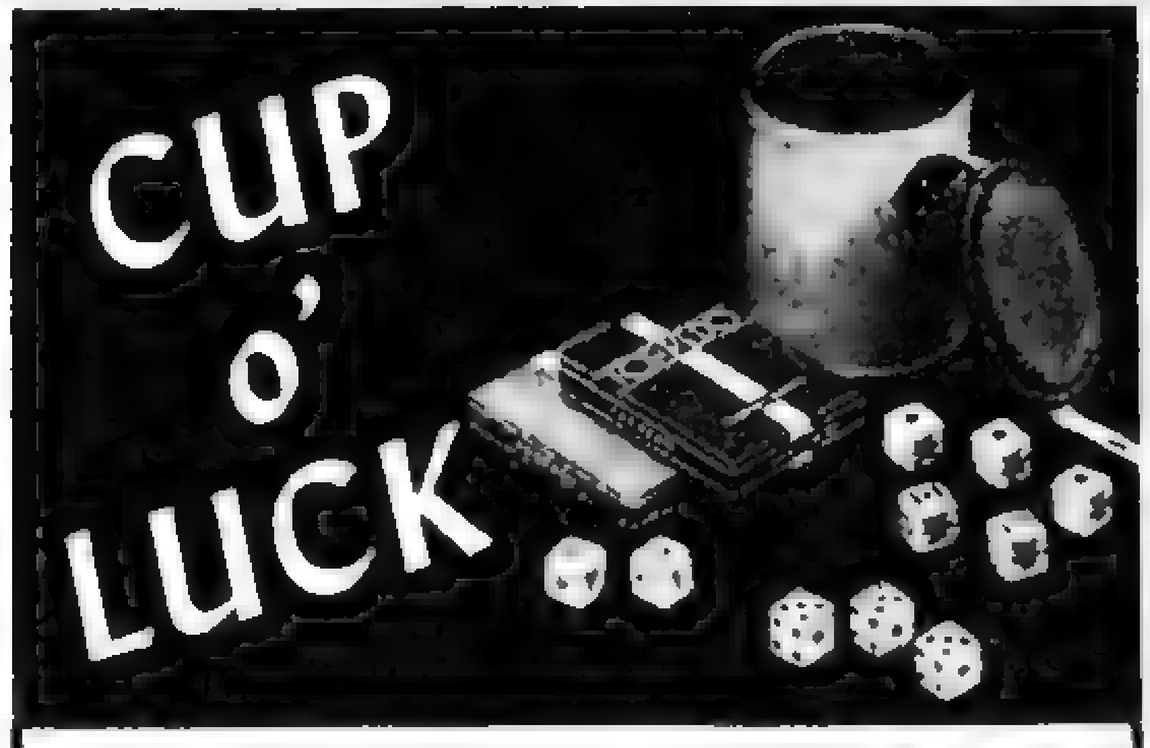
Slightly Higher in Canada—Address, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

discover the he-man shave lotion

Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER

Soothing, smoothing, exhilarating before and after shaving. "Peppy" rubdown for entire body. Effective under-arm deodorant.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.
THE M. M. COHN CO. Little Rock, Ark.
THE J. L. HUDSON CO. Detroit, Mich.
THE H. & S. POGUE CO. Cincinnati, Ohio
JOSEPH HORNE CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Z. C. M. I. Salt Lake City, Utah
SOLO-SERVE CO. San Antonio, Texas
WEINSTEIN & CO., INC., San Francisco, Cal.
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc., 135 Water St., N.Y. 5


CUP o' LUCK

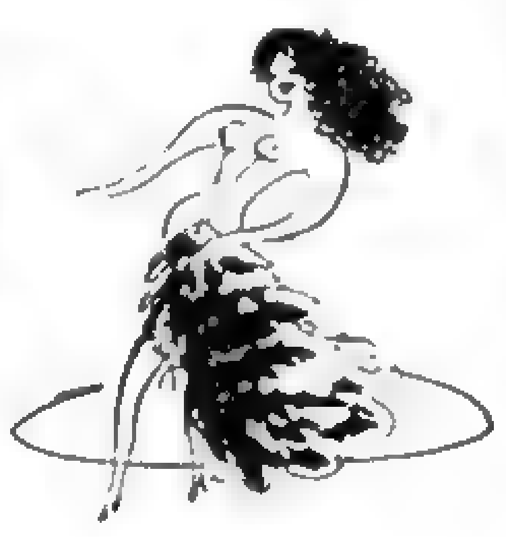
Ideal gift for an entertaining Male. Large genuine leather dice cup unsnaps at top to reveal 2 decks of cards, set of 5 poker dice, and set of 5 regular dice. $5.00

● **FREE!** Exciting book picturing more than 250 unusual gifts for everyone from glamour girls to elderly uncles. Prices fit every budget. Write for Book E-12.

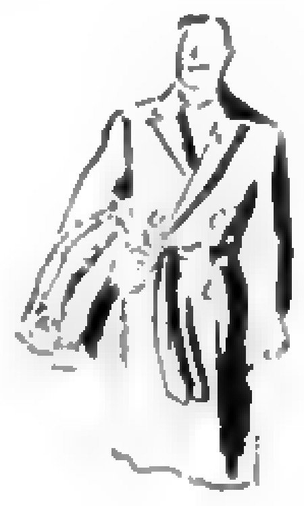
LEWIS & CONGER
6th Ave. at 45th St. New York 19, N.Y.

Talking Shop with Esquire

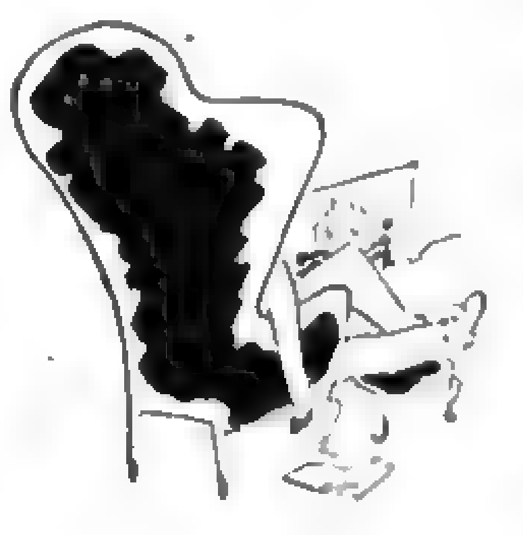
NECKTIES . . . OUT OF THIS WORLD. Fellows who collect "conversation piece" neckwear will revel in these. "Hot Lips", crepe necktie patterned with multitudes of smiling red lips. Or a series of small red hearts. For sportsmen, ties with Eric Sloane airplanes zooming down the full length, or countless saddles for horsemen. And for stage door Johns, the "Strip-Tease" tie . . . a stripper in 4 classic poses starting at the top in draped attire, and ending up in the all-together. There are grosgrain suspenders in this uplifting design, also.



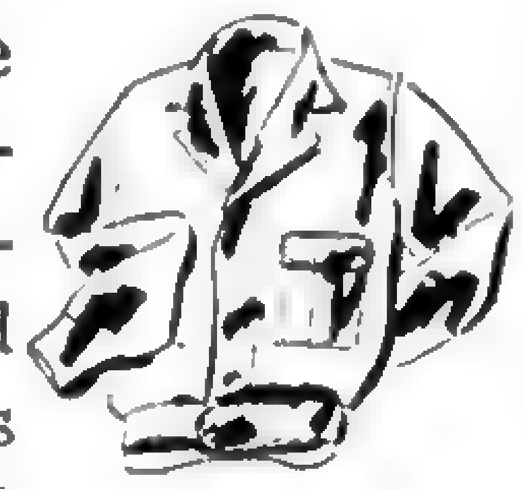
POLO ROBE. Every Christmas the bathrobe rears its useful head. Wives make no mistake in selecting this one in corduroy, as dashing as a polo coat, even to the huge pearl buttons and the deep notched color. A bevy of handsome colors.



SLIPPERS for fireside naps. Indian leather mocassins lined with lambskin, unbelievably soft and warm on the feet. Decorated with colored cord, and turnover lambskin cuffs. These also come in sizes for the wife and kiddies.

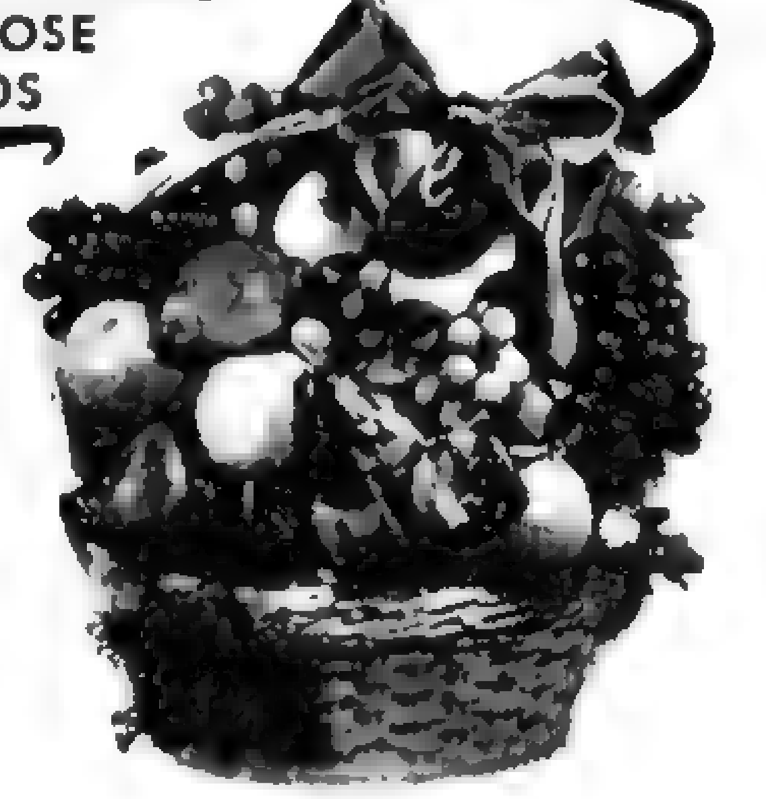
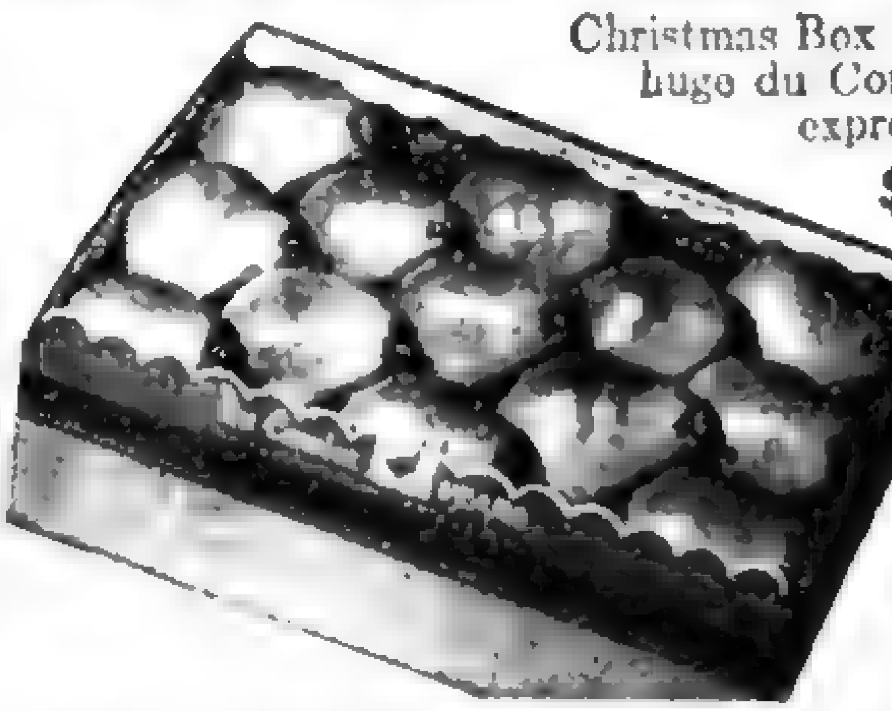


BATTLE-JAC. Those streamlined, waist-length jackets which military men are wearing are now adapted for sportsmen. The jacket has an adjustable waistband equipped with buttonholes at the back so it can be fastened to suspender buttons on slacks. Cuffs are adjustable and flaps of the roomy, pleated pockets have an underneath tab that conceals button closing. In water-repellent gabardine lined with cotton plaid.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Fabulous Fruit
FROM OREGON'S BLUE GOOSE ORCHARDS

Christmas Basket, weighs about 20 pounds, $10.95

Smaller Size, weighs 15 pounds, $8.95

Express Prepaid

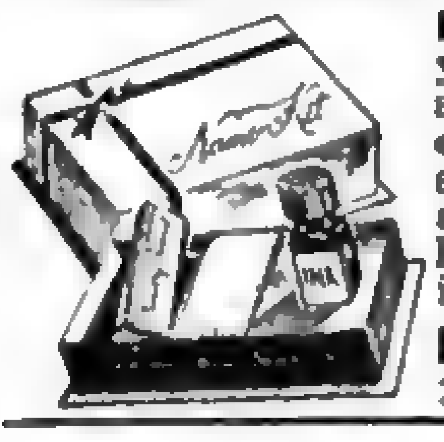
Du Comice Pears, once grown in France as a luxury of kings; giant red and yellow Delicious Apples, immense Oranges, Emperor Grapes, White Figs, Coachella Valley Dates and other good things heaped in snow-white, hand-woven, basket, gorgeously wrapped!

Christmas Box of 10 to 14 huge du Comice Pears, express prepaid, $2.95

BLUE GOOSE

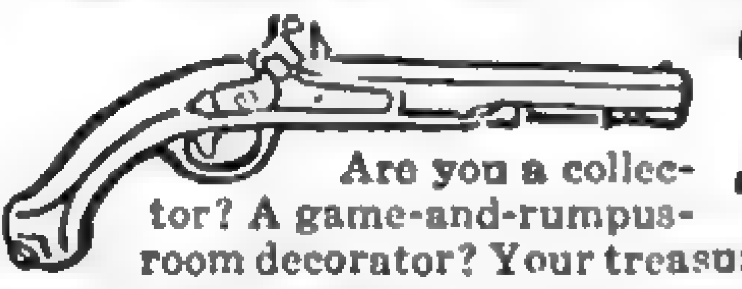
Order today—Shipment any time after October 15, guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Check or money order. No orders outside U.S. No C.O.D.'S. Reference: 1st National Bank, Medford.

BLUE GOOSE ORCHARDS
American Fruit Growers, Inc.
205 Fir Street Medford, Oregon


SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING

Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

Distinctive Creations Inc.
10 West 47th Street, N. Y. C.


GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values:
45-70 Breech Loading Springfield Musket . $16.00
Fine Civil War musket made by Colt Co. . $25.00
To get your Illustrated Catalog of over 100 pages, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.**

TORTOISE SHELL COMPACT
(Simulated) $2.95

Large, attractive, 5 inch Volupte compact. Engraving of name or monogram in gold, $1.50 additional.

Gerlou Fifth Avenue
501 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Please send Costume Jewelry Catalogue Free ☐
Kindly ship—Paid ☐ No C.O.D.s on engraved conpact. When ordering monogram underline first initial of last name. E-12

Name or initials..............................
Name..............................
Address..............................
City.................... State....................

TEMPLE'S
famous for
WEDDING RINGS
over 200 designs from $10 to $3000

Braided 14-carat gold band magnificent in its classic simplicity. $25

Wide octagon-shaped, engine-turned design. 14-carat gold. Simple modern style. $65

One from our unusually extensive selection of handsome "link" rings. 14-carat gold. $45

Slim beautiful ring. Square cut diamonds all around. Set in fine platinum. $300
Same ring with rubies, emeralds or sapphires (as shown). $200

Copy of old Irish wedding ring. 14-carat gold with garnets. $75
Without stones $55

Seven-diamond wedding ring. Full cut, brilliant stones. Choice of fishtail or plain setting. 14-carat white gold. $175

All prices include federal tax

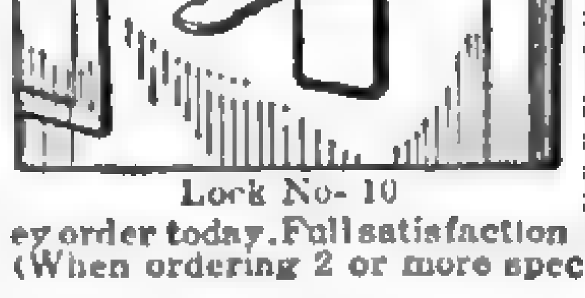
A ring-size card will be sent upon receipt of your order.

518 Madison Ave. (53rd St.) N. Y. 22

there's a real thrill in being
TALLER

For free information on how you can be taller, write . . .
Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Avenue (near 13th St.) Dept. 135, N.Y.C. 29

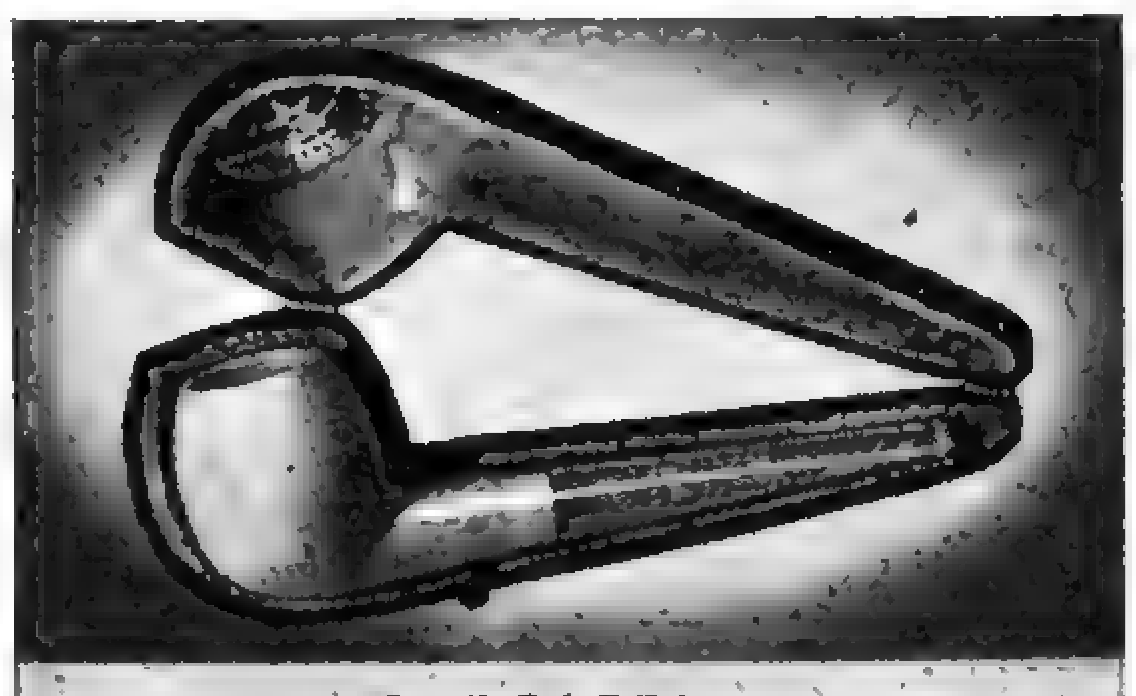
Name ______________________
Address ______________________


NEW WONDER LOCK
No Screws-No Nails-No Holes to Drill

Lock No- 10

Slips on instantly and locks securely. Designed to fit every type of drawer or door. Has 4 adjustable positions. Locks two drawers at one time. Will not scratch furniture or woodwork. Has beautiful rust-proof finish. Theft proof. Thousands in daily use by leading firms, department stores and U. S. Government agencies. Ideal for home, office, factory or hotel use. Splendid for locking work benches or store rooms. (Also made for glass or wood sliding show case doors.) *Priced only $2.50 each.* Send check or money order today. Full satisfaction or money back guaranteed. (When ordering 2 or more specify if keys are wanted alike).

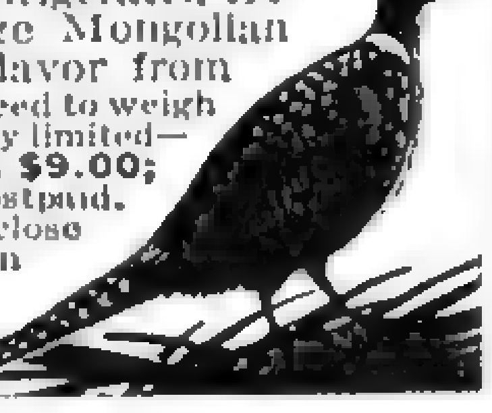
WONDER LOCK **53 W. JACKSON BLVD. CHICAGO 4, ILL.**


IMPORTED
MEERSCHAUM

As fine a pipe as a man can want! Shaped from Imported Turkish Meerschaum material and fitted with golden Amberol stem. Colors beautifully. These pipes are a rarity. Each pipe comes in exquisite velvet-lined genuine leather covered case.
Money back guarantee.
Specially priced, Post Paid $8.90

SACHS PIPES, EST. 1887
5435 MYRTLE AVENUE, BROOKLYN 27, N. Y.

LIFETIME SMOKING PLEASURE


WILD PHEASANT

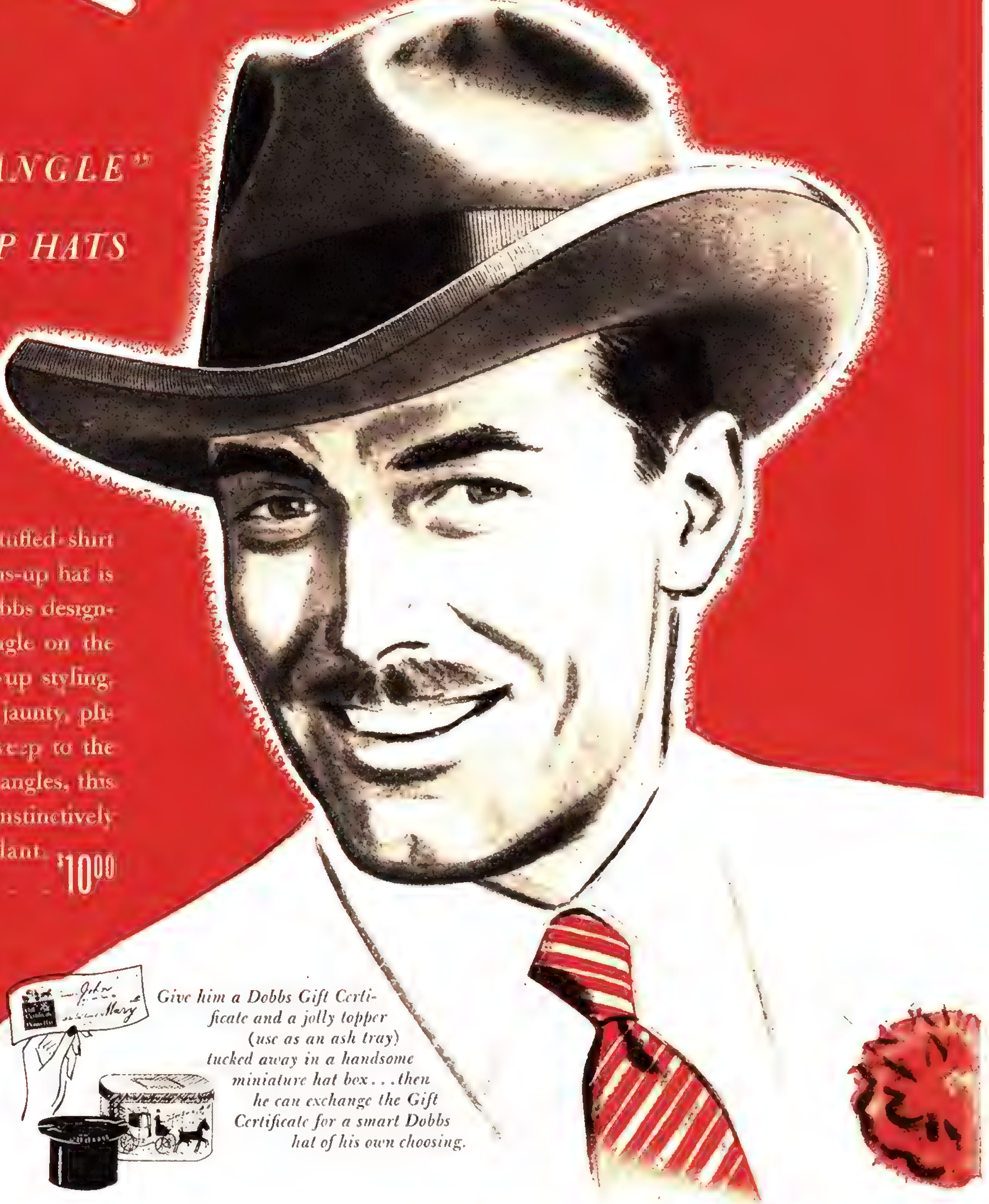
A gift that's appreciated. Dressed pheasants, handsomely packaged, sent Refrigerated Express anywhere in U.S. Large Mongolian pheasants, unique, delicious flavor from State-licensed Game Farm, guaranteed to weigh over 6 lbs. a pair, serving 6-8. Supply limited—order early. Pair **$8.00**; two cocks **$9.00**; one cock **$4.75**; one hen **$4.00**; postpaid. Send check or money order. Enclose cards and mailing list. Details on request.

Oconomowoc Game Fields
Oconomowoc, Wis.

DOBBS *Hats*

Roller

THE NEW "ANGLE" ON BRIMS-UP HATS

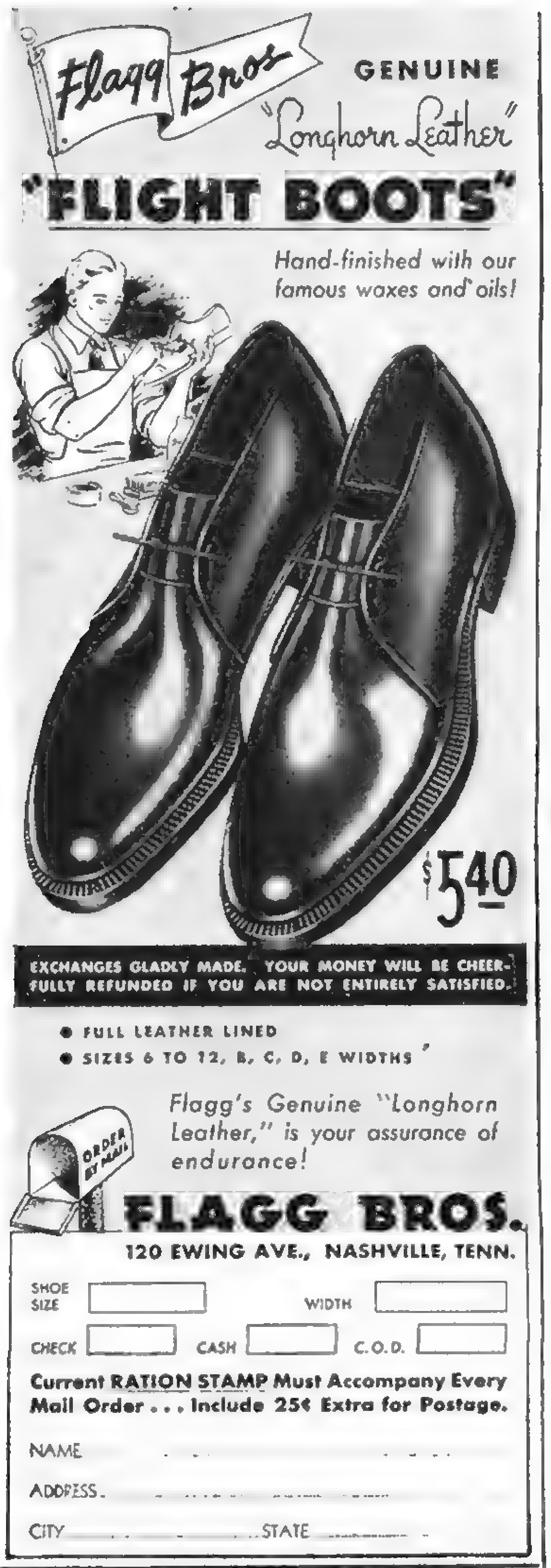


The stiffness and the stuffed-shirt atmosphere of the brims-up hat is a thing of the past. Dobbs designers have put a new angle on the whole matter of brims-up styling. This Dobbs original is jaunty, pliable—with a rolling sweep to the brim. And speaking of angles, this hat is so dashing you instinctively wear it at a rakish slant. It's the Dobbs! $10.00

Give him a Dobbs Gift Certificate and a jolly topper (use as an ash tray) tucked away in a handsome miniature hat box . . . then he can exchange the Gift Certificate for a smart Dobbs hat of his own choosing.

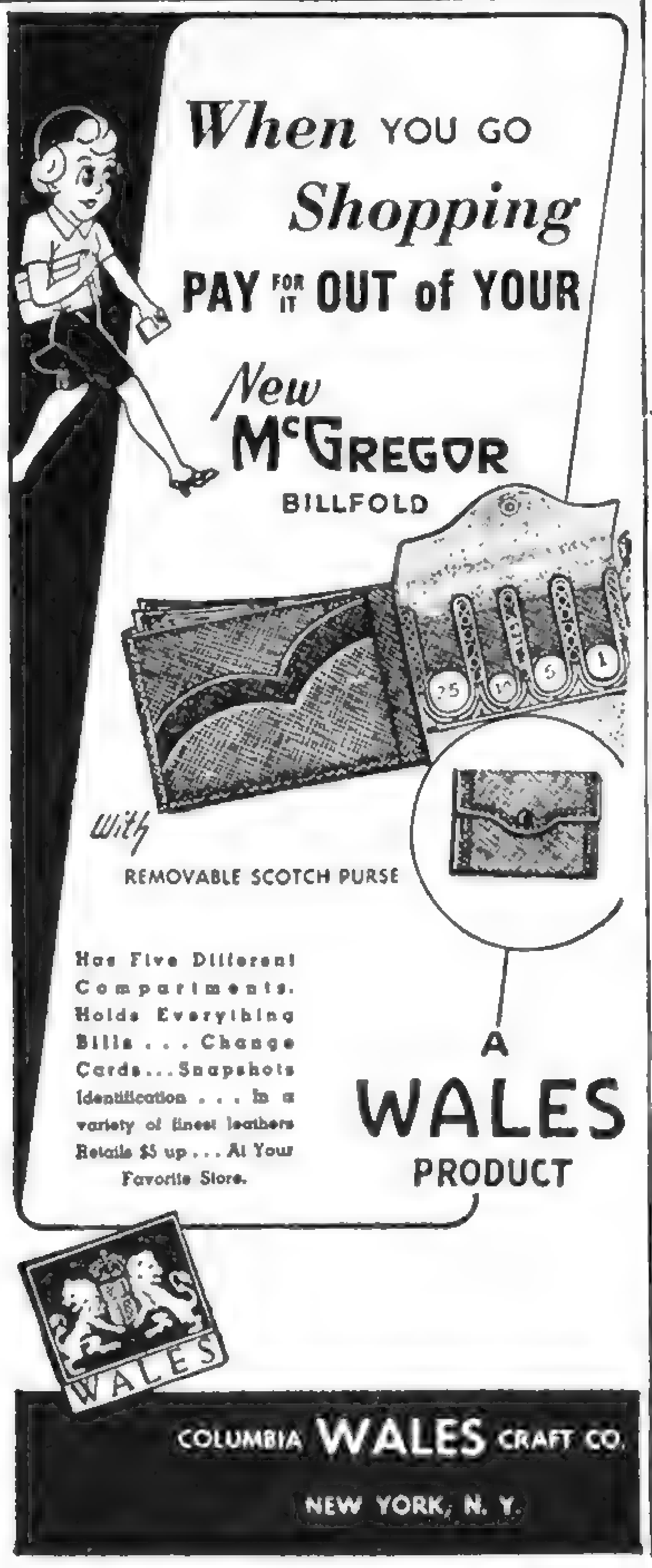
DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

Retail Store: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET
AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

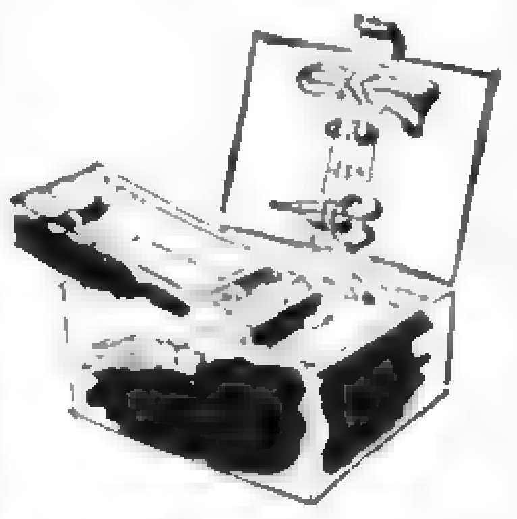

Flagg Bros
GENUINE
"Longhorn Leather"
"FLIGHT BOOTS"
Hand-finished with our famous waxes and oils!
$5.40
EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.
- FULL LEATHER LINED
- SIZES 6 TO 12, B, C, D, E WIDTHS

Flagg's Genuine "Longhorn Leather," is your assurance of endurance!
ORDER BY MAIL
FLAGG BROS.
120 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE, TENN.
SHOE SIZE ☐ WIDTH ☐
CHECK ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐
Current RATION STAMP Must Accompany Every Mail Order . . . Include 25¢ Extra for Postage.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

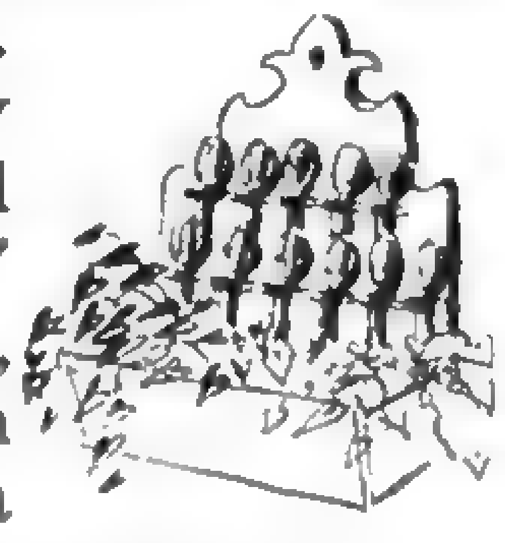
FREE! PIPE MAGAZINE
Just write for your FREE Annual subscription to SMOKE SIGNALS, a periodic Handbook for Every Smoker. No Obligation! Hundreds of Pictures of Pipes, Tobaccos and Gadgets. Helpful articles on Smoking Enjoyment. Exclusive with
FREE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS
GEORGE YALE Dept. E 1083 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. C. 18


When YOU GO Shopping PAY FOR IT OUT of YOUR New McGREGOR BILLFOLD
with REMOVABLE SCOTCH PURSE
Has Five Different Compartments. Holds Everything Bills . . . Change Cards . . . Snapshots Identification . . . In a variety of finest leathers Retails $5 up . . . At Your Favorite Store.
A WALES PRODUCT
WALES
COLUMBIA WALES CRAFT CO.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

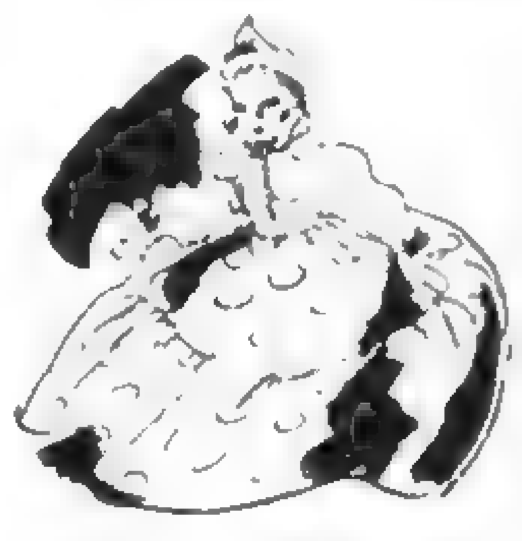
Talking Shop with Esquire



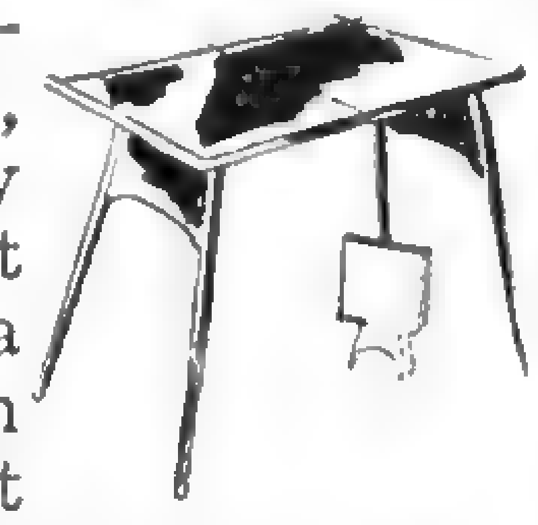
SEWING BOX FOR MOM. Simulated leather sewing box with snap-lock and top handle equipped with a slide tray filled with spools of sewing and darning thread... Inside top cover holds tape, thimble and scissors. Another number is a double-decker, with lift-out tray equipped with pin cushion, 10 spools of thread, etc. Underneath section contains thimble, bodkin, needles, tape measure. Box is covered in gay cretonne.



SPOON RACK. Exact reproduction of a genuine antique spoon rack to be hung on the wall of dinette or dining room. Made of mellow brown antiqued knotty pine, 20" high, 11½" wide, 6" deep, with slots to hold a dozen precious spoons, and a place below supplied with a plant container for trailing ivy. Antique collectors will also revel in a pair of salt boxes reproduced in knotty pine and made to hold trailing ivy. 15" high, 7½" wide.



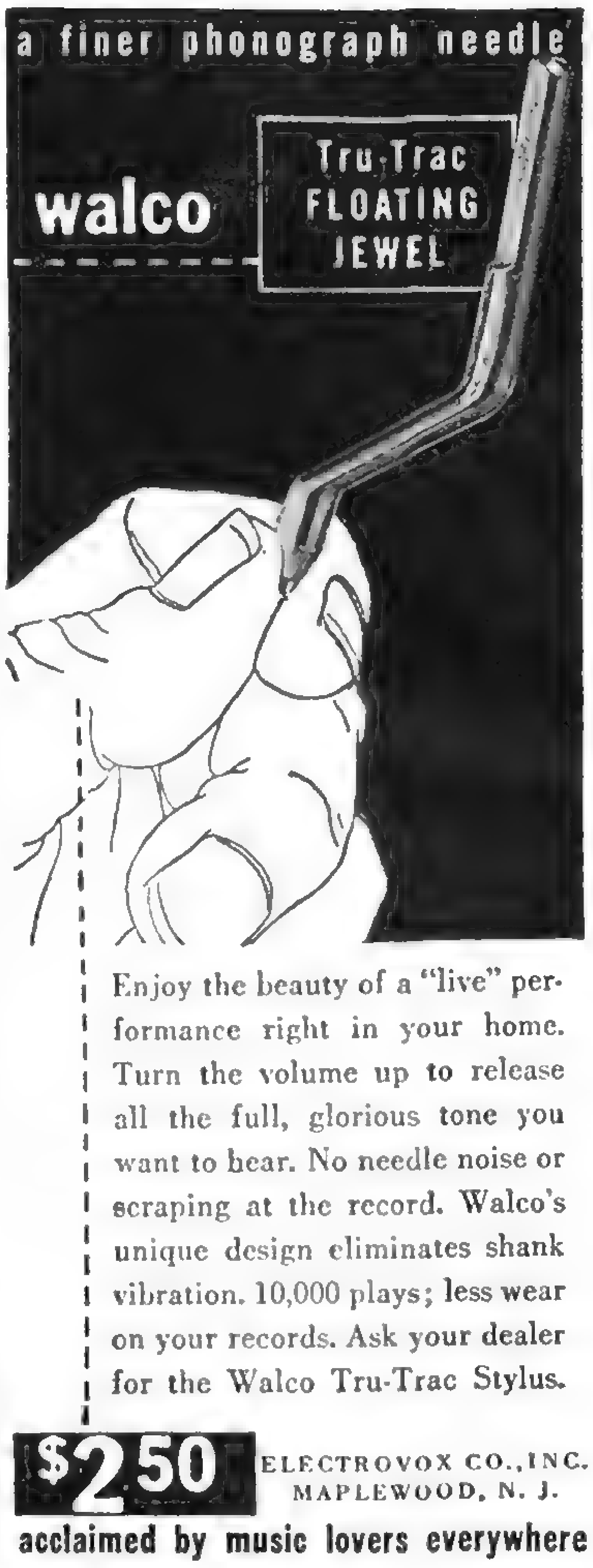
DOLLY TEA COZY . . . shades of Olde England . . . the tea cozy (a hug-me-tight which fits over a tea pot to keep contents sizzling) in the form of a hand-made doll dressed in authentic costumes of foreign lands—Russia, France, England. Decorative and, we must admit, useful as well.

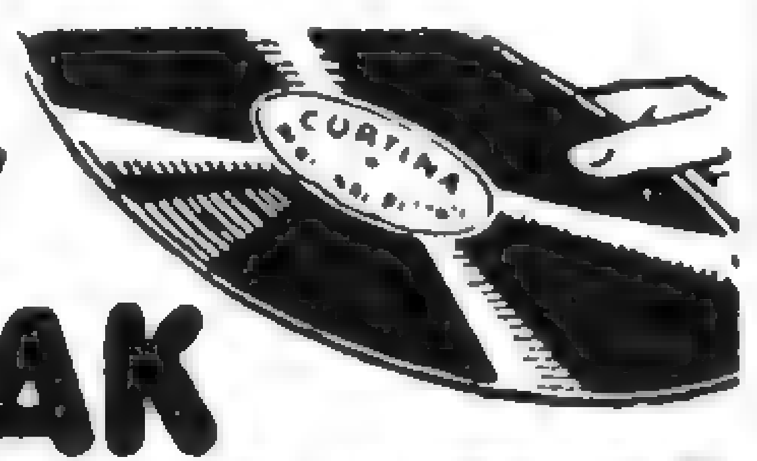


GIN RUMMY TABLE. A nifty folding table, ideal for couples constantly on the move! In mahogany, oak or natural blonde wood, sturdy yet very light weight, it folds up like a card table and can stand flat against the wall. Size 15" x 30", 26" high. Folding table bench, handy as a luggage rack, footstool, cocktail table or for a kiddies' low table. Size 27" x 15", 16" high.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

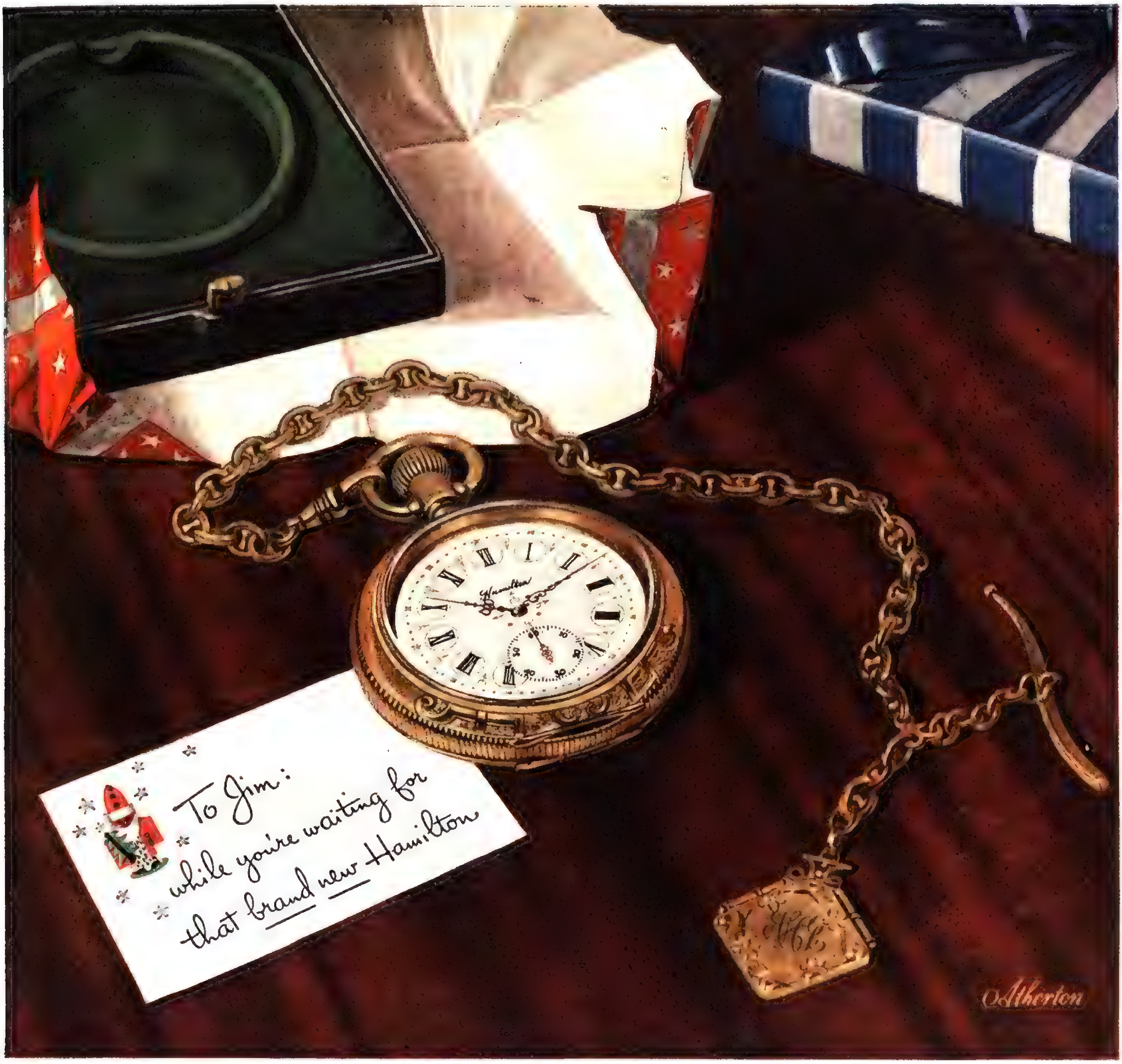

a finer phonograph needle
walco
Tru-Trac FLOATING JEWEL
Enjoy the beauty of a "live" performance right in your home. Turn the volume up to release all the full, glorious tone you want to hear. No needle noise or scraping at the record. Walco's unique design eliminates shank vibration. 10,000 plays; less wear on your records. Ask your dealer for the Walco Tru-Trac Stylus.
$2.50 ELECTROVOX CO., INC. MAPLEWOOD, N. J.
acclaimed by music lovers everywhere


Listen to this Record! Learn to
SPEAK SPANISH
FRENCH, GERMAN, OR ITALIAN
"Learn by listening" to NEW CORTINA RECORDS at home, the NATURAL way—quickly, easily, cheaply—as thousands have.
Only 15 Minutes A Day
Cortinaphone Method famous for 60 years. Most fascinating, most satisfactory method for learning or perfecting yourself in a foreign language. *Investigate!*
Sent on 5 Days' Approval
"The Cortina Short-Cut"—tells just what you want to know. Interesting. *Get It!*
Write Today--NOW
CORTINA Academy (Language Specialists for 60 yrs)
Suite 4512, 105 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.
Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):
( ) SPANISH ( ) French ( ) Italian ( ) German
NAME
ADDRESS

PARTY FUN!
MONOGRAMMED ACCESSORIES
Brighten Parties—Save Furniture!
It's much more fun entertaining with accessories monogrammed with your own name or initials! **SPECIAL PARTY SET:** 50 Coasters, 50 Napkins, 50 Match Books, only $2.95. White or Canary Yellow. Monogramed Coasters 50 for $1.00. Napkins 50 for $1.00. Match Books 50 for $1.25. *Swell Xmas gifts*-Beautifully boxed and prepaid!
PERSONAL LABELS
Cdt. James C. Weston
The Citadel
Charleston S. C.
UNUSUAL GIFTS Send for Free Catalog
For books, photos, music, magazines, make quick letterheads, return address on envelopes—1001 uses! Printed in 2 colors with your name and address. Pad of 300, $1.00 only . . . .
GIFTCRAFT, 1234 East 47th Street, Chicago 15, Ill.

"JEWEL" ELECTRIC FOUNTAINS
For Home And Pools
A Gift for the Home
Sparkling, bubbling, decorative fountains in metal, stone, natural rock. Cool and humidify atmosphere. Preserve furniture. Portable. No water connections. COLOR CHANGE FOUNTAINS. Send 10c for our large catalog describing patented color change fountains, waterfall, and pump units. Also House and Garden Specialties. Est. 1880.
Jewel Electric & Mfg., 216-R W. Kinzie Street, Chicago 10, Illinois

The Gift For Women Who Seek Distinction
Mam'selle HANDBAGS
Exquisitely styled, craftsman-made, luxuriously finished handbags—a knowing compliment to your good taste, a perfect complement to hers. Illustrated above: *"Pancake", a dramatic bag that opens flat as a flapjack, with an end-to-end Talon fastener, and clear Lucite handles like twin bracelets. Botany's 100% wool broadcloth in Black or Brown.*
About $10.95 Plus 20% Tax
At America's better stores, or write
TUROFF-HODES & ROSENBERG
30 East 33rd Street, New York 16



Yes, it is a Hamilton, darling—not exactly the model I had hoped to give you. But it keeps just as accurate time as it did 40 years ago when my grandfather carried it. (Gramps always used to say that the sun would never set until it looked at his Hamilton first!)

But I'm only lending it to you, Jim, just to let you know I haven't forgotten what you *really* want this Christmas. Someday soon, when Hamilton again makes watches for the folks at home, we're going to put this old timer back with our other treasured heirlooms. Because on that day, dearest, the finest husband in the world will get the finest gift in the world—the watch he's been waiting for so long—a *brand new* Hamilton!

All my love, Helen

HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

For more than 50 years a fine Hamilton Watch has been a traditional gift on Christmas, graduation, weddings, birthdays, anniversaries and all the other great gift-giving days. But today few if any Hamiltons are available. The Hamilton Watch Company is building only precision instruments for war. Someday soon, however, Hamilton will again make fine civilian watches for men and women. When that day comes you'll be glad you waited for a Hamilton! Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. ED-4, Lancaster, Penna.

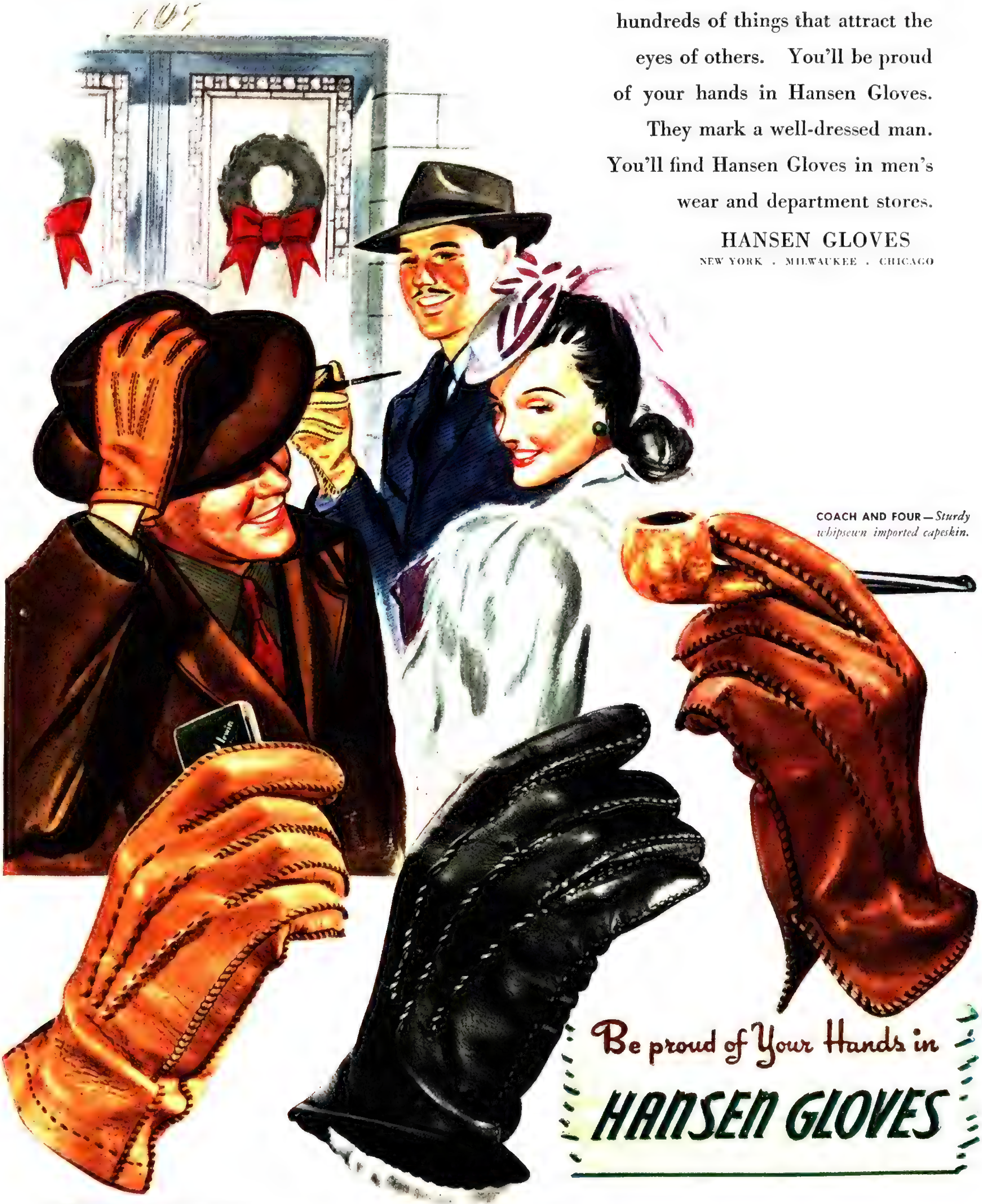
THE FINEST CHRISTMAS GIFT OF ALL IS A WAR BOND!

Not Only

in the presence of ladies

Wherever men go, your hands are "on display"—constantly in action, doing hundreds of things that attract the eyes of others. You'll be proud of your hands in Hansen Gloves. They mark a well-dressed man. You'll find Hansen Gloves in men's wear and department stores.

HANSEN GLOVES
NEW YORK . MILWAUKEE . CHICAGO


Be proud of Your Hands in
HANSEN GLOVES

COACH AND FOUR—*Sturdy whipsewn imported capeskin.*

A THOROBRED *model in imported deerskin . . . luxurious Bemberg rayon lining.*

ROBIN HOOD—*America's first white-fur-lined glove for men . . . handsewn imported capeskin.*

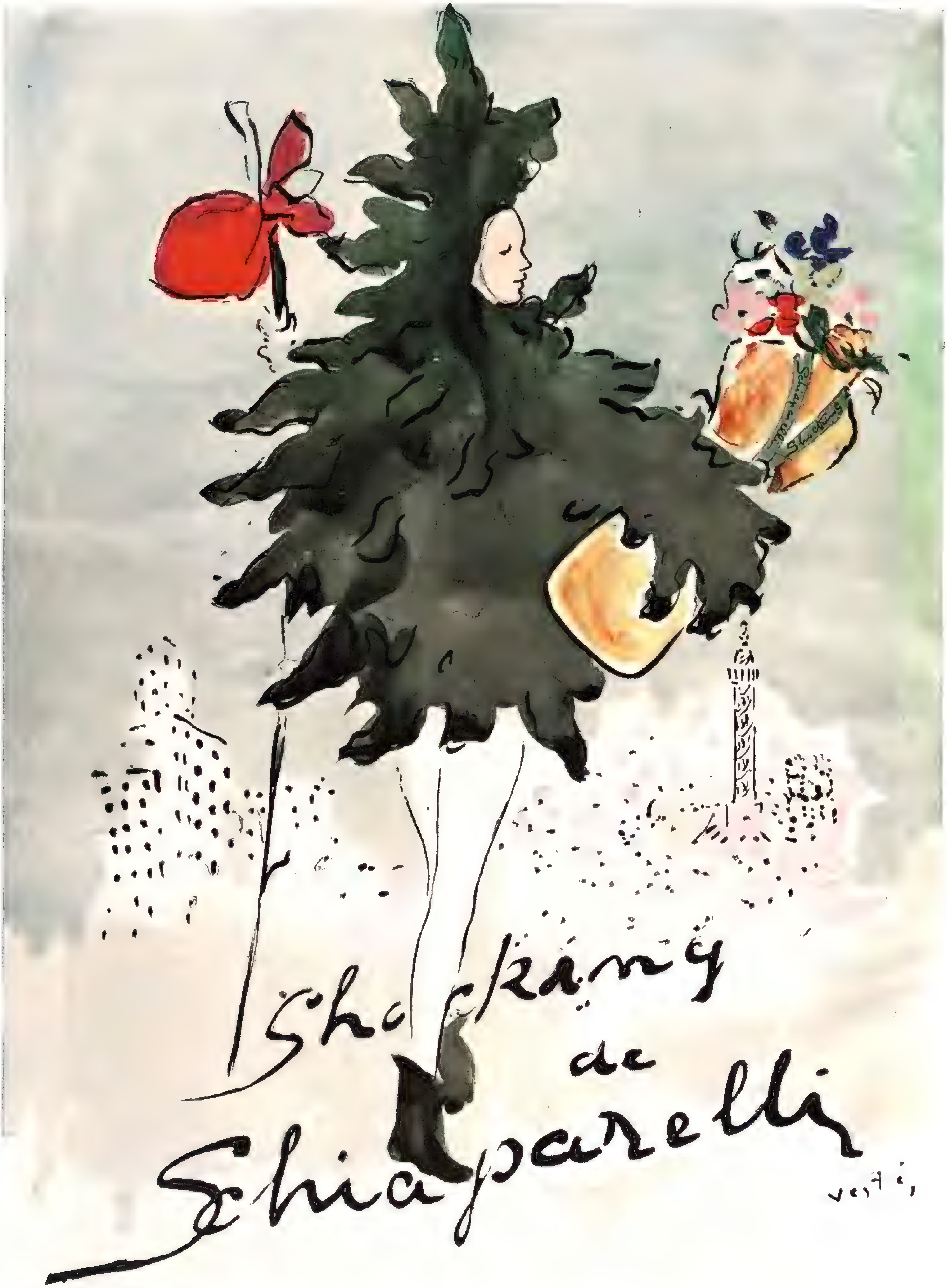
Founded P&T in 1840

From the Treasured Stock of a Century Old House

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York, N.Y.

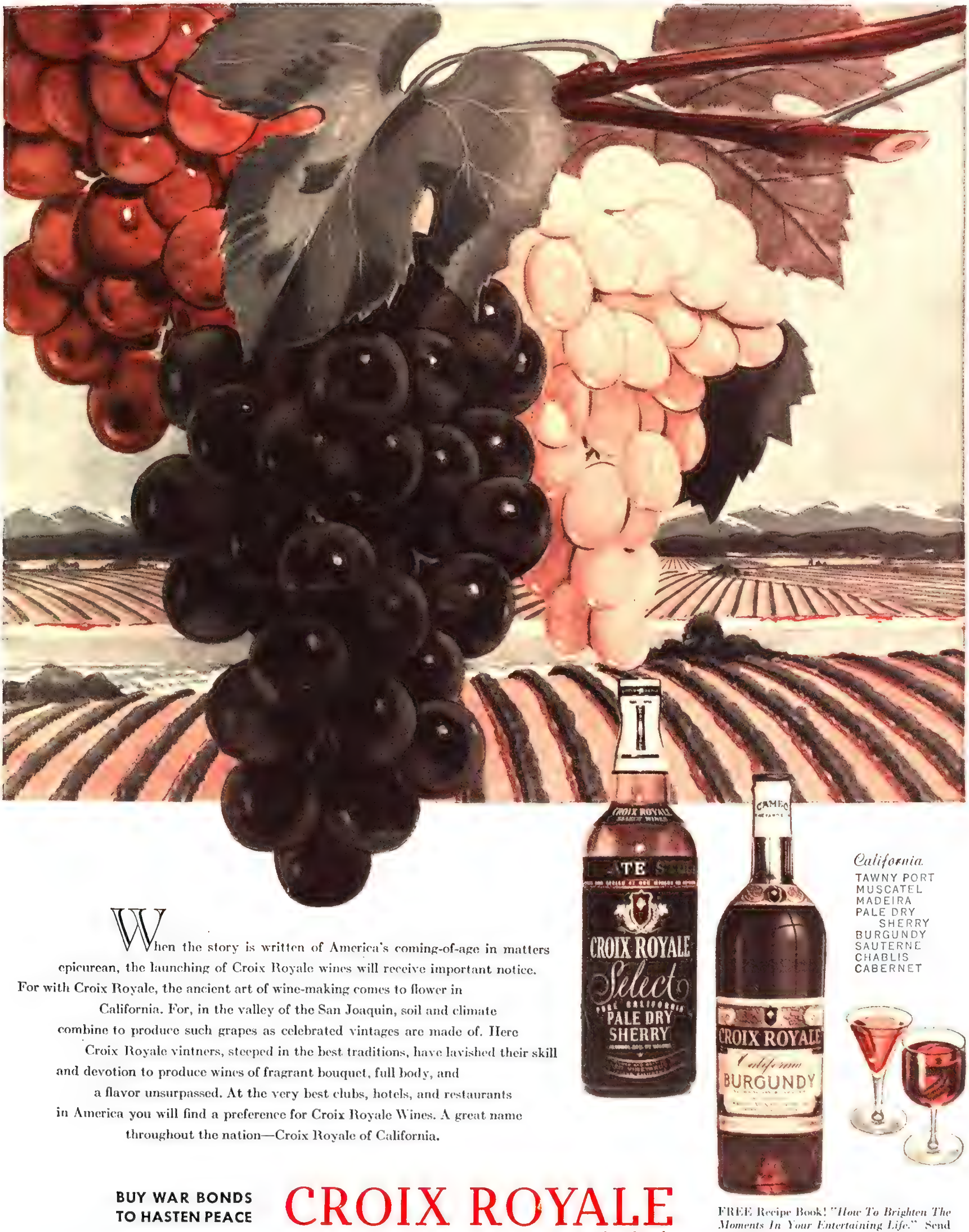
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF


Shocking
Schiaparelli
Shocking
Shocking
de
Schiaparelli
Vertès

CROIX ROYALE

★ ★ ★ a great name in the epicurean history of our land



When the story is written of America's coming-of-age in matters epicurean, the launching of Croix Royale wines will receive important notice. For with Croix Royale, the ancient art of wine-making comes to flower in California. For, in the valley of the San Joaquin, soil and climate combine to produce such grapes as celebrated vintages are made of. Here Croix Royale vintners, steeped in the best traditions, have lavished their skill and devotion to produce wines of fragrant bouquet, full body, and a flavor unsurpassed. At the very best clubs, hotels, and restaurants in America you will find a preference for Croix Royale Wines. A great name throughout the nation—Croix Royale of California.

California
TAWNY PORT
MUSCATEL
MADEIRA
PALE DRY SHERRY
BURGUNDY
SAUTERNE
CHABLIS
CABERNET

BUY WAR BONDS TO HASTEN PEACE

CROIX ROYALE

Say Croy Royal

FREE Recipe Book! *"How To Brighten The Moments In Your Entertaining Life."* Send a postal to Dept. E-12, Cameo Vineyards, Fresno, Calif.

CAMEO VINEYARDS COMPANY, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA...PRODUCERS, VINTNERS, BOTTLERS OF SUPER FINE LIQUEUR BRANDY (84 proof) ◆ POT-DISTILLED FRUIT BRANDIES, PLUM, CHERRY, APRICOT, PEACH (84 proof) ◆ FRUIT LIQUEURS, PEACH, APRICOT, PEACH-NECTARINE, PLUM (70 proof) ◆ LIQUEURS FOR CONNOISSUERS, CREME DE MENTHE, CREME DE CACAO (60 proof), CREME DE ROSE, CREME DE VIOLET (imit.) (50 proof) ◆ ANISETTE (60 proof) ◆ KUMMEL (60 proof) ◆ BERNADOTTE (80 proof) ◆ SLOE GIN (60 proof) ◆ FINE CALIFORNIA SHERRY, PORT, MADEIRA, MUSCATEL, CHABLIS, BURGUNDY, SAUTERNE, CABERNET

Give your Trousers the proper Lift
BELTS • BRACES
Also Wallets and Men's Jewelry
On sale at Leading Men's Wear and Dept. Stores
ROYAL London
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GLOBE
NOVELTY HOUSE
1150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for Personal Success and LARGER EARNINGS. 35 years expert instruction—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL. B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK—"Law & Executive Guidance" NOW!

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 48-H, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

LUGGAGE BY
Lido*

LIDO'S 26" PULLMAN CASE

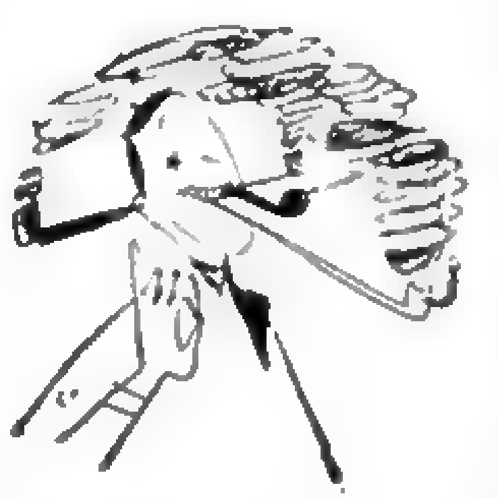
Favorite of military and civilian travelers. At leading luggage and department stores $22.90. Others $16.85 to $35.20 plus tax.

LIDO LUGGAGE CO., Inc.
26 W. 17th St. New York

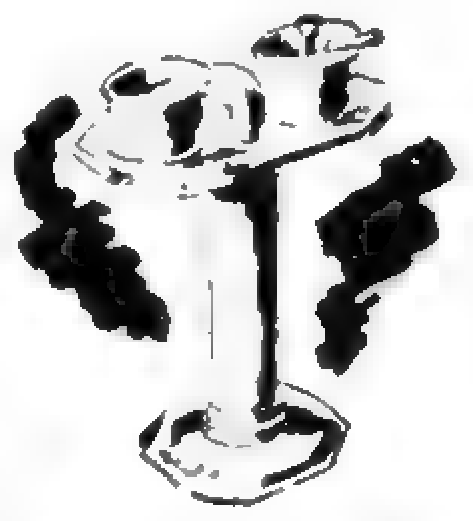
Quality that lasts
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Talking Shop with Esquire

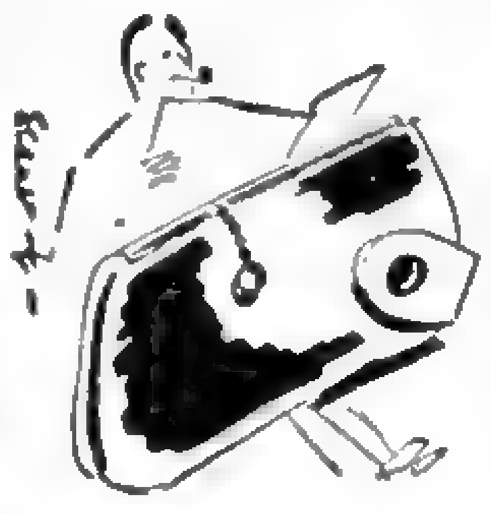
HAPPY BLENDING. If he's the puttering type, give him a tobacco blending kit. Stalwart leatherette-covered box holds 7 different kinds of tobacco, a measuring jigger, instruction book and an oil silk pouch. There's rich, selected Burley or a darker selected Burley to be used as a base; for a semi-base, Virginia tobacco to lighten the blend. Two flavoring tobaccos, one grown in Arabia, the other in Louisiana are also included.



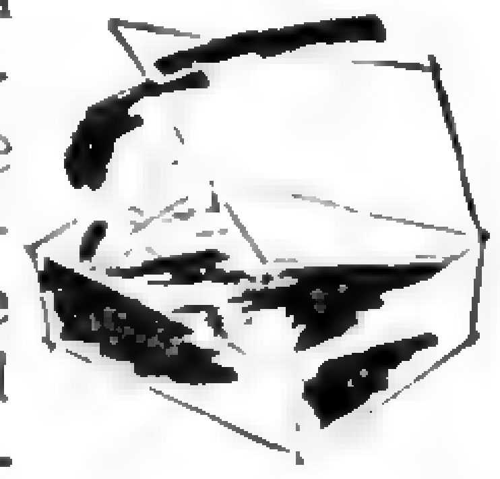
DOUBLE TABORET . . . holds a humidor and ashtray. The humidor holds a half pound of tobacco or over 100 cigarettes. There's a removable plastic divider for the cigarettes which contains two leather match holders. The table top is 15" wide, of hand-molded leather with massive leather-covered carrying handle. Chain smokers will go for a giant leather ashtray 8½" in diameter! In hand-tooled gold leather with removable glass dish.



PIPE AND TOBACCO POUCH . . . compact 3¼" x 6" combination tobacco pouch with separate compartment for his pipe. Case comes in sturdy calfskin, oilskin-lined. Pouch closes with a zipper, the pipe section with a tab fastening. If he has every kind of pipe, might give him a couple in the gag dept. To wit: briar pipes with hand-carved heads in the shape of ye old devil, an Indian head, Arab, bull dog or bent skull. Gruesome but good. And how about a smoker's knife? In stainless steel with knife blade and reamer. End of knife may be used as a tamper.

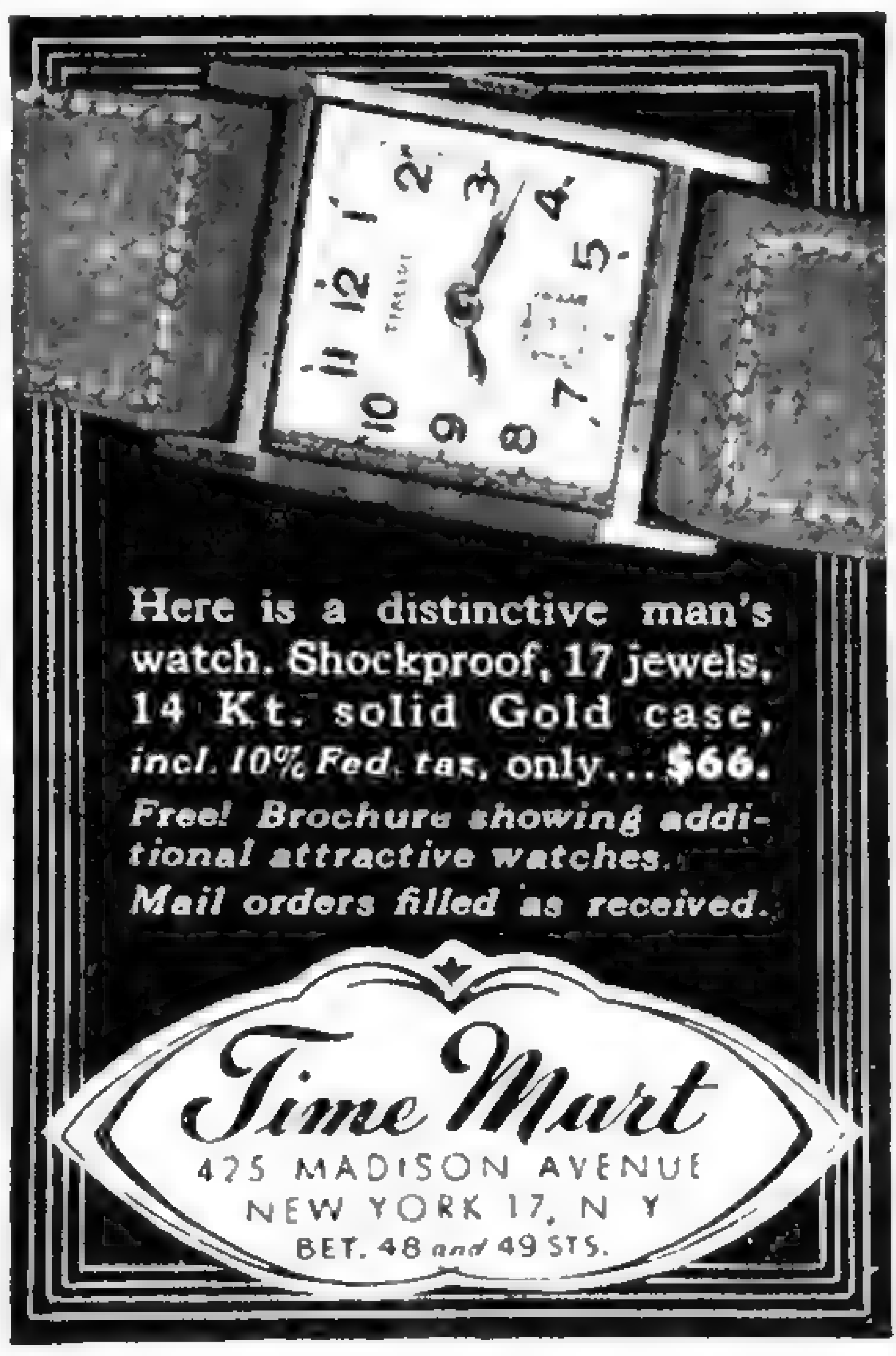


SNUFF COLOGNE. Veteran smokers will get a kick out of a rugged bottle of Snuff cologne (fresh as a mountain breeze) in a massive pinch bottle with husky wooden stopper. The stuff is packaged in an exact reproduction of a cigar box.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.


Here is a distinctive man's watch. Shockproof, 17 jewels, 14 Kt. solid Gold case, incl. 10% Fed. tax, only . . . $66. Free! Brochure showing additional attractive watches. Mail orders filled as received.

Time Mart
425 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N Y
BET. 48 and 49 STS.

FOR HOLIDAY HIGH JINKS
GLEEFUL MOVIES **FUN FILMS** POPULAR PRICES
ROLLICKING XMAS ASSORTMENT—IDEAL GIFT
8 mm. $10.00 ← SIX SUBJECTS → 16 mm. $17.50
SINGLE SUBJECTS:
8 mm. $1.75 16 mm. $2.95
SHIPPED IMMEDIATELY ANYWHERE
Farmer's Daughter, Scoundrel's Toll, Clever Rascal, Tintype, Sadder But Wiser, Hot Time Tonight.
At your local dealer or write to:
FUN FILMS, 545 5th Ave., N.Y. 17

TO TAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES
8 mm-16 mm
Camera Film
FREE DEVELOPING

An AMUSING Novelty

"SPARK PLUG" THE LAUGHING HORSE

Here's a humorous ornament that will amuse you and your friends, over and over again. Great for den, club room or office. A popular gift. "Spark Plug" brings a laugh out of the most confirmed "sour puss." He is hungry looking, with large, white teeth protruding from laughing pink lips. Seems almost alive. Made of wood durably painted in brown. About 9 inches high. Price only $2.00 postage prepaid. Money refunded if not delighted.

WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. 20A-34
112 W. NORTH AVE., BALTIMORE 1, MD.

Give to the War Relief Fund of the AMERICAN RED CROSS

RARE OPPORTUNITY
Superb 15 jewel man's
SHOCK-PROOF WATCH
With Sweep Second Hand
$29.95
Only $5 monthly

Sent by Mail From One of America's Great Jewelry Houses

TAPPIN'S has done it again! Seldom in the 67-year history of this trusted house of jewelry values have we been able to present an opportunity so rare and timely. Think of it—in these days when fine watches are so hard to find!

SEND NO MONEY—EXAMINE AT OUR RISK

This handsome, dependable watch, as illustrated: shock-resistant, stainless steel back, (choice of 12 kt. yellow gold filled or white top), sweep second hand, unbreakable crystal, fine quality genuine leather strap. Fully guaranteed. *Send no money.* Simply pay postman only $11.00 when watch arrives (⅓ full price of $29.95 plus 10% Federal Tax). Then pay balance in easy payments of only $5.00 monthly. If you prefer to remit the full price now, we will include handsome deluxe case and pay postage charges.

FREE! TAPPIN'S famous catalog showing hundreds of money-saving buys in fine jewelry, diamonds and holiday gifts. Write for free copy today.

QUANTITY STRICTLY LIMITED—ORDER TODAY
TAPPIN'S Founded 1877
Broad St. at Branford, Newark 2, N.J., Dept. A-6
Please send me the watch described above for $29.95, plus 10% Federal Tax, for which I agree to pay postman $11 on delivery, plus postage and collection charges, and balance in monthly payments of $5. It is agreed I may return it within 5 days and receive my money back.
Indicate color preference: ☐ white ☐ yellow.
Name________________
Address________________
City__________ State______
______ Just mail free Jewelry & Gift Catalog

new PORTA-POKER
8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE

- Folds down to only 4 inches thick . . .
- Easily stored in minimum space
- Official size, 4-foot diameter . . .
- Green felt playing surface . . .
- 8 *nonspill, non-tip* holders for glasses and ashtrays . . .
- Mahogany-stained, alcohol-proof finish . . .

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable playtable for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

HOME GAME CO., Dept. S-37
360 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago 1, Illinois

EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!

Successful Entertaining at Home

..for the Lady in your LIFE

Enchanting hand modeled ceramic "open Roses" with silver attachments. She'll love them with her newest suit or dress.

Colors: white, pink, blue, and yellow.
Price, post paid, gift wrapped:
Pin . . . $4.00
Earrings . . . $2.50
(Add 20% for Federal Tax)

Muriel Duncan ceramics
STUDIO: 321 NINTH AVE., HADDON HEIGHTS, N. J., USA

dunhill of london

—internationally famous gifts for men

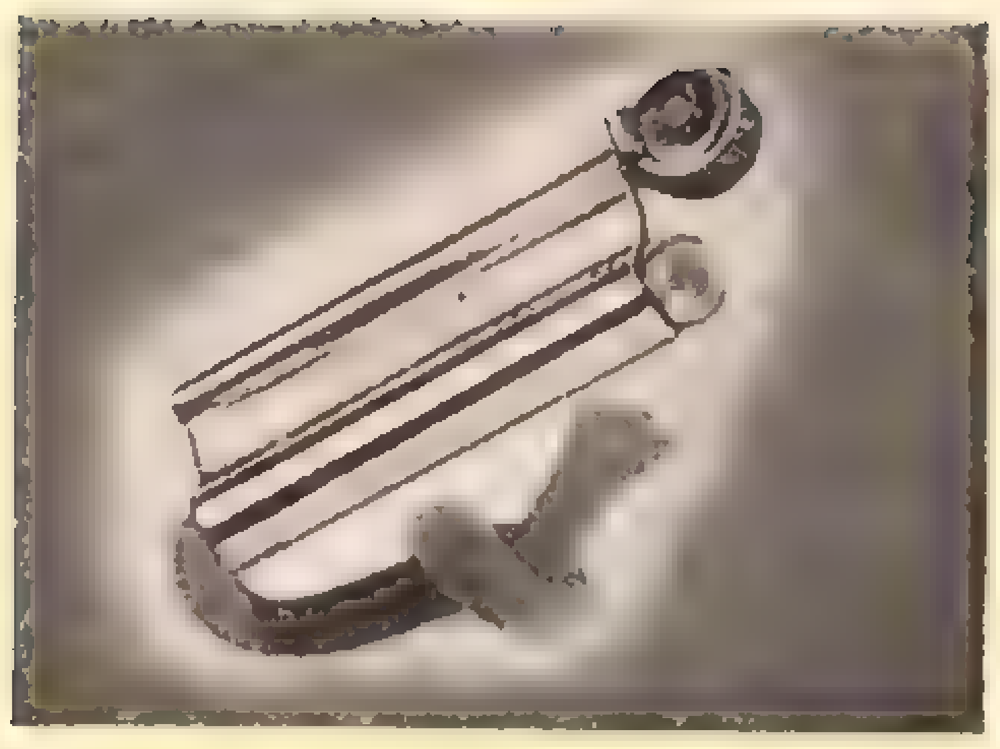
The name "Dunhill of London" is as symbolical as the mark sterling. Instantly it conjures up the finest tobacco products and smoker accessories that the world affords.

Despite the fact that it is sometimes difficult to buy even ordinary merchandise, Dunhill quality today remains intrinsically at the same high level as ever. Men everywhere will appreciate and cherish a gift of Dunhill merchandise.

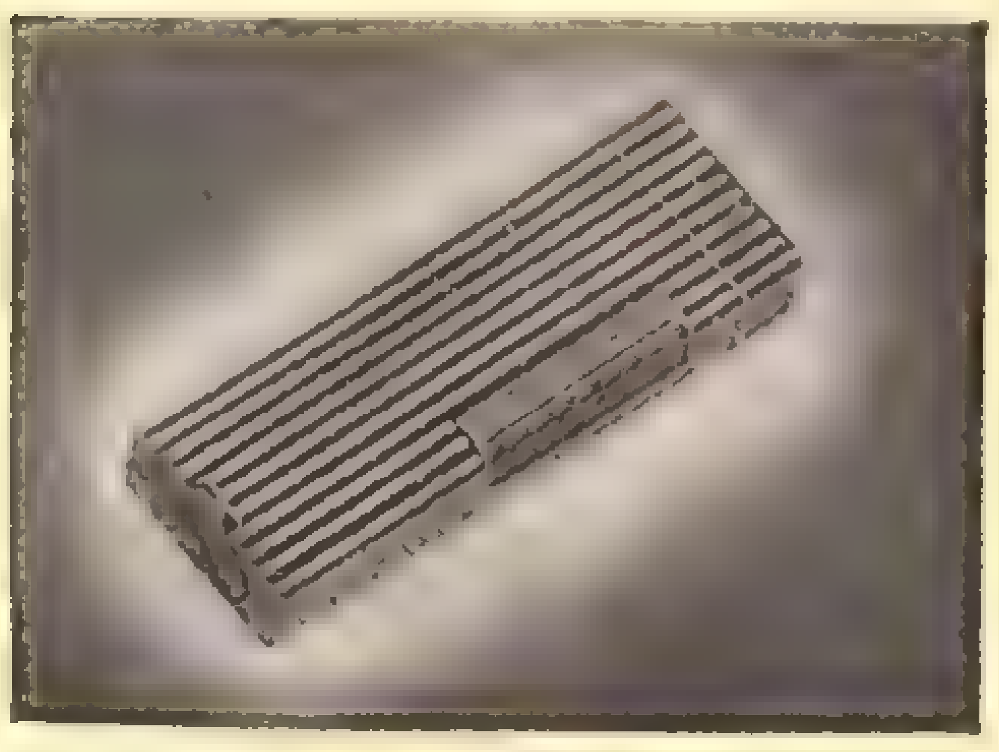
Sold by Better Stores Everywhere
(If unable to obtain, write us direct.)

alfred dunhill

Wholesale Division
660 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

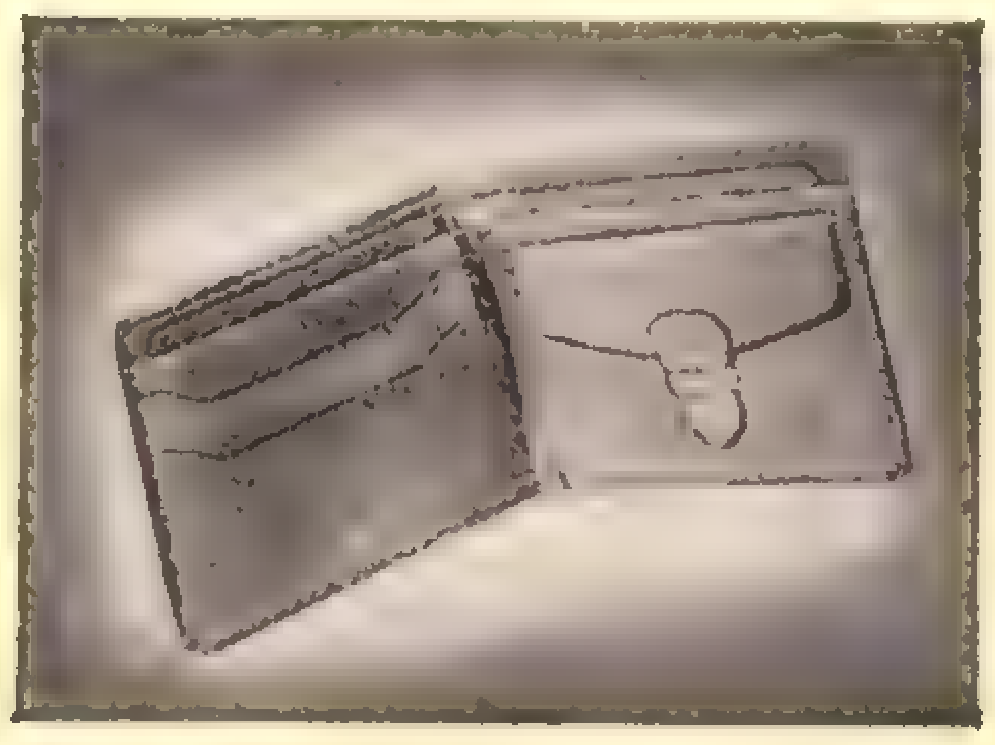


Dunhill's Windproof lighter thrives on wind, needs no fuel...spin the wheel—*presto* a light. In Sterling Silver, $5.00, plus Federal Tax.



Dunhill Rollalite lighter 14 kt. gold cased...a superb lifetime gift. Men's size Plain $125, Engine Turned $135. Small size Plain $115, Engine Turned $125, plus Federal Tax.

The Dunhill Service lighter—expressly designed for the wartime needs of the Services...sturdy ...quick-firing...windproof. In Sterling Silver $7.50, plus Federal Tax.



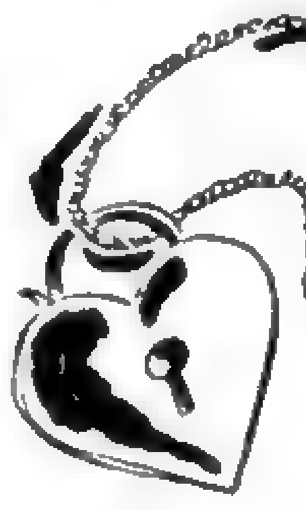
Smart and sturdy . . . gentlemen's pigskin or morocco leather billfold . . . very capacious. $5.00 and $7.50, plus Federal Tax.

Leather "Rotator" tobacco pouch, oil rayon lined ...brown, blue or tan. $5.00.

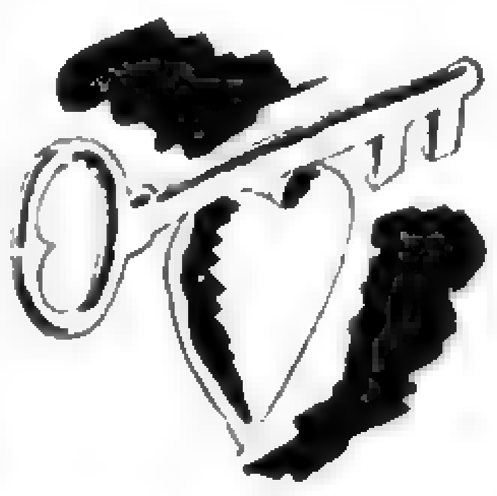
American Mixture—the American tobacco with an English accent—cool and mild...popular at home and in the Services...1 lb. $2.85, ½ lb. $1.50.

Talking Shop with Esquire

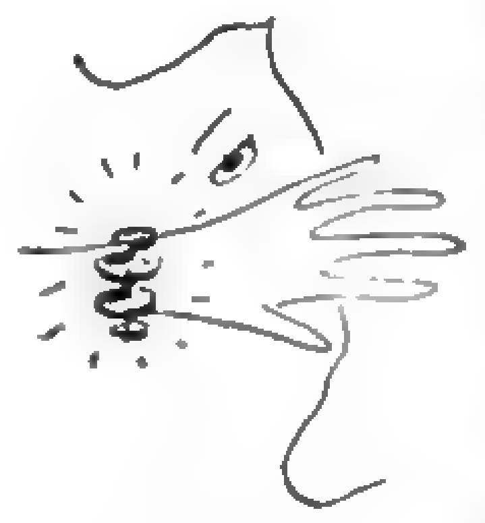
SOLID GOLD . . . for the guy "higher up", your boss, the chairman of the board, etc. 14 kt. gold pocket knife containing 2 blades and a nail file; novel 14 kt. gold key ring consisting of gold chain from which dangles a gold locket heart-shaped fob and an identification tag which can be engraved (lady bosses will go for this, too); 14 kt. gold belt buckle with cuff links to match . . . monogram done in raised silhouette, linked together. Tie clip and money clip can also be had in matching monogram style. Gag gift: 14 kt. gold cuff links in the shape of miniature dumbbells.



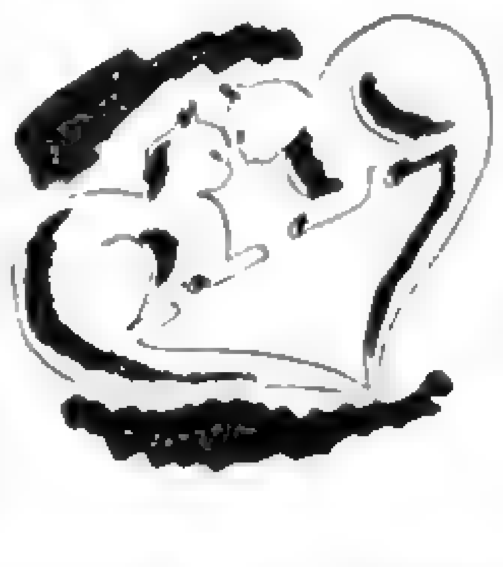
GOOD AS GOLD GALS . . . send her a real gold gift, then stake your claim. Gold chain anklet for her shapely gams; finger ring in 14 kt. gold, lovers' knot set with genuine 2 kt. star sapphire; good luck brooch . . . a slender gold key to which is attached a gold heart. Lo and behold, the heart can unfold and turns into a 4-leaf clover, with 4 heart-shaped leaves which can be engraved with your initials and hers.



GILD THE LILY. If you don't want real gold, you can buy costume jewelry in genuine sterling silver, gold-plated. Such as the coin bracelet made up of actual coins of the United Nations . . . many of them collectors' items. Bracelets come in jingle type (coins attached to a chain, or a series of coins held together by small rings.) Choose from coins from England, the English colonies, Chinese, Russian, Mexican, South American, French and Italian. Swell idea for you guys overseas.

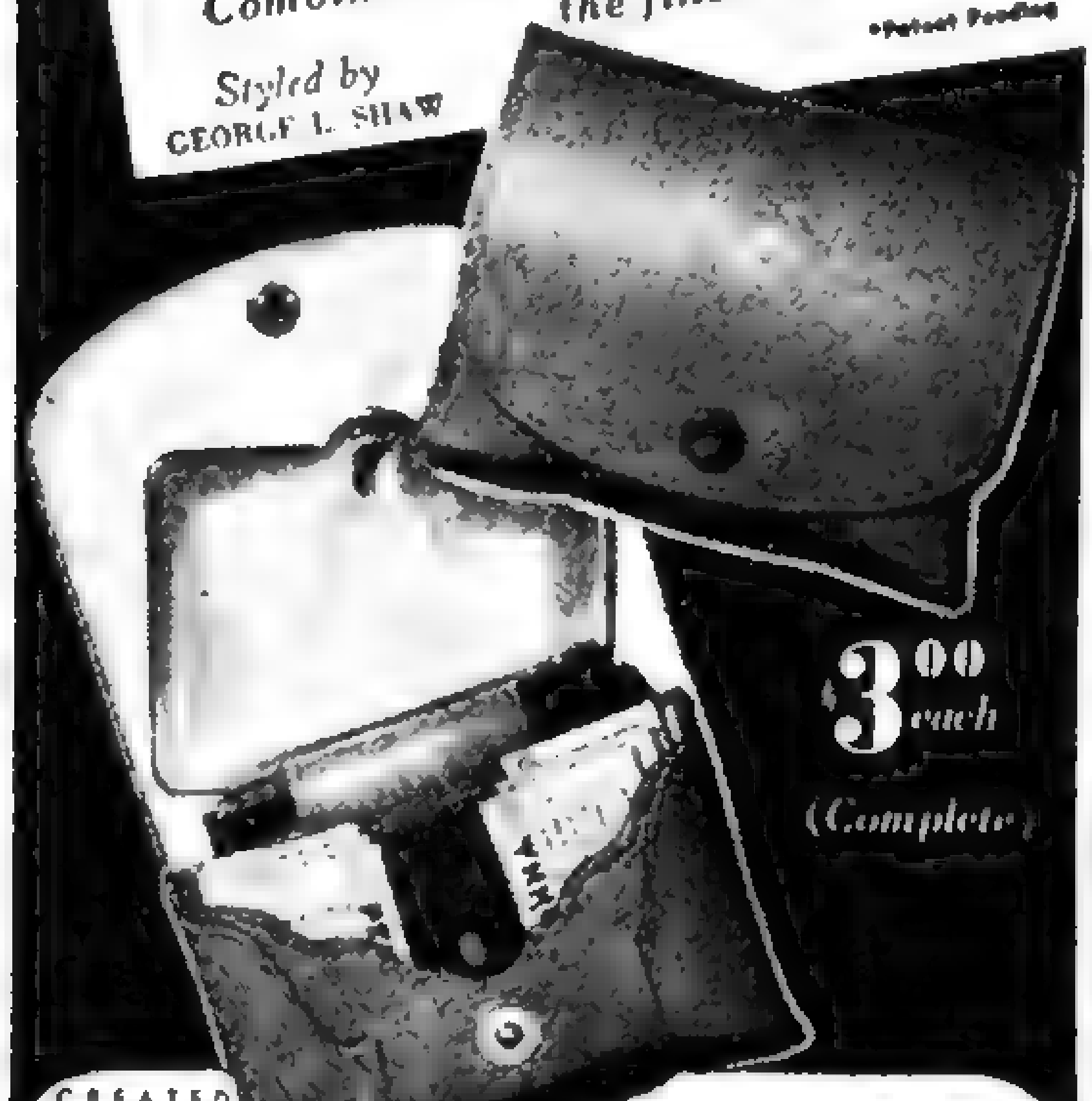


BOBBY SOCKS. Those jitterbugs on your list will go for a set of "kitten" jewelry; sterling gold-plated brooch, two kittens facing head-on with long tails forming a heart-shaped brooch. Earrings to match. Knockout gift for any lively frail under 25. "Lovebirds", a novelty pin . . . two lovebirds in genuine mother of pearl with her first name done in raised gold scroll. You can also have two mother of pearl hearts, similarly enscribed.

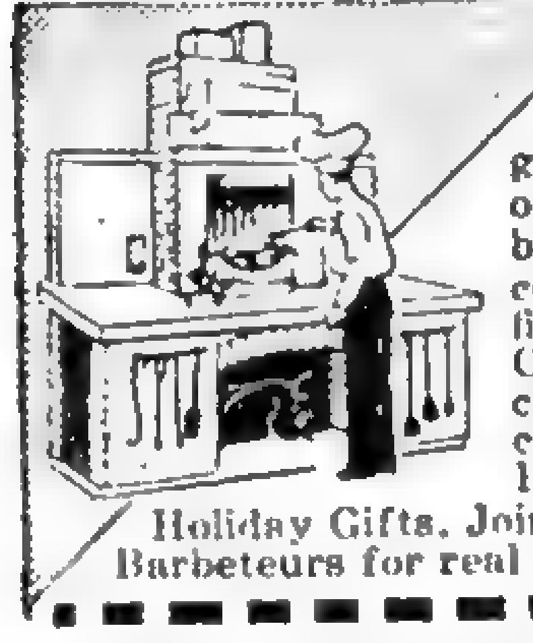


Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



New, luxurious Shave Kit
The "Caravan"
Consisting of 10 Personna precision blades (sold everywhere at $1.00)
a precision razor
and a 20 gauge steel mirror
. . . all compactly arranged in a beautiful stitchless* case made of genuine Pigskin leather.
Two great names–
Worthington Fifth Avenue
PERSONNA
Combining the finest in blades with the finest in leather.
*Patent Pending
Styled by GEORGE L. SHAW
3.00 each (Complete)
CREATED BY Worthington Fifth Avenue
On sale at better stores from coast-to-coast. If your dealer can not supply you, order direct from
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

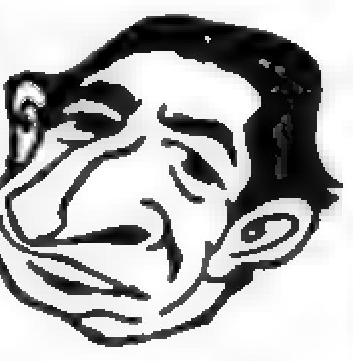


MERRY
times ahead for those who get their 4 sheet Master sets of Selby "VERTICAL" Barbecue Plans with 49 detailed construction drawings, specifications and barbecuing data. Only $1 per set postpaid 3rd class (add 12c for faster 1st class mailing). These BLUEPRINTS of FUN make prized Holiday Gifts. Join the Royale Order of Barbeteurs for real Outdoor FUN. $1.00
ALLEN SELBY & ASSOCIATES
1836 Chase Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.
Send 1 set to each name enclosed with your Gift Card.
From..........
Add..........
City..........
State..........

THE GIFT For Cheer ALL THROUGH THE YEAR!
No. 1421 M, $6.50
14K Solid Gold Point
For Enduring Service
FOUNT-O-INK
INSTANT ACTION
Writing Sets
Cheerful thoughts will flow uninterrupted to that boy in service from your Fount-O-Ink writing set in brilliant Mahogany or Walnut plastic. Your money back unless you like it better than any desk pen you ever used
At Better Dealers Everywhere
GREGORY FOUNT-O-INK CO.
LOS ANGELES 41, CALIF.

TOP HAT . . . WHITE TIE . . . and NAILS
Well Groomed Men Use
Soltol CUTICLE SET
for neat, shaped cuticles
WITHOUT CUTTING!
The streamlined Fountain Shaper shapes—softens, lubricates and removes stubborn cuticles Without Cutting! It's fast—effective—safe—and leaves the nails neat and well-groomed. Helps remove hang nails and callouses too!
Complete Set $1.00 plus Federal Tax
Sold at leading department, drug, and men's stores or send $1.00 plus Federal Tax to . . .
W. B. ASSOCIATES • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
DISTRIBUTORS

SHUFFLETTE
A LANDLUBBER VERSION OF SHIPDECK SHUFFLEBOARD . . . SURE-FIRE FUN FOR TWO OR MORE PERSONS
New, extra large model. Playing surface is 9 feet long. Just unroll it and play, indoors and outdoors. Set includes Two Pusher Heads, Ten Scoring Discs and instructions. No. P-901, $3.25 Postpaid.
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
IDEAL GIFTS
SPARES & STRIKES
At last, a bowling alley in your own home! Not a toy but a game that tests the skill of expert bowlers. New, improved indoor-outdoor model. Includes 12-foot roll-up alley, Ten Wax-Polished Pins, Two Matched Bowling Balls and 25 Official Score Sheets. No. P-902, $9.50 Postpaid.
HOME GAME CO., Dept. S-30
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
EVERYTHING For FUN At HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment . . . accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. Write for "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!



WILLIE HOWARD
IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF
COMEDY & SONG
A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!
French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution."
Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.85 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)
"PICK THE WINNER" GALA TURF DERBY & MOTORBOAT RACE
A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board. Exciting and absorbing . . . different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun, $1.05. Add 25c for packing and postage in U. S. A.
Write for FREE Illustrated Entertaining Record List
RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 43, NEW YORK

Free Catalog
This 60 page catalog will help you choose unusual and practical Christmas gifts. It also explains our Merchandise Gift Certificate that we issue in three denominations, $2, $5 and $10. Most hunters and fishermen prefer to select their own equipment.
L. L. Bean, Inc., Freeport 148, Maine
Mfrs. Hunting and Camping Specialties

WEAREVER
Refill Leads
5¢ at all stationery counters
"WEAREVER" LEADS
DAVID KAHN Inc., North Bergen, N.J.
FIT ANY MECHANICAL PENCIL

Day of Thrills

- Bands — parades — colors — cheers — kick-off! Then the half . . . time for greetings . . . happy reunions . . . and the befriending fragrance of a good cigar. WEBSTER! Faithful, fitting companion for a day of thrills — as for a fireside hour at home.

- *Today as always*—unchanged—*Websters have a* 100% *long, choicest-selected Havana filler. And even before the sales of better cigars reached the present all-time high, Websters enjoyed a five-year rate of gain over* 2½ *times that of the industry's comparative brands as a whole.*

WEBSTER CIGARS

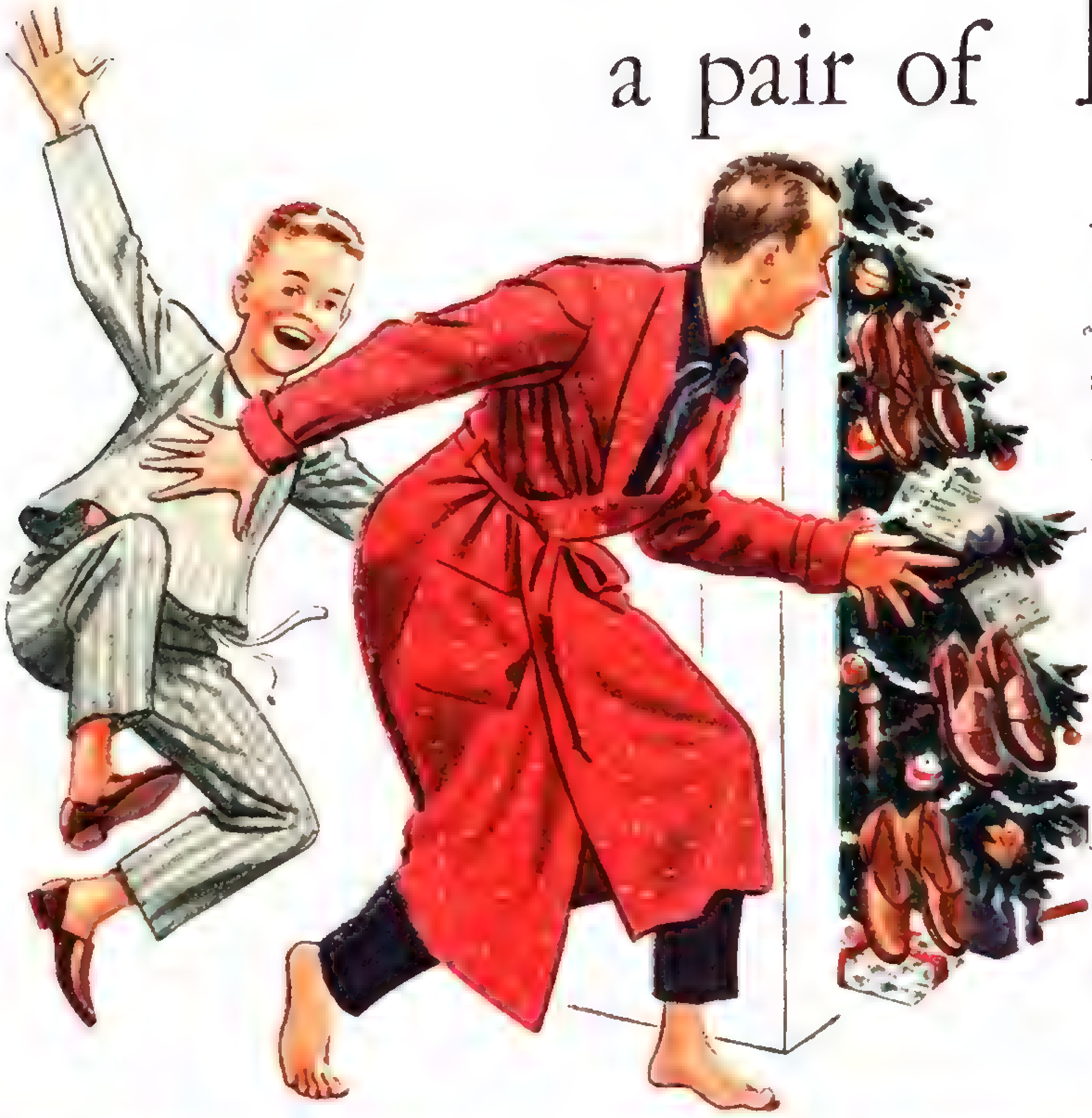
FIRST IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER

Golden Wedding, 12c • Queens, 15c • Fancy Tales, 18c • Coronas Inmensas, 30c

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

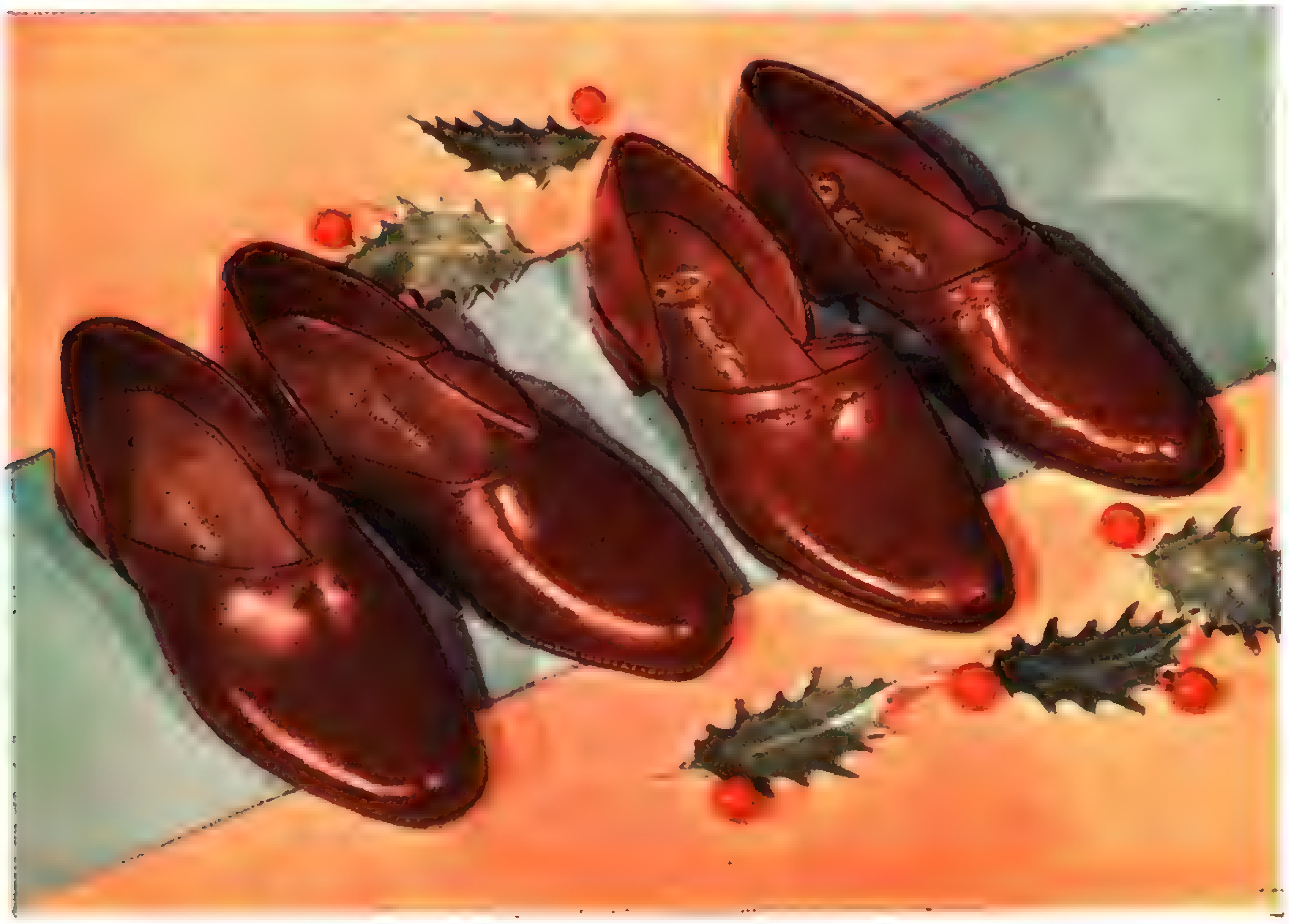
Give him something to help with his Homework . . . .

a pair of Evans Slippers



You bet Evans Slippers help a man with his homework! Just to take off heavy shoes and slip his feet into their light, soothing comfort gives him the pep to start the home chores. Besides, with shoes rationed, a man needs slippers as he never did before. The Evans Slipper habit saves shoes, gives them the daily rest they need for longer life.

So, this Christmas more than ever, Evans Slippers . . . next to War Bonds, of course . . . are *"the greatest gift in the world for a man."* Beautifully made, smartly styled, sturdy enough to wear anywhere in and around the house, Evans Slippers are a gift to give proudly. Ask for them in good stores everywhere. Most styles are not rationed. Priced $3 to $6.

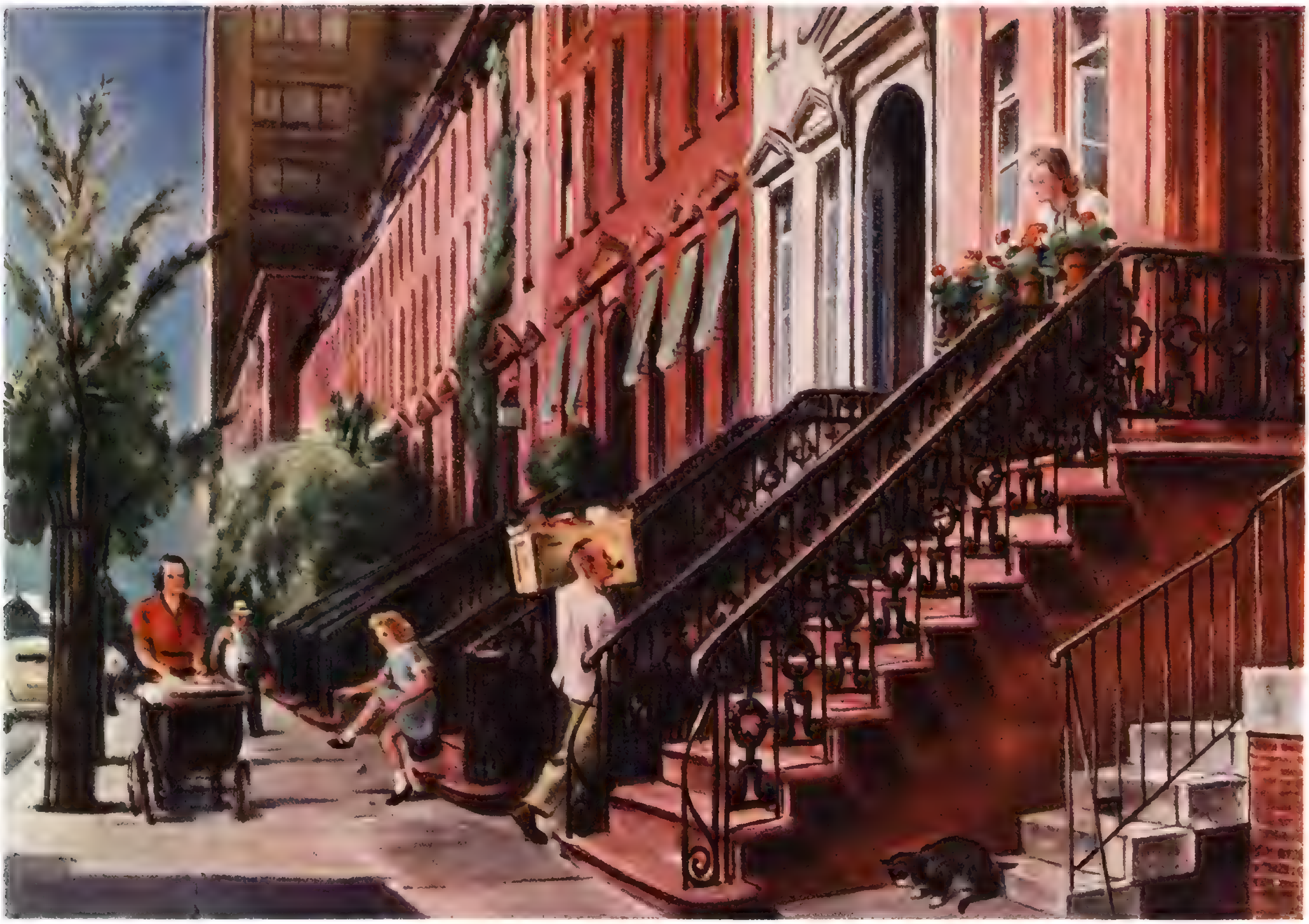


Since 1841

Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

Evans Slippers

L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY, *Wakefield, Mass.*



"City Family and Neighbors" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Home

The time is coming when you can enjoy it — when you can do as you please, *when* you please, and how you please!

Boy! When that time comes, we want to be there!

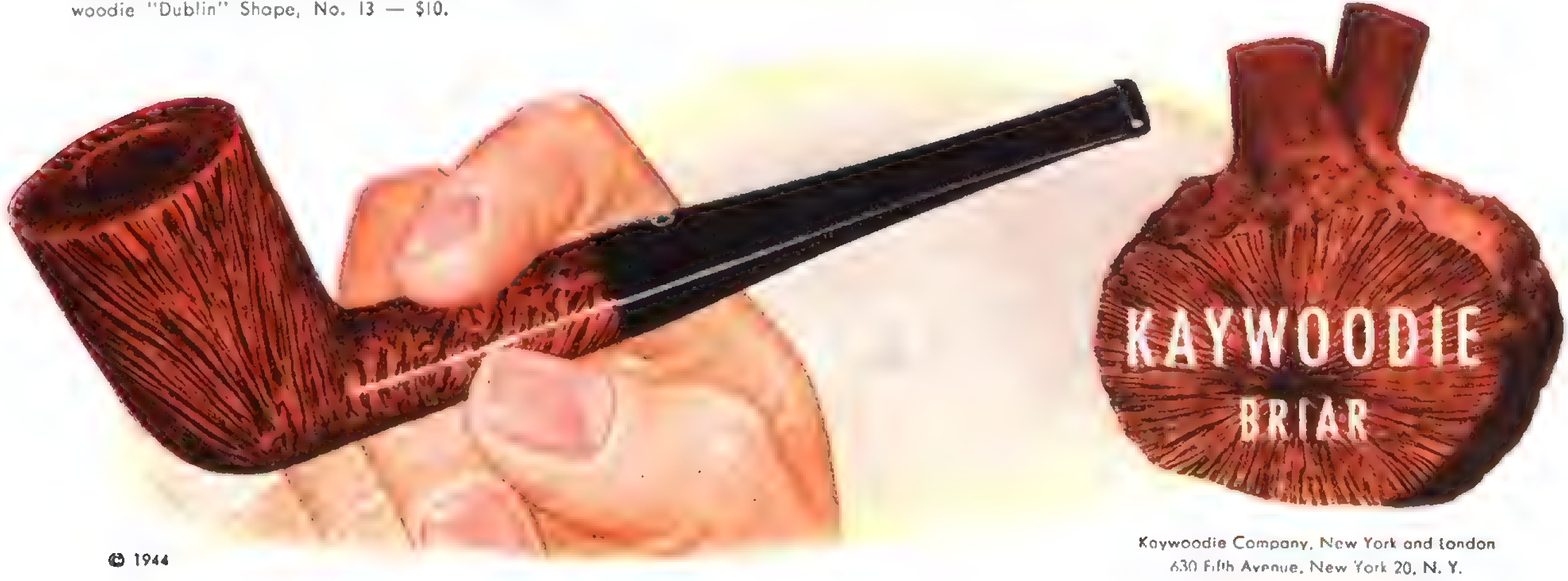
For 93 years, we have made fine pipes, for men who want the best they can get from tobacco. These Kaywoodie Pipes are a joy to smoke. They have become the best-liked of fine pipes throughout the world, for they yield the coolest, smoothest, most satisfactory flavor you ever enjoyed.

Kaywoodie Pipes, and the Kaywoodie Flavor, will be the same, when you want your next one. You'll get the same fine Kaywoodie Briar you enjoyed before the war, or long ago.

This briar comes from the regions around the Mediterranean Sea, and only from there. It is a natural product. It has to grow. After that, it has to be mellowed and seasoned It requires time, like making a home. It cannot be hurried or short-cut. Because of all this, a Kaywoodie coaxes the best out of tobacco, and you will find it always one of the permanent good things of life.

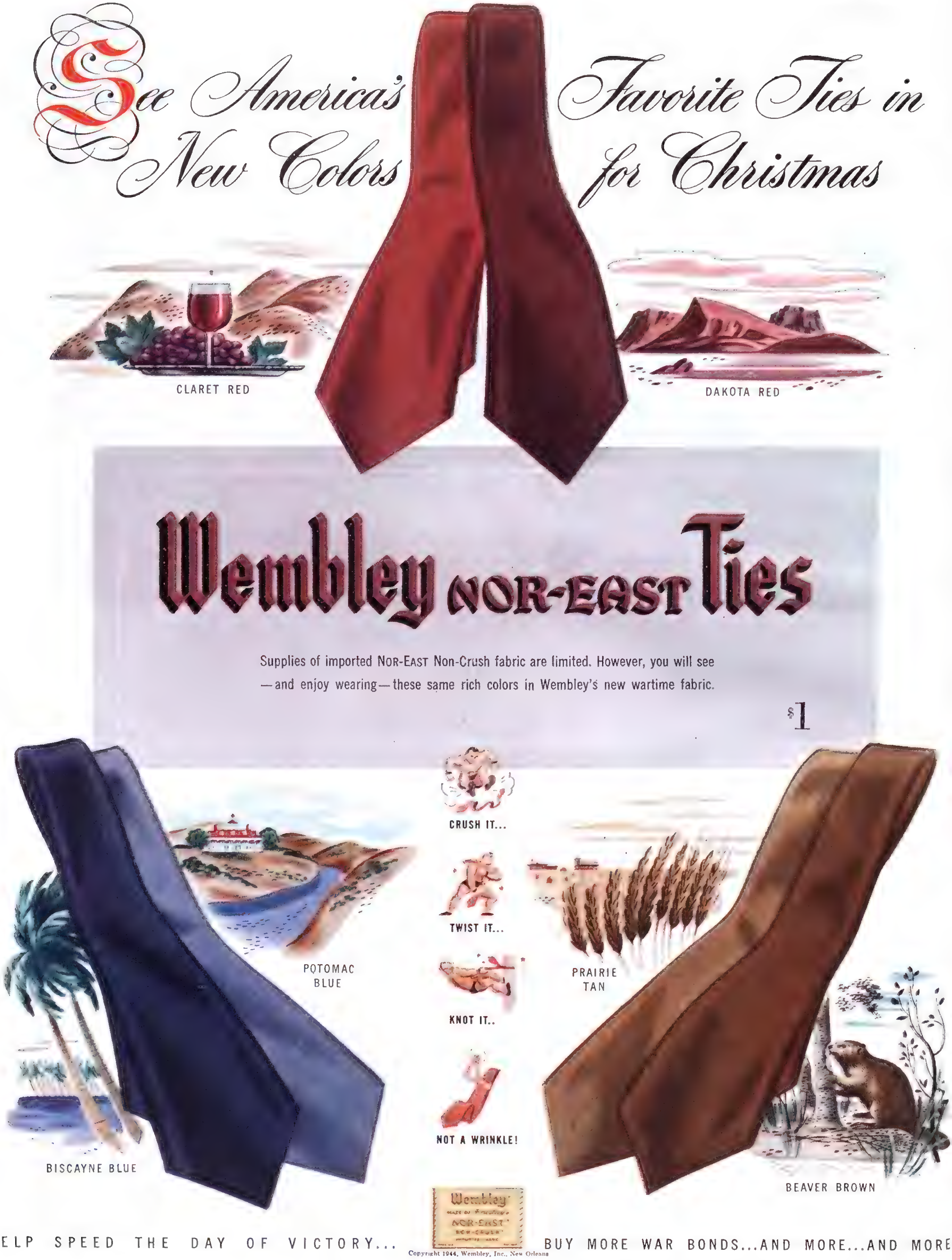
Many Kaywoodies go direct to our fighting men — please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you. Illustrated here is Flame Grain Kaywoodie "Dublin" Shape, No. 13 — $10.

War Bonds come first



© 1944

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



See America's Favorite Ties in New Colors for Christmas

CLARET RED
DAKOTA RED

Wembley NOR-EAST Ties

Supplies of imported NOR-EAST Non-Crush fabric are limited. However, you will see —and enjoy wearing—these same rich colors in Wembley's new wartime fabric.

$1

CRUSH IT...
TWIST IT...
KNOT IT..
NOT A WRINKLE!
POTOMAC BLUE
BISCAYNE BLUE
PRAIRIE TAN
BEAVER BROWN
Wembley
NOR-EAST

HELP SPEED THE DAY OF VICTORY... BUY MORE WAR BONDS...AND MORE...AND MORE

Copyright 1944, Wembley, Inc., New Orleans

It's their fun-most comedy! (M·G·M of course)

The Potentates of Comedy in an Enchanted Paradise—playing tag with the Sultan's Darlings and his Evil-Eye Headsman! How'd you like to be in their turbans?

BUD ABBOTT & LOU COSTELLO

IN

LOST IN A HAREM

with **MARILYN MAXWELL**

JOHN CONTE • DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE

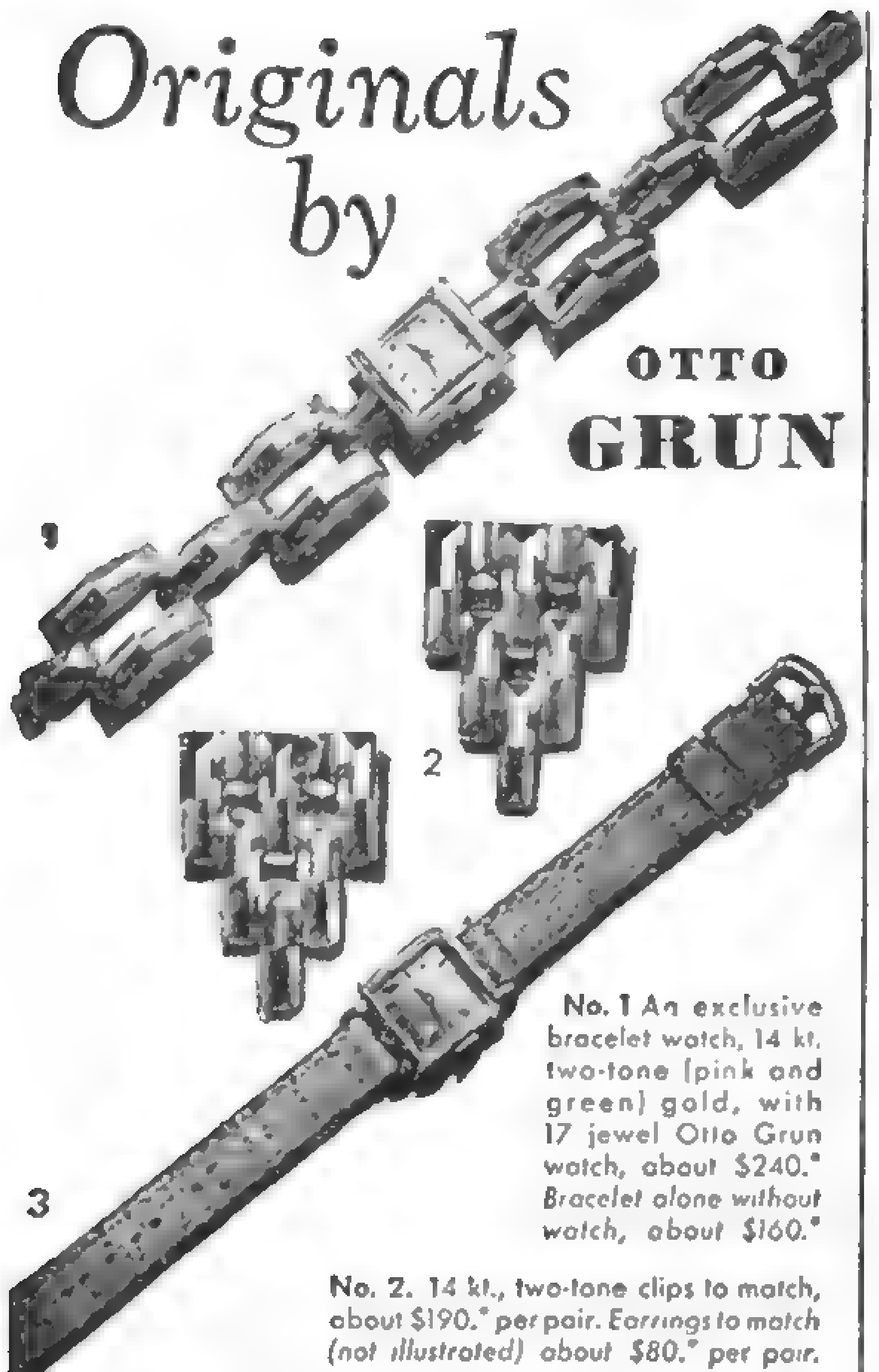
JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Ah! That Music!

"It Is Written"
"I Know It's Wrong"
"What Does It Take?"
"Sons of the Desert"
"John Silver"
"Noche de Ronda"
PLAYED BY JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA!

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin, John Grant and Harry Crane • Directed by CHARLES RIESNER • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT



Originals by OTTO GRUN

No. 1 An exclusive bracelet watch, 14 kt. two-tone (pink and green) gold, with 17 jewel Otto Grun watch, about $240.* *Bracelet alone without watch, about $160.**

No. 2. 14 kt., two-tone clips to match, about $190.* per pair. *Earrings to match (not illustrated) about $80.* per pair.*

No. 3. 14 kt., 17 jewel Otto Grun sport watch with genuine reptile strap, about $95.*

*Price includes Federal Tax.

OTTO GRUN ORIGINALS ARE AVAILABLE AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE, INCLUDING

Neiman Marcus, Dallas; The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Saks-Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles; ZCMI, Salt Lake City; Bergdorf-Goodman, N. Y.; Garfinckel's, Washington; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Frazer's, Tacoma, Wash.

or write

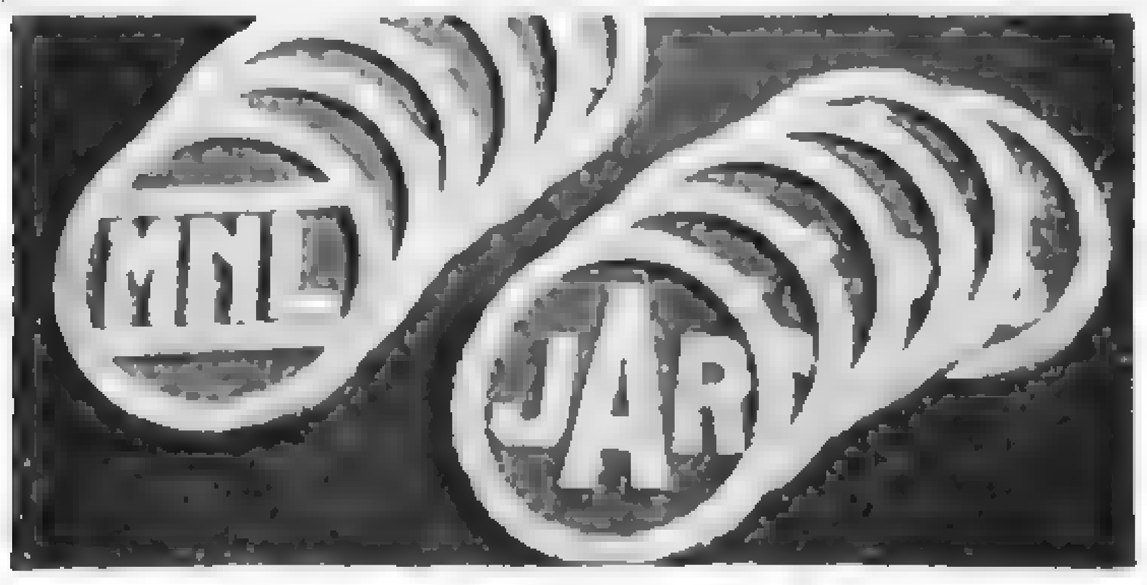
OTTO GRUN & CO.
48 West 48th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

SHINE *mister?*

GIVE HIM A "KIWI" SHINE KIT DE LUXE
...and watch all the family shine its own shoes

Rest your shoe on the rubber inset of this strong top bar. Below it, cleverly arranged, you'll find two big brushes, two swell daubers, two heavy shine cloths and FOUR cans of that inimitable made-in-England "Kiwi" polish—for brown and black shoes. Kit size 10 x 10 x 7, solidly made of sycamore wood, richly grained. Nicest thing of its kind: makes a most practical gift. Shipped complete for . . . $7.50 You pay express charges on receipt.

Fellman LTD. Dept. E-12 6 E. 46 St. New York 17



MONOGRAMMED CORK COASTERS

These cork coasters are personalized with your monogram and come in a gift box that has the same initials as on the coaster. Letters in natural with background of green, blue or brown. Block letters (shown on left) or diamond monogram. Underline initial of last name. **$3.50** a dozen, plus 15c postage.

No C. O.D's please

EUNICE NOVELTIES, Dept. E-124
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

FOR XMAS your gift to a man at home or in service should be a Forecaster Superb . . . it's a practical, lasting gift. Buy them now mail them now. Choice century-old American briar. $1.50

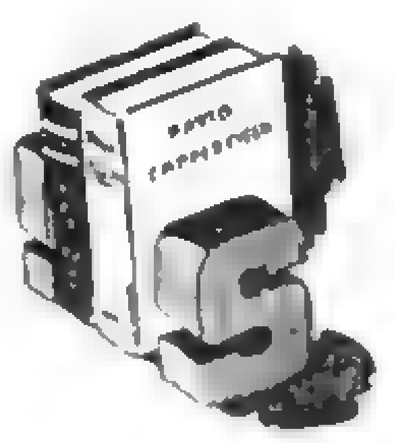
FORECASTER SUPERB

Sir Sheldon, in natural grain $2.50

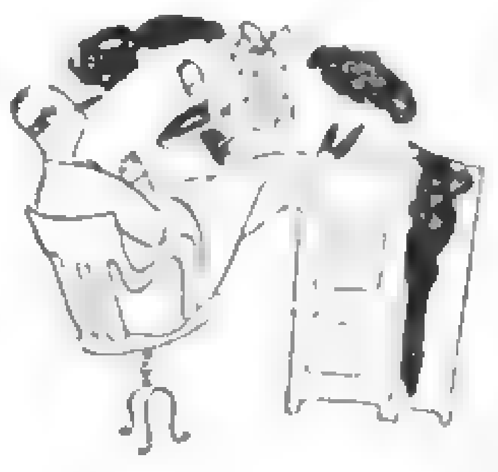
NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Talking Shop with Esquire

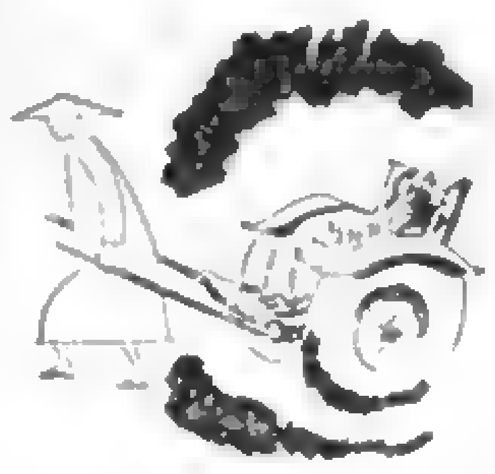
"CATHERINE WAS GREAT." Gentlemen of discernment have long preferred a set of good groomers (cologne rub-down and after-shave lotion) because of their bracing, utterly distinctive scent. The groomers are the masculine counterpart of Essence Imperiale Russe, that's stood the test of time ever since the days of Kate the Great.



REMEMBER THE BOSS! You'll be coming back to the old stand 'ere long, so why not send the boss a tasty Christmas gift just to keep up friendly relations? Something for his desk, such as a virile, handsome wooden paperweight made up of huge, hand-carved initials of one-two or three letters, done in hand-buffed, polished rosewood. The single letterweights are about 5" x 3"; the triple, 7½" x 3". You can also order massive initial bookends, hand carved in rosewood or maple (6" x 5" x 1½" to 2" thick).



CATER TO HIS VICES . . . a nifty presentation piece is the leather "travel bar". To wit . . . a handsome leather box, 18" x 8" . . . which holds a quart of whiskey, 4 decks of cards and securely hidden underneath a slide top in the cover, a dozen cigars and 4 packs of cigarettes. You can buy the box with or without equipment. Comes in blue, red, green or wine leather, tooled in gold. Such a gift should bump you up the ladder.



PURE EXTRAVAGANCE. If you have to make the grand gesture . . . do it with a bar wagon tricked up in the shape and size of a Chinese ricksha. Painted in red lacquer, with gold fenders, Chinese dragon decorations, it rolls around grandly on its genuine balloon tire wheels. There's a shelf where the seat would ordinarily be, filled with slots for a dozen highball glasses. The floorboard makes a dandy table on which to rest beverage bottles and snacks.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Make Every Shot Count! 35 MM Film Developed 36 Enlargements $1

18 exp. 75c - 16 exp. Split 55c
36 exp. Reloads 50c

All miniature and split size film finished in our famous 3 1/4 x 4 1/2 Beauty Prints—deckled, embossed margin and embossed date.

When film is scarce and every snapshot is doubly precious make every shot count! Don't take a chance and spoil good film by poor developing and printing. Today, more than ever, our careful, efficient, prompt service is your best protection against wasted film—your best assurance of pride and satisfaction with your pictures. Send roll and money or write for FREE mailers and samples—also complete Price List.

Artistic Contact Finishing. 8 exp. rolls complete set of deckled-edge, embossed, wide-margin prints. Credits for failures. FREE Enlargement Coupon with each roll. 25¢

MAIL-BAG FILM SERVICE
Dept. 15 • Box 5440A • Chicago 80

GIVE AUTOGRAPH CIGARETTES

Top-quality *made-to-order* cigarettes with one's signature in Red or Blue. Exciting, original gift! Swell smokes! 200 Special Blend (fine American and imported tobaccos) 6.75; Rare Turkish, 8.50. 200 Spec. Blend with *any first name* in script (or 3 initials) 5.00. "Show-thru" gift box.

GIFT DE LUXE: 500 Spec. Blend cigarettes, autographed, in stunning antique finish Old Print Chest. Hardwood mahogany lined; humidor attachment. 18.75.

Cigarette Russe—aromatic Near East tobaccos; long filter-holder. Ideal for "little gifts" and parties. 100, 3.00.

Order NOW from Autograph Cigarettes (Dept. S) 452 5th Ave., New York.

TAKE A TIP FROM THE SERVICES
Mark Your Things with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

It's a rule in the Services to mark everything with the owner's name. Positive identification is the best way to avoid losses at home, too. Mark clothing and all your belongings with genuine CASH'S Names. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us. And because military business comes first, please ORDER EARLY.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 15c for 1 Dozen of your FIRST name.*

CASH'S 494 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn. 6235 So. Gramercy Pl. Los Angeles 44, Cal. or 164 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. 9 " 2.50 12 " 3. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube

By OVERWHELMING MAJORITY RECORD LOVERS Select RECOTON NEEDLES
America's Favorite Needle

Flagg Bros GENUINE "Longhorn Leather" MOCCASIN Styles

Hand-finished with our famous waxes and oils!

$4.45

EXCHANGES GLADLY MADE. YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

- SIZES 6 TO 12 ··· D WIDTHS
- LONG WEARING FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLES!
- SLIPPERS INDOORS . . . SHOES OUTDOORS!
- HAND-FINISHED, RICH MAHOGANY SHADE!

Flagg's "Longhorn Leather," is your assurance of endurance!

FLAGG BROS.
920 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE, TENN.

SHOE SIZE ☐ WIDTH ☐
CHECK ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Current RATION STAMP Must Accompany Every Mail Order . . . Include 25¢ Extra for Postage.

NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ STATE ____

Smart Practical

"PLACE CARD" TUMBLERS $3.45 Per Doz. Postpaid $3.70 West of Denver.

A smash hit! Sparkling crystal tumbler with heavy sham base is a clever place-card when you pencil a guest's name on special sand-carved panel. Also called "Write-your-Name" or "Mark-your-drink" glasses. Writing easily washed off. Popular 8½ oz. size for highballs or table use—*Write for new 48-page gift catalog.*

MONOGRAM GLASS CO., INC
EVANSTON · ILLINOIS

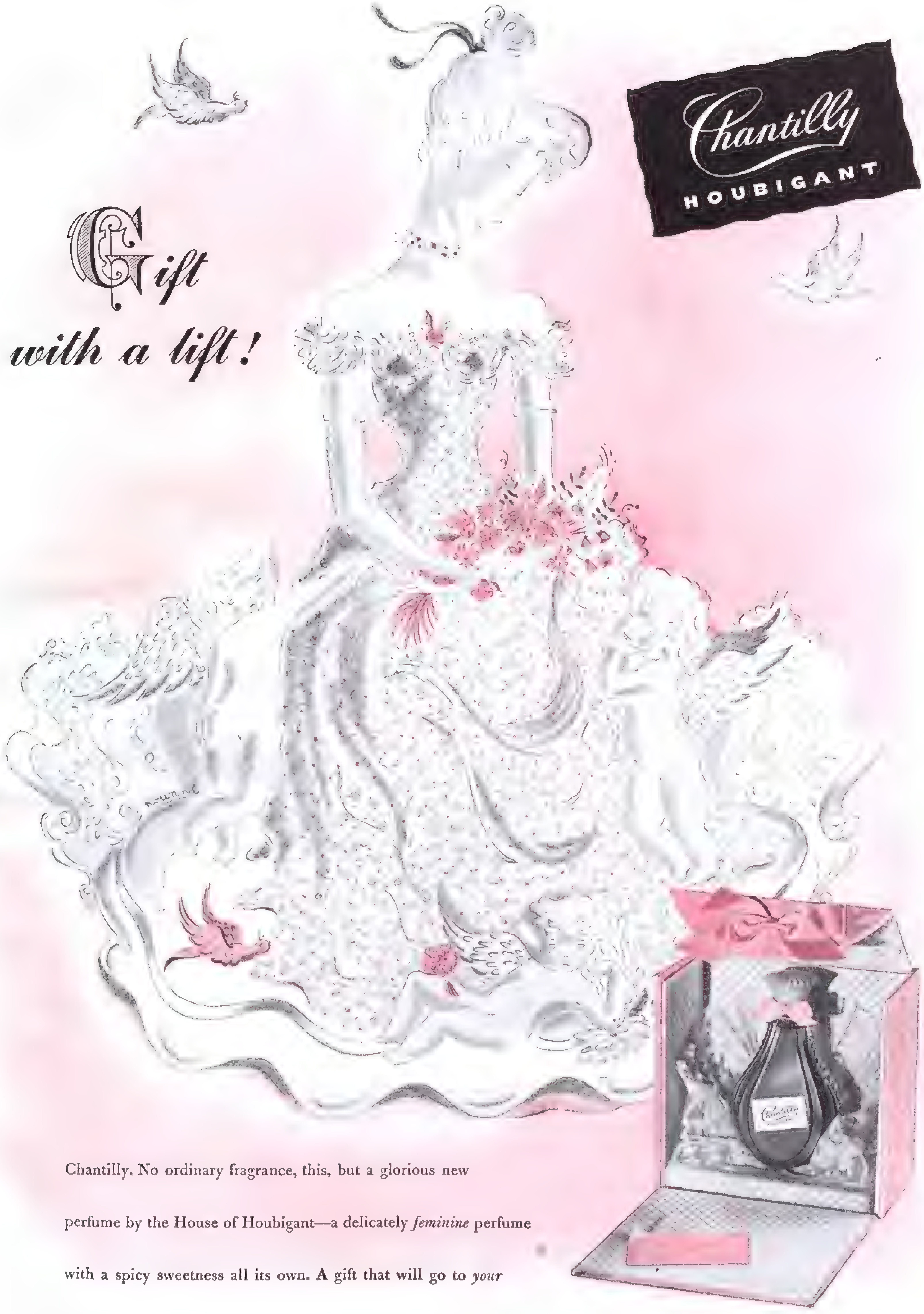
Sportsman PIPE MIXTURE
CHAMPION OF BLENDS

A skillful blend of choicest imported and American tobaccos, its full-bodied flavor and rich bouquet make the best pipe better. At all good tobacconists.

1 oz., 20¢; 1¾ oz., 35¢.
Glass Humidors: 8 oz., $1.50; 16 oz., $2.85

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC.
663 Fifth Avenue • New York 22, N. Y.

Distributors also of Sasieni Fine English Pipes, Custom-Bilt Pipes and Sportsman Toiletries for Men


Gift with a lift!
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
Chantilly

Chantilly. No ordinary fragrance, this, but a glorious new perfume by the House of Houbigant—a delicately *feminine* perfume with a spicy sweetness all its own. A gift that will go to *your* head and her heart! $32.00; 16.50; 10.00; 6.50; 3.00—*Plus tax.*

CHRISTMAS TIME

For Welcome Gifts

Man's Juvenia...17 jewels, shockproof, waterproof, anti-magnetic, 14K gold case with stainless steel back, $123.50. Stainless steel case, $58.58.

Lady's Juvenia...17 jewels, shockproof, 14K gold case, $118.50. With stainless steel case, $66.50.

Prices include Federal Tax

Write for our new illustrated watch booklet

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd • New York

To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models . . . choice century-old American briar . . . rich-grained, with a craftsman finish. Biltmore Pipe Co., 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

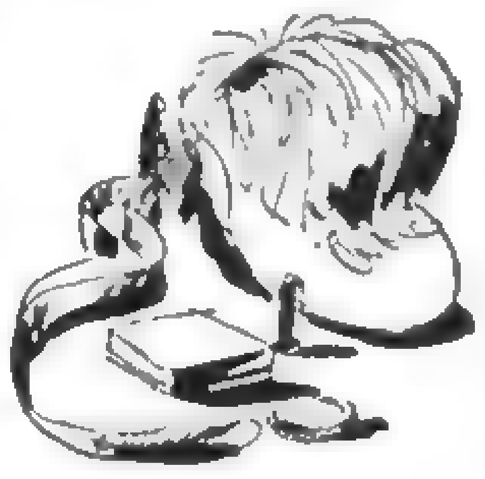
The "BULLDOG" $3.50

Also ask to see Biltmore imported Algerian Briars, at $5 $7.50 $10

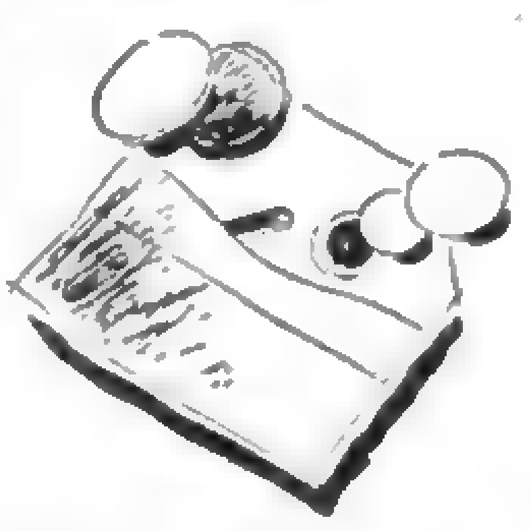
Biltmore "BLUE RIBBON" PIPES

Talking Shop with Esquire

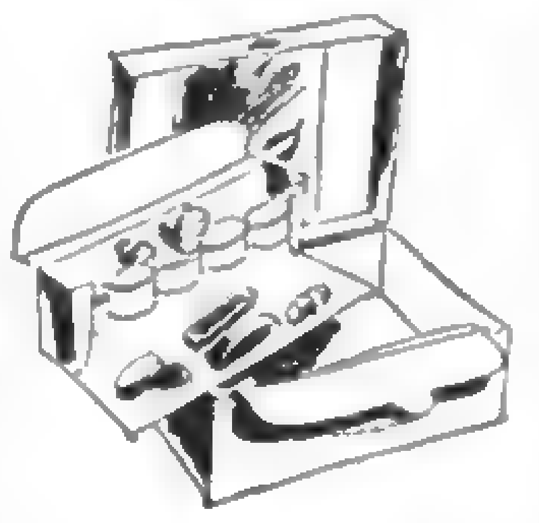
FEMININE FRIPPERIES. Dear to her heart . . . cosmetics in novel packages. F'rinstance: rouge, lipstick, "Lady in the Dark" perfume and face powder tucked into the high postillion crown of a tiny fuchsia-colored, plumed felt hat (miniature size, of course). Or face powder, lipstick and powder puff disguised in the form of a tiny red plush slipper chair . . . the seat scented with sachet.



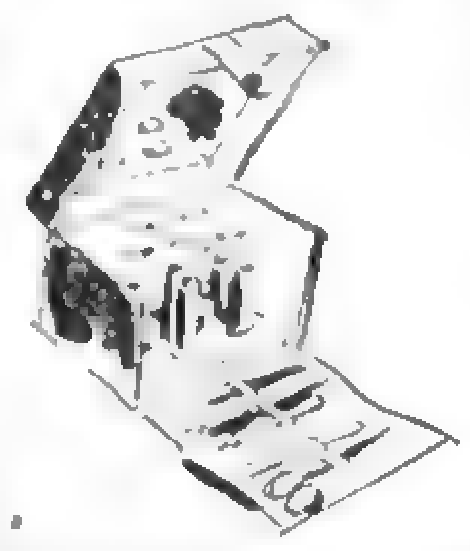
PURSE ENVELOPES. Make-up kit consisting of cake make-up, lipstick and rouge in a flat envelope purse in black, red or navy grosgrain. Or a luscious satin purse envelope in magenta, chartreuse, aqua or black filled with nail polish and other manicure accessories. Purse may be used for an evening bag as well.



WEEKEND BEAUTY KITS . . . luxurious weekend case containing a separate, removable kit filled with make-up, creams, lotions, perfume, etc. In black or brown alligator calf. Another style looks like a capacious handbag in simulated python. Loaded with creams, make-up, mirror, comb, etc. Still another for the lady who is air-minded, a leather case that looks like a brief case with lock and key—and separate case for toiletries.



BANDBOX BEAUTY. A swagger box in genuine russetsaddle leather with large mirror inside its cover. Bandbox is filled with 5 bottles of nail polish and accessories, two lipsticks, nail scissors, file, etc. "Polo Bag", smart tailored bag in shepherd's plaid with drawstring closure. Contains nail polish and other manicure accoutrements.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

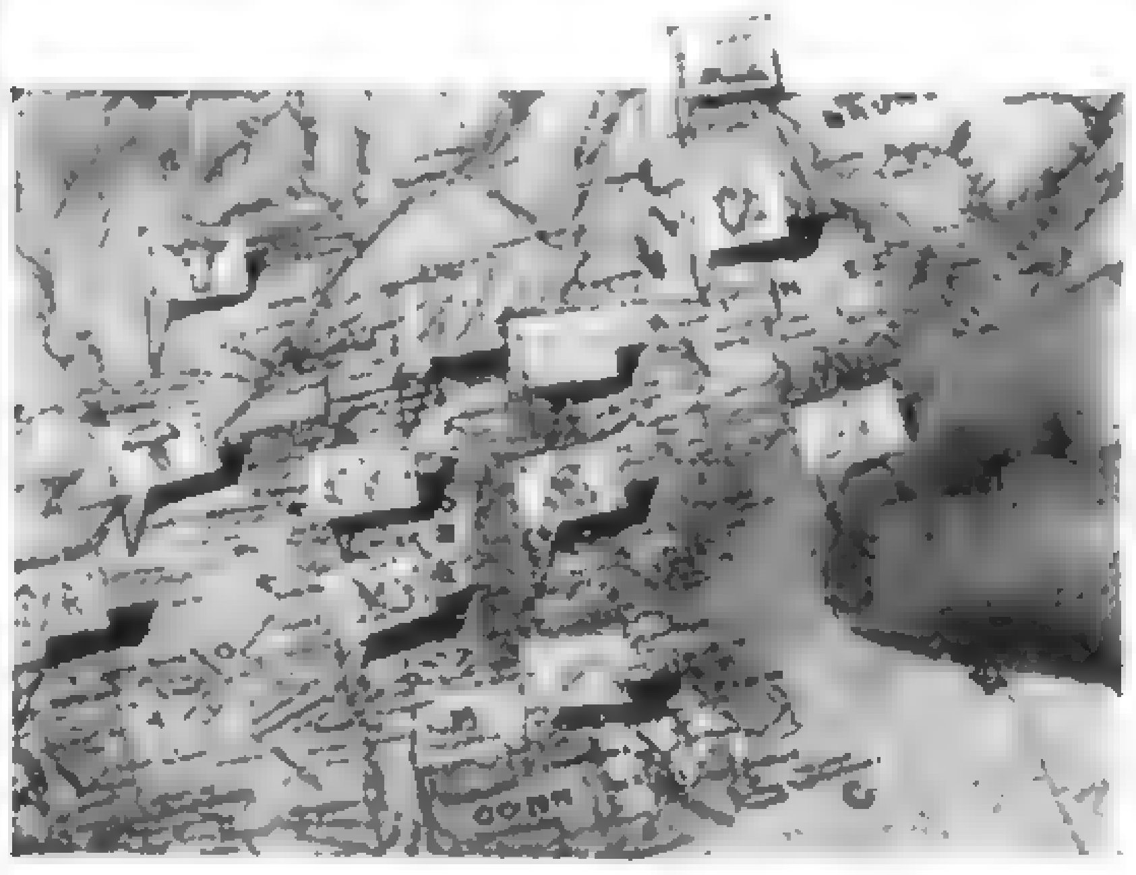
CHILD'S CHAIR

HANDMADE IN MEXICO

● Your favorite small person would look perfectly adorable this Christmas perched on this little wooden chair with its woven rush seat and gay hand-painted flowers on choice of yellow, blue, green or red background. Delivered postpaid to your door without shopping troubles. *Available in adult size, too, at $5.50 prepaid.*
(No COD's, please)

2.75
PREPAID

Foreign Traders
SANTA FE NEW MEXICO



RESOURCE-FULL AMERICA

An Interesting, educational and fun-producing game

Played on board-mounted map of United States, 44" x 32" with 250 playing pieces in the form of flag markers representing natural resources and agricultural products — coal, gold, cattle, wheat, etc.—to be placed on the map in the states where they are to be found. May be played solitaire, or competitively by any number of players aged 9 to 90. Accompanied by 24-page guidebook of indexes, maps, tables, etc. U. S. MAP ALONE MAKES HANDSOME, USEFUL WALL DECORATION FOR LIBRARY, DEN OR CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Price, complete (Map, Flags & Book) $2.95 postpaid (25c extra west of the Mississippi)

C. S. HAMMOND & CO.
80 Lexington Ave., Suite 504, New York 16, N.Y.

Sophisticated Oh Very!

MISS SAYLOR'S COFFEE-ETS

You can take them any place
for their good taste
is their
ready acceptance.
You'll like the delicately
blended home-made flavor
that only pure cream,
fresh butter and fine coffee
can give.
So for that pick-up
and quick-up ask for those
little pepper-uppers . . .
Miss Saylor's Coffee-ets.
Your dealer
should have them soon.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINAL AVENUE • ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

Esquire says—

KRASHÉ

is a "PUSS-PRESERVER!"

A few drops of Krashé shaving aid added to your lather not only gives you a super-smooth shave . . . it helps protect your face all day from wind and weather. Ideal gift for service men who are Krashe's biggest boosters! $1.20, tax included, at better drug and dept. stores. Or write direct. GRELVA, INC. 22-26 W. 48th St., N. Y. 19

FOR A FASTER, CLOSER, CLEANER SHAVE!

Miracle OFFERS Livingston PLASTIC PLAYING CARDS

WILL OUTLAST MANY ORDINARY DECKS

Here are the modern playing cards you've been looking for . . . the kind you thought you couldn't get. Durable, plastic in two rich multiple color schemes, in smart, attractive cameo pattern, or sword-crest design. Ideal Christmas gifts . . . get them now while the limited supply lasts!

WASHABLE
CHIP-PROOF
STAIN-PROOF
FRAY-PROOF
GERM-PROOF

Style No. 850
SET OF 2 DECKS
in De Luxe Satin-Lined Leatherette Hinged-top
GIFT BOX
$8.50
Postage Paid

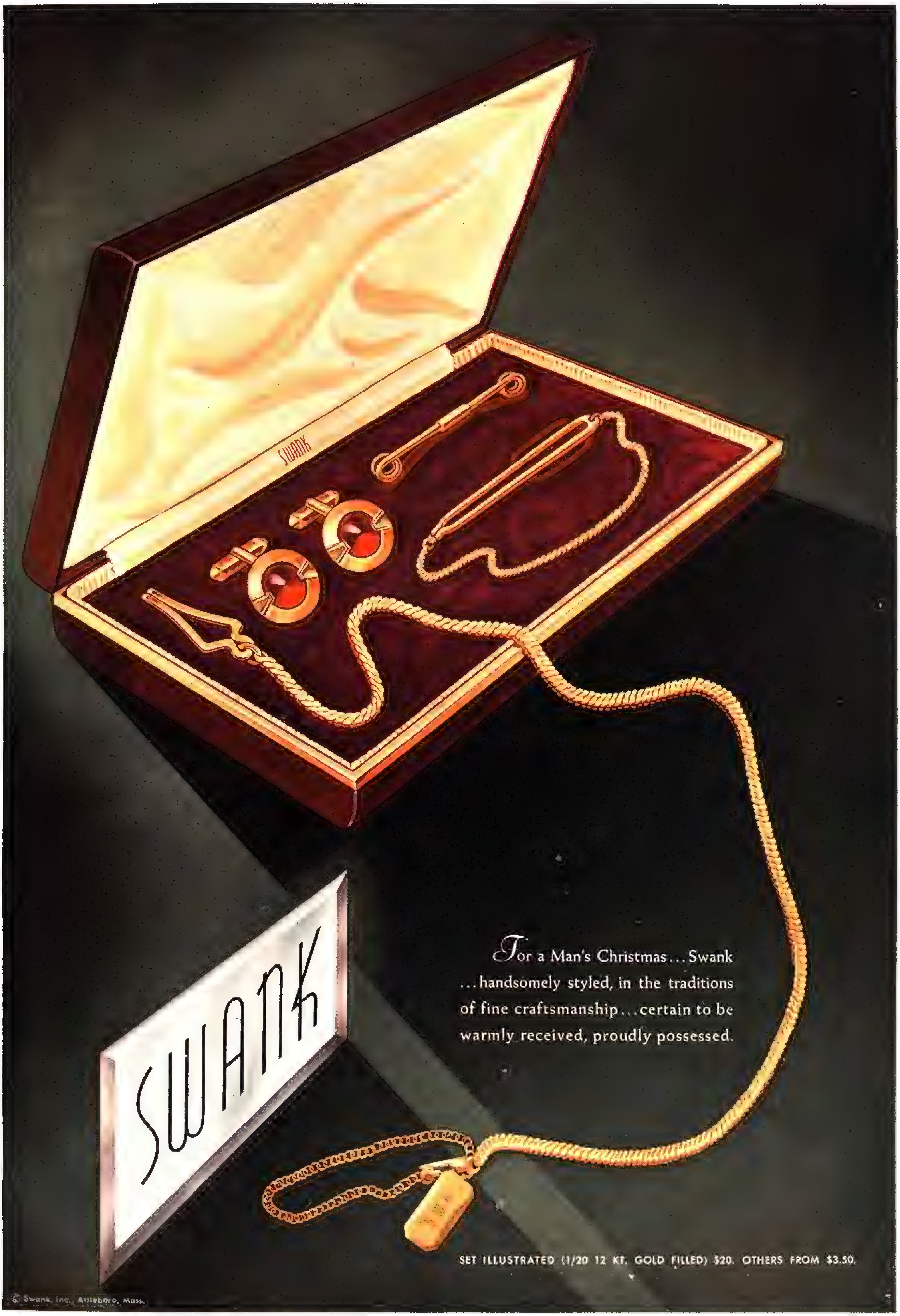
STYLE No. 700. *Set of two decks in paper leatherette book-type box. Box has readily removable metal lift-out tray.* $7, Postage paid.

If your dealer can't supply them—

ORDER BY MAIL

Miracle PRODUCTS CO.
36 South State Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

Enclosed find check........ money order........
for.............. sets of Plastic Playing Cards.
Specify Style No............ Design.........
NAME..................................
STREET................................
CITY.....................STATE.........

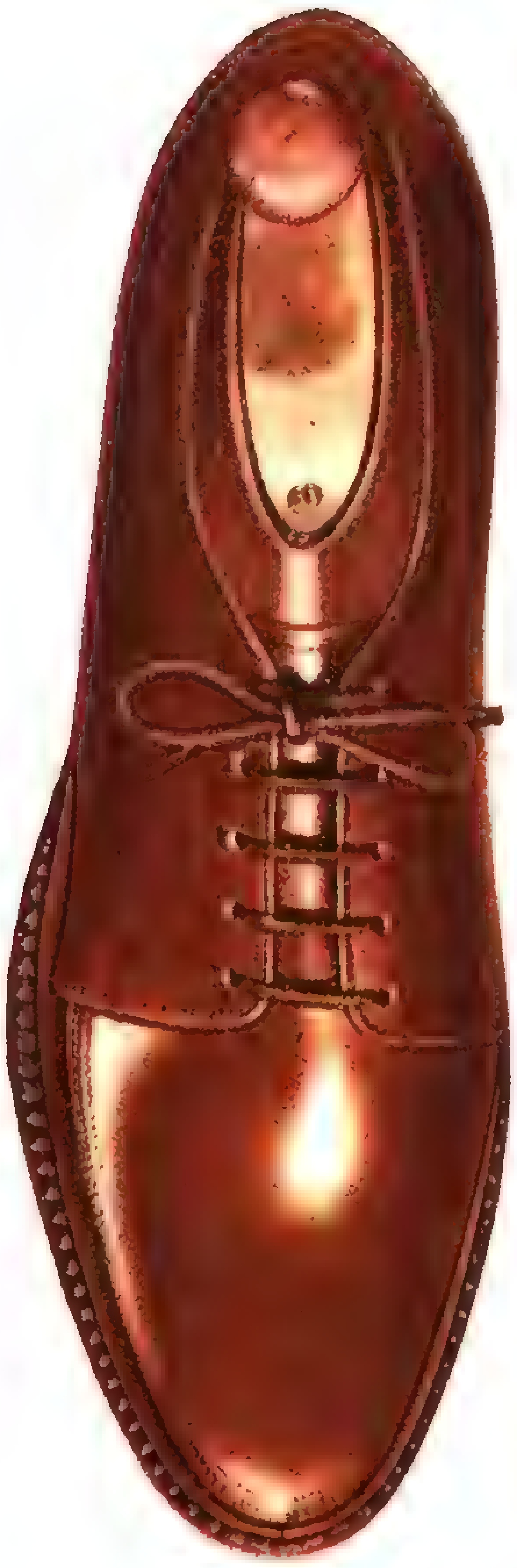


For a Man's Christmas . . . Swank . . . handsomely styled, in the traditions of fine craftsmanship . . . certain to be warmly received, proudly possessed.

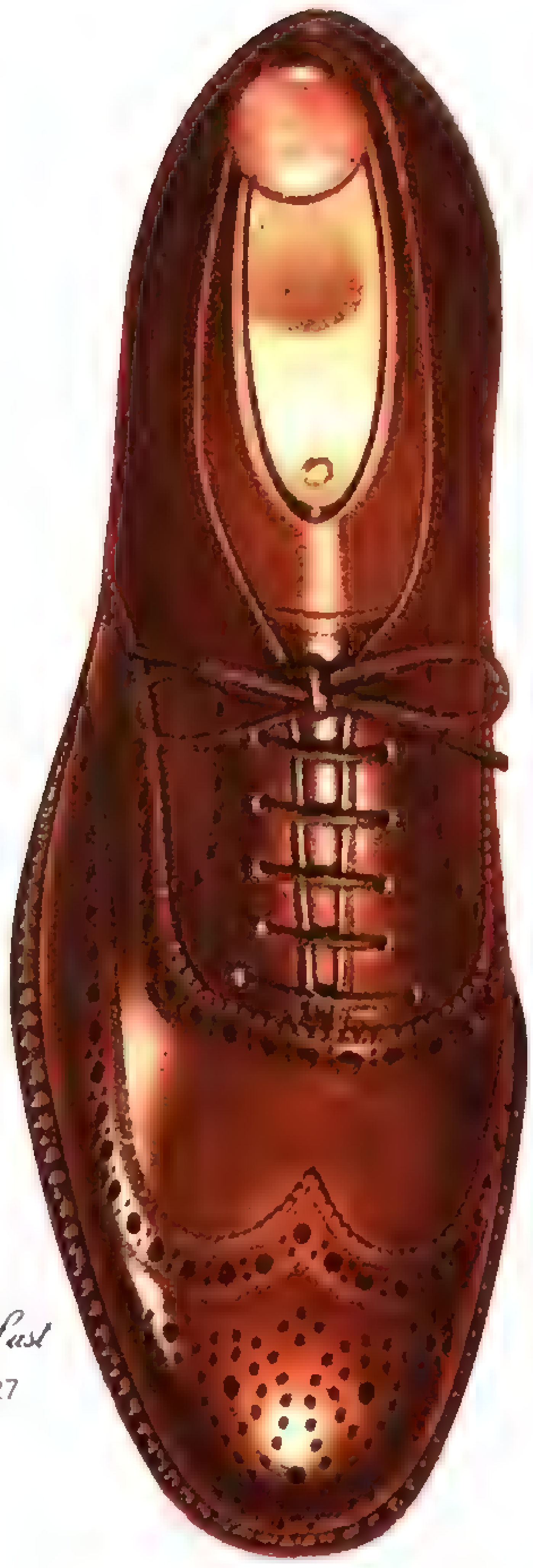
SET ILLUSTRATED (1/20 12 KT. GOLD FILLED) $20. OTHERS FROM $3.50.

© Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

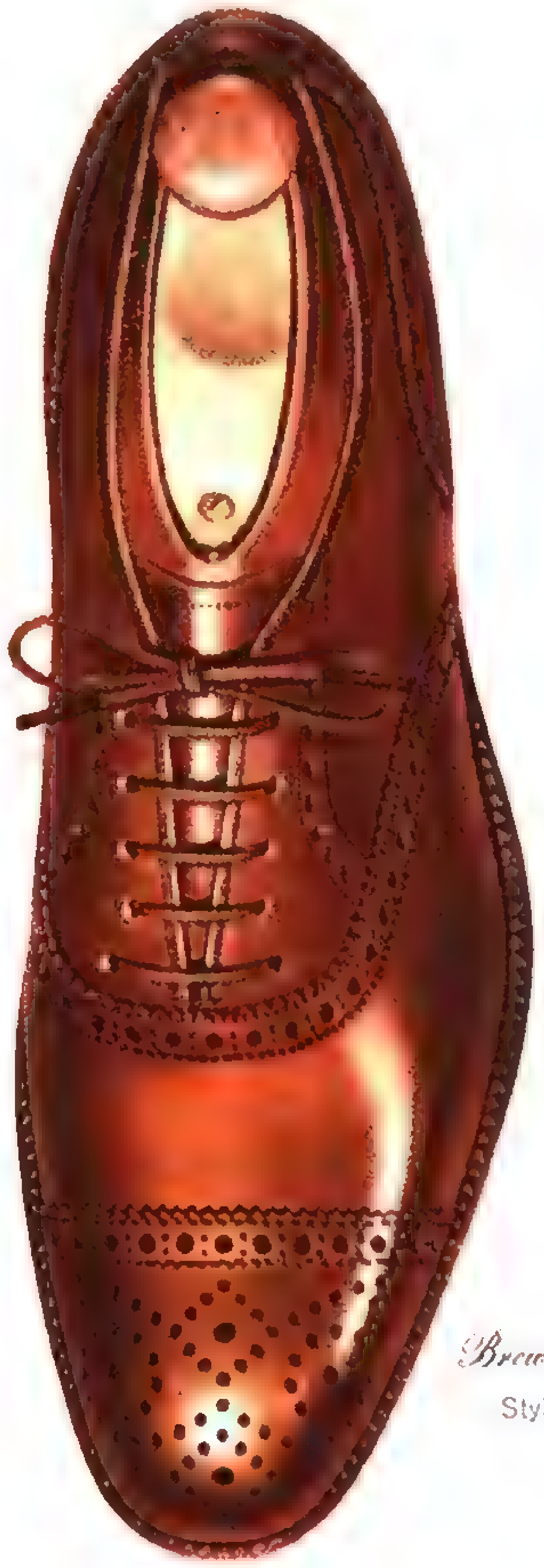
for that Man
Spruce! Shaving Soap
Spruce! Lotion
Spruce! by Wrisley
SPRUCE
Wrisley
OLD FASHIONED LAVENDER
Saddle Club by Wrisley
SADDLE CLUB
Old Fashioned Lavender Lotion by Wrisley
Old Fashioned Lavender by Wrisley
Wrisley's Old Fashioned Lavender Shave Soap
Wrisley's Old Fashioned Lavender Shave Soap
Old Fashioned Lavender Talcum by Wrisley



Cordova Last
Style 2520



Bristol Last
Style 4327



Brewster Last
Style 4322

Most Styles $10 to $13.50

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

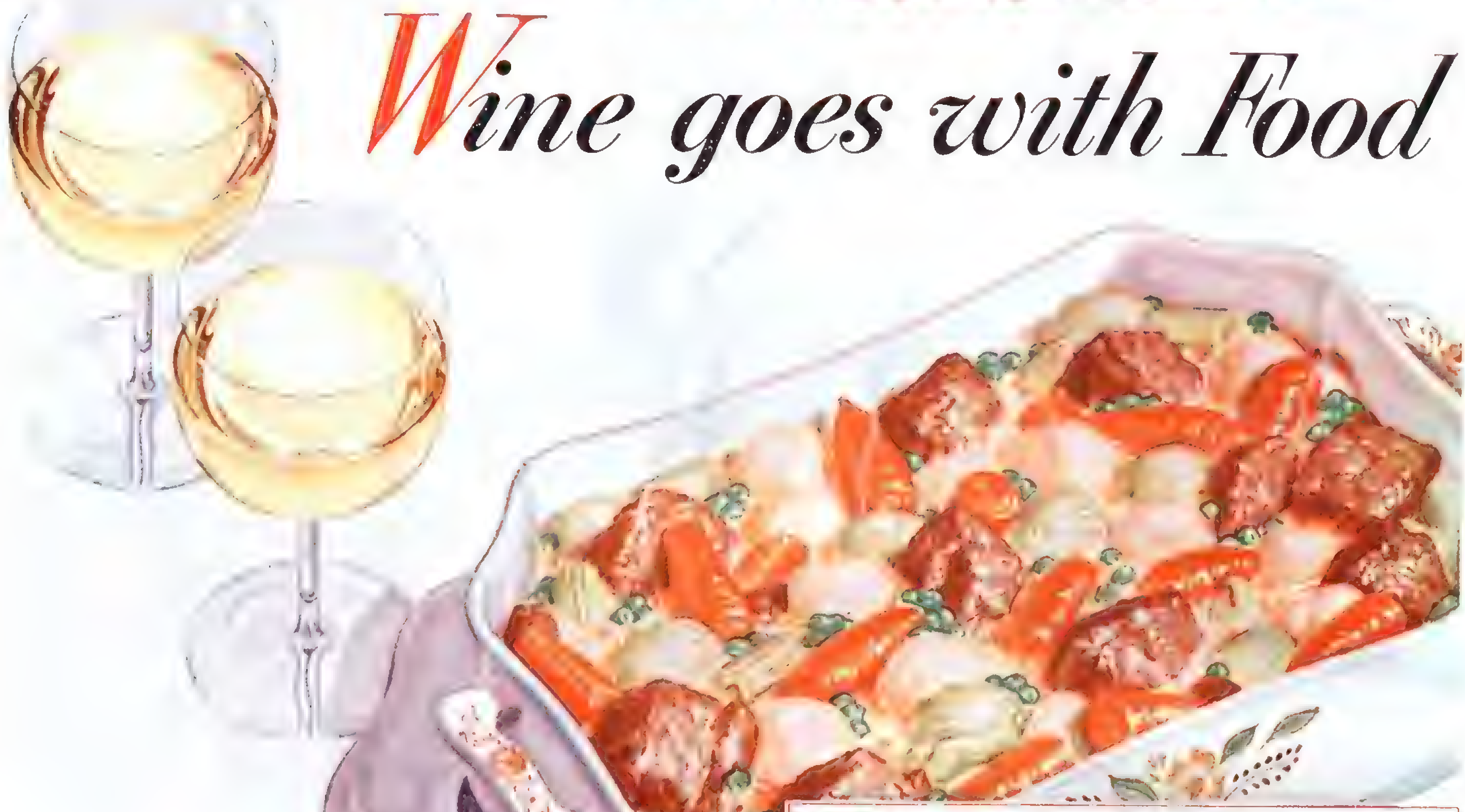
NUNN-BUSH believes it is not too great an ambition to be known as makers of the finest shoes in the world for men. Wouldn't it seem good judgment to *experience* the quality thus pitted against worthy competition? . . . Enjoy Ankle-fashioning, the Nunn-Bush development that increases comfort, adds extra miles of style.

BUY
MORE
BONDS

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

As a duck shoot goes with Fall

Wine goes with Food



If you like good meals you've an important discovery ahead. It's this simple palate-pleasing fact: *When wine joins a main dish the eating gets better.*

Make an easy test of it — just taste the Lamb Stew Sauterne which is pictured here. Or try a roast of beef that's been basted in red table wine, or hamburger made with full-bodied Burgundy, or tasty filet of fresh fish "au vin blanc."

And when you set out glasses of the same wine *with* the meal, the taste harmony continues. Appetites become keener. Eating takes on the relish it is meant to have.

Many delightful wine-and-food recipes are in our new wine cookery booklet. Write for your free copy today. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5.

Try this recipe for Lamb Stew Sauterne:

Cut 2 lbs. lean lamb shoulder into 2-inch cubes and place in deep bowl with 2 sliced onions and 1 or 2 peeled cloves of garlic. Add 1½ cups California Sauterne or Rhine Wine, cover, and let stand in refrigerator 2 or 3 hours. Discard garlic. Take out meat, roll in seasoned flour, brown in 4 tbsps. hot oil in kettle. Add wine and onion and 3 cups water; cover and simmer until tender (about 1½ hours). Add vegetables — carrots, potatoes, celery, peas and small whole onions as desired; season well, cook until it is tender, about 20 minutes. Thicken the gravy if desired. Serves 4 to 6

Port-baked apples are no trick at all!

Wash and core 4 apples, peel upper ⅓ of each. Place in casserole. Dissolve ⅓ cup sugar in ½ cup boiling water, pour over apples, cover, and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Remove apples to serving dishes, pour 2 tbsps. California Port wine into each. Boil down remaining syrup until fairly thick and pour over the apples to glaze them. Serves 4

Add to your share in Tomorrow...
add to your WAR BONDS today

Games for Giving!

LOWE pocket-size Games give countless, pleasure-packed hours of exciting entertainment . . . easy to send . . . easy to carry . . . fun for everyone at home or overseas. Old favorites as well as the very newest Adult Games of skill and chance that one, two or dozens can play.

Bookshelf Games
TRADE MARK

The "Gift of Gifts"

17 Selected "BOOKSHELF" GAMES $16.95

(West of Denver $17.95)

In one attractive gift package . . . includes such favorites as CHESS, CHECKERS, DOMINOES, HORSE RACE, BASEBALL, GIN RUMMY, SOLITAIRE, CHIPS AND CARD SET, CRIBBAGE WITH CARDS.

Each Game designed to look like a book — exquisitely bound in simulated Morocco leather. Complete in every detail . . . precision made by master craftsmen.

Free Our latest 24-page Game Book showing how to play many of the most popular Adult Games of skill and chance. Just send us your name and address together with a 3c stamp.

Lowe
"FOR THOSE WHO KNOW IT'S GAMES BY LOWE"

Check YOUR FAVORITE LOWE "BOOKSHELF" GAMES

- ○ CHESS $1.00
- ○ CHECKERS $1.00
- ○ BASEBALL $1.00
- ○ HORSE RACE $1.00
- ○ DOMINOES 75c
- ○ BACKGAMMON $1.00
- ○ ACEY-DUCEY $1.00
- ○ BOTTOMS-UP 75c
- ○ PEG SOLITAIRE 75c
- ○ TIME PUZZLE 75c
- ○ 15 PUZZLE 75c
- ○ BINGO $1.00
- ○ CHINA PEG $1.00
- ○ GOAL $1.00
- ○ Magic NUMBERS $1.00
- ○ ODD & EVEN $1.00
- ○ CHIPS $1.00
- ○ CHIP SET with CARDS $1.50
- ○ CRIBBAGE SET $1.00
- ○ CRIBBAGE SET with CARDS $1.50
- ○ GIN RUMMY $1.00
- ○ GIN RUMMY SET with CARDS $1.50

Prices Slightly Higher West of Denver

Free Mailing Cartons!

De Luxe LEATHER GAMES
$1.25 to $5.95

De Luxe Leather
CHIPS AND CARD SET $3.95

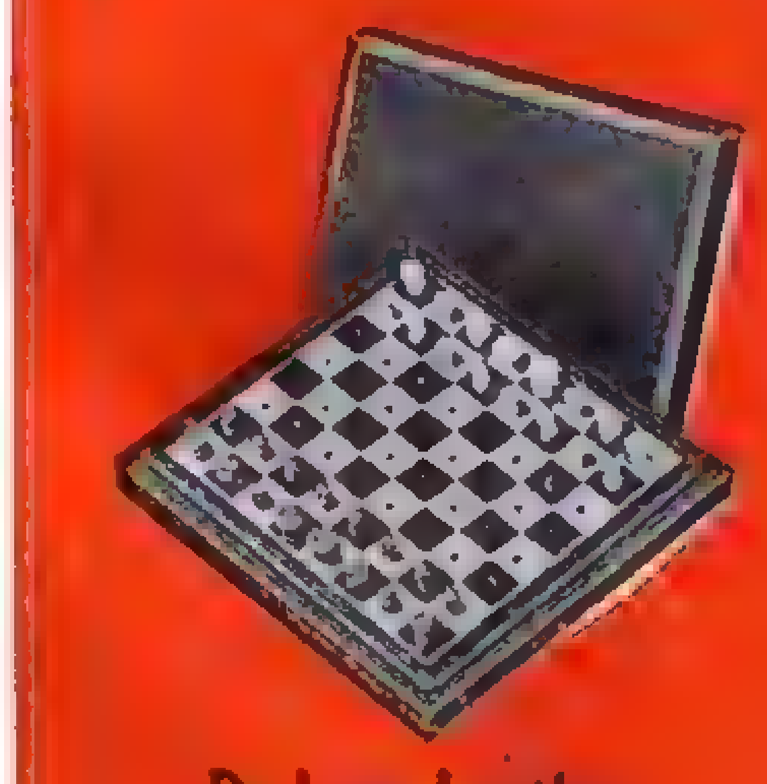
DeLuxe Leather
DICE SET $1.25

De Luxe Leather
CRIBBAGE SET $5.95

De Luxe Leather
Folding
CRIBBAGE BOARD $2.50

De Luxe Leather
4 GAME SET, Chess, Checkers, Backgammon, Acey-Ducey $5.95

De Luxe Leather
GIN RUMMY SET $5.95



De Luxe Leather
CHESS SET $3.95

De Luxe Leather
3 GAME SET, Checkers, Backgammon, Acey-Ducey $3.95

PORTABLE TEN GAME COMBINATION

Chess, Checkers, Backgammon, Acey-Ducey, Cribbage, Plastic Chips, Cards, Poker Dice, Regular Dice, Put-and-Take Dice and Instruction Book. Handsome genuine leather saddle stitched case $15.95. Simulated pig grain leather case $10.95.

At Dept., Gift, Stationery, Drug and other good stores.

Look for the name "LOWE" on every Genuine "BOOKSHELF" Game

E. S. LOWE COMPANY, Inc., 27 W. 20th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!

"200 MEN shaved with my Rolls Razor for 2 months —and now almost every one of them is trying to buy one."*

The soldier-owner goes on to say that this Rolls Safety Razor was the only means of shaving for these 200 men. That's 400 shaving months with one Rolls blade.

Men in service like the Rolls Razor because it is a complete shaving tool—no blades to buy; no dependence on electric current. The lifetime blade is packed in a sturdy metal case containing its own automatic honing and stropping mechanism.

Sold only to Post Exchanges and Ships' Service Stores until after the war, the demand far exceeds the quantity we can supply.

If you own a Rolls Safety Razor treat it carefully—it's a precision tool. Send us the complete razor should it ever need adjustment. We will service it at a nominal charge.

*Voluntary testimonial in our files from a lieutenant overseas.

ROLLS RAZOR
Sales and Service
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

To be "IN RHYME WITH TIME"

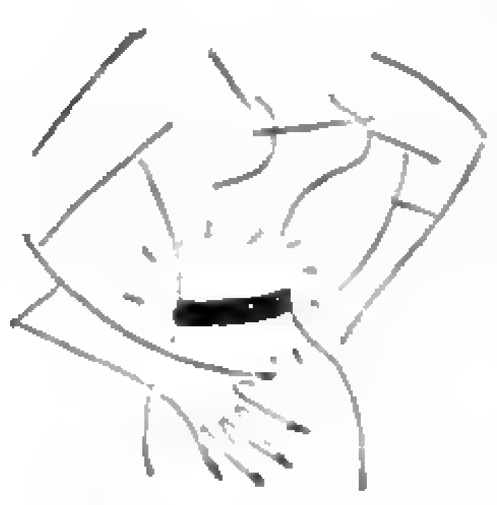
Ask Your Favorite Shop To Show You Kingston Watches

Beautiful examples of perfect precision. Kingston Watches for men and women. $19.50 to $1000., always "In Rhyme with Time."

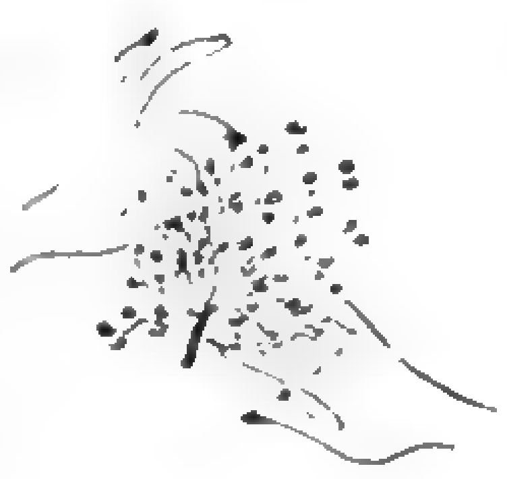
Kingston Watch Company
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Manufacturers & Importers

Talking Shop with Esquire

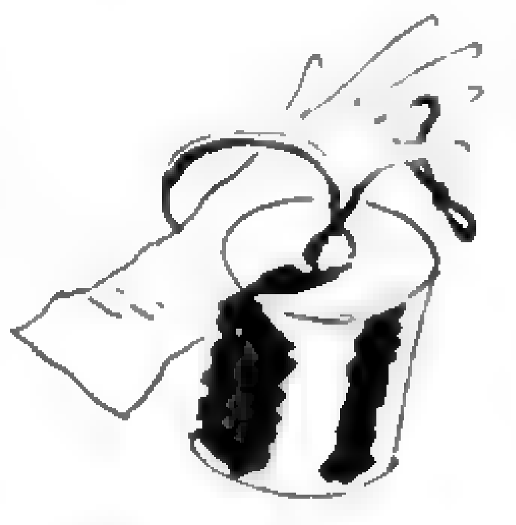
GOLDEN GIRDLES. More glitter, this time stunning belts done in 22 kt. gold leaf set with large multi-colored jewels all the way round her slender waist. Another designed like a series of overlapping gold leaves, studded with jewels, or with plain gold nailheads. For daytime, colored suede belts with gold-color side ornaments like watch fobs, or fobs made of suede rosettes; a suede "lovers'-knot" belt with 3 small bowknots in the place of a buckle.



JEWELED PERFUME BOTTLE, small purse-size bottle encrusted with gold-plated floral spray set with different colored jewels. Holds a dram of exquisite "acacia" perfume. Jeweled corsages: a corsage made entirely of small pearls strung together on fine, flexible wire. Cluster earrings to match. Corsages also come in gold beads, or delicate pastels such as coral, lapiz blue, emerald, etc. Unique and charming.



GLITTERBAGS . . . evening handbags, gorgeous and sophisticated for the lady of your dreams who demands the smartest . . . and gets it! "Bonbon" box, a flat, disc-shaped box made entirely of glittering sequins in such jewel-tones as emerald, fuchsia, ruby, etc. Or in shimmering jewel-tone satin. "Elbow Bag", a soft pouch made of flashing sequins, designed to slip up her arm and anchor itself around her elbow while dancing. "Chinese Lantern", a circular handbag in satin or antelope, shaped like a mandarin's hat swinging from long handles attached to top of bag with a mock tortoise shell ornament. Unique and lovely. "Feed Bag" . . . black velvet banded in tortoise shell plastic. Made like a horse's feed bag with drawstring top. Can be slung over the shoulder, WAC fashion.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE DECANTER

A popular gift for any man especially if he loves horses. Made of clear glass, shaped like actual stirrup. Pint size. A pair for Scotch and Rye or Bourbon makes a welcome gift. Also attractive filled with Ivy. Price each only $1.25 postpaid—money refunded if not delighted.

WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. 20A-53
112 W. NORTH AVE., BALTIMORE 1, MD.

GOLDEN WALNUT
SMOKE Weber NONE BETTER

Made From Imported Briar

Weber offers you genuine *imported* briars, with unmatched sweet smoking quality...outstanding fine grains...preferred by discriminating pipe smokers. Modern designs, $3.50 to $10. At leading tobacconists everywhere. *Write for free illustrated booklet.* . . . "The Curious Story of Genuine Imported Briar".

C. B. WEBER & CO.
Manufacturers of Fine Imported Briars
140 CATOR AVE., JERSEY CITY 5, N. J.

HAVE FUN
WITH Dizzy Zany "KNOTHEAD NOTEHEADS"

It's a riot of fun!—writing to your friends on these strictly insane Noteheads. Package contains four each of eight different, delightfully delirious designs, each imparting to you, the user, such zany titles as General Manager and Chief Clerk and Diaper Washer of Whitee-Didee Laundry, Chairman of the Bored of the Go-Brokerage Co., etc., etc. Complete package contains 32 letterheads quaintly illustrated, colorfully printed, also 32 baronial envelopes. The generous attractive box is *only* **$1,** postpaid. (Or sent C. O. D. plus postage.) *New 80-page Catalog of Gifts, Novelties,* included **FREE.** Write:

MILES KIMBALL CO., Bond Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

FEL-MOCS
THE CLASSIC NORWEGIAN MOCCASIN
for Men or Women

Every day's a holiday when you wear Fel-Mocs. So downright comfortable—as shoes outdoors or slippers indoors—you'll never want to take them off! Fine quality, mellow brown, hand-stained leather; long-wearing waterproof soles, leather heels. People in Service say: "Of all gifts sent us, Fel-Mocs are the most useful and practical." No trick to fit: just send exact shoe size, include ration stamp, 25¢ to cover shipping.. $5.75

Dept. E-12
Fellman LTD. 6 E. 46 St. New York 17

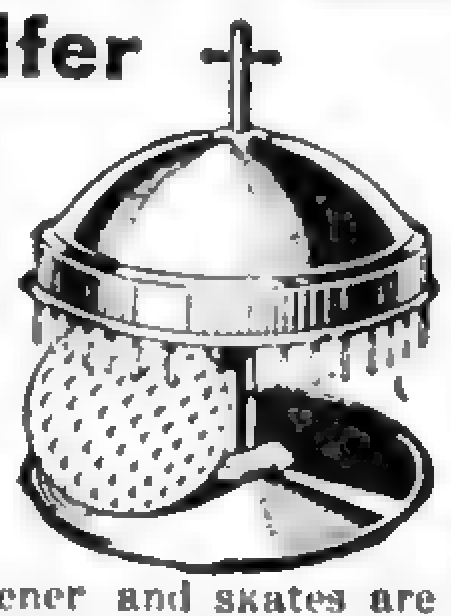
PROUD PHOTO MATCHES For Christmas

No one will have to ask you for a light if you have these Photo Matches because you will always be waiting for a chance to show them off. Just send any black and white picture or negative, any size, it will be reproduced on match packs with startling clearness. Original picture is returned intact. One subject only to box.
Box of 50 $4.90 postpaid Box of 100 $7.75 postpaid
No C. O. D.'s please

EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E124
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

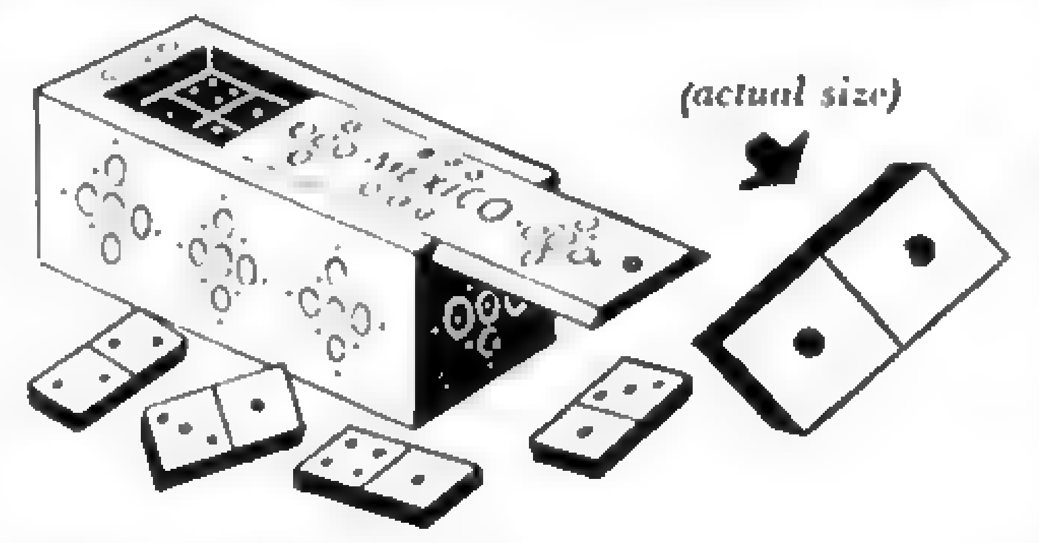
Gift for the Golfer

Score a hole-in-one Christmas morn with Bobby's Portable Golf Hole! Improve putting right in the living room. "Just like a cup on the Green." Each $2.00 or 3 for $5.00 postpaid.



And Skater

Add to skating pleasure. A few strokes with the Berghman Sharpener and skates are like new. Adjustable. $1.00 postpaid.
D. BERGHMAN CO., 1027 Thatcher Avenue, River Forest, Illinois



MINIATURE DOMINOES

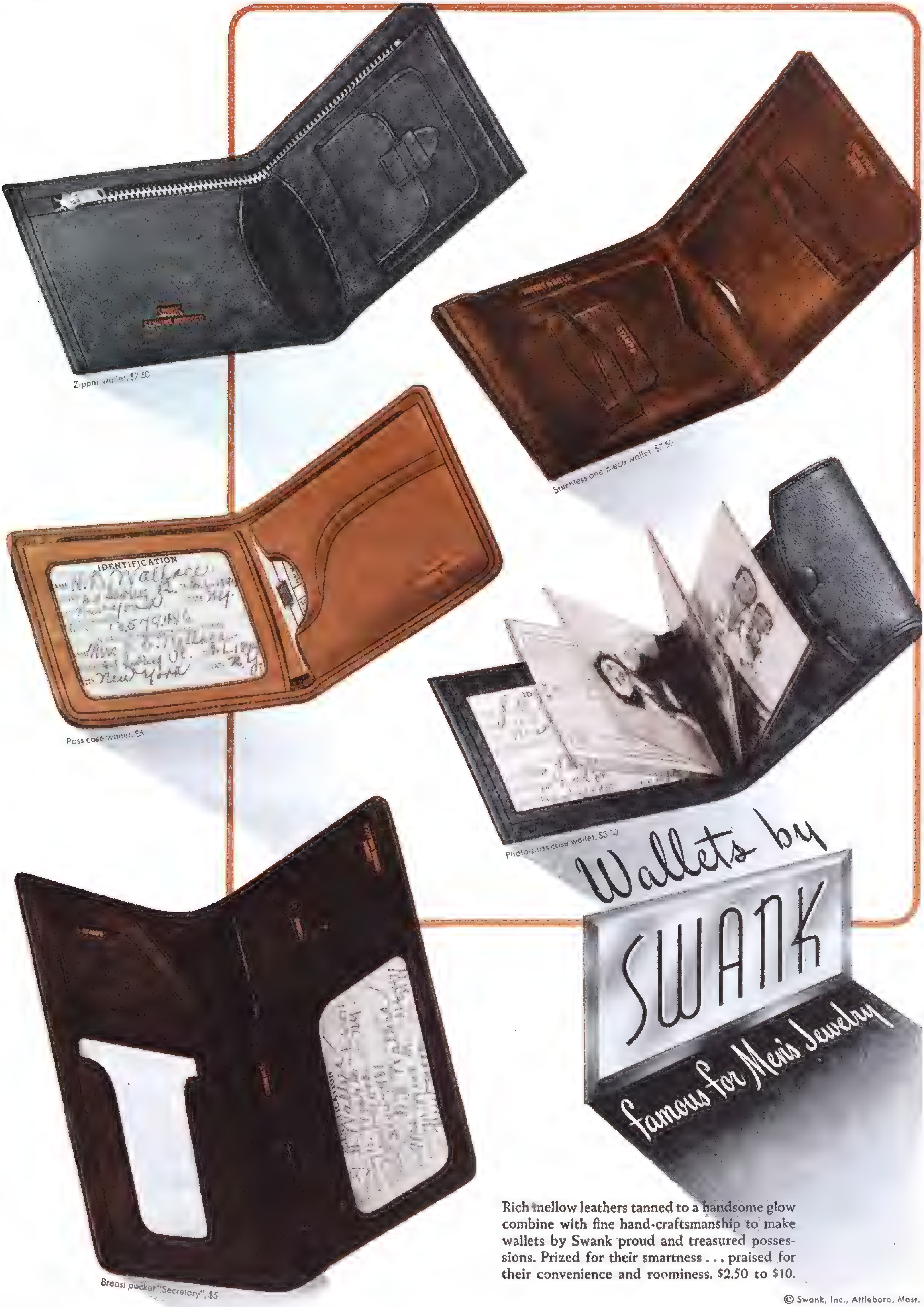
Hand carved bone. Complete set $3.00 post paid. Ideal for travel, carry in pocket—play anywhere. Sent to the armed forces, at home or abroad, upon receipt of address. Send cash or money order

William E. Lynch
Importer
237 Royal Street
New Orleans, La.

"BRIGHT EYES"

Irresistible lapel foolery. Press his tail and his eyes light up. **All hand made** of leather and yarn with a pin for purse or lapel—red, green, white, tan, black. Complete with battery.

$2.50 Post Paid • Check or M.O. • No C.O.D.'s
GIFT CLUES 337 E. 42nd ST., N.Y. 17, N.Y.
Dept. E


SWANK
GENUINE MOROCCO
IDENTIFICATION
Wallets by
SWANK
famous for Men's Jewelry

Zipper wallet, $7.50

Stitchless one piece wallet, $7.50

Pass case wallet, $5

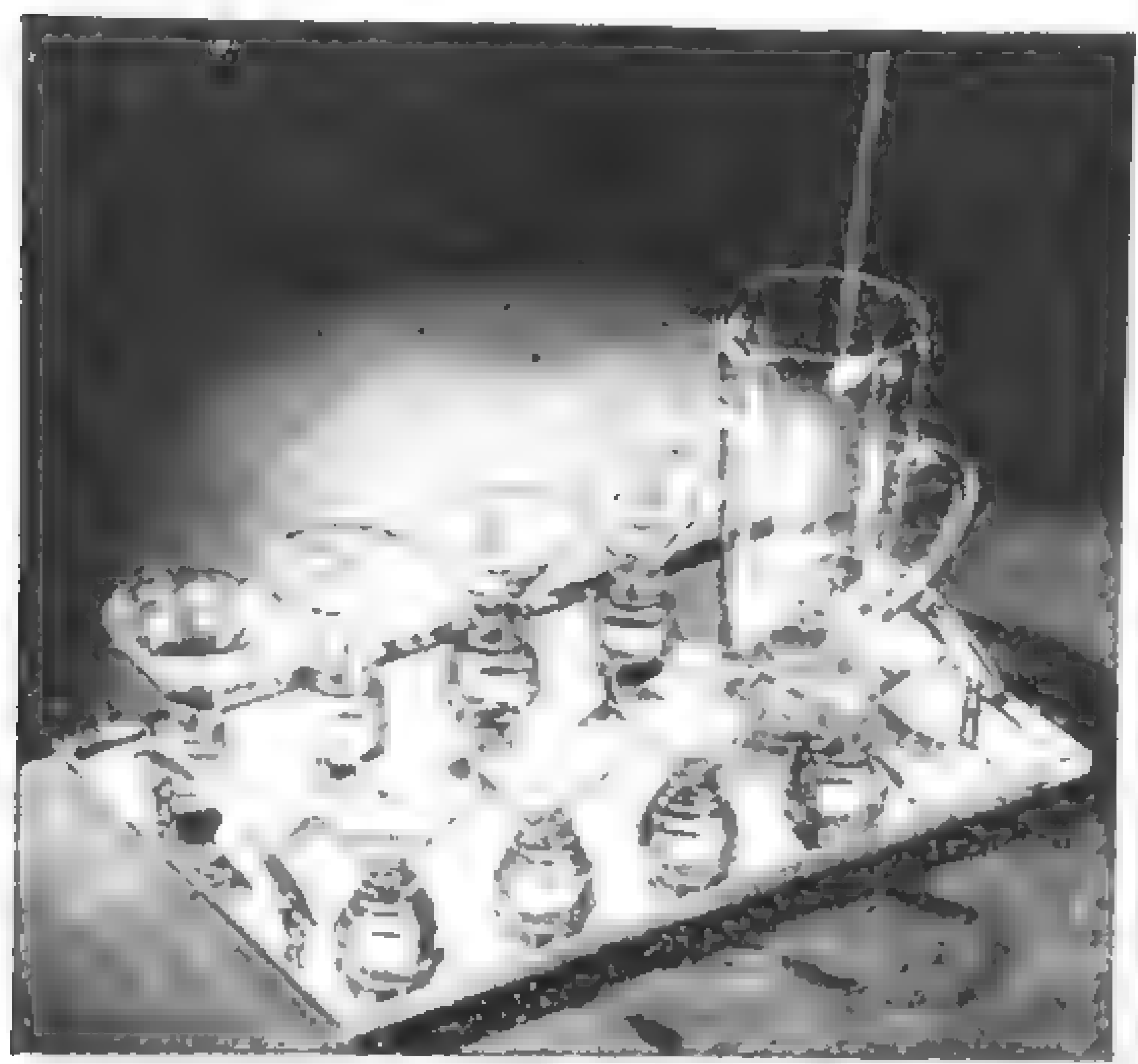
Photo-pass case wallet, $3.50

Breast pocket "Secretary", $5

Rich mellow leathers tanned to a handsome glow combine with fine hand-craftsmanship to make wallets by Swank proud and treasured possessions. Prized for their smartness . . . praised for their convenience and roominess. $2.50 to $10.

© Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Largest Stock of Fine China And Crystal In New York!



Smartly modern and extremely attractive Cocktail Set of good heavy Crystal. Handled cocktail mixer holds one quart and is equipped with glass stirrer. Eight Swedish style cocktail glasses complete the set. All exquisitely engraved with ducks in flight. Set $8.50

Mirrored Glass Serving Tray has bright chrome frame and handles. Measures 16 inches long by 10 inches wide. A very beautiful tray splendidly made. Each $12.00

PLUMMER, Ltd.
Dept. E, 695 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE Gift Catalogue.
Name..
Address....................................

PLANNING THAT TRIP?

● Are you, too, taking an auto trip after restrictions are lifted? Then you will want the improved HULL AUTO COMPASS as your guide. It will be available at your dealer's.

HULL MFG. CO., P.O. Box 246-G12, WARREN, OHIO

SHOES STAY WELL-GROOMED

LEXOL penetrates the fibres of the leather, keeps them strong and pliable, prevents cracking, repels water. Used regularly LEXOL will make your shoes last longer, look better and take any polish.
Sold by leading stores or remit direct

Pint $1.00 **LEXOL** Gal. $4.00

The Martin Dennis Company
855 Summer Avenue Newark 4, N. J.

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF MEN NOW WEAR

"ELEVATORS"

The shoes that instantly make you

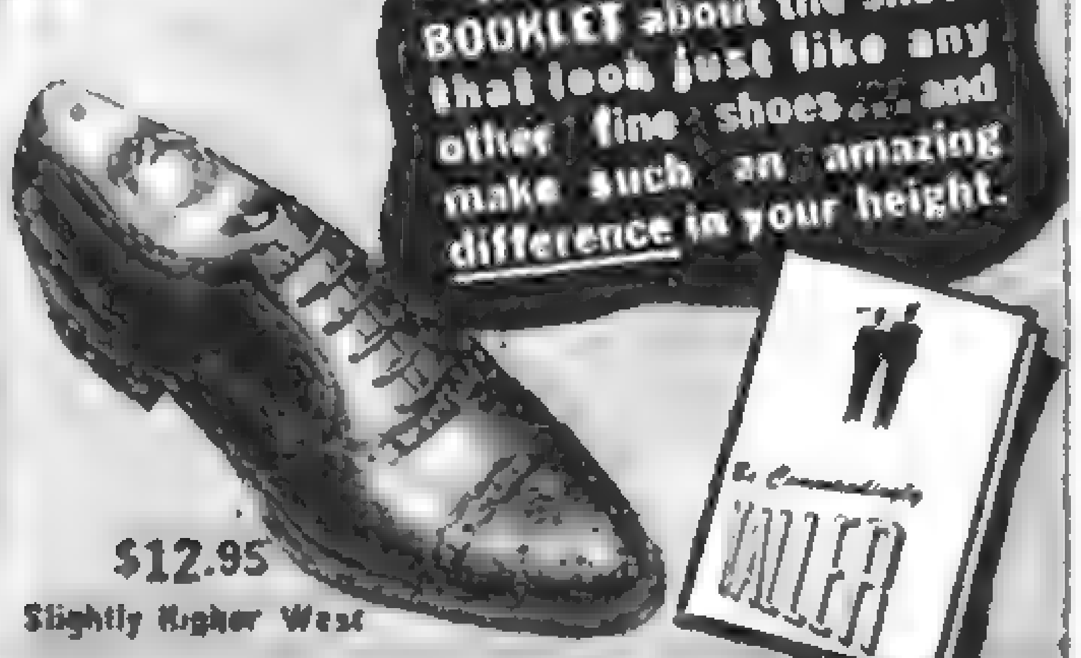
TALLER

"ELEVATORS" have been

TRIED
TESTED
APPROVED

by smartly dressed men everywhere ... men who realize the advantages of increased height! You, too, can be TALLER in "ELEVATORS" Shoes!

Write today for FREE BOOKLET about the shoes that look just like any other fine shoes... and make such an amazing difference in your height.



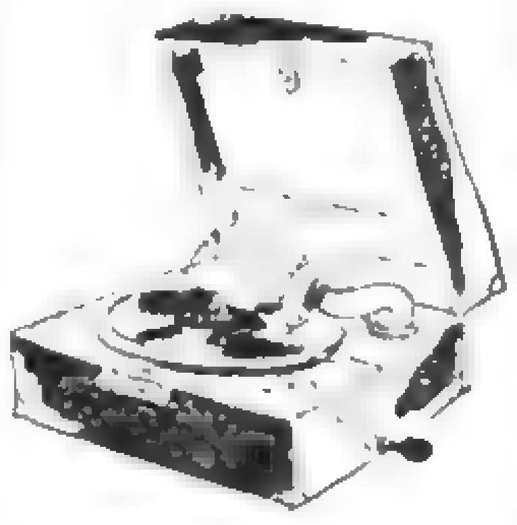
$12.95
Slightly Higher West

STONE TARLOW CO., Inc.
Brockton, Mass. DEPT. E12-44
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME...
ADDRESS...................................
CITY.............................STATE........

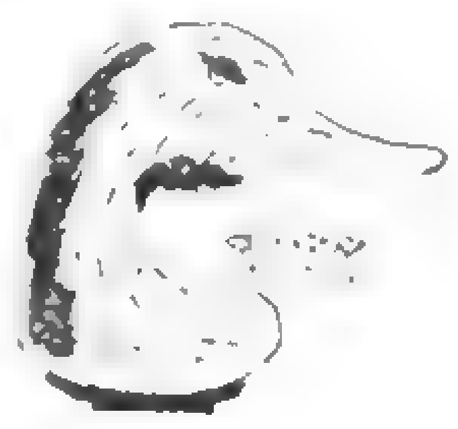
STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc.
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Talking Shop with Esquire

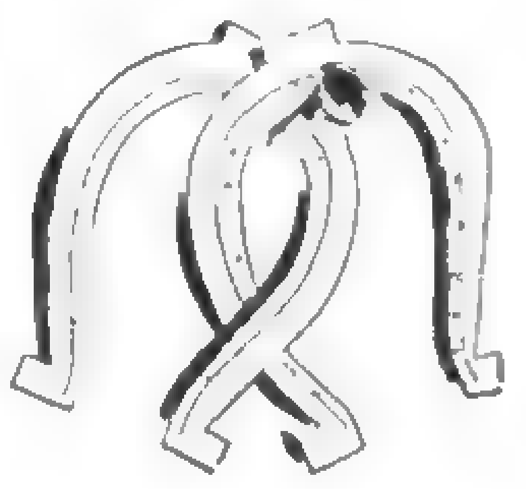
PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH, sturdily constructed, with folding wind-up crank, automatic start and stop speed control. Will play both 10" and 12" records and is fully guaranteed. The shop will ship it for you to servicemen and women anywhere in this country. And 12 popular 10 inch records go along. The portable comes in black, blue, brown or red simulated leather.



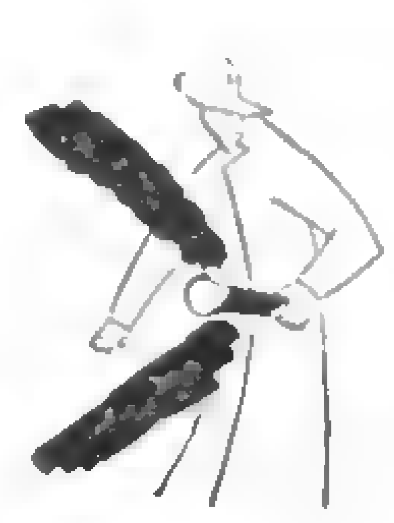
CARVE OR STARVE! Give a man a carving knife that's razor sharp and he's happy. Give him three (11", 12½" and 15") and he's delirious. These are handmade of chrome steel with gleaming polished aluminum handles. Boxed in walnut case. If he insists upon prying off bottle tops in between dresser drawers, give him this pair of novel bottle openers. They're made of painted metal in the shape of horse's or duck's head, and each has a patented opener-upper on the under side.



DOUBLE YOUR LUCK. Cleverly contrived outdoor bell made of two horseshoes and an oversized horseshoe nail. Rawhide thongs for suspending bell and for ringing clapper. Swell for the man with a country place.



FLASHMASTER. Here's an everlasting flashlight that needs no batteries, no cord. Built-in magneto with G.E. magnet makes its own electricity. Small, compact and light in weight, it fits easily into the palm of the hand. To produce flow of light, release driving handle and press. The speed at which driving handle is contracted and expanded determines the brightness of light.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE

NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

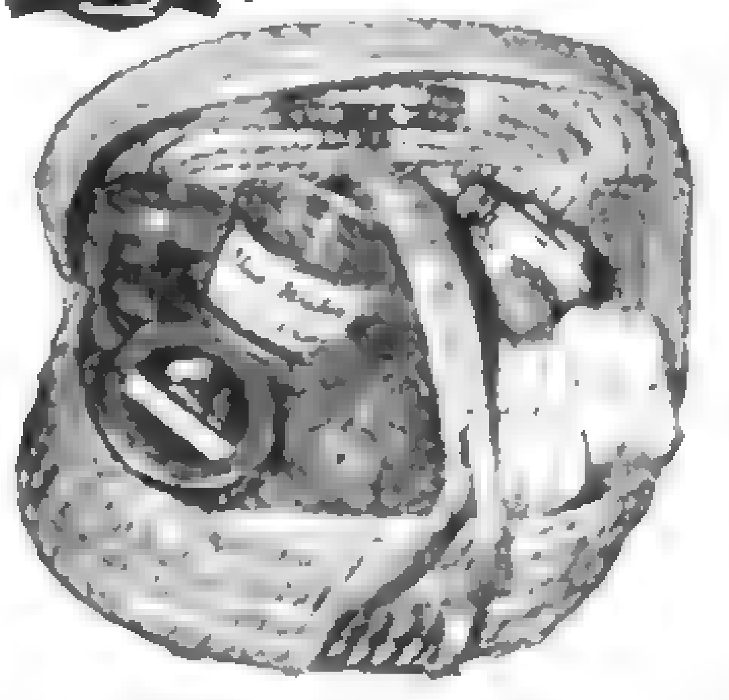
SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back **$1** Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J., Dept. 357
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name____________________
Address____________________

EVERYONE ENJOYS

Susan Richards
Gifts of Food



"SNACK BASKET"

Colorful Cuban basket filled with rare delicacies. Delicious Boned Chicken, Savory Lobster Paste. Paté of Turkey. Tasty filets of Anchovies in olive oil. Delectable Antipasto. Beaton Biscuits. Chocolate Balls in fancy percolator jar. Attractively packed with Christmas card enclosed. Postpaid only **$7.50.**

"SOUP-TO-NUTS" BOX—Tops with service men! Boned chicken, Vienna Sausage, Anchovies, Sardellen Butter, Olives, Beaton Biscuits, Chocolates, Pecans, and flavorsome Fruit Cake. Postpaid only $5.25.

SUSAN RICHARDS CO., Dept. E
621 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.
I enclose $............ Please send postpaid:
........."Snack Baskets" $7.50 ...."Soup-To-Nuts" Boxes $5.25.
Name.........................City...............
Address.......................State........
If you choose, we'll mail for you with your name on enclosed card. Just furnish address.

LEAVE US **Face it...**

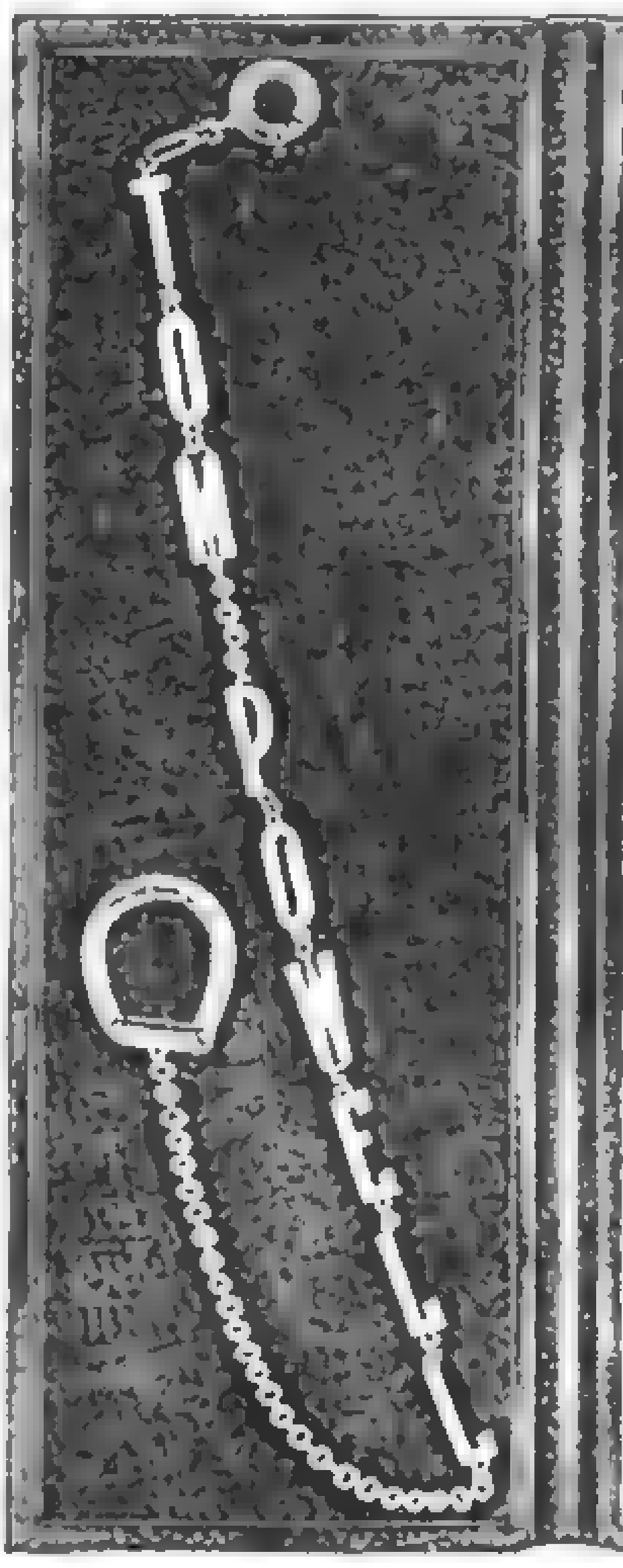
Not for the socially-unconscious hermit, nor the antediluvian . . . but for all he-men (from 6 to 60) who realize their responsibility as keeper-upper of female morale. Spot-Stik backs that gleam in your eye with a smooth, blemish-free skin. Completely covers under-eye circles, razor nicks, and other skin discolorations. Conceal birthmarks, vitiligo—all permanent blemishes with Waterproof Covermark.

P. S. Lest the ladies worry: There's an ample supply of Regular Covermark Cream, Waterproof Covermark, and Spot-Stik to meet your needs, too.

COVERMARK

Spot-Stik

pocket-size, in five skin tones, 1.25
WATERPROOF COVERMARK—*light, medium, dark. Small size, 1.25 Economy size, 3.00*
Exempt from Federal Tax
At Better Drug and Dept. Stores
LYDIA O'LEARY, INC. • 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19



NAMECHAIN

Personalized
Spells KEY CHAIN
YOUR NAME
in full

DURABLY CONSTRUCTED IN GOLD PLATE

The Perfect Gift

Each Namechain made to your order..up to 16 letters allowed. Individually packed in Gift Box. Orders shipped within 48 hours.

Sent Postpaid for $3.50

Namechain Mfg. Co.
19 E. Pearson St., Chicago

HERE'S THE FELLA'

— his Christmas gift to the 'Little Woman' was those furry, adorable, JOSEPH ANTELL Bunny Scuffs.

Mail Orders Filled

$2.95

Bunny Scuffs

All white, closed or open toe. Leather soles. 4 to 9, medium widths. Non-rationed. **Gift wrapping on request.**

Joseph Antell
Brookline 46, Mass.
254 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

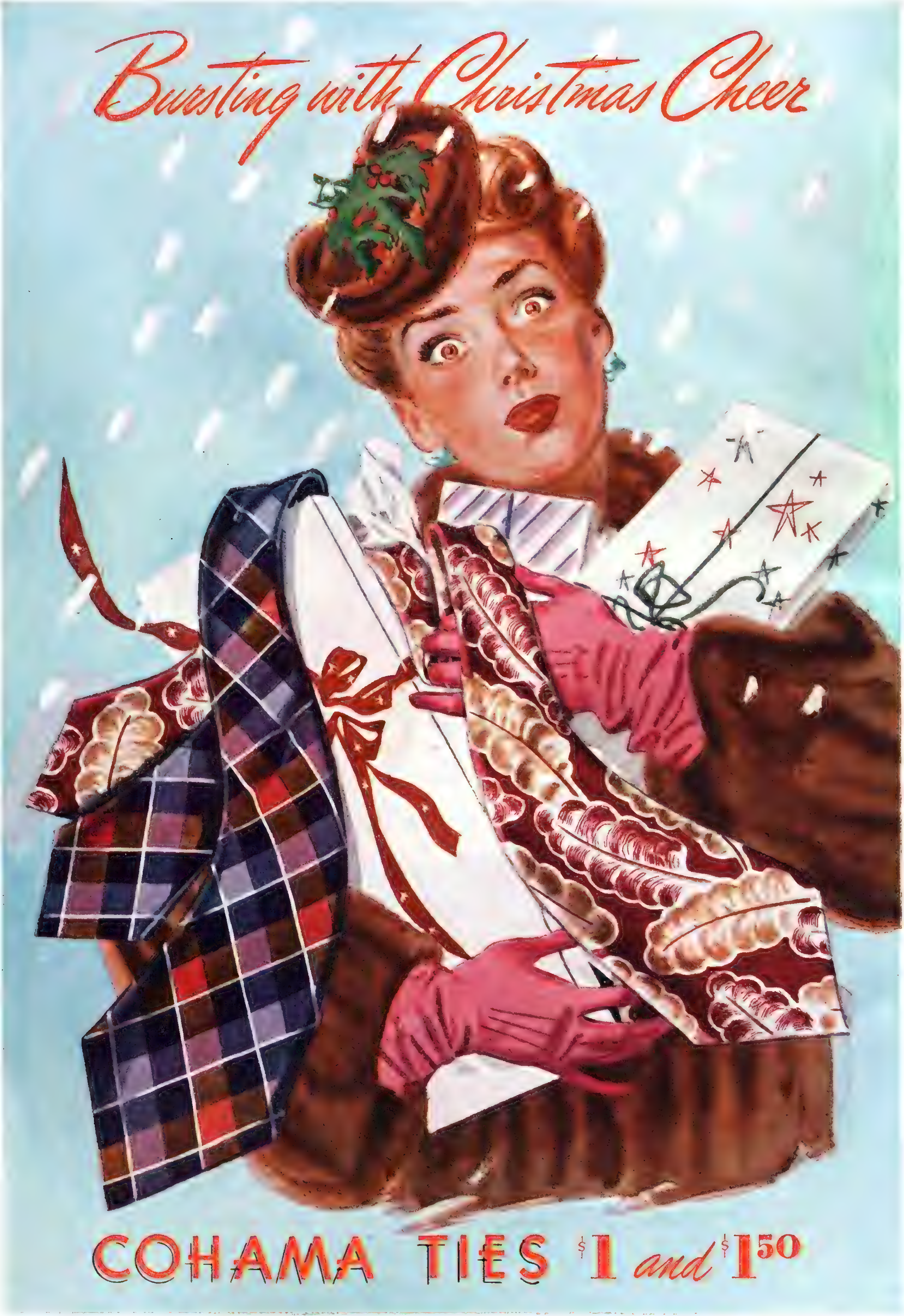
Just another day?

So you're not sentimental, huh? . . . So Thanksgiving is just another day. Well, just try wandering around a strange town for a few days where you don't know a soul . . . eat in diners where the man who sits next to you is just another elbow in your side. *Then* you'll know what "home" and "welcome" mean to a lonely soldier. Put yourself in *his* place . . . then see if you can eat that turkey without inviting at least one serviceman to *your* home this Thanksgiving!

What is the "Hart Schaffner & Marx touch" . . . subtle tailoring . . . sensible design? Whatever it is, it's made Hart Schaffner & Marx the best-known clothing name in the world.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

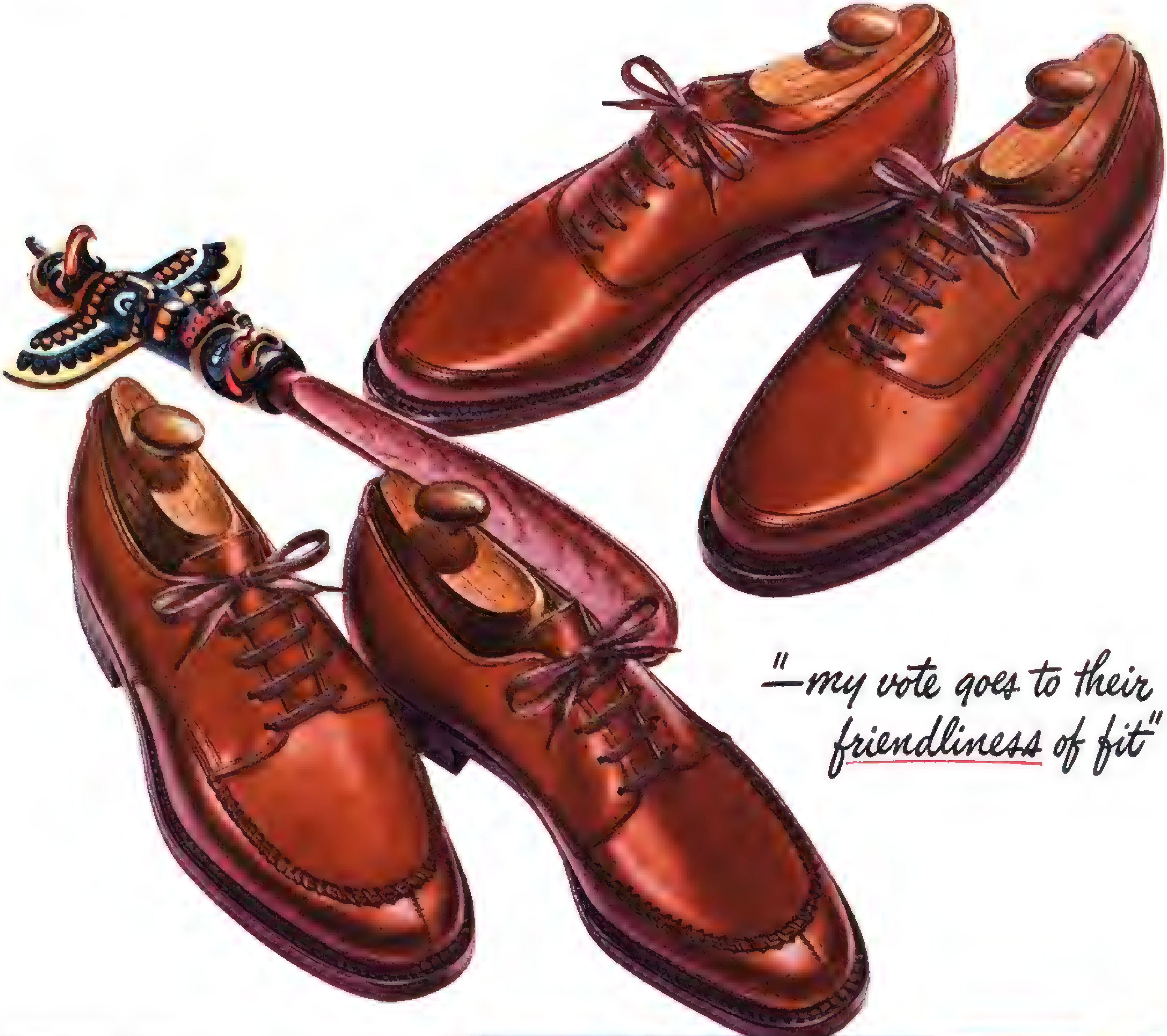
The Trumpeter Label . . a small thing to look for . . a big thing to find



Bursting with Christmas Cheer

COHAMA TIES $1 and $1.50

AT YOUR FAVORITE MEN'S STORE, OR WRITE COHAMA TIE FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18



"—my vote goes to their friendliness of fit"

The moment you slip your foot into a Jarman shoe, you'll recognize the unmistakable "feel" of a truly fine shoe. That instant sensation of snug comfort and natural fit . . . as though every inch of fine, mellow leather was moulded just for *your* foot . . . that's Jarman's distinctive *friendliness of fit*. From start to finish, every pair is built to assure you of the ultimate in lasting walking comfort throughout the long life of the shoe. Authentically styled Jarmans are the result of years of painstaking research in fine shoe design, fine leathers, scientifically designed lasts, right and left patterns . . . all skillfully combined by expert shoe craftsmen. When you're ready for your next pair of shoes, visit your Jarman dealer and just *try on* a pair of moderately priced, friendly-fitting Jarmans. Discover their *friendliness of fit*. Jarmans are made in a complete range of sizes and widths, some styles from 5 to 15, AAAA to EEEE.

Best buy for your ration coupon at \$5⁸⁵ *to* \$8⁸⁵ *most styles*

Jarman
BALLOT BOX

JARMAN *"Moc-Sans"*

Styles 4711 (left above) and 2-1124 (right above), two of the handsome "Moc-Sans" your Jarman dealer has in stock.

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN
JARMAN SHOE COMPANY · DIVISION GENERAL SHOE CORP. · NASHVILLE, TENN.

BUY MORE BONDS

You don't have to be told how important it is for all of us to keep on buying War Bonds. But, don't forget, it's just as important for us to KEEP all the Bonds we buy.

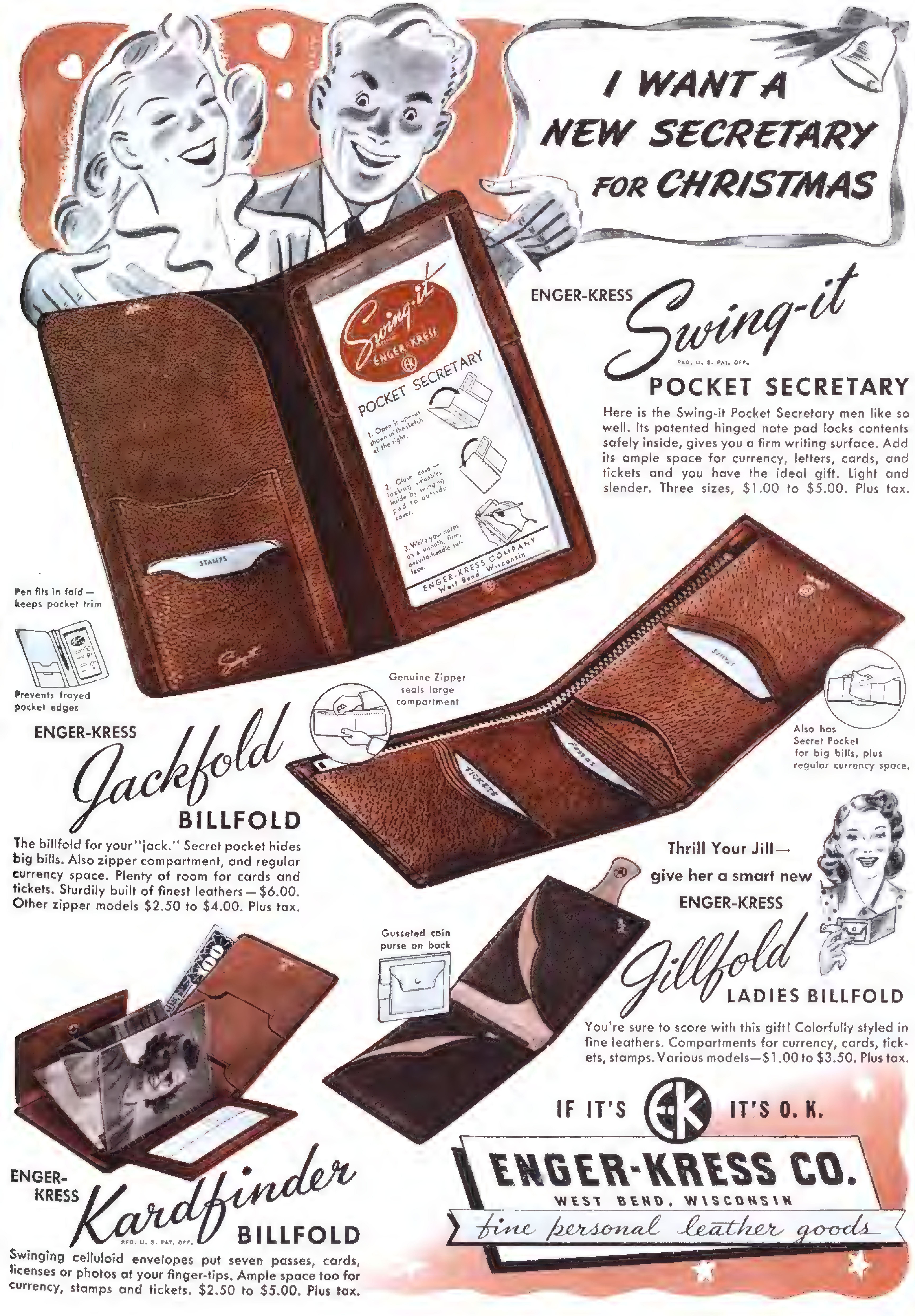
FOR HER CHRISTMAS... Stradivari PERFUME

The subtle artistry of this rare and glorious perfume was created to capture a lady's heart. Like the immortal music of the Stradivarii, this perfume of Prince Matchabelli is of incomparable beauty. Let these precious, golden drops carry the infinitely tender gallantry of your heart . . .

In gold-encrusted Crowns, 7.50, 13.50, 25.00 plus tax

FOR FIGHTING MEN ONLY . . . So that you may be very much in your Lovely Lady's heart this Christmas . . . we will wrap your gift in gold and holly and send it at no extra charge for wrapping or postage. Write Prince Matchabelli, Inc., 711 Fifth Avenue, New York and enclose a check or money order (include 20% Federal Cosmetic Tax) and the lady's name and address, with the sentiment you'd like on the card. Your order *must* be postmarked from an Army, Navy, Marine or Coast Guard Base.

Prince Matchabelli


Swing-it
ENGER-KRESS
EK
POCKET SECRETARY
1. Open it up—as shown in the sketch at the right.
2. Close case—locking valuables inside by swinging pad to outside cover.
3. Write your notes on a smooth, firm, easy-to-handle surface.
ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
West Bend, Wisconsin
STAMPS
TICKETS
PASSES
STAMPS

I WANT A NEW SECRETARY FOR CHRISTMAS

ENGER-KRESS *Swing-it* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
POCKET SECRETARY

Here is the Swing-it Pocket Secretary men like so well. Its patented hinged note pad locks contents safely inside, gives you a firm writing surface. Add its ample space for currency, letters, cards, and tickets and you have the ideal gift. Light and slender. Three sizes, $1.00 to $5.00. Plus tax.

Pen fits in fold—keeps pocket trim

Prevents frayed pocket edges

Genuine Zipper seals large compartment

Also has Secret Pocket for big bills, plus regular currency space.

ENGER-KRESS *Jackfold*
BILLFOLD

The billfold for your "jack." Secret pocket hides big bills. Also zipper compartment, and regular currency space. Plenty of room for cards and tickets. Sturdily built of finest leathers—$6.00. Other zipper models $2.50 to $4.00. Plus tax.

Thrill Your Jill—
give her a smart new
ENGER-KRESS

Jillfold
LADIES BILLFOLD

Gusseted coin purse on back

You're sure to score with this gift! Colorfully styled in fine leathers. Compartments for currency, cards, tickets, stamps. Various models—$1.00 to $3.50. Plus tax.

ENGER-KRESS *Kardfinder* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BILLFOLD

Swinging celluloid envelopes put seven passes, cards, licenses or photos at your finger-tips. Ample space too for currency, stamps and tickets. $2.50 to $5.00. Plus tax.

IF IT'S EK IT'S O. K.

ENGER-KRESS CO.
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
fine personal leather goods

Painting the Town with Esquire

DOES A HOMICIDAL urge ever come over you upon discovering that the comely hat-check chick who, all smiles, is valeting you into your overcoat, has busted the hanger-tape thereof? And are you merry and bright at beholding a halo of grease on the crown of your gray fedora, compliments of somebody's sweatband? What *we* do in such circumstances is neither here nor there. But the theory we go on is that if the damage hadn't happened at *that* place, it would probably have happened at the next one, and since we were destined to be made a bum out of, somewhere or other, the particular locale and the actual doing of the damage weren't so important as to warrant making issues of them. We aren't scared to make a fuss, we just prefer to be loved and honored as a philosopher. A philosopher can look like a tramp without anybody's criticizing him. In fact, if he *didn't* have a grease-halo on his maltreated hat and a frayed tape sprouting up at the back of his collar, people wouldn't listen to his talks on Living the Life of Beauty.

STUPENDOUS was the crimp put in philosophical hobohood by the designing and building of the new Waldorf-Astoria, which is probably the most expertly planned creature-comfort-deluxe edifice on the face of the globe. Lucius Boomer had the revolutionary idea that guests might like to look as presentable when they strolled out as they had looked when they strolled in. So no apparel is wrenched, squinched or tusseled with in any part or section of the Waldorf. Room closets are grandiose. Checking facilities, located wherever apropos, operate on a basis of only one customer's belongings to a hook, said hook being free and clear of its neighbors; no extraction struggles at reclaiming time. These are small details for a vast hostelry to be concerning itself with, but the Waldorf does.

GOULASH OF potted roast beef with zither music on the side, paprika chicken with nockerln, grape-and-nuts strudel are gladsomely assaulted at Hapsburg House, where even the décor is delicious. Primed with some of Paul's Daiquiris, it's Cuban Caprise Viennois.

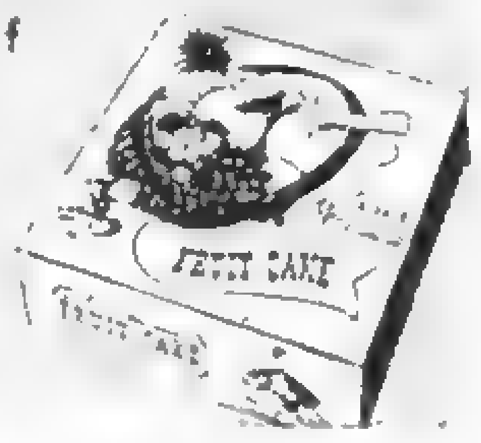
For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Good, Old-Fashioned Fruit Cake for a Good, Old-Fashioned HOLIDAY FEAST

BERKE'S
Americana
FRUIT CAKE

Climax the festive holiday fare with this fruit cake masterpiece . . . the real old-fashioned, s-l-o-w baked kind.

It's more than 50% fruit and nuts; and wondrously flavorful and fragrant. You'll marvel at the abundance of preserved fruits, jumbo raisins, tempting melon tid-bits and choice nut meats . . . and if there's a piece left over, save it for the next gala occasion — it keeps oven-fresh for months.



AT BETTER STORES

BERKE CAKE CO., INC. • Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

Enclosed is $1.65 for the 2 lb. Americana Fruit Cake. Please enclose a friendly card of greeting with my name on it.

Send to.......................................

Address.......................................

Your Name..................................... E

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the years since 1765, the name ★★★HENNESSY has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy . . . at its best! The war having interrupted shipments from France, we suggest reserving your supply for very special occasions.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France JA' HENNESSY & Cº
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
noted author and big game hunter

"The finest painter of game birds in America"

"Lynn Bogue Hunt is the finest painter of game birds that we have in America and all sportsmen will want to have this portfolio of his paintings. It is a pleasant thought that Lynn has been alive to paint their portraits."

YOU'D SPEND 5 TIMES AS MUCH—AND NOT GIVE ANYTHING ½ AS GOOD!

Acclaimed by Hemingway, Kieran, "Ding" Darling, Gabrielson, as America's finest painter of game birds, Lynn Bogue Hunt's 12 magnificent $12,000 originals now available in rich reproductions—only $5.00 for complete portfolio of 12 glorious game bird prints in amazing "Deeptone" Process! Take 14" x 18" frame. Money-back guarantee if not completely charmed! Supply limited. Send order at once! Get beautiful, illustrated 24-page hunting brochure FREE.

Send $5.00 check or money order to Field & Stream, 515 Madison Ave., Dept. E. Money refunded in 10 days if not satisfied. Or SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $5.00 plus 53¢ C.O.D. charges on arrival. For several portfolios, write names, addresses clearly.

INDVSTRIAE SERVIET VNI

JAMAICA LIQUEUR

The rich mellowness of fine, old Jamaica Rums suits them admirably for use, unmixed, as a novel liqueur for all appropriate occasions. A real treat for "persnickety palates" in search of something *different.*

GENUINE
Jamaica Rums

Regardless of brand, you are still assured (through rigid centralized control) of the same traditionally superior quality that has always marked *all* genuine Jamaica Rums.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

"That guy's no dummy— he's smoking London Dock Tobacco."

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.

London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE

Sample?
Send 10¢ to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis 2, Mo.

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

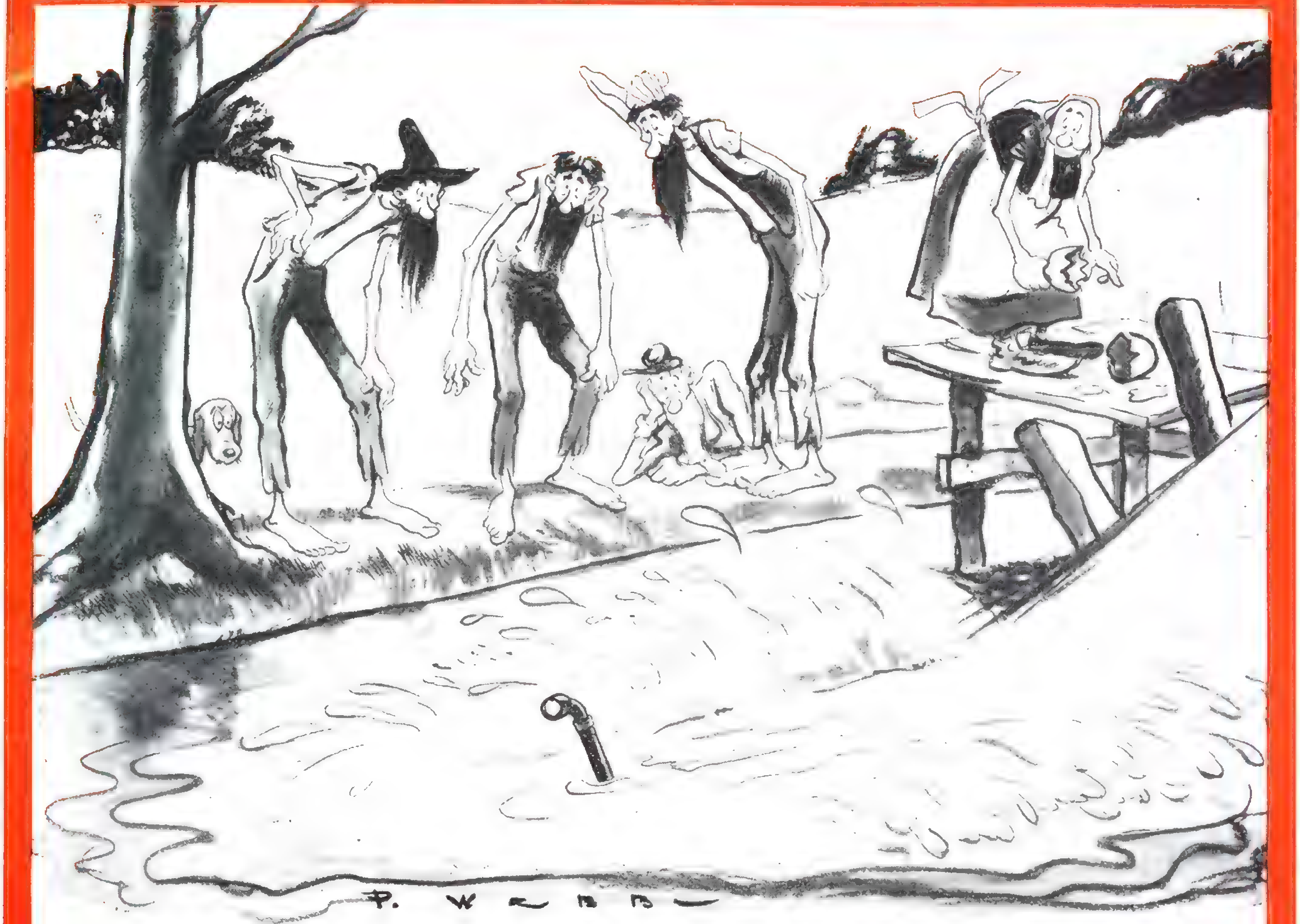
NATIONAL BEER

FROM COAST TO COAST
NATIONAL
PREMIUM
BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Rafe's sub shore went down mighty purty . . . wonder ef he's figgered how ter git her up."

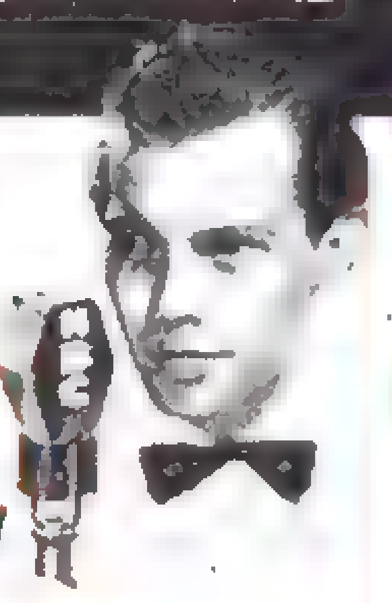
SUB-PERFORMING CARS MAY NEED "PLUG-CHEK"

"Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the quick and accurate way of finding the spark plugs that are wasting gas . . . it puts the finger on faulty or improper plugs, may add as much as 12% to the mileage you are now getting from your coupons, according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association.

Possibly all your present plugs need is cleaning or regapping—a "Plug-Chek" can give you the answer. But if new ones are needed, install Auto-Lites . . . the ignition engineered spark plug.

BUY WAR BONDS

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, 1 • Merchandising Division • OHIO



Tune in
AUTO-LITE'S
GREAT RADIO SHOW
STARRING
DICK HAYMES
IN
"Everything For The Boys"
Tuesday Night . . . NBC Network
Featuring stars of stage, screen and radio and men and women at the fighting fronts

In its 22 great manufacturing plants, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air

Painting the Town with Esquire

"HERE'S WHERE I get a load of lovelies," says the ice as it crawls out from under the bandstand in the Biltmore's Bowman Room, and presently a gamine bevy, with the accent on the gam, is in full float and flutter, with blonde twirly girlie Joan Hyloft doing dizzy windups and fling-arounds. Costumes are cajoleful, routines (devised and directed by Marjorie Fielding) have variety and the mood of spontaneity. If that pipparoo on the left wouldn't keep ignoring our eyes, we'd offer her pirouette privileges on our frozen pudding.

ADOLPH ("King of the Sea") Flashner, well-known patron packer, whose 90-seat restaurant on Third Avenue just above 53rd has been so beset with fish fans you practically had to be an eel to get in, now reigns over accomodations for 425. Oceans of room! . . . Experimentalism has never been much gone in for at Ye Olde Chop House, down at 118 Cedar St. (block west of Broadway), an establishment founded when the soldiers of the War of 1812 were still in grammar school. Provender includes pheasants, mallard ducks, turtle steaks, diamondback terrapin, home made pies. If substantial Lizzie, on the job 39 years, is your waitress, you're in clover. And don't spare the ale.

IF TOM THE whistling, barking, double-talking Mynah bird, caged above the bar at El Borracho, had had the decency to explain the situation to the OPA, the shock of sudden discovery in the Kiss Room, with a ceilingful of red lips smiling down saucily, would have been avoided. But you know Tom—completely irresponsible. Consequently, when the earnest guardian of price ceilings, scanning the menu for violations, hit "Mynah Bird Sauté au Madeira, $750.50," there was aghastness; it seemed murder of the consumer's pocketbook. "You see," said host Nicky, "the value of the bird is $750.00 alive in his cage out there; the $.50 additional is for the labor of cooking him." That cleared *that* up. But now a new snarl threatens. Because El Borracho is now open for lunch as well as for dinner, Tom is demanding a three-grape raise and a banana and a half for overtime. So maybe the $750.50 proposition is the cheapest way out.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

The world's most famous *Quality* Dry Gin

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 85 PROOF

Acclaimed by Connoisseurs!

Southern Comfort, like a master work of art, has won national acclaim —through sheer merit...Its matchless flavor defies description...Its subtle cheer is a revelation.

More Southern Comfort is now becoming available... welcome news—*great* news—to all who have discovered the Grand Old Drink of the South.

FULL 100 PROOF LIQUEUR
Combines the hearty body of mellow whiskey, the soft smoothness of rare brandy. Served straight or mixed, Southern Comfort is a revelation in flavorful versatility.

FREE Unusually interesting and colorfully illustrated 32-page booklet containing rare collection of stories about historic drinking vessels. Write for your copy.

Ask for Southern Comfort at better bars, hotels and package stores.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

A·1 SAUCE

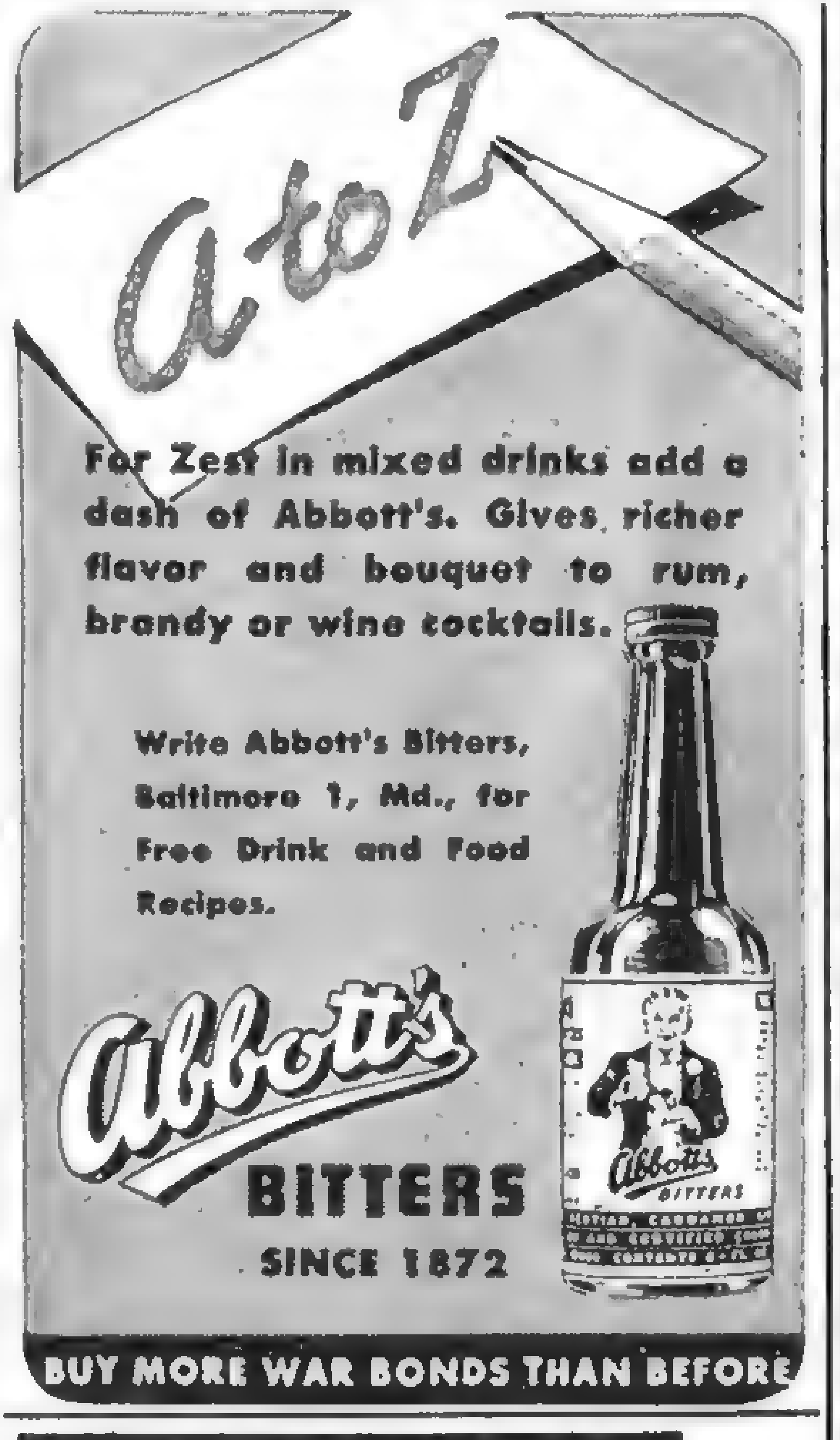
ONE Sauce for ALL!

Not just for meat. Not just for fish. Not just for fowl, beans, salads and egg dishes. *It's A·1 for all!*

Ask for it when dining out. Keep it on the table at home. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH



A to Z

For Zest in mixed drinks add a dash of Abbott's. Gives richer flavor and bouquet to rum, brandy or wine cocktails.

Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore 1, Md., for Free Drink and Food Recipes.

Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872

BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.75
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL.4-1414

Señor Oliver

SAYS: "On the back of the bottle of Ron Oliver, I have printed the recipes for four rum drinks, easy to make and agreeable to drink. Since more than 50 years, our rums have been famous for quality throughout the world. So now that I have placed on a label for the first time the name of my own family, you must know I consider it very fine."

SERVE IT WITH PRIDE
There is no better

86 PROOF

Prepared & Bottled by
Licoreria Roses Inc., Arecibo, Puerto Rico
Sole Distributors in U. S. A.
Seggerman Nixon Corp., New York, N. Y.

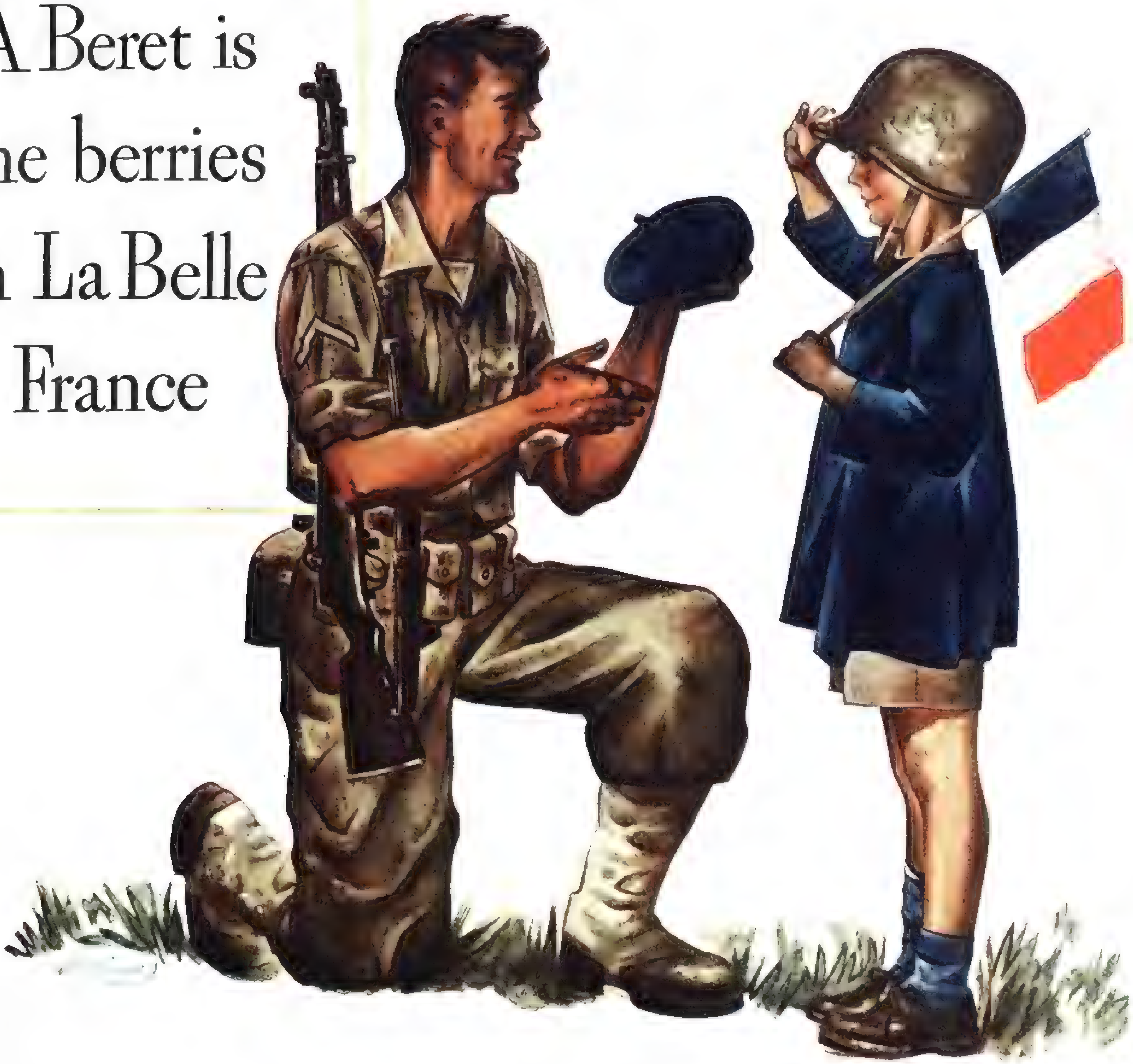
ENJOY *Van Merritt*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

SOLE U. S. AGENTS
SELLERS CO., LTD. • CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

A Beret is the berries in La Belle France

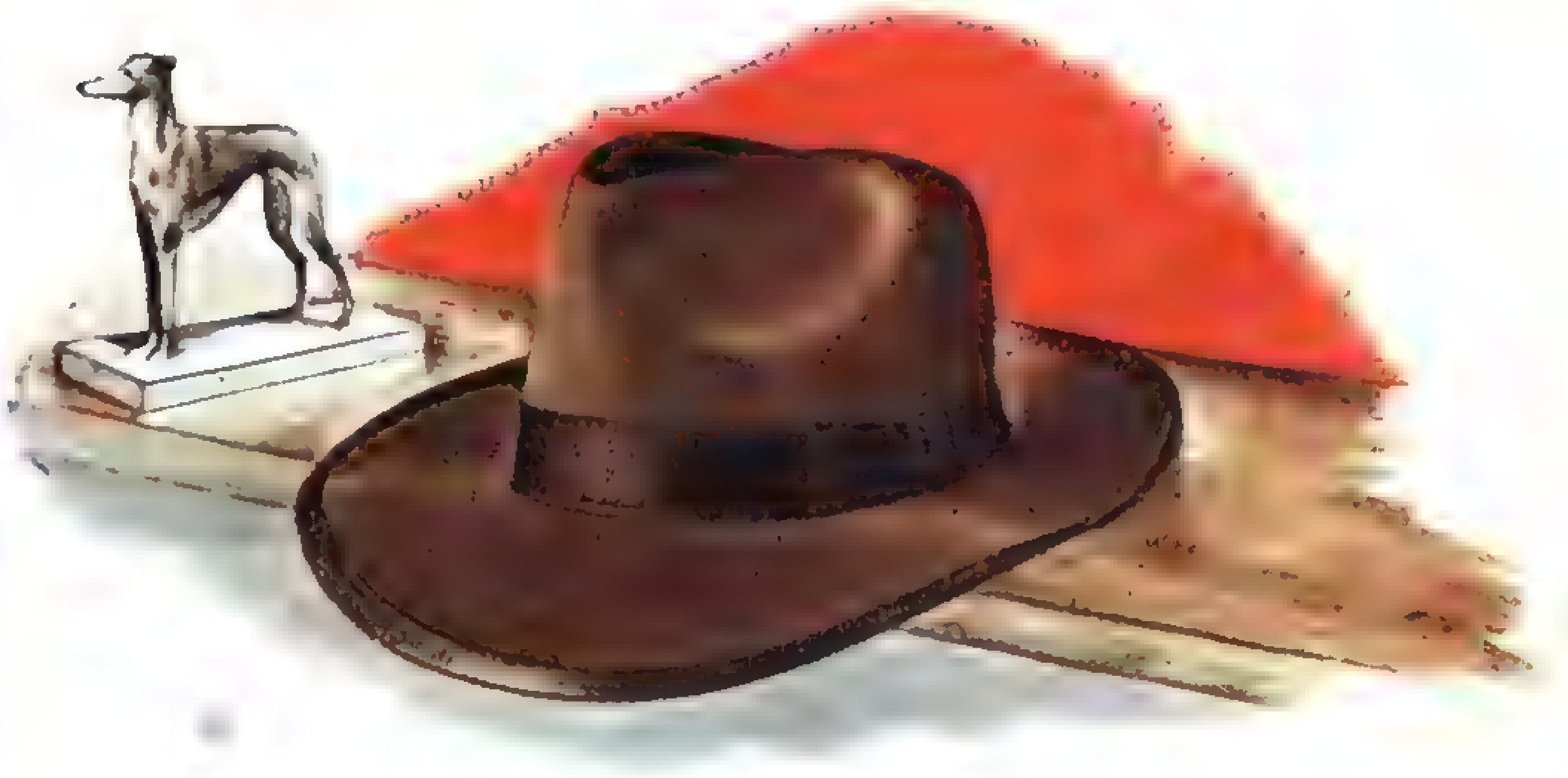


But, boy!—to be home in a STETSON

FOREIGN lands are fine to see, but he wants to get back to Main Street, U. S. A.

Back to corner drugstores and baseball. Back to Saturday afternoons off, quiet Sundays with church bells ringing. Back to a job, civvies—and to things that are made with friendly and familiar American names. Names that tell you so much without asking. Like the name Stetson in a hat. And hundreds of other product names.

Yes, he'll be glad to get back to all the things our American ways represent. And we Americans will do all we can to speed the day—and to bring him home in style!



THE ROYAL STETSON "WHIPPET"—Mellow-light felt, smartly bound edge. $10. Other Stetson hats are priced to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S., and Brockville, Ontario, Canada, hats for men and women.

Style King

TRADE MARK

VALaids

designed exclusively for men

as you like it

Designed by men for men—Style King VALaids are prepared exactly the way men like them. Extensive research—plus years of experience in pleasing men—lies back of each item. Especially appealing is the distinctive Style King masculine fragrance—a cool, clean, refreshing scent. Gift packaged with quiet elegance. Ask today for the Style King set that meets your needs at your favorite men's wear shop.

INDIVIDUAL STYLE KING VALaids

In addition to the Style King sets illustrated, you can obtain the following Style King VALaids individually:

After Shave Lotion	1.25, Club Size 2.50	Lather Shave Cream	Fifty Cents
Men's Cologne	1.50, Club Size 3.00	Brushless Shave Cream	Fifty Cents
Men's Hair Dressing	1.00, Club Size 1.50	Tooth Paste	Fifty Cents
Shampoo	1.00, Club Size 1.50	Tooth Powder	Fifty Cents
Shaving Mug and Soap	1.00	Shaving Soap Refill	Fifty Cents
Men's Talc	1.00		

Each VALaid embodies Style King's skillful preparation and excellence of ingredients. Use VALaids . . . look well, feel fresh!

Set 3021 . . Tooth Powder, Brushless Shave Cream, Men's Talc, After Shave Lotion, Hair Dressing and Cologne . . . $5

Set 3018 . . . Men's Talc and After Shave Lotion . . . $2

Set 3030 . . . Men's Bar Soap . . . $1

Set 3019 . . . Tooth Paste, After Shave Lotion, Brushless Shave Cream and Men's Talc . . . $3

Set 3020 . . . After Shave Lotion, Lather Shave Cream and Hair Dressing . . . $4

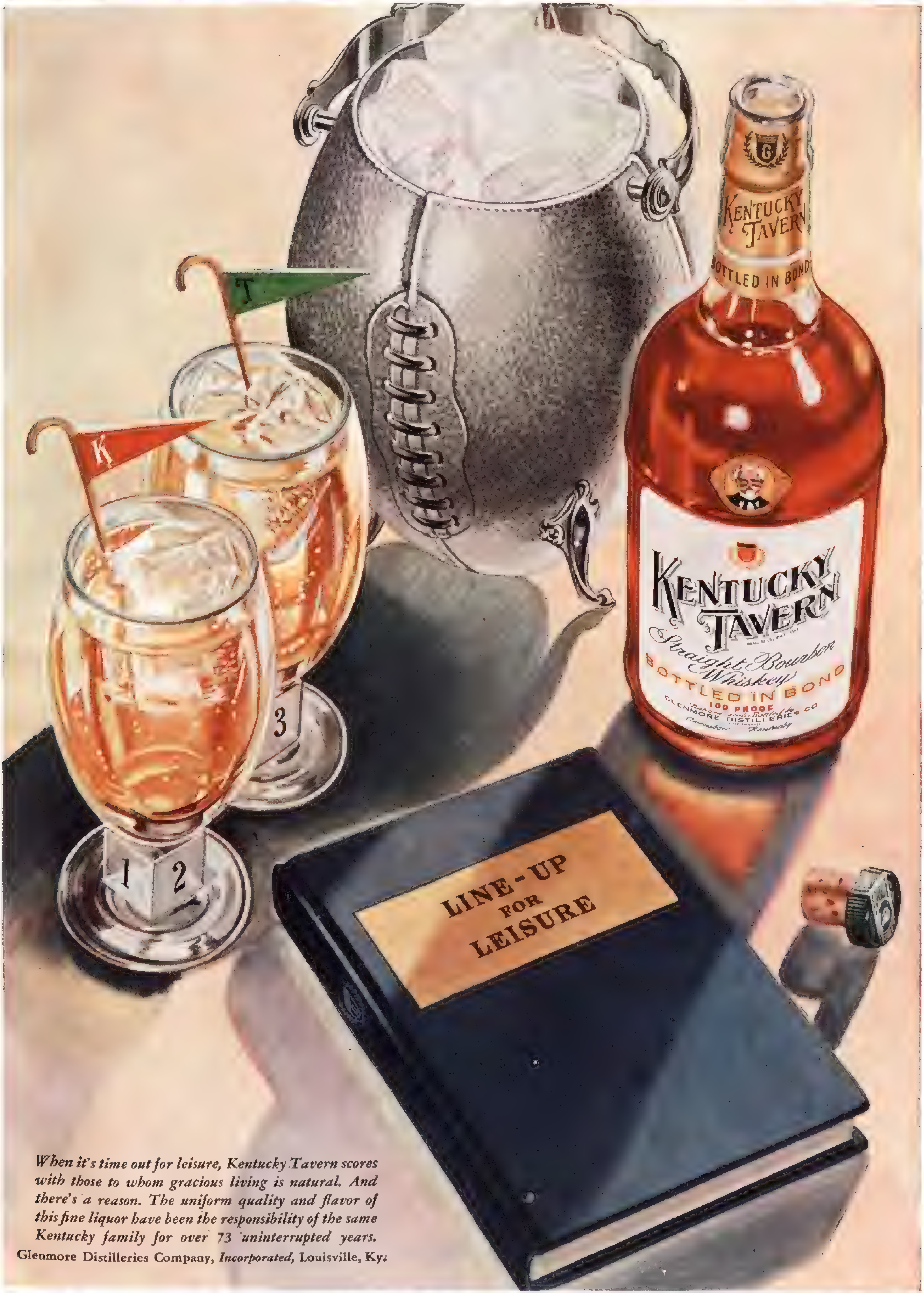
Set 3016 . . . After Shave Lotion, Shaving Mug and Soap, and Men's Talc . . . $3

S. Buchsbaum & Co.

QUALITY SINCE 1888 • CHICAGO 16

Dealer's Note: Complete stocks of Style King VALaids are maintained at our Chicago, New York and Los Angeles offices

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

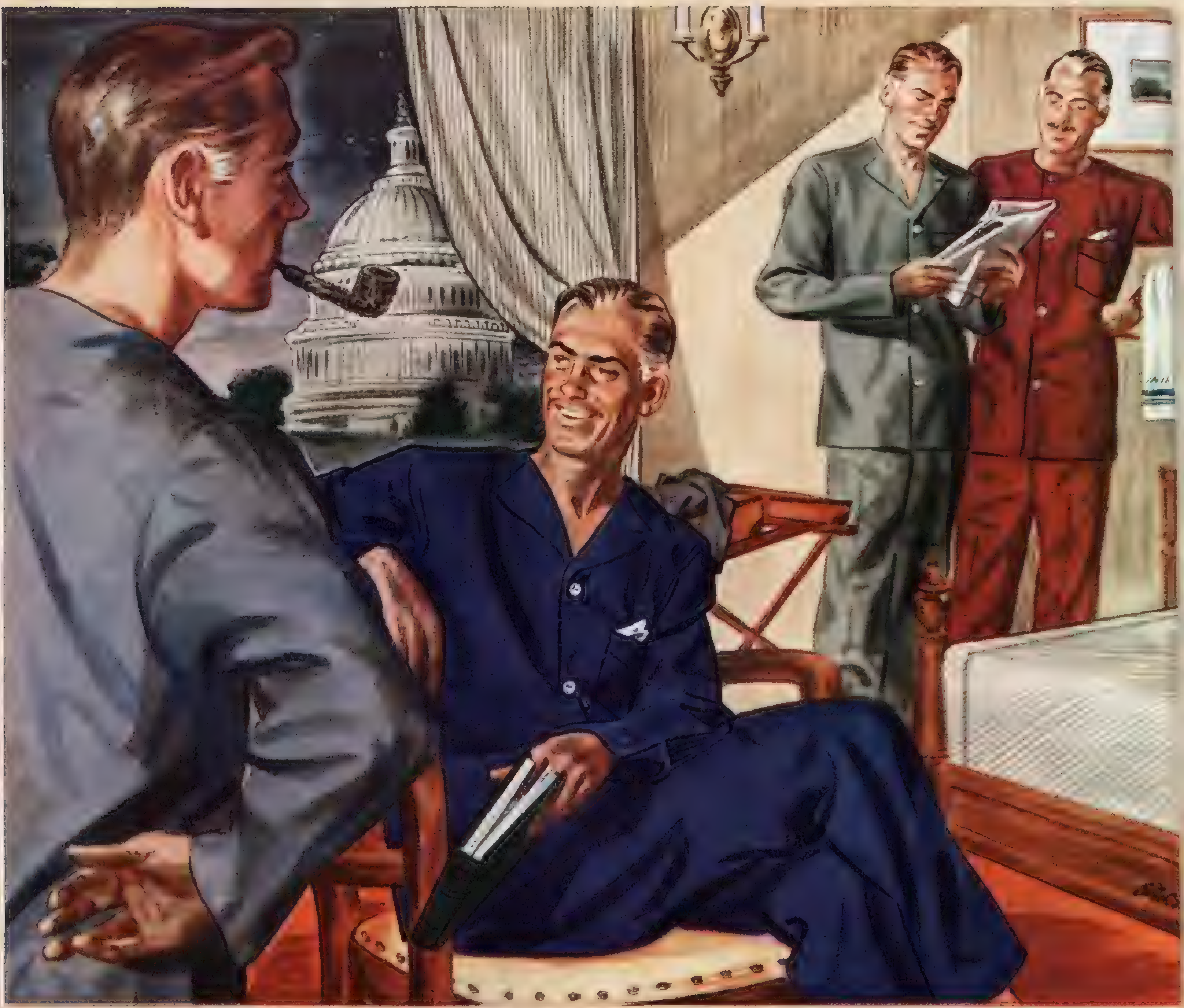

T
K
3
1
2
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO
LINE-UP FOR LEISURE

When it's time out for leisure, Kentucky Tavern scores with those to whom gracious living is natural. And there's a reason. The uniform quality and flavor of this fine liquor have been the responsibility of the same Kentucky family for over 73 uninterrupted years.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,* Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS... *WAR BONDS!*

What's New in Pajamas?



In luxurious, long-wearing washable rayons ... in a wide range of colors ... and Van Heusen tailored! **$5** *to* **$6.50** *each*

Splendor Pajamas

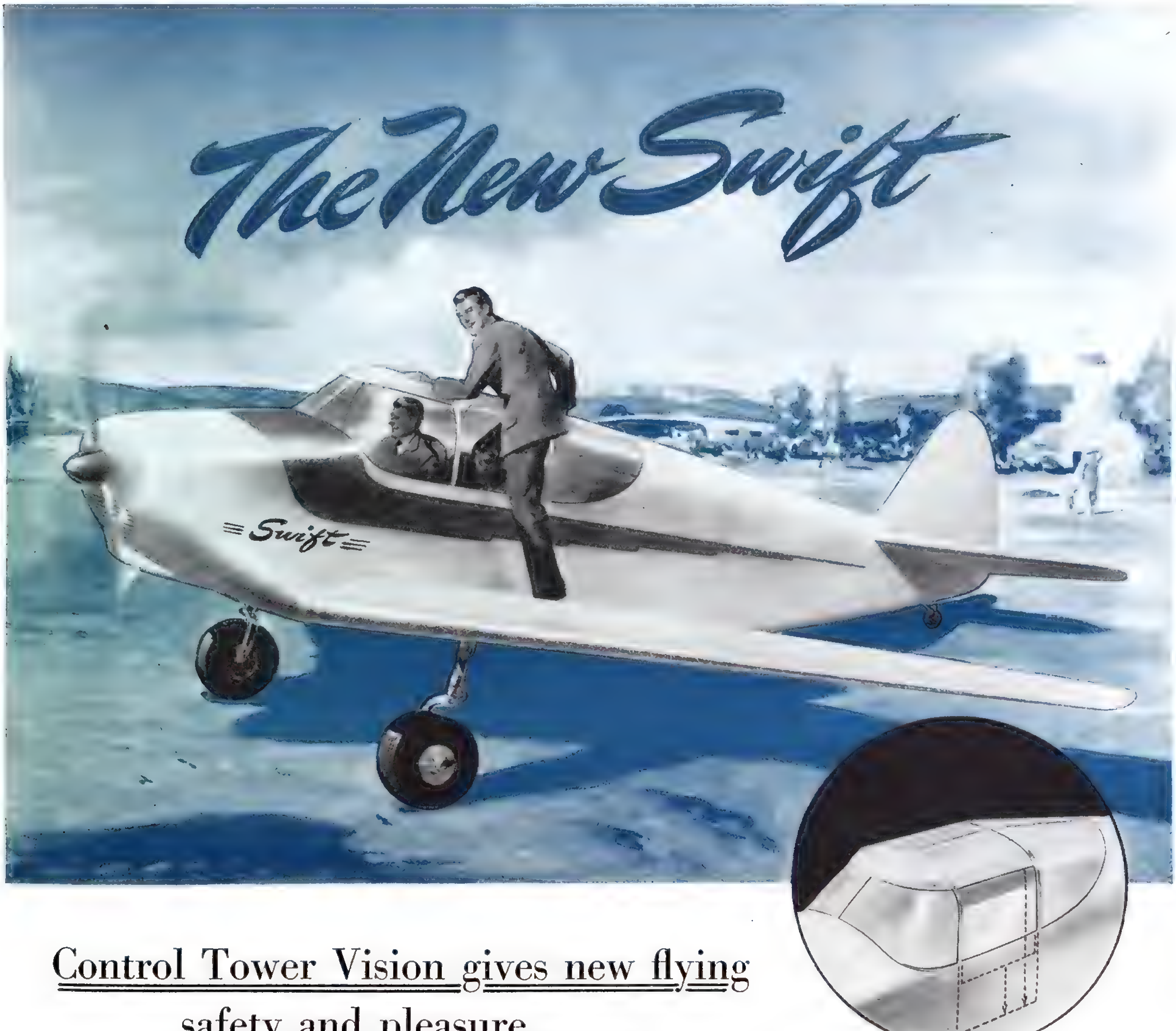
BY

Van Heusen

The gentlemen pictured above share more than a Washington bedroom in common. The *Splendor Pajamas* in which they are attired indicate tastes in common too ... tastes for the luxurious fabrics, for the skilled shirtmaker tailoring and fit, for the innate quality that Van Heusen puts into these uncommon garments. Their preferences vary only in the matter of color, of which there are ample, in *Splendor Pajamas*, to suit every taste. They make a wonderful gift for any man.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR



Arrows indicate how both top and side panels slide down into fuselage wall. A lock on top where panels meet secures the entire cabin.

Control Tower Vision gives new flying safety and pleasure . . . . .

Wide, clear vision is *one* reason why you'll enjoy flying the *New Swift*. The *Swift's* dynamically styled bubble-type canopy provides easy access to the roomy cabin from either side through sliding panels that disappear into the fuselage walls. You just step in and sit down . . . no stooping, crouching, or effort required . . . no door to catch the slipstream.

The double-track panels give you any degree of airiness you want . . . top with sides open . . . sides with top open . . . open either side . . . completely open or closed . . . from an open cockpit to a closed cabin as quick and easy as closing an auto window.

Top panels may be tinted to provide sun protection.

Yes, the *New Swift* is the kind of plane you've dreamed of owning, and its reasonable cost and thrifty operation will make owning and flying your own plane surprisingly easy. The *New Swift* will be ready soon after conditions permit the manufacture of personal airplanes.

The Swift

Made by GLOBE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION Fort Worth, Texas

Free Booklet . . . Mail the coupon today for free illustrated booklet describing the New Swift, no obligation.

Globe Aircraft Corporation
P. O. Box 4277-H
Fort Worth 6, Texas

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . Zone . . . . State . . . .

Painting the Town with Esquire

WHEN A RESTAURATEUR is a distingué personality radiating punctilious graciousness and joie de vivre, there's always the sneaking suspicion that maybe his food isn't *quite* as wonderful as it seems to be. André Pagani and his smartly appointed, Continental-toned Brussels Restaurant, 26 East 63rd, are in that category—right at the top of it. A couple of evenings ago we dropped in there with sternly objective intentions, were talked into creamed lobster-meat specialty (hot); braised duckling casseroled with Curaçao and wisps of orange peel; bottle of Burgundy; fruited baba au rhum, crowned with ice cream. If *that* wasn't a superlative dinner, I'll eat it.

THE SCIENCE of train-catching owes a lot to the lubrication facilities of the adjacent Hotel Commodore's Bar & Café, affectionately known as the "Commuters' Bar." Such precision! If you're a regular, your bartender—one of the 20 functioning at the oval dispensing counter, which is 165 feet around—knows your train, knows your brand, knows whether you've time for a tall one or merely a quickie. He forthwiths accordingly, drink is sipped dallyingly or despatched, nearest of nine cashiers does a presto-shoot-changeo, and refreshed homeward boundist is bon voyaged toward his gate. For business dealers and other gab groups there's a sitdown sector accomodating about 150, purveyed to by a special service bar where a separate set of professors, seven of them, ply their skill. All in all, some 5,000 throats, mostly standup cases, are treated per day, rush reaching its peak in the late afternoon. Ultimate nightcaps are downed and lights outed at 1:00 AM, Commuters' Bar Time—i.e., 12:57 AM Railroad Time. As might be imagined, glassware is quite a feature of the day's chore. (Hot day last summer, for example, evoked 1,100 Tom Collinses, let alone Rum Collinses.) Three automatic electric dumbwaiters convey soiled glasses to regions below, whence they emerge sterile-clean, crystal-clear. Washing is done by machines, with feminine fingers doing the incidental handling. "Women treat 'em kindlier," says bar manager Pete Shanley—white-haired but youthful-figured—who ran the famous Shanley's on Times Square in the Diamond Jim Brady era.

CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN (2 Sheridan Square) where the talents of such simple Villagers as Zero Mostel, Lena Horne, Teddy Wilson and Georgia Gibbs were first disclosed, is keeping excitement boogie-woogie by the remarkable Sammy Price, with songs by the vivid Torcheuse Ida James and the sensationally casual Josh White. Benny Morton, heated trombone swallower, has got himself a band the like of which is rarely encountered in this universe. Hence, the guys and gals you see pouring down into that scuttle entrance aren't merely in quest of food, tasty though the latter always is at any and all Café Society establishments (two of them)—Downtown or Up.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

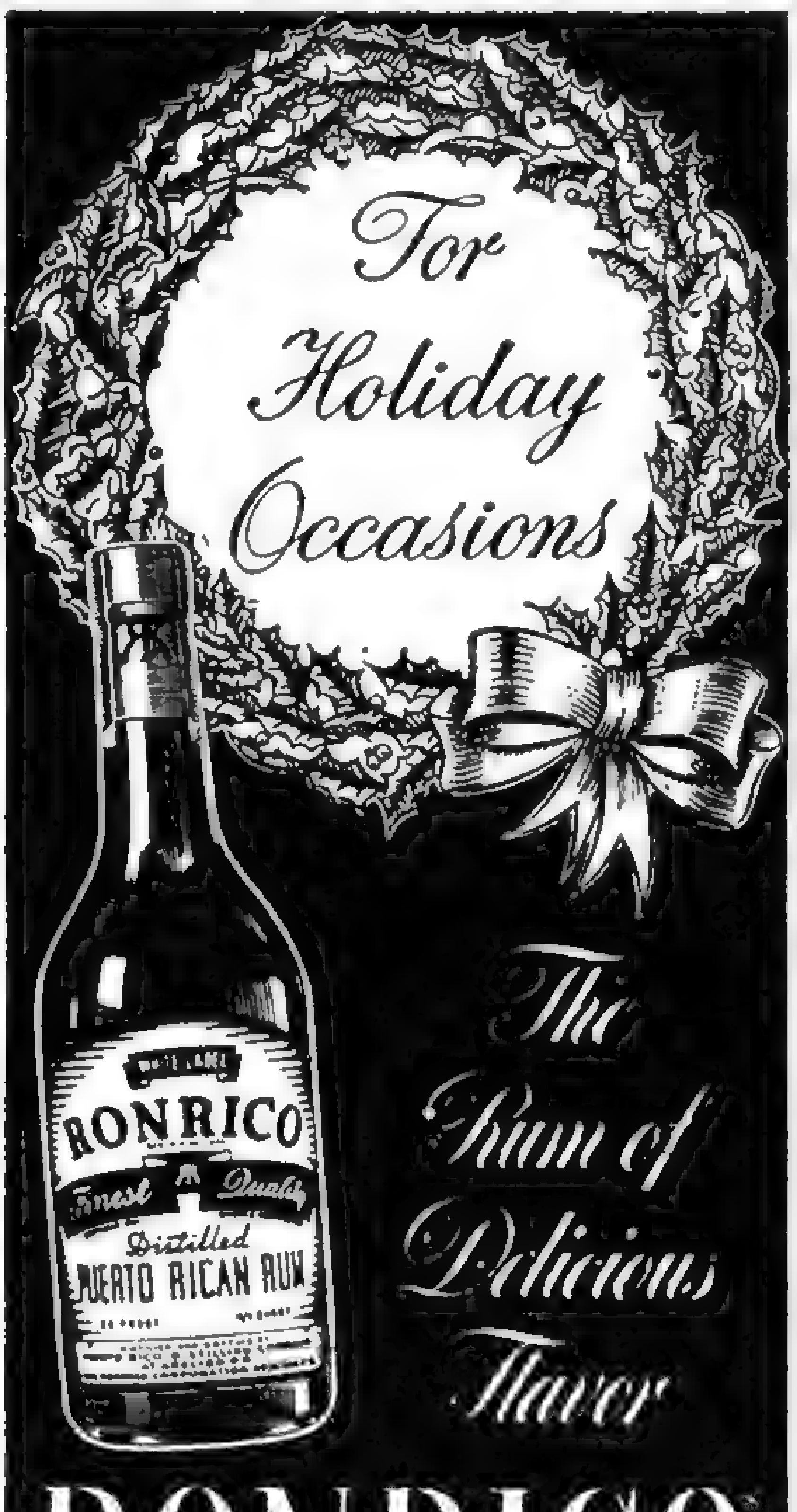
Our Guests Never Knew it came out of a JAR!
Only

Dorset
De Luxe FOODS
Can Claim That Honor

Serve these typical Dorset De Luxe successes. Really thrifty, too. No bones . . . no waste!

- **Dorset De Luxe Paté (for canapés)**
- **Chicken, Turkey, or Ham á la King**
- **Boneless Chicken or Turkey (for salads)**
- **Boneless Chicken Fricassee**
- **Egg Noodles and Chicken Dinner**

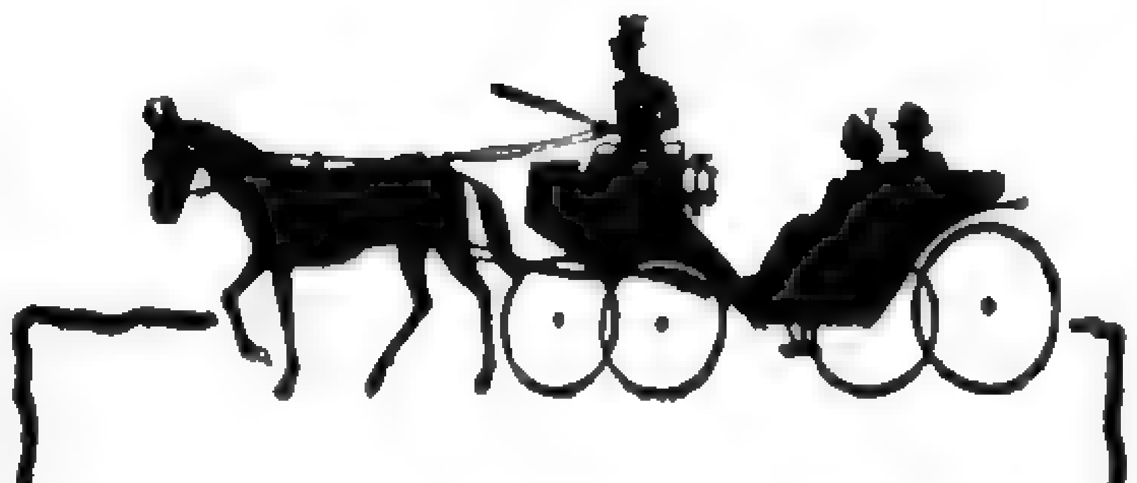
At Better Food Stores Everywhere — Ration Point Free
Dorset Foods, Ltd., L. I. City, N. Y.



RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 Ronrico Corp. *Trademarks



The **PLAZA**

Where the fine traditions of hospitality and service remain unchanged! Rooms are from $6 single . . . from $8 double.

Known the world over for the fine cuisine in these famous restaurants—

Persian Room
Oak Room
Plaza Restaurant
Palm Court

Overlooking the Park at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street

C. N. HILTON
PRESIDENT
NEW YORK

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Distinguished Entertaining calls for a Distinguished Liqueur

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

Its flavor suggests *all* the qualities you have liked best in liqueurs—tang, delicate bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. Its 249-year-old name, de Kuyper, is your best guide to quality.

DE KUYPER
DELECTA

National Distillers Products Corp. New York • 86 Proof

EDDIE DAVIS
GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52 NEW YORK

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BUY WAR BONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE FOOD IS COSTA RICAN—BUT THE WINE IS ROMA!

Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world

ROMA
CLARK AGNEW

Soft Music... Fine Food
...at the Fashionable
GRAN HOTEL
San Jose, Costa Rica

Make *their* rare, imported delicacy *your* daily standby for greater mealtime enjoyment—for entertaining—so easily, so inexpensively!

It is only natural that Costa Ricans, lovers of good food and superb wines, would choose Roma California Wines when dining—when entertaining! For wines so *good*, they willingly pay the premium of high shipping costs and duty.

How fortunate, then, that we can enjoy what to them is an imported luxury—at such remarkably low cost. For truly, Roma Wines combine the very best of Old World wine-making art with modern knowledge ... to produce superb wines from California's finest wine-grapes. Because Roma Wines are so good, they have become America's first choice ... America's largest-selling wines!

Discover today how much Roma Wines can add to your daily mealtime enjoyment ... delight your friends when you entertain. Today—get a supply of Roma Wines. If your dealer is temporarily out—please try again soon.

Roma California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Sauterne ... Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel ... Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy. ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Calif.

ONLY PENNIES A GLASSFUL! Because ROMA Wines are bottled at our own wineries in the heart of California's choice vineyard district, you pay no high import duties, no overseas shipping costs!

Serve Chilled

R
ROMA
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
BURGUNDY
SERVE CHILLED

ROMA *Wines*

America's Largest Selling Wines

BEFORE BUYING ANYTHING
ELSE BUY BONDS!
BUY MORE! BUY NOW!

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Maurice Zolotow

After graduating from the University of Wisconsin, **Maurice Zolotow** became a reporter and editor for *The Billboard*, then took off into press agentry. For the lovely stripteuse, Margie Hart, he and H. L. Mencken invented the word "ecdysiast," meaning one who shucks off his shell, now a part of the American vocabulary. He has worked for King Features and for the *New York Times Magazine*, and contributes articles about actors and other screwball Broadway characters to popular magazines. His first book *Never Whistle in a Dressing Room*, was published this year by Dutton.

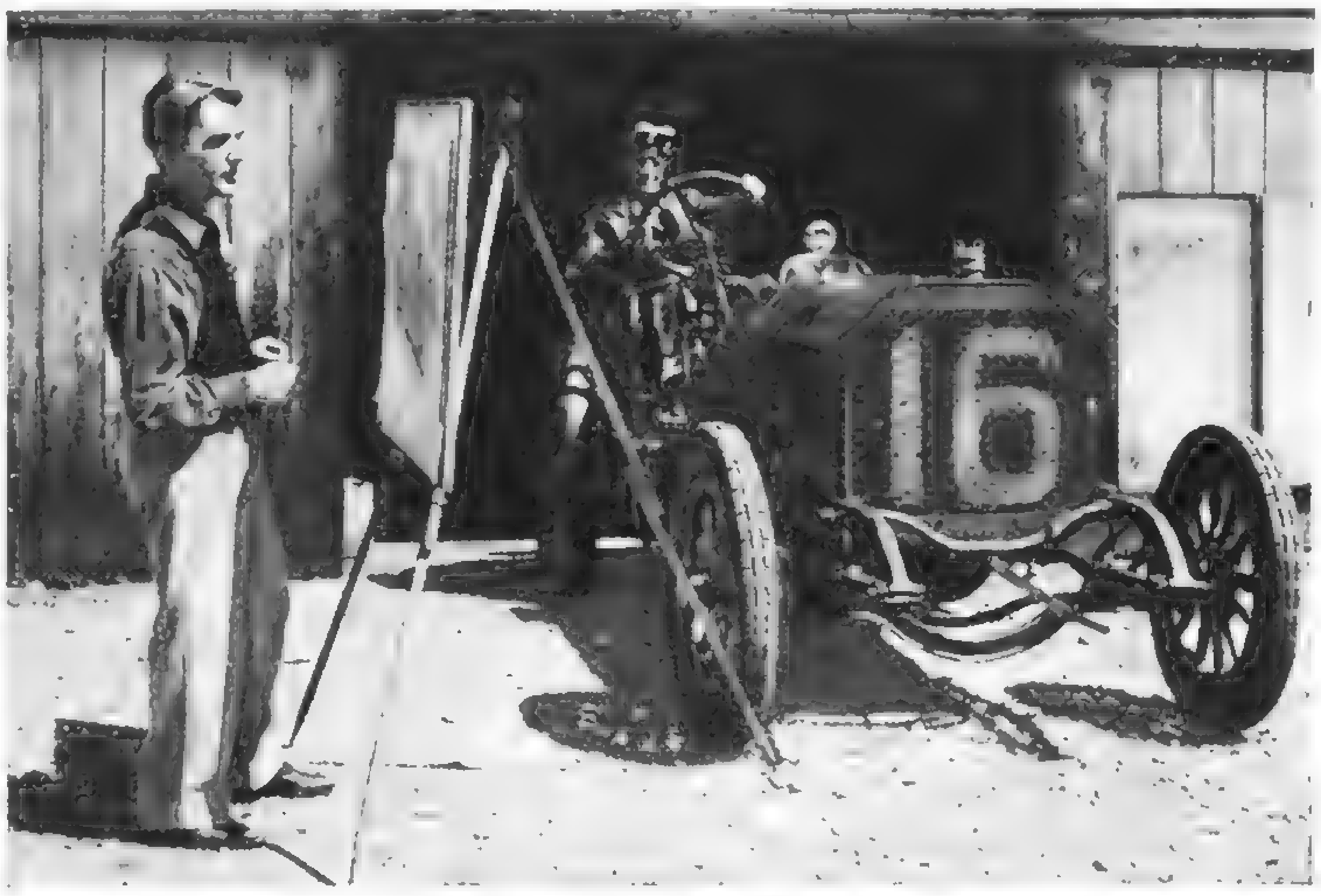
•

English-born **Frank Laskier** ran away to sea when he was fifteen. He was at sea when war broke out on September 3, 1939, and three days later his ship was torpedoed without warning. With the few other members of the crew to escape, he spent three days in an open boat till rescue came. After two weeks at a Navy gun school he shipped out as a gunner and, following several trips, was torpedoed again. This time he and his shipmates drifted sixteen days in an open boat before they reached land. He was on the *Eurylichos* off the west coast of Africa when, on January 26, 1941, the *Admiral Von Scheer* attacked at dusk. During the battle Laskier's right leg was destroyed by shrapnel. The Germans machine-gunned the men in the water and Laskier was one of sixteen to escape. They drifted on a raft for two days until they were picked up by a Spanish tramp steamer. Upon his return to England he was fitted with an artificial leg; after making some broadcasts over the B.B.C., later published under the title *My Name is Frank*, Laskier went to sea again as a gunner. He made a Canadian lecture tour and now he is in this country, speaking on behalf of the U. S. Merchant Marine. Besides *My Name is Frank*, he is the author of *Logbook*, published by Scribner's.

Frank Laskier

•

Peter Helck has been a race fan since as a kid he had his first speed ride on a 50-Simplex test car with Al Poole at the wheel. He has followed the sport here and abroad, from the Indianapolis 500 to the French Grand Prix, sketching as he watched. George Robertson is one of his heroes and that old cup-winning Locomobile, No. 16, his personal property. This photograph shows him painting the picture reproduced on page 67. Dividing his time between fine and commercial art, he has won the Art Directors Medal four times, the first award of the Philadelphia Advertising-Art Annual twice, as well as the Harvard Award, the Pennell Medal and the Allied Artists Medal.



Peter Helck and old "Sixteen"

•

Our vagrant of the month is **Jack Kirkland** who, besides sports writing at fourteen, followed the wheat harvests in the West, operated a tennen machine in an Ozark lumber mill, was bookkeeper in a drugstore and timekeeper and drill press operator in a munitions plant. He carries some minor scars from beatings by bigger tramps and railroad cops. He served time with several newspapers, including the New York *Daily News*. He made the first of some dozen trips to Europe as press agent for Tom Mix. He has had five plays on Broadway and is the author of innumerable movie scenarios. He lives on a Pennsylvania farm with his three children.

•

Monroe Douglas Robinson is a Deputy Manager of the War Finance Committee of New York State. He was born in New York, where his family lived for generations; educated at St. Paul's in Concord, New Hampshire, Harrow in England and Harvard (class of 1909). He is a veteran of World War I, lived abroad for many years and also has been in business in New York.

•

Gus Larson says most of his practical experience in farming consisted of riding the haywagon with his father in Sweden. After moving to Moline, Illinois, there were always a couple of cows and a pony or two, so he stayed familiar with a stable's inside. Since graduation from Minnesota, he has done research for the U. S. Army Engineers, the National Resources Planning Board and W.P.B. Now with the Department of Agriculture as Information Specialist, he writes a monthly feature for *Successful Farming* and contributes articles to scientific and popular magazines.

•

Hugh Wooten is an Agricultural Economist with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He got his degree in agriculture at the University of North Carolina and for ten years operated a general and dairy farm in North Carolina. He now owns a 160-acre farm, rises daily at four o'clock to milk two Guernsey cows. During his fifteen years with the Department of Agriculture he has been assigned to farm surveys and appraisals in various parts of the United States for settlement and land development projects, farm credit and land purchase.

•

Captain Milton Sperling

Captain Milton Sperling served with the First Marine Amphibious Corps in the Solomon Islands as Photographic Officer and Combat Correspondent. He is now a motion-picture and radio liaison officer in Los Angeles. He stormed Hollywood as a script clerk, became secretary to Darryl Zanuck, eventually a writer and finally a producer. He produced *To the Shores of Tripoli*, *Sun Valley Serenade*, *Crash Dive*, and others he is trying to forget. In '39 he married Betty Warner; they have a daughter, three.

•

Keith Wheeler was sent overseas by the Chicago *Daily Times* three years ago assigned to the South Pacific theatre of the war. He covered the raids of the Marshall and Gilbert islands, Midway, Wake, Tarawa, Saipan, Guam and the Aleutians as well as the "Shangri-la" attack on Tokyo. His reporting of the Battle of the Aleutians won him the Headliner's Award for outstanding writing and the Sigma Delta Chi citation for foreign correspondence. He also received the Marine Corps citation for "brave and efficient service" in the Tarawa landing. He is home again at this writing, renewing acquaintance with a two-year-old daughter, whom he has seen just once between assignments. His book, *The Pacific is My Beat*, published by Dutton, is a best-seller. ⌗

Keith Wheeler

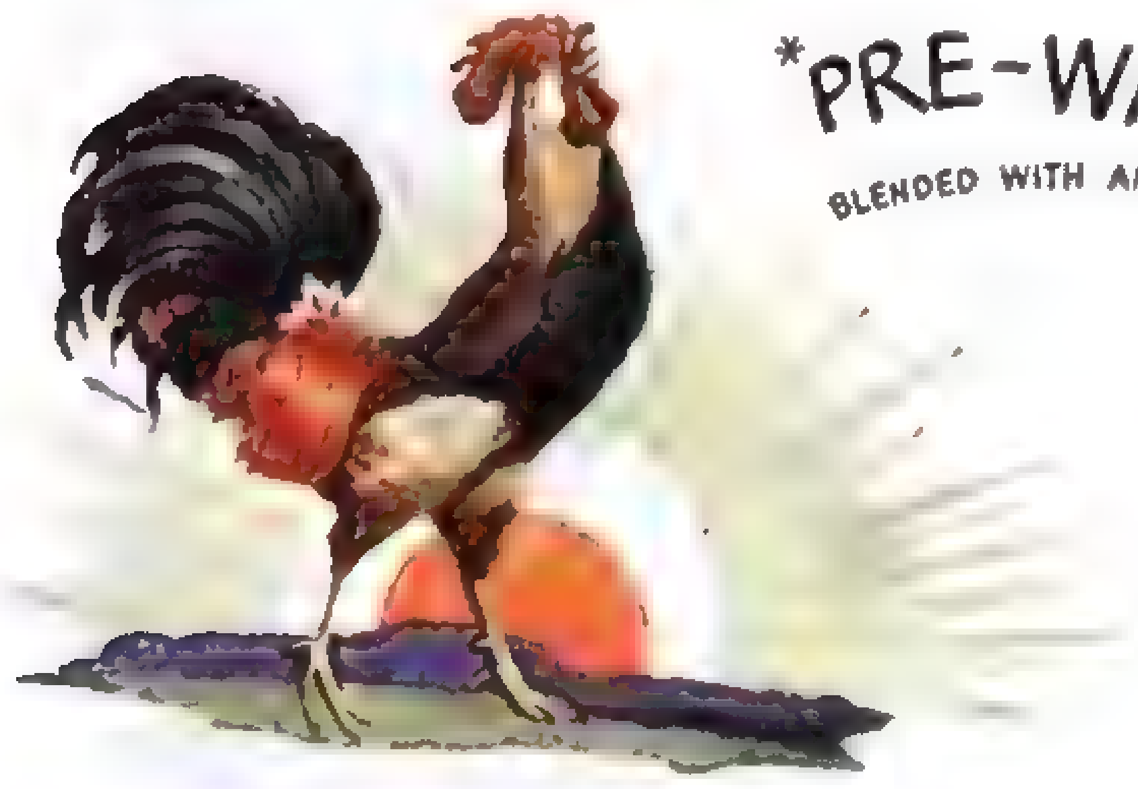
Yours for a Bright Thanksgiving . . .

WITH THE WHISKEY THAT'S "MELLOW AS MORNING SUNSHINE"

For a holiday treat as downright satisfying as Thanksgiving dinner itself, remember Schenley Reserve, the whiskey that's "Mellow and Bright as Morning Sunshine". To please yourself or your guests, there's no finer choice than Schenley Reserve, for every drop is fine pre-war whiskey blended with choice American grain neutral spirits.

---

*BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

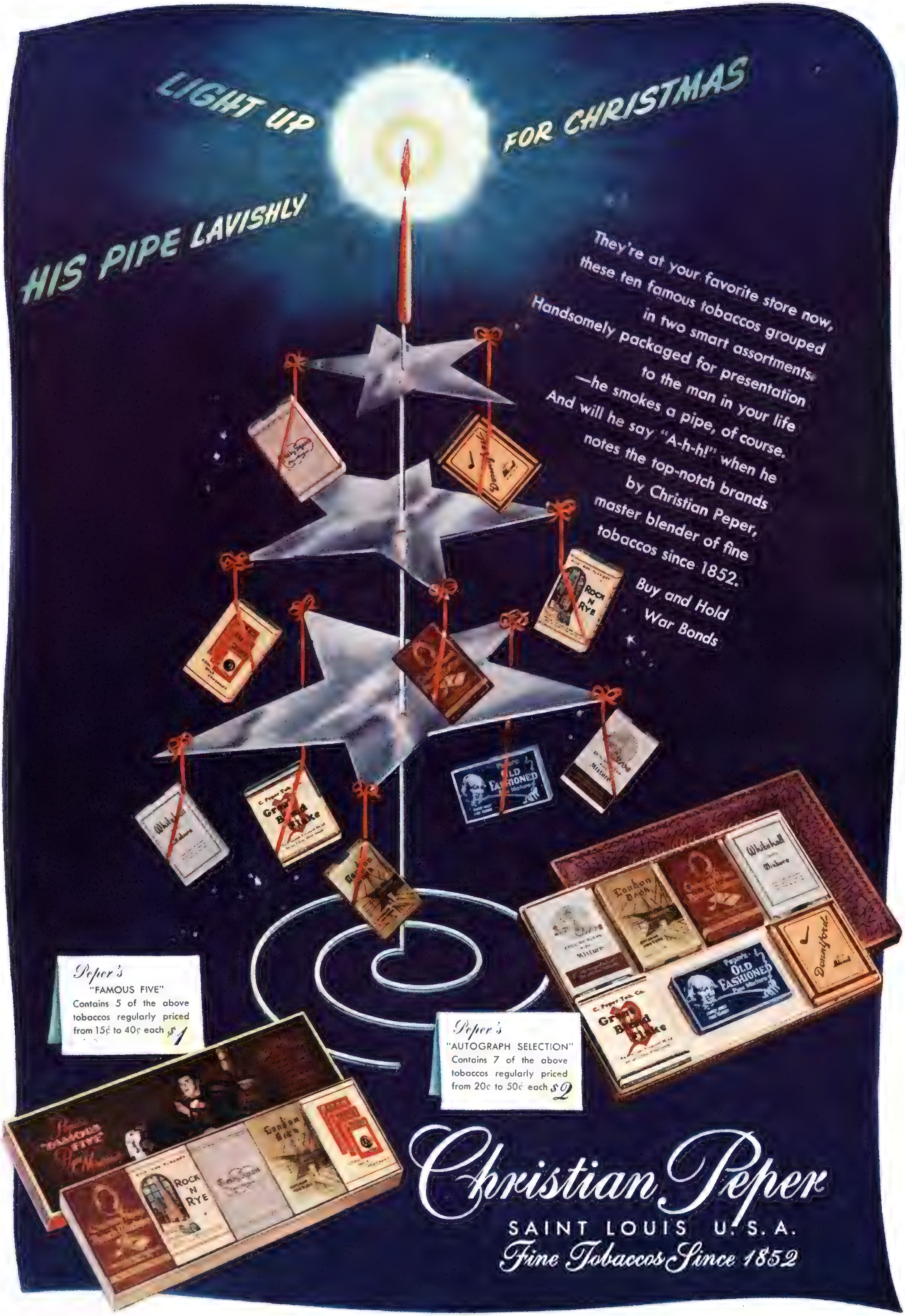


*PRE-WAR WHISKEY
BLENDED WITH AMERICAN GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

SCHENLEY
Reserve

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

A Product of SCHENLEY Distillers Corporation . . . THE HOUSE OF AGED WHISKIES



LIGHT UP HIS PIPE LAVISHLY FOR CHRISTMAS

They're at your favorite store now, these ten famous tobaccos grouped in two smart assortments. Handsomely packaged for presentation to the man in your life —he smokes a pipe, of course. And will he say "A-h-h!" when he notes the top-notch brands by Christian Peper, master blender of fine tobaccos since 1852.

Buy and Hold War Bonds

Peper's
"FAMOUS FIVE"
Contains 5 of the above tobaccos regularly priced from 15¢ to 40¢ each $1

Peper's
"AUTOGRAPH SELECTION"
Contains 7 of the above tobaccos regularly priced from 20¢ to 50¢ each $2

Christian Peper
SAINT LOUIS U. S. A.
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Let's make it an EARLY AMERICAN Christmas

EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice

Homestead Box
Toilet Water and
Dusting Powder, $2.00†

Vanity Box
Toilet Water, Bath Salts,
Dusting Powder, Perfume,
Body Sachet, Toilet Soap, $5.00†

EARLY AMERICAN Friendship's Garden

Tissue Box
Talcum, and 3 cakes Toilet
Soap in box for tissues, $1.50†

Toilet Water—fresh
blossom bouquet, 4 oz. $1.00†
Dusting Powder in
garlanded box, 7 oz. $1.00†

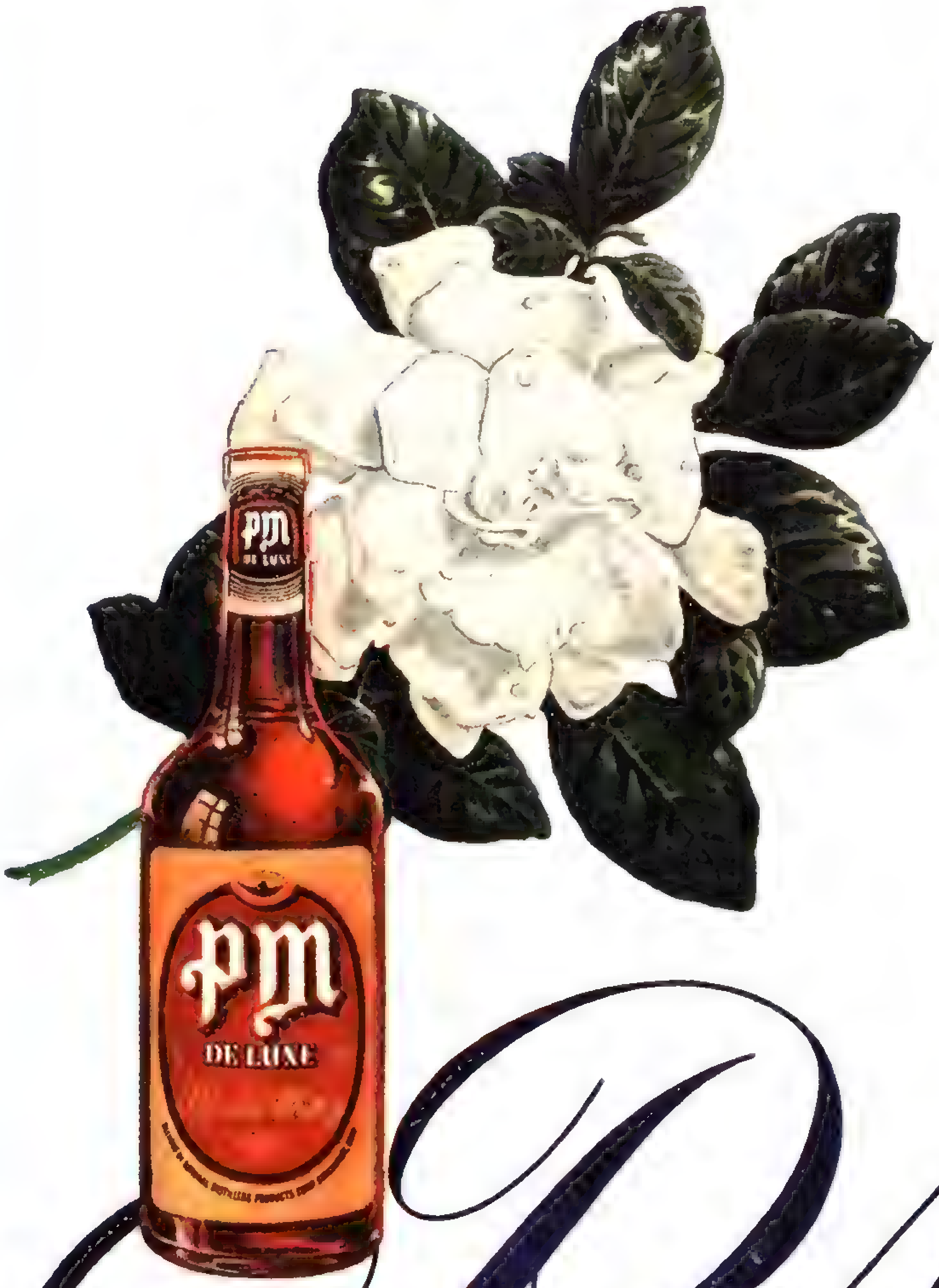
EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice SHAVING REQUISITES

Shaving Soap in pottery mug. Six months' average supply, $1.00. After-Shaving Lotion, invigorating refreshant, $1.00†

Gift Set—Shaving Soap, After-Shaving Lotion, invisible Talcum, $2.75†. Other Old Spice gift sets from $1.00 to $5.00†

†Plus Tax

Each a Shulton Original • *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



PM

for Pleasant Moments

At cocktail time, things have a way of pointing to PM. Pleasing Moods. Pretty Melodies. The orchestra may even play, "O Promise Me". Follow the trend adroitly, delightfully, by offering a Particularly Mellow, Positively Marvelous PM Manhattan, Highball or Old-Fashioned. PM's the Perfect Match for Pleasant Moments!

IF IT ISN'T **PM** *... IT ISN'T AN EVENING*

Copr. 1944. National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Farms for the Yanks

Experts of the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics tell G. I.'s how to beat the sword into plowshares

by GUS LARSON & HUGH WOOTEN

• ARTICLE •

SOLDIERS who want a quiet life after the war and expect to find it on farms are writing a good many letters to the Department of Agriculture and other agencies these days.

Private Willie Freeze wrote to get the angles on the G. I. Bill. Could he get help to buy a farm? And Eddie Mortino has all sorts of ideas about modernizing farming by using some of the equipment he's been fighting with, like flame throwers for killing weeds, helicopters for fertilizing, spraying and sowing, smoke screen equipment to protect orchards against frost, and portable decontamination machines for dusting. Eddie wanted to go to an agricultural college. Lt. Harold Hegerman wasn't sure he had the stuff to make farming go and would like some dope on what a good farmer knows. Yardbird Joe Strandski, pot and kettle washer, thought free land would be nice. Didn't have a dime so would have to start that way.

Fred Weiss liked Alaska. If not a farm at least a chunk of land for fur farming, mining, a small business or something. Couldn't seem to make up his mind. Corporal Harold Newman's nerves were shot and he needed a spot to recuperate at a price he could afford. A camp site would do. Could Uncle Sam help him? Rex Meyer was interested in fancy farming like raising chinchillas, silver foxes or honey bees. Gib Swanson wanted a big family, a job in town, a few acres in the country and some literature on part-time farming.

Willard Rennard liked the big cattle ranches he saw in west Texas while taking his basic. Had a little money, too. What about buying some of the military land the government had obtained for camps and other training purposes and wouldn't need after the war anyway? WAC officer Betty Miller had her eye on an irrigation farm. She liked being around dams—and the Marine she wrote to overseas thought it might be swell to do a little farming together. Angelo Pannieccuci had a lot of free time while on duty in Iceland. How about a chance to study farming? Bob Mason was raised on a farm, hated it, but wanted to use what he already knew. Were there any jobs related to farming that he might look into?

These men are a pretty good cross section of the city boys interested in farming. Of course, there are a whale of a lot of farm boys in service and industry, many of whom will go back and take up Dad's place or rent or buy a place of their own. The farm boys know the angles so don't need a lot of advice and they usually have a specific farm in mind anyway. But the city boys who have whiffed the country air from only one direction and are thinking seriously of farming need some straightening out.

Willie Freeze or any other G. I. who wants a farm—or a small home or business for that matter—has a stake in the G. I. Bill. For the boys who want to farm the stake looks about like this. A fellow with some experience on the kind of farm he wants and who is physically fit will be able to borrow money to buy a farm and have Uncle Sam's backing for half the cost, up to 2,000 dollars.

This loan will provide about enough cash for a down payment on a farm. Reading of the G. I. Law indicates that he probably won't get the loan without some experience and a few other qualifications. For instance, experience may have to be on the kind of farm the soldier wants to buy. A year on a chicken farm might not qualify for a loan to buy a dairy farm. If he hasn't the experience, he'll probably have to get it, no matter what his educational qualifications may be. And he must be the sort who will stick. It would be well, too, to have a little cash or equipment or land to match in part the loan from the Government. If he wants to get a loan to buy a part-time farm, the farm will have to do more than just raise enough food for his family. Uncle Sam ran off some red tape of this variety to keep servicemen from wasting their loans on duds. The red tape will tie him down a little until he has made a final decision.

If a veteran isn't ready to farm but wants to learn the angles as Eddie Mortino wants to do, he may be able to go to agricultural college or to another type of approved agricultural school. Uncle Sam will pay the first year costs of tuition, books, fees and other expenses up to 500 dollars. After that, further help depends upon making the grade. It's a good idea to hit the books and really learn farming. Agricultural college graduate farmers make more money because they learn to use the best agriculture science has to offer—seed varieties that double yields and animals that produce more meat on less feed. The veteran, however, will have to take the first year of education within two years after his discharge and he can select any approved school. To qualify for a four-year education course he must have been under twenty-five when he entered the service, or if over that age, had his education interrupted. But any ex-G.I. who needs it can get a one-year retraining course. The veteran without dependents who goes to school full time will get 50 dollars a month subsistence. The veteran with one or more dependents will get 75 dollars a month subsistence. Those who attend school only part time will get tuition and expenses paid and may receive smaller subsistence allowance than full-time students. And then when Eddie's through college, he may still be able to buy that helicopter, jeep, smoke screen equipment or wire for fencing batteries and a thousand other things from Uncle Sam's 100,000,000,000-dollar surplus supply of war equipment. He'll probably get it at a fair price, too, perhaps from hometown dealers.

It's tough to answer Harold Hegerman's question about what a good farmer has to know. Different farms require different skills. But as good a take-off as any is to say that the successful American farmer knows plenty and he didn't learn it overnight. Neither can anyone else. The farmer who has a good farm paid for, and a healthy, strong, happy family, and sends his kids to college has most certainly stowed away all kinds of tricks and good sense in that head of his. And they are tricks that he uses every day to keep his farm in the black. He keeps his soil healthy by rotating his crops in his various fields—corn one year, oats the next, soybeans the next. And he has to know which type of rotation will get the best results for his soil. One soil needs more phosphorus, another more potash. If he doesn't keep his soil supplied with necessary minerals his animals may not grow well and his produce will be poor. He keeps the bugs and worms down by special plowing jobs or shots of the latest and best bug killers. He knows how to handle wilts,

Continued on page 270

"When I get home I'm going to sue Hollywood for misrepresentation"

All Night with My Darling

The chaps often kidded Pilot Officer Lachlan about his one-sided romance with the beauty in the Gold Ray ads

by MacKINLAY KANTOR

• FICTION •

℞

THEY all called her the Gold Ray Girl, although gold was not the only skin she wore; and Pilot Officer Mike Lachlan had five different versions of her beauty marching in seductive parade beside his bed.

Petal green, ivory and orchid, dangerous black net—these costumes swirled and dripped around the body of Alene Torry, the Gold Ray Girl. Once upon a time Mike Lachlan had six such pictures stuck up with thumb tacks, and officers freshly assigned to that R.A.F. fighter station used to come in and worship them.

There came a night when Flight Lieutenant Briggs had his roommate shot out from under him; reckless after several doubles of gin-and-lime in the club, and justifiably disturbed because of what had happened over Boulogne that afternoon, Flight Lieutenant Briggs carried the No. One Prize pink-and-jet likeness of Miss Alene Torry to his own room and cried himself to sleep beside her.

Mike Lachlan found her there when he conducted an angry-eyed search for his missing property about 0200 hours. The Gold Ray Girl was crumpled and Briggs was mumbling *bandit low five o'clock there he comes five o'clock look out Sandy . . .* In the end, Pilot Officer Lachlan went away, breathing hard, but allowing his superior officer to keep the Gold Ray Girl for good and all.

That pink-and-black-silk picture was very nearly his favorite, too. Rather! It was one of the first Gold Ray Rayon advertisements which had appeared. He got it out of a magazine from the U.S.A. which an American had left there at the station.

(Sky blue satin, wild red taffeta, and always her hair silkier than her hose. . . . Wear these stockings for bewitching, luxurious economy: sheer as silk, neat as nylon: girls, dress your beauty the Gold Ray Way!)

So now there were five of these marvels left to Mike Lachlan; but he had taken down the thumbtacks and had shellacked his treasure to the wall in order to guard against future loss. If he ever got transferred—maybe he could remove that strip of wallboard.

He spoke this thought aloud to the little Waaf who tidied up his room.

The little Waaf—who looked nothing whatsoever like a Gold Ray Girl but quite like a Skye terrier—the little Waaf thought that it would be hazardous.

"He would be frightfully angry, Pilot Officer Lachlan!"

"Who would?"

"Wing commander, Sir."

" 'Twould be none of his affair. There's no directive says a man can't take down a slab of wallboard if he nails up another—"

"But Wing Commander Networth, Sir—I rather think he's got his eye on your Gold Ray Girls," said the Waaf. "Often when you're gone on ops, I find him standing here, Sir—like this—and fairly staring his eyes out, to be sure!"

Well, that was just envy mixed with jealousy, and Lachlan was accustomed to that. Some of the chaps used to pretend that Mike Lachlan was married to Alene Torry. They'd ask him (sometimes when it looked like an especially rough show ahead) if he'd written a farewell letter to his beautiful bride. They'd ask if there were any little Gold Ray Kids at home who'd beg to know where Daddy was. . . .

"And—Mike: did she ever write and ask for *your* photo? Fair play—turn about—and all that."

"Don't be ridiculous, Watkins! If Lachlan ever tried to send his picture to a girl, he'd be arrested for posting indecent matter through the mails!"

Most assuredly Lachlan knew what stared him in the face every time he shaved. He was really an ugly young man. Alene Torry would have run a mile if she'd ever seen him; and certainly there were no little Gold Ray Kids at home. Just Mike's overworked Irish mother and his lame, silent Scottish father: they were janitress and janitor, custodians of an ancient block of flats in Edgware Road. Contrary to the fighter-pilots of Mike's squadron, these parents probably thought that he was good to look upon, even if cheekbones did bulge out of his mottled face like rocks, even if his front teeth were crooked.

"You'll have vodka, won't you, Miss LaRue—we want to help Russia, you know"

When Mike got the Air Force Cross his mother made him have his photograph taken the next time he came up to London on leave. The photograph stood proudly on the mantel beside a large fish made of gilt-and-green cowhorn; this fish, when provided with cigarettes, would spill them generously out of his gaping mouth if you shook him. It was a tossup whether the fish or the photograph of Pilot Officer Lachlan was fairest to see.

Meanwhile, Alene Torry was named the Pin-Up Girl for 1944 by a record vote at thirty-six American military installations. She did ten radio programs for Gold Ray Rayons, and then tripped off to Hollywood on her tapering little heels. According to an investigation conducted by *Stars and Stripes*, 82.7 per cent of the men in the 8th Air Force Bomber Command considered that Torry's legs were better than Dietrich's.

By this time Alene was being pictured in the front pages of many magazines. When her first movie hit Times Square it took two more detachments of police to handle the crowds than Frank Sinatra had required. Her legs were reproduced above the marquee of the theatre; they were sixteen feet long, and slick with neon instead of nylon.

Pilot Officer Lachlan could know little of such goings on; no mention of these momentous occurrences found space in the cramped British press; and an R.A.F. installation is no place to get caught up on your American newspaper or magazine reading.

But Mike sported a brand new photo of the Gold Ray Girl from a tattered magazine found in a railway carriage. In this one she was enriched by mauve lace tights, and she carried a wand and wore a silk hat. The picture was only two inches square, so he enshrined it atop the instrument board of his Spitfire.

He held conversations with Alene Torry—one-sided ones—

whenever he went out on operations. And safely back in his quarters once more, he could whisper, "Goodnight, sweet . . . all night with my Gold Ray Girl. All night with my darling. . . ." He could love the Gold Ray Girl before he went to sleep.

Fresh from war on a spring morning, Pilot Officer Michael Lachlan gushed homeward two thousand feet above the Channel.

There was a slight cloud cover. The other half of his Peacock Section—a rookie pilot named Gissing—had been frightfully unlucky just short of Epernay; an Me-109 got on his tail and turned inside Gissing when Gissing tried to run for it. Mike Lachlan took the German apart a few seconds later, but by that time Gissing was down.

"Bad show," Mike kept whispering to the bright-limbed Gold Ray Girl above his instruments. "Oh, stinking bad show!" It was, too, if you reckoned damage to the Spitfire. Mike's starboard guns were all fouled up, and he was confident that his flaps would never go down when he landed.

So that was how matters stood with Peacock Section, and maybe Starling Section was just as bad. He heard a familiar voice squawking against his ears, "Hello, Red Peacock One, this is Nursemaid calling. Are you receiving? Over."

He began to rattle, "Hello, Nursemaid, this is Red Peacock Two—" and all the time he was watching the honest shoreline opposite, where a passenger seaplane bored its stubborn way eastward. It was a converted Sunderland, one of those ships that lugged civilians indirectly into Britain from America.

He began to rattle it off; just then he observed a mid-wing monoplane, a Blenheim 1, whistling down from the overcast ahead . . . it was an odd Blenheim with unusually angular wings and tail plane, and no rear-gun turret. He saw the high greenhouse—

It wasn't a British Blenheim. It was an entirely different sort of mid-wing monoplane: a German Ju-88, and it was striking for the slow-going Sunderland like a lithe black cat.

Ju's never came in close to this well-defended coast—that is, not in broad daylight. This was something which could never happen; and yet it was happening right in front of Lachlan's eyes.

He stammered incoherently to Nursemaid about a Hun off starboard at high three o'clock and he hurled himself over toward the slanting dive of the Ju-88.

Those poor converted Sunderlands didn't even have a popgun aboard, and no doubt the whole lower deck was crammed with passengers. Mike forgot all about his starboard guns and his torn flaps; he strove to reach the Ju before its cannon began to blink at the defenseless seaplane.

He pushed his button at four hundred yards, although ordinarily he would have waited a bit longer. In the same instant a stream of tracers washed back from the Ju's off-center undergun emplacement . . . strung behind Lachlan like dainty cobwebs, then twisted over him in effective caress. His own port guns kept sputtering for another second; their fruit went crumbling and splashing throughout the Ju's coffin-shaped body. They took the bones out of its wings and turned them to oil and dust.

There was salt in Pilot Officer Lachlan's mouth and a great warmth in his throat. He kept trying to catch his breath and couldn't . . . he never even knew that the Spitfire squealed with windy flames. He couldn't see a thing; and yet he thought that he could see everything.

Everything he wanted to see: which was, as always, his Gold Ray Girl. He imagined that he saw her clearly—that her arms were around him, but actually it was only flame from the motor.

She sat very straight in the red-plush-upholstered chair—the very best chair in the flat, that was. Two officers were with her and one called himself a Public Relations man. . . . He made the press reporters stay outside, along with neighbors and children, while this gorgeous young woman talked to Mike's mother and father.

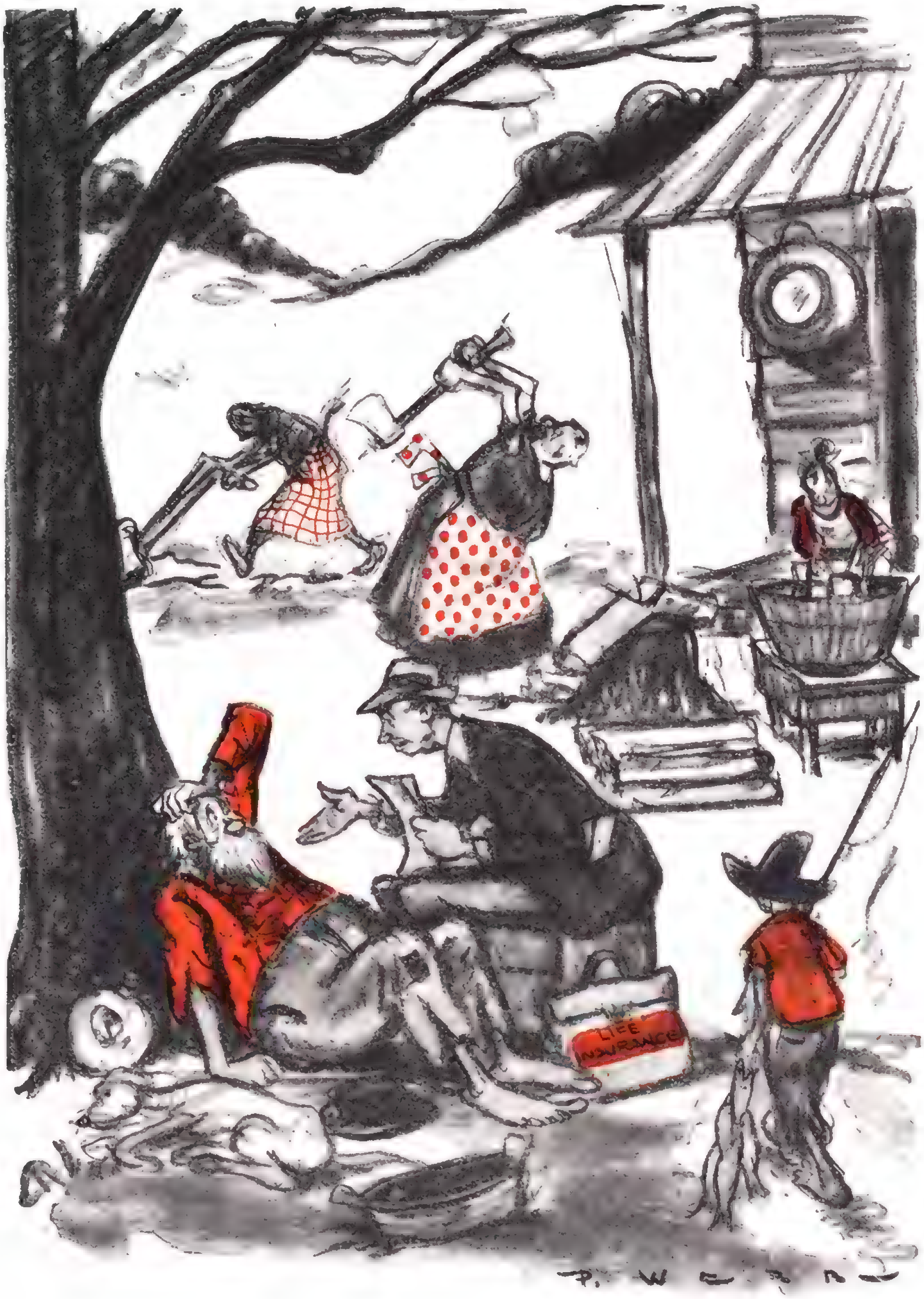
"We passengers saw it all from our plane," Alene Torry said in a whisper. "We could see . . ."

The Lachlans murmured, "Thanks for calling on us, Miss."

"There were a lot of us in that plane: actors and singers and things—coming over here to entertain the soldiers." The Gold Ray Girl lifted her wet eyes to the mantel. "Is—is that him—up there?"

The mother nodded. "There by the fish. . . ."

"That's why I really made these officers bring me here," said the Gold Ray Girl in a very small voice. "I just hoped— Maybe you'll give me a photograph of him, so I can keep it with me always?" #



"Yes, but who'll take care of your loved ones if you should die?"

Robertson Comes Through!

It was a triumph for his country and his 120-horsepower Locomobile when young Robertson won the trophy at Hempstead

by **PAUL GALLICO**

COMMENTARY

"Car coming! Car coming!"

With a rumble and exploding clatter, the big buzz boxes from hell on wheels, driven by masked demons from the pit, came thundering down the old Jericho Turnpike on Long Island, jouncing and bounding on the chewed-up, rutted, narrow dirt road, screamed into the curve, rounded the bend on two wheels, the slender pneumatic tires screeching, gears grinding and clanking, and with a flash of flame, a spurt of mud and a stink of gasoline vanished down the road.

"Did you see 'em? They were goin' more'n a mile a minute! Ain't no one goin' to ketch that George Robertson. Hurrah for our own Robbie! That there Eyetalian car better get off'n the road when Robbie wants by . . ."

Dad will remember the day. It was Saturday, October 24, 1908, the great milestone in American sport, when George Hepburn Robertson, twenty-three-year-old American race driver, piloting a 120 hp. Locomobile, won the Vanderbilt Cup Race over the 258.06 mile course at Hempstead Plains, Long Island. It was the first time in history that an American, driving an American designed and built car, had won America's own racing classic.

October 24, 1908. The North Pole was still to be discovered and the Panama Canal was being built. The Wright brothers had invented a flying machine in which no one had much faith. Women autoists wore long linen dusters down to their ankles and veils to hold their Gibson hats in place while scorching along at twenty miles an hour. And George Robertson and his Locomobile once and for all ended the invincible supremacy of the foreign cars over the thunder-wagons of American make.

Among the European cars that Robertson whipped on that day of days were an Isotta, three Mercedes and a Renault. The entry that finished second, one minute and forty-eight seconds behind Robertson and his Loco, was the Italian Isotta. It was that close.

What days, what times, what memories! That was thirty-six years ago. The old smoke and fire-belching Locomobile, with the number 16 painted on the broadside of its hood, still in good running condition, stands today in the barn of Peter Helck, the artist whose brush has brought to life the stirring moment when George Robertson, Helck's lifelong friend, rounded the Westbury Turn and pulled away from the speedy Isotta.

Two hundred and fifty thousand spectators got themselves out onto Long Island the day of the race, starting long before dawn, by automobile, by the steam-drawn Long Island Railroad, by horse and wagon and on foot, distributing themselves over Hempstead, Jericho, Garden City, Mineola, Westbury and Plainfield. Plutocrats paid fifty dollars to park their autos in vantage places by the grandstand, only to find when they arrived there that they had been sold out and their view utterly blocked by thousands of spectators on foot.

The New York *Times* chortled with delight over the fact that at that particular race one could get a plate of clam chowder for twenty-five cents and a cup of coffee for ten cents at a tent near the grandstand, with Greeks peddling bananas at two for a nickel, and at the same time waxed bitter over the Long Island Railroad, complaining that: "The Long Island Railroad is probably past reform, but it does seem as if any railroad with such an opportunity before it would have felt some pride in trying to make a record. Three hours is too long a time to take in getting from the grandstand to Long Island City."

The announcer was a leather-lunged hero named Pete Prunty who bawled the news of approaching cars through a megaphone. Nineteen cars were entered in the race. Not more than half of them finished. Several caught fire. Nobody was hurt, though spectators swarmed over the track after each car passed with no regard for the danger of those approaching.

George Robertson, a truculent, hard-driving dare-devil, threatened to drive right over any car that wouldn't give him road when he wanted to pass, and the other drivers knew he meant it. He got road.

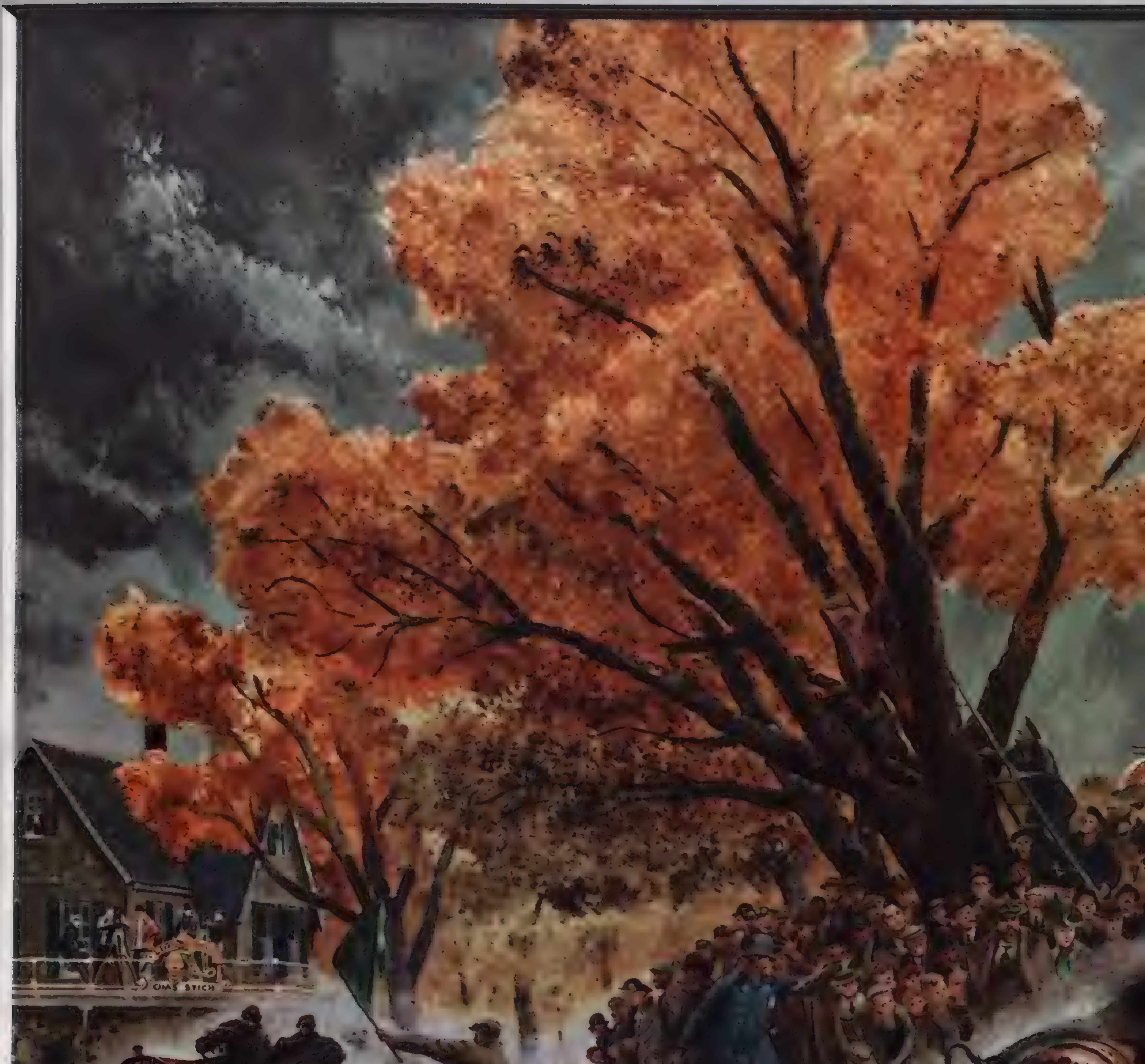
On the last lap he was a few seconds under four minutes ahead of the big Isotta driven by Herb Lytle and had the race won. With a groan of despair the crowd heard Pete Prunty bawl through his trumpet that Robertson was off the road at Fairfield with a blown tire.

But less than two minutes later, the huzzahs and hurrahs arose when old Stentor shouted that Robbie had swapped tires in one minute and forty-eight seconds, thanks to those new demountable rims.

Would he be able to hold his slim lead? Swaying and straining to catch the first glimpse, the crowd waited in anguish. Robbie was nowhere in sight.

At last the flame-throwing, smoke-spitting, wheezing Loco showed over the top of the rise and a scream of delight and welcome broke from the throng. Robertson flashed across the finish line, the winner by one minute and forty-eight seconds.

What men! What times! What a race! ##

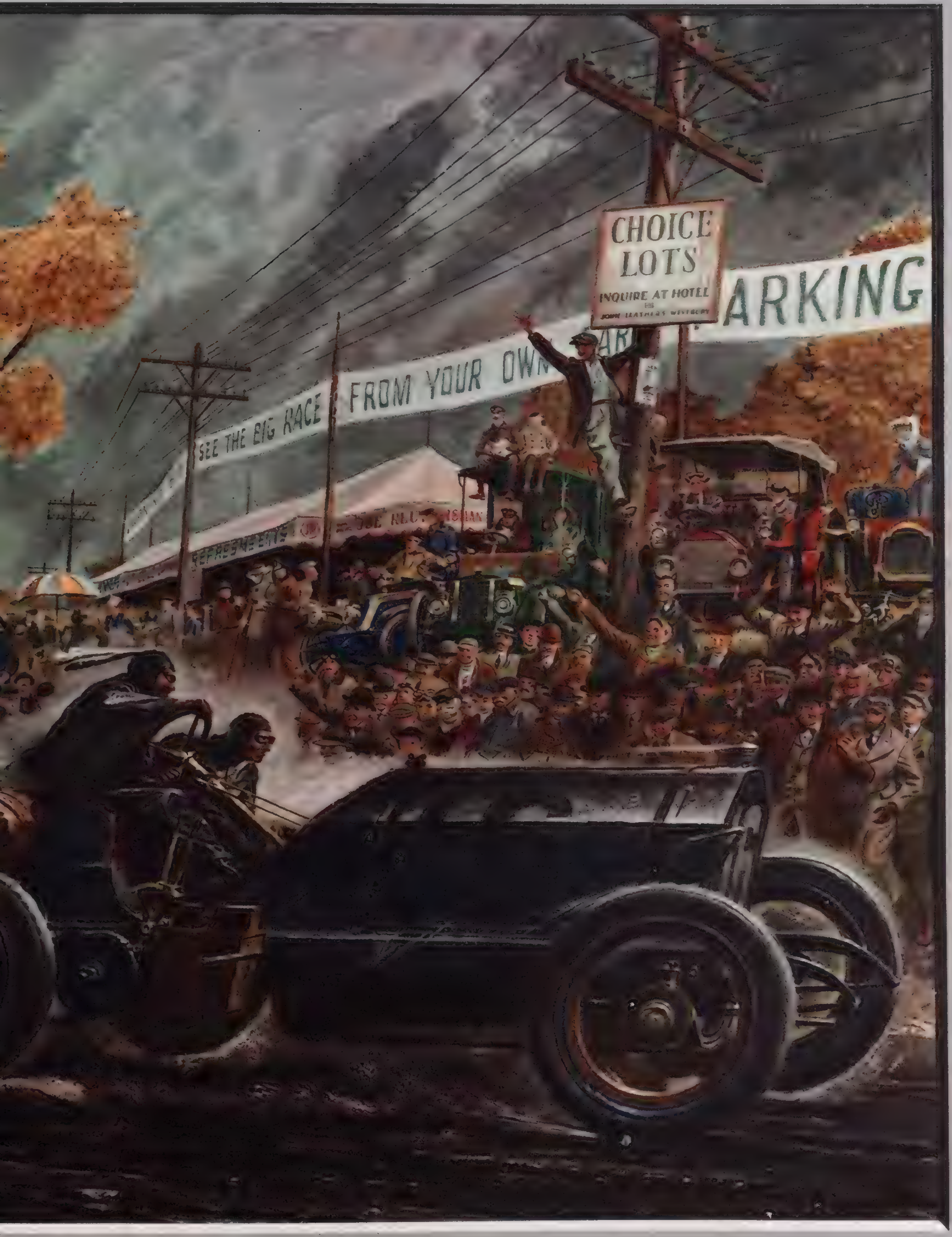


© ESQUIRE, INC., 1944

ROBERTSON COMES TH

(Vanderbilt Cup Race on L

PAINTED ESPECIALLY

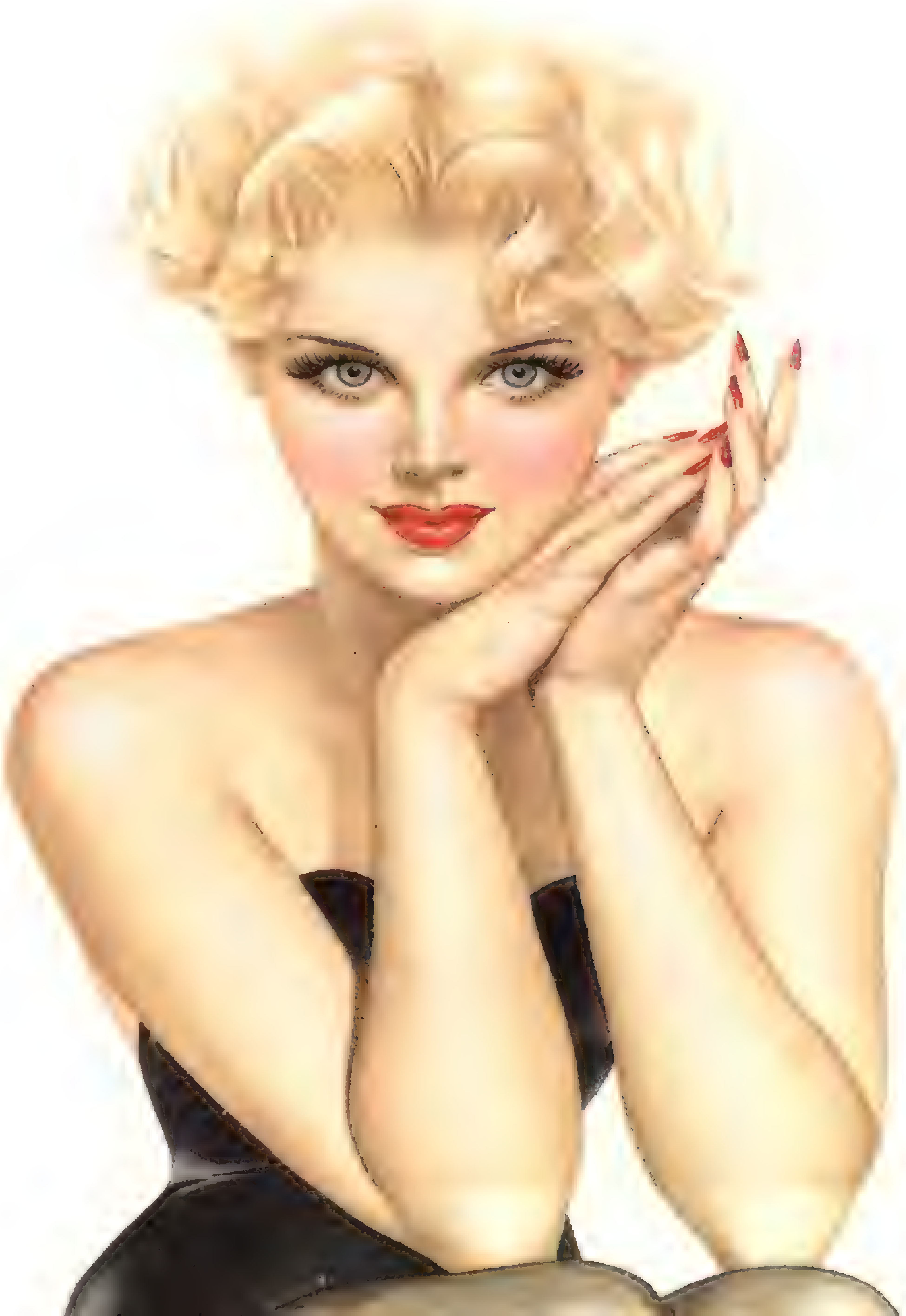


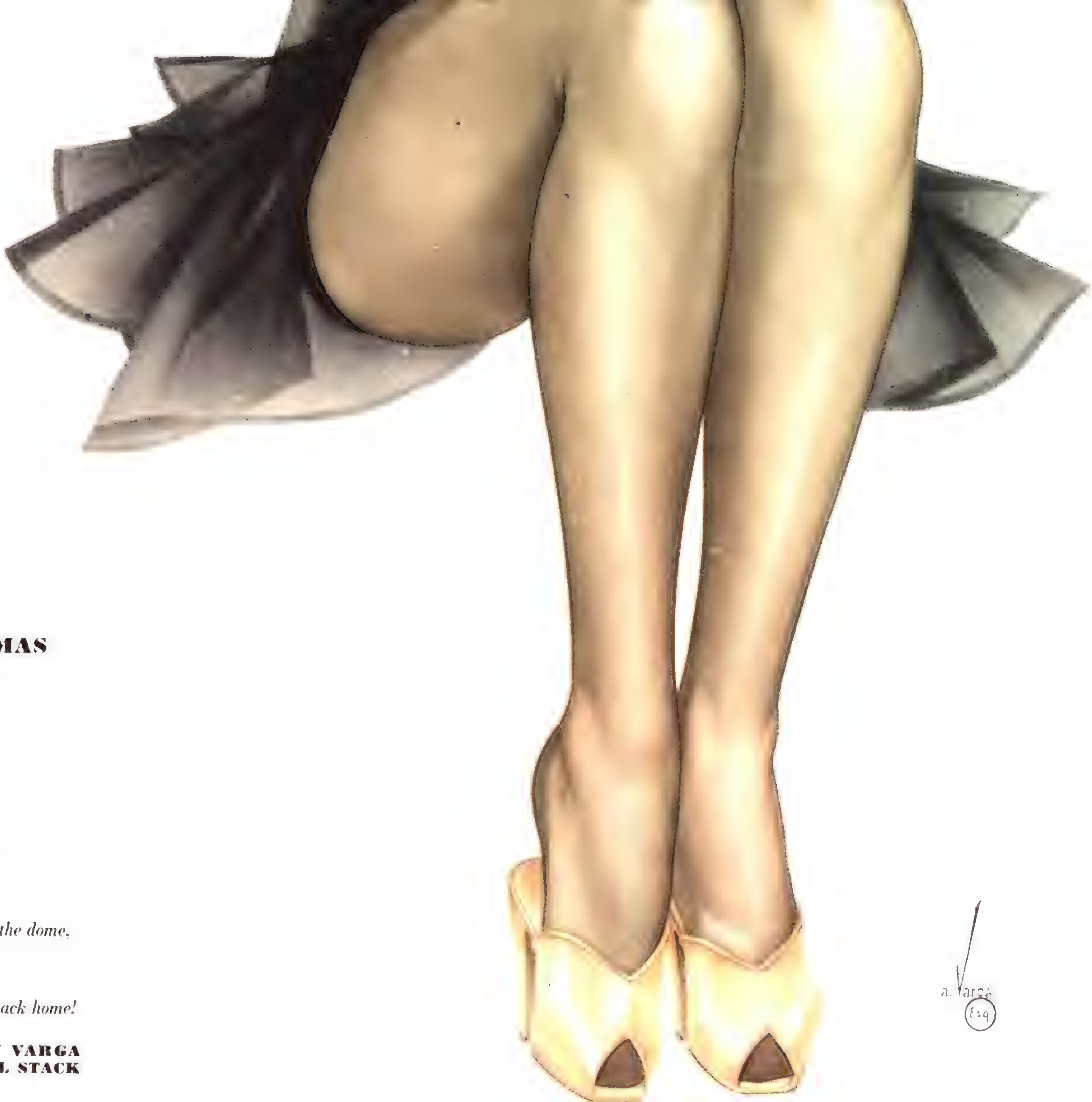
CHOICE
LOTS
INQUIRE AT HOTEL
JOHN LEATHERS WESTBURY
SEE THE BIG RACE
FROM YOUR OWN
ARKING
REFRESHMENTS

THROUGH! *by Peter Helck*

ce on Long Island, 1908)

CIALLY FOR ESQUIRE





MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HOW!

At this festive season
There's plenty of reason
To get in a holiday mood.
Our enemies wither
They're all in a dither
With plenty of reason to brood.
No wonder our guys
Were a constant surprise
As they hammered the Hun on the dome,
For Fritz didn't know
That each Jack and each Joe
Had a Christmas Eve waiting back home!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Death in a Cloud of Dust

A disastrous race to Bordeaux in 1903 so horrified the French people that it nearly ruined the automotive industry

by VICTOR BOESEN

• ARTICLE •

An unending procession of buggy-wheeled automobiles crawled gaseously out of Paris toward Versailles. Darting in and out among them like ghosts in a spectral jamboree were thousands of bicyclists, each swinging a Chinese lantern.

It was a May night in 1903, and these Parisians were on their way to see the start of a road race, a race which was to be the bloodiest in the history of speed contests and which, through popular revulsion at the carnage, nearly brought an end to the burgeoning career of the automobile.

Two hundred and twenty-eight vehicles were lined up on the road outside Versailles, primed for a 784-mile dash across France to Bordeaux and into Spain, with Madrid the finish line. The race was to be run in three days. Bordeaux, 331 miles away, was the first day's objective. Vittoria, 127 miles beyond, was the second day's goal, with the home stretch to Madrid run on the third.

There had never been a race of these proportions, and all of France and most of the world awaited the outcome with the morbid fascination of gladiatorial spectators awaiting the kill. Along the road the contestants would follow, not yet constructed to the needs of the automobiles, were a thousand devices to tempt death. Gullies struck across the trail; there were narrow, arched bridges, sudden right-angle turns and deep ruts. There would be stray animals and farmers' carts in the way; and in the Pyrenees Mountains the road snaked along shelves thousands of feet above the valleys.

It was these dangers which drew the throngs to the wayside, and from every hamlet and every city, from every farmhouse and thatched shanty they streamed . . . more than two million people. In Versailles hardly a soul remained behind. Paris, for whose convenience the race was started at Versailles, affording her people vantage places on two sides of the capital, lay virtually deserted.

The spectators aligned themselves along the stretches where the cars would hurtle past at their highest speeds; and on the turns and curves where danger would be at a maximum. Clusters of people formed around the little bridges that arched the streams, and an especially favored spot, packed by thousands, was a slope between Versailles and Chartres. Here the cars would loom like specks on the distant hill, growing larger and more terrifying as they came on, and plummet past wide open.

No police patrolled the open distances to hold the crowds back. The only concession to safety was to declare villages and cities neutral zones, with an allowance of five to twenty-five minutes to get through them, according to the town's size. The total of three hours and thirty-two minutes allowed for this would not apply against elapsed time.

When the race was over, called off at Bordeaux by the French government, the dead and injured were strewn amid a welter of wreckage all the way from Versailles to the sea. Drivers and their accompanying mechanics were dashed to death against trees. They were scrambled in the rolling remains of cars gone wild. They died in flames and explosions set off by red-hot exhausts. Spectators perished by twos and threes, instantly and of lingering wounds sustained when cars, out of control, rocketed in among them.

Hell went berserk in bursting tires, collapsing wheels, steering mechanisms gone haywire, turns hidden in dust, carts in the way, dogs and cattle in the road. One driver was so horrified after his car killed three persons that he went temporarily insane. Many among spectators and performers were mangled for life.

An atmosphere of foreboding hung over the jostling throngs at Versailles on the morning of the start. People spoke furtively of the dangers ahead. They eyed the drivers with the awed glances of civilians seeing soldiers off to the battlefront.

The first car was scheduled to get away at three o'clock, but at that hour it was still too dark to see the road. Stars still glimmered on the eastern horizon. The far end of the long row of entrants, drawn up in single file, vanished in the predawn murk.

At the head of the line, driving a De Dietrich, was Charles Jarrott, an Englishman. Next in order were René de Knyff, a Frenchman, driving a Panhard, and Louis Renault of the well-known brother racing team of Louis and Marcel Renault, makers of the car which still bears their name. The rest of the machines drew out behind in order of entry and each numbered on that basis.

The cars were divided into four classes: the heavyweights, the lighter or intermediate models, the "*voiturettes*," and "motor bicycles." The heavy cars, weighing up to 2,200 pounds and having four forward speeds and four cylinders, were first. Next came the lighter types, ranging from 880 to 1,430 pounds. These two groups totalled 139 machines. The third group consisted of thirty-six *voiturettes*, limited to 880 pounds each and two cylinders. Fifty-three motorcycles, with no weight specifications, brought up the rear, the last in line spotted miles beyond the starting point.

Features of construction were as jealously guarded as a military secret. However, it was known that the motors of the lighter cars turned at from 100 to 1,500 revolutions per minute, and the heaviest at around 2,000. This velocity was a matter of such pride with the builders and drivers that they were unable to conceal it.

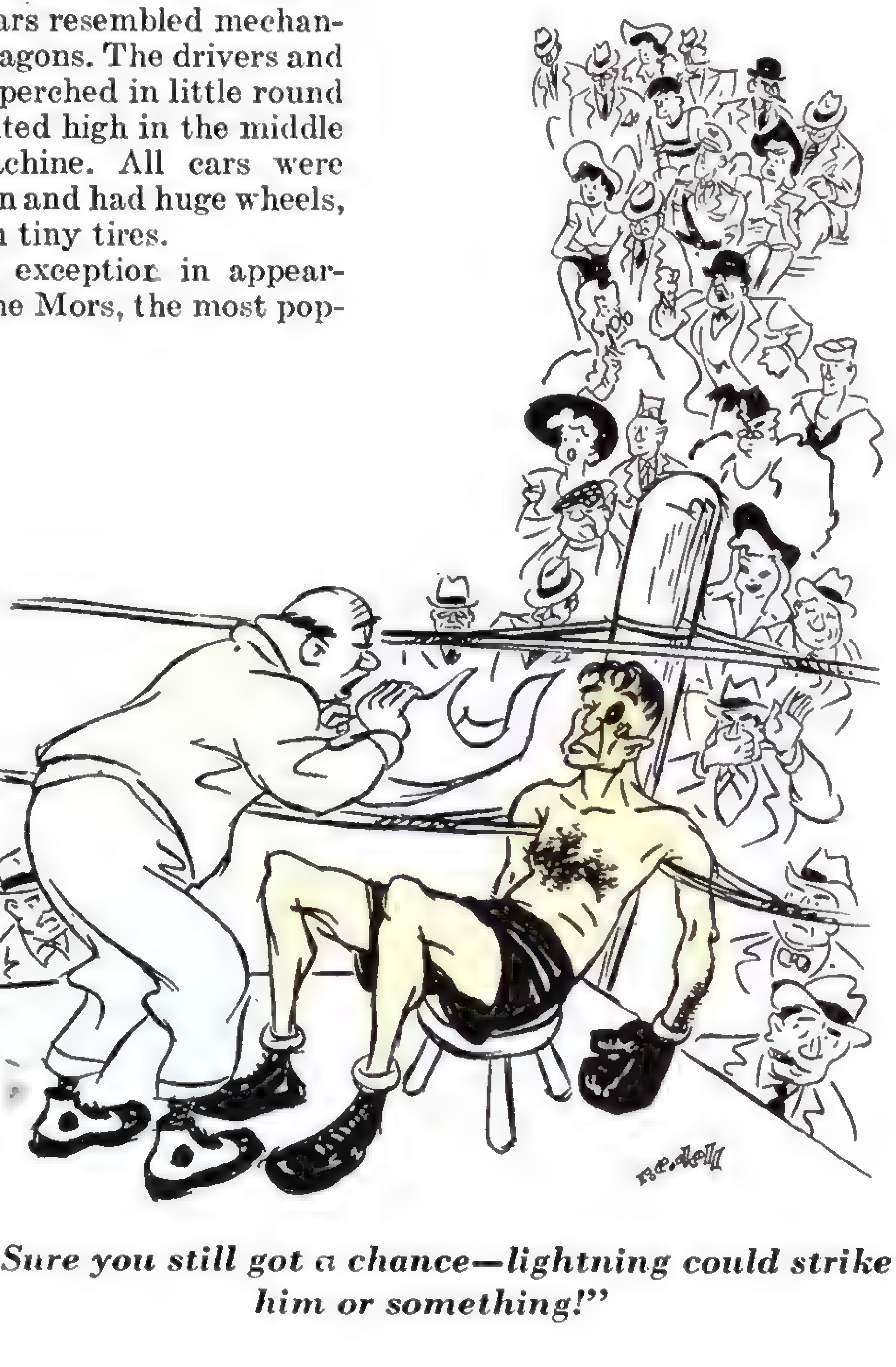
There was no consistency of outward design. Streamlining was a word unknown. For the most part, the cars resembled mechanical farm wagons. The drivers and mechanics perched in little round seats mounted high in the middle of the machine. All cars were chain driven and had huge wheels, ringed with tiny tires.

The one exception in appearance was the Mors, the most popular entry and one of which was driven by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The lines of the Mors were suggestive of the racing car of the future. It was described as having the "form of an upturned boat with sharply pointed nose, which gives it a handsome appearance." The radiator curved in under the car's front end and the wheels were wide-spaced, this last being hailed as another beauty feature. Vanderbilt's was an all-white job and excited much admiration. The driver sat well to the rear but still well above the wheels.

The Panhards and Levassors featured copper water jackets around steel cylinders and seventy horsepower engines, compared to eighty or ninety for the Mors. They had enormous flywheels, accommodated by tilting the engine toward the front and leaving the rear section high. This was regarded as particularly ingenious.

Shock absorbers were described

Continued on page 289



"Sure you still got a chance—lightning could strike him or something!"

Revolt on the Pro Gridiron

Competition for players and territory between National and the new leagues will end in a big-money free-for-all

by STAN BAUMGARTNER

• SPORTS •

Professional football, once the dead-end kid of sports, kicked about from town to town and not knowing where its next meal was coming from, stands today upon the threshold of its greatest success—and paradoxically on the brink of ruin.

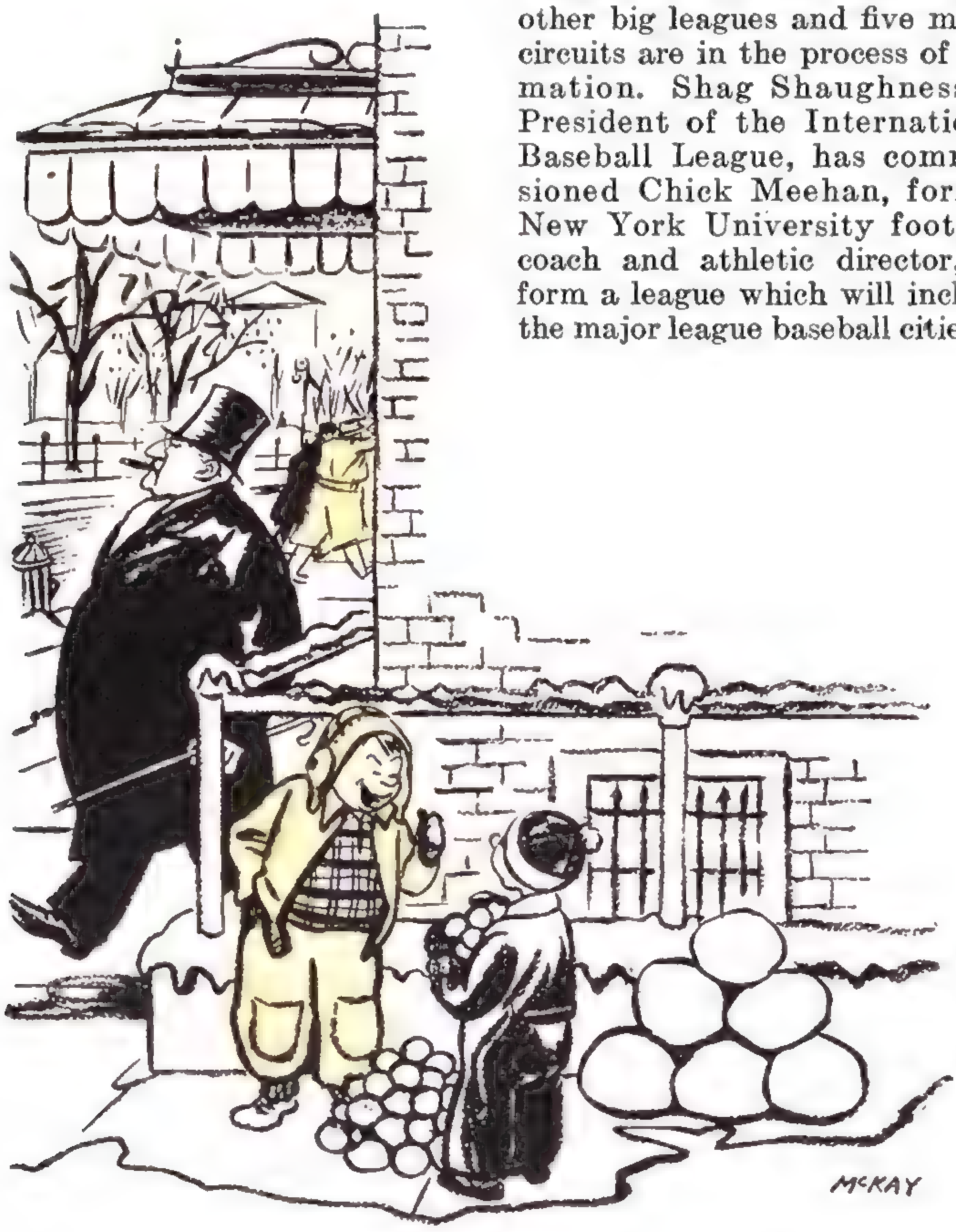
After years and years of struggling to reach financial security, the National League—which up to this time has been pro football—faces a war for players and territory that may send it and pro football into bankruptcy.

Under the leadership of Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, a new All-America league covering the country from coast to coast is being organized to open play next year. Also the newly formed American League on the Pacific Coast (headed by Gerald Geisler, defender of Charlie Chaplin) which at first waved the olive branch of co-operation and sought the "protection" of the National League, announced on August 1 that it had formed a pool of players for the draft and that three clubs had made selections. Among those chosen were several players of the National League, one of whom had signed a contract.

George Strickler, Director of Public Relations of the National League, immediately notified all his men who were on the reserve list "That all players who accept contracts to play in any other league will be ineligible to play in our league for five years."

The American League, with such sound financial backers as William Frielove, owner of the Aviation Parts Company, and George Zaharias, wealthy wrestling promoter, immediately accepted the challenge and pro football is sizzling. After the war there promises to be even more fireworks. There are plans to develop a pro football organization in 1945 that will be comparable to baseball, with major and minor affiliations.

In addition to the American League, now a going concern, two other big leagues and five minor circuits are in the process of formation. Shag Shaughnessey, President of the International Baseball League, has commissioned Chick Meehan, former New York University football coach and athletic director, to form a league which will include the major league baseball cities as well as Los Angeles and Buffalo.



"Let's use our blockbusters this time!"

Roland D. Payne, a Pittsburgh businessman, heads a more nebulous group which is called the United States League and which has an even more pretentious territorial setup. Certificates of franchise have been issued to ten cities, ranging from New York to Honolulu. Billy Evans and Red Trautman, Presidents of the Southern and American Association baseball leagues, plan similar pro leagues in their baseball cities. Two other circuits are due to operate in Canada and the old South Atlantic League baseball territory of North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia.

These groups at first sought to affiliate with the National and secure its protection, declaring that they did not intend to tamper with players under contract or those on the reserve lists. But when it became evident that the only protection they would get from the older organization was a cold shoulder, the attitude of the insurgents changed. Payne of the United States League stated the position of his group quite clearly when he said: "We feel we have as much right as the National to draft players. If a team in each league drafts players, then the team which makes the top offer will get him."

This means competitive bidding, a battle of dollars in which the players will get the benefit of the fight and the league which has the strongest financial background and intestinal fortitude will win. The initial tactical advantage in this struggle to come would seem to rest with the established National League, a four-million-dollar enterprise with twenty-four years of experience as a background. But pro football, unlike baseball, has no vested interests, no parks of its own, nothing except organization and dollars to fight battles. Its strength lies in the good will which the owners have built up among the players, fans and major league baseball magnates whose parks they must use.

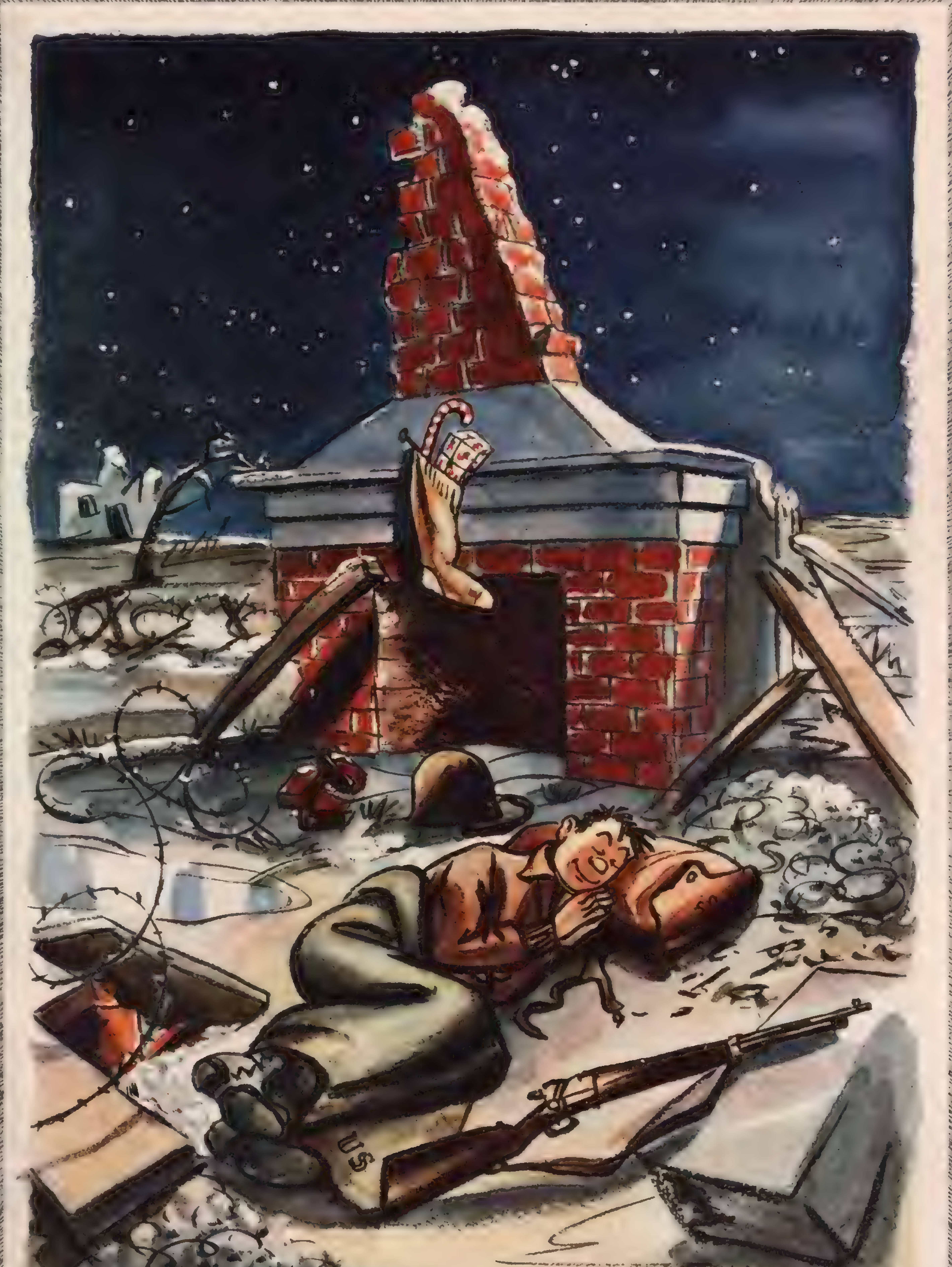
In several cases this feeling of good will has been strained by the injudicious playing of exhibition games in or near major league baseball cities before the close of the baseball season. A baseball fan is not unlike any other sport-minded person. If something new comes along near the fag end of the season to claim his attention he wanders away. In one major league city the attendance dropped to nothing the final month of the season after the interest of the fans had been focused on an early September pro football game. It is natural that not one but several major league men have given some thought to placing football clubs of their own in their parks

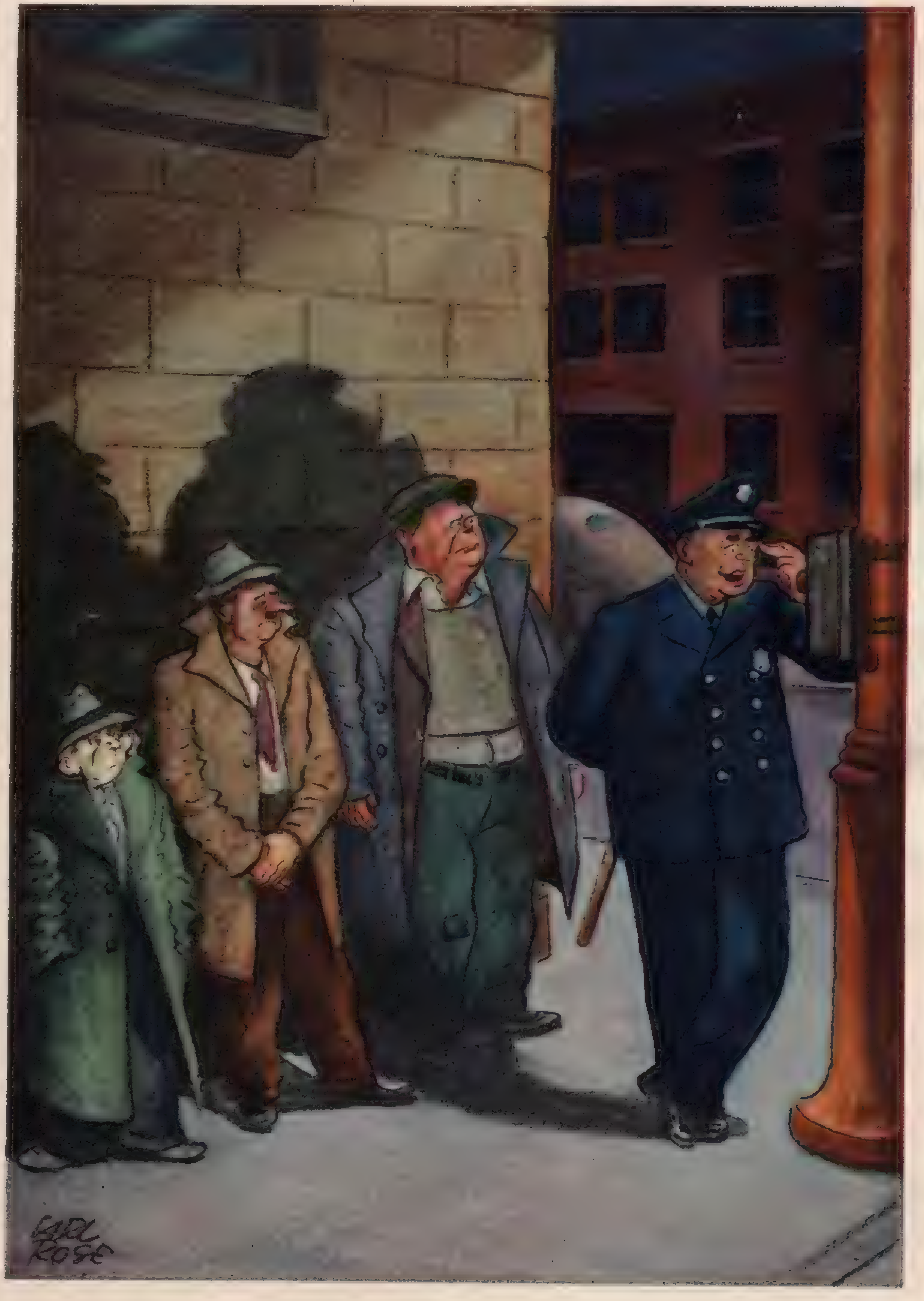
A few years ago the piqued Brooklyn Baseball Club threatened to keep the Brooklyn pro football team out of Ebbets Field but the disagreement was smoothed out. If a new league can convince the majors that it has financial stability to carry through, as well as the intention of co-operating in the protection of baseball during the baseball season, it is possible, even probable, that the big league owners might shift their allegiance. The same is true of the fans and players. The public is fickle; the player is out for the money. Give the man on the street a few names and a show and he doesn't care who owns the team. Football players will go anywhere they can get the money. Pro football is not like baseball, a lifetime profession. At best a pro gridman lasts only five years; sometimes he lasts only five minutes. If he doesn't make the grade in the majors he is out. He plays the game not as an end but as a means to an end, to establish a financial foundation for some other career. He wants to make as much money as quickly as he can. He will accept the best offer without any particular thought of his future in pro grid ranks because he does not consider it a future. The American League was able to sign many men because the player could stay at his job (his future) and still earn an extra hundred or more dollars every week. Many of them will make as much or more than if they had signed National League contracts.

Once before—in 1926—the National League was threatened by an outlaw circuit. Charley Pyle, clever promoter and exploiter of Red Grange and ill-fated backer of the famous "Bunion Derby" from coast to coast, formed an American League with such illustrious players as Grange, Harry Stuhldreher, Century Milstead, Doug Wycoff and Joey Sternaman. He engaged the famous Big Bill Edwards, Princeton's great guard, as president. The league flopped in less than three months.

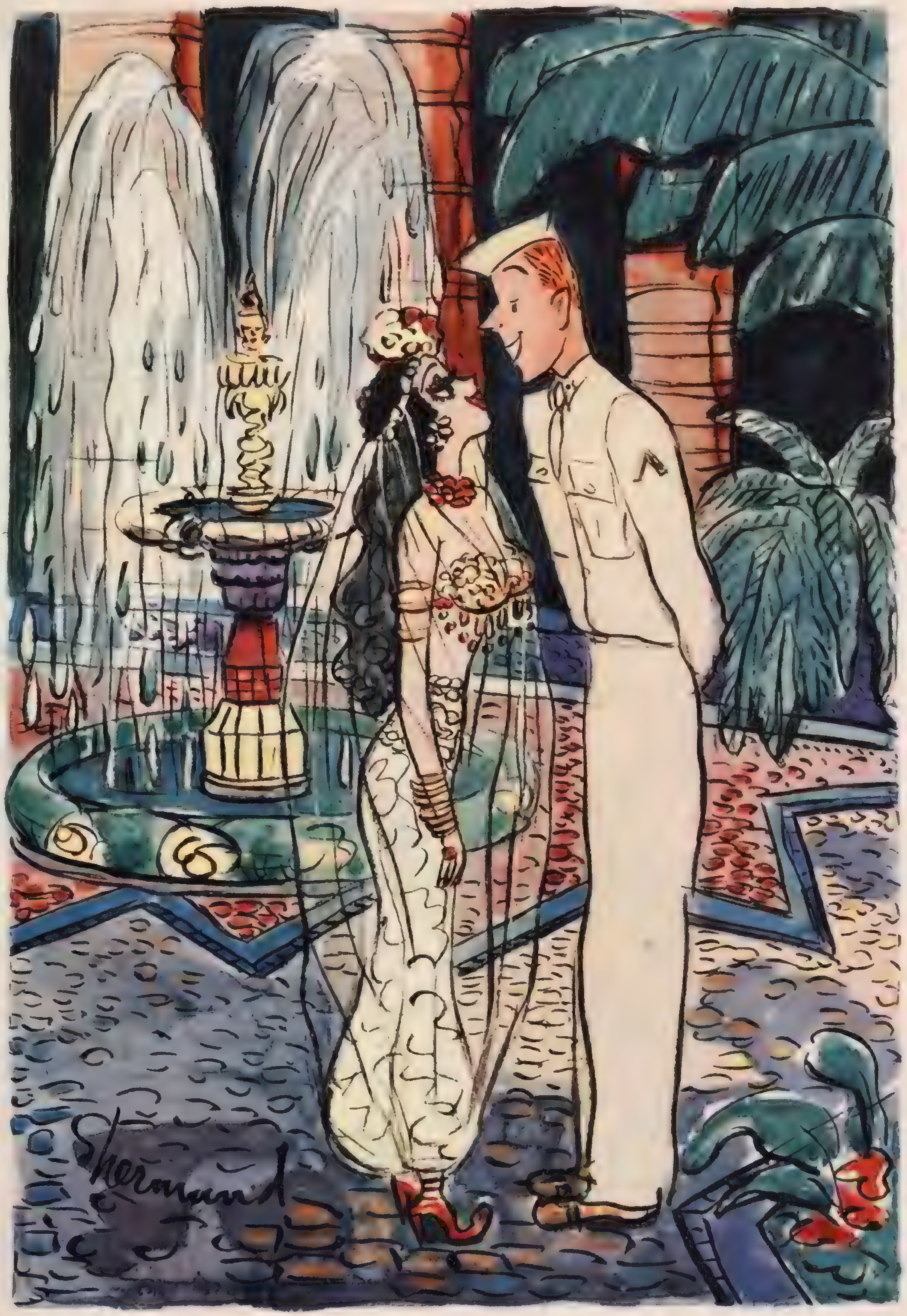
But that was before the public

Continued on page 275

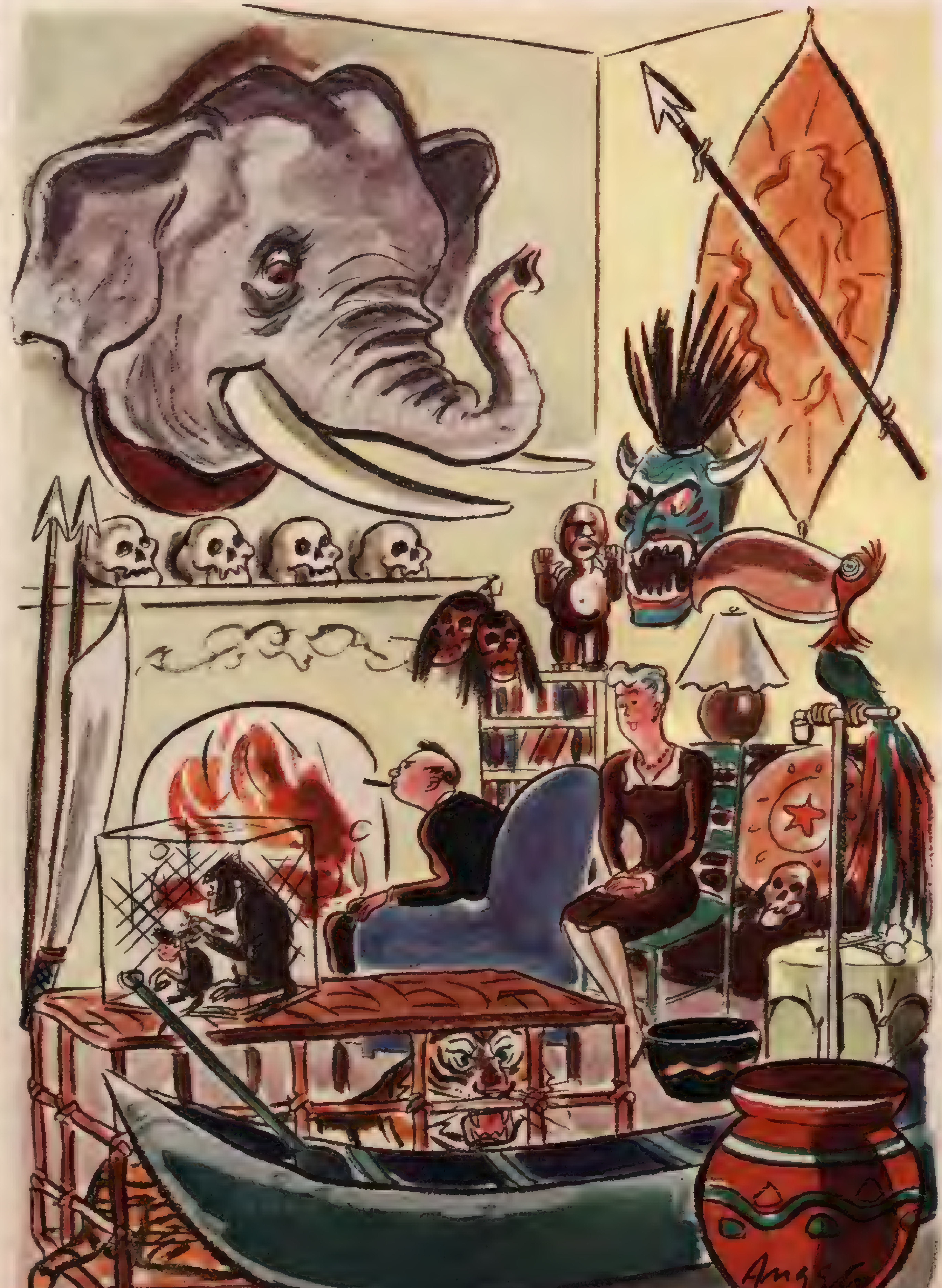

US
McKAY



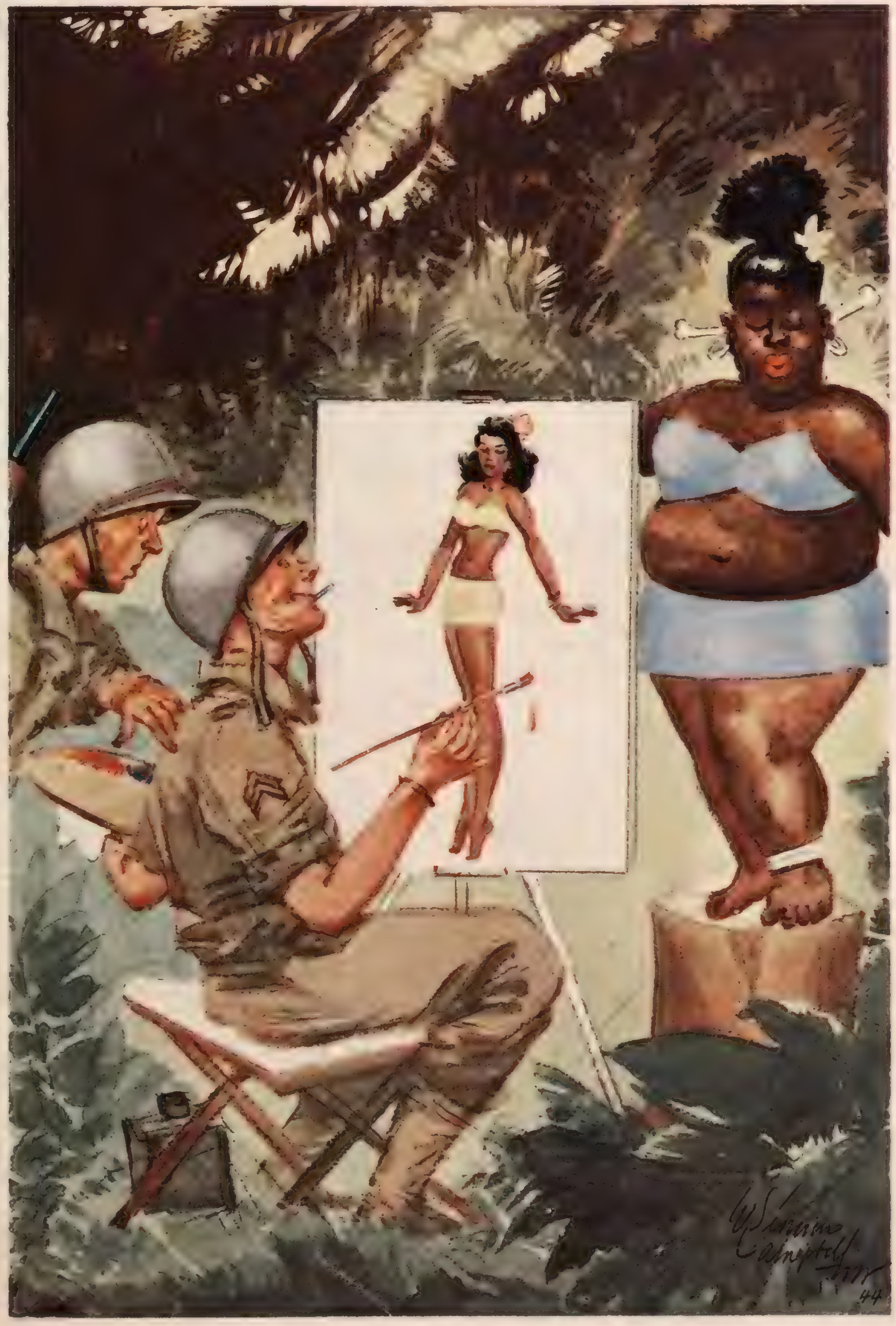
"Hello, Mr. Ripley"



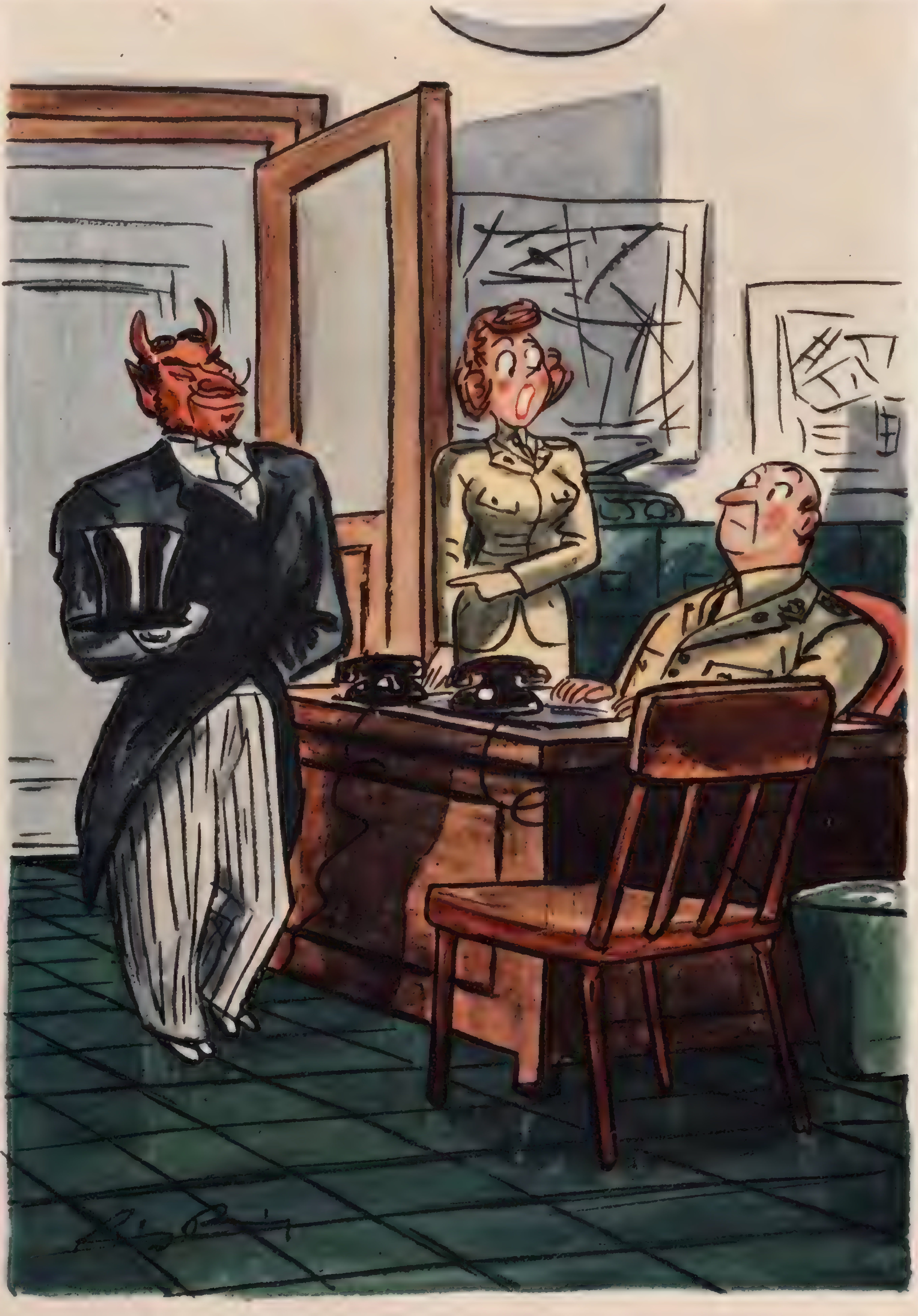
"Gosh, if I had you back in Denver, in a canoe on the lake, I'd kiss you"



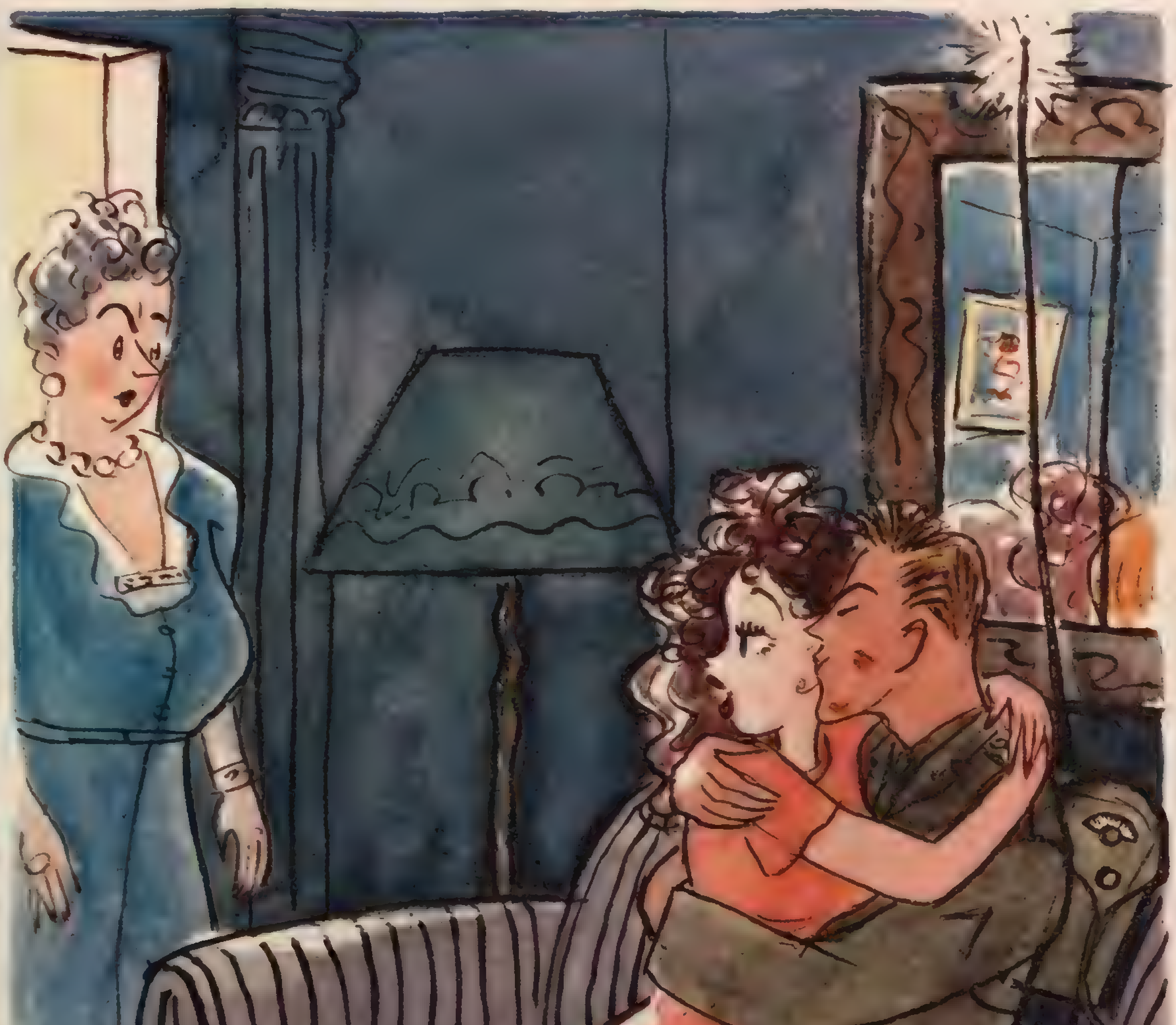
"I wonder what makes Junior think we wouldn't be satisfied if he just wrote letters"


E. Simms Campbell
44

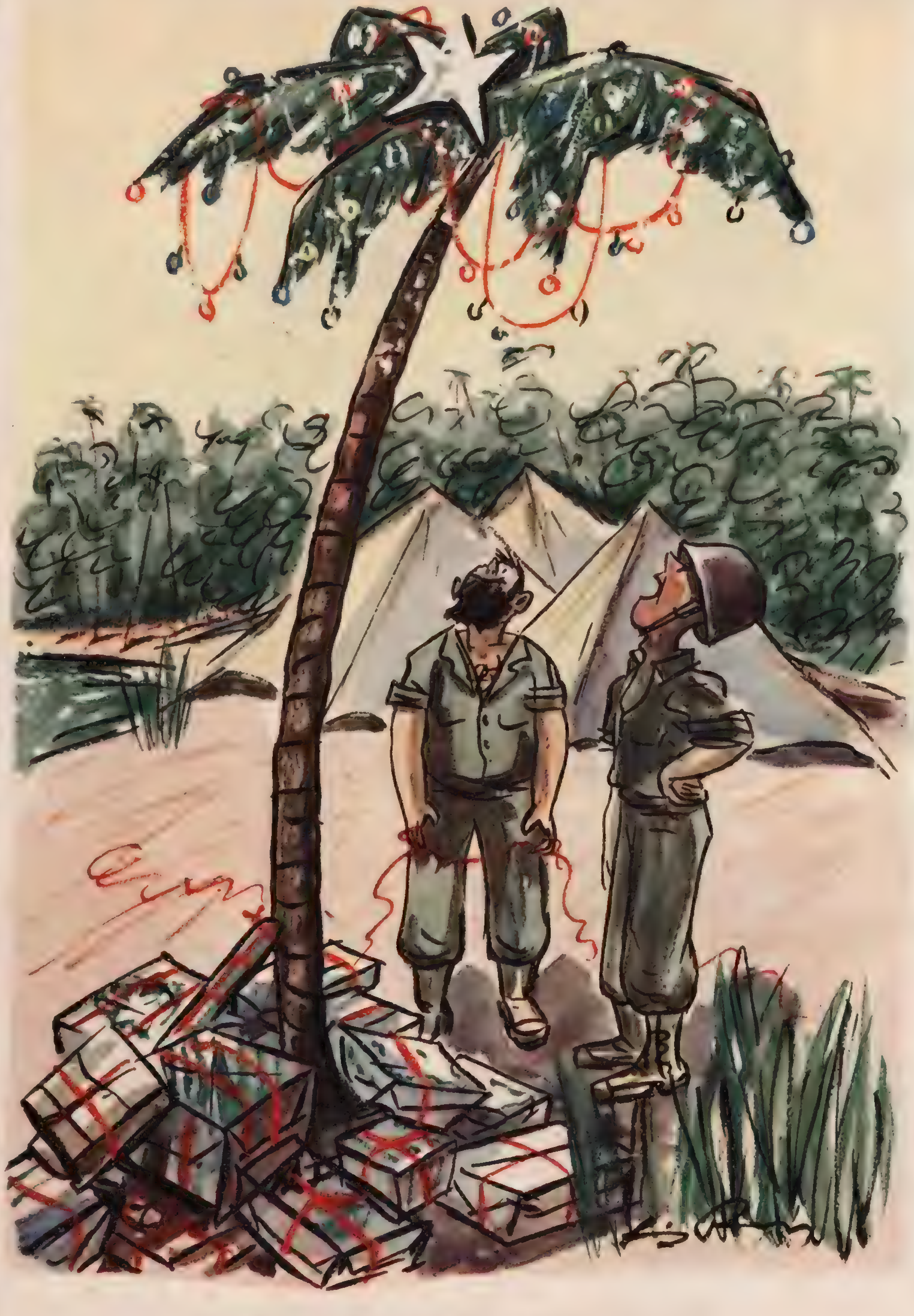
"You feel all right, soldier?"



"He wants to buy some of the Army's new flame throwers"



"He says he can't help himself, Mama, he claims he's radio controlled"



"It still doesn't look like a Christmas tree!"

A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose

A Red Cross worker in the South Pacific has a tough assignment; she helps rebuild the war-crushed spirits of American kids

by MILTON SPERLING

• ARTICLE •

Two enormous young soldiers crowded us against the thatched wall of the Red Cross hut. One's arm was in a cast. The other wore a scraggly black beard. Under it his face was thin and ill. His hand trembled with malaria weakness as he held a match to his friend's cigarette and lit his own.

"Does your mother know you smoke?" asked the boy with the cast.

"Yeah! I wrote her," the boy with malaria replied. "I thought I oughta. She never let me smoke."

They shouldered their way through the mass at the door and vanished into the crowd. The Red Cross girl grinned at me.

"You see what I mean?" she said. "They're kids. That's what you combat correspondents should stress in your stories. The war's being fought by kids. You can't imagine how young they are until you see them in here. Come on in and meet them."

We stepped into the eddying stream of men. It was like walking through a rush hour subway car. And the conversation roared about us like train wheels in a tunnel.

"Where do all these men come from?" I asked my guide.

"Well, a lot of the kids on this island have been sent down from Bougainville for rest and rehabilitation. Thank God we've finally got a decent place to rest and rehabilitate them in. You should have seen the dive we had until a couple of months ago."

She swept her hand around the hut.

"Pool, ping-pong, hot chow, showers, the latest magazines, and overstuffed chairs to read 'em in." She pushed back her short, brown hair with an impatient gesture I soon recognized was a habit. "We worked like slaves to put it all together and I guess it was worth it." She sighed wearily. "When I say this is a young man's war, I'm not kidding. That goes for the girls, too!"

Mary Beth Carter must be twenty-nine or thirty. She is medium-sized, rather pretty and intense. A deep crease between her eyebrows emphasizes the tight, tired look around her eyes. She moves with quick, nervous steps that somehow enhance her very attractive figure. And though there is an unmistakable expression in the set of her mouth that says, "Don't kid *me*, brother!" her thin voice becomes mellow and gentle at the least provocation.

"Hey, Miss!" boomed a strapping Marine. He held out a box of checkers.

"There's only eleven red ones here. Joe and me can't play with only eleven red ones."

"Use pennies," she said. "Or nickels. Do you need change?"

The boy felt in his pockets.

"I got a coupla quarters. Thanks, Miss." He grinned at her as he left.

"I solve all their little problems for them," she sighed. "At least, the ones that come up between noon and ten. I'm a cross between the Lonely Hearts Club, the Chase National Bank and a day nursery."

We came to a desk in a corner. A wood block on it was elaborately carved with the name, "Miss Carter." She saw me looking at it as we sat down.

"One of the kids did that for me. They're always wanting to do things for us. Or give us things." She opened a drawer and took out two handfuls of trinkets. "Precious junk," she announced as she displayed it. They were Jap trophies: post cards with views of Fujiyama, currency, insignia, knives, a watch, ceremonial bands, an autographed battle flag, tinned food, cigarettes, a picture book.

"I've got a couple of helmets, a sword, a Luger pistol, a kimono and a lot more of this sort of stuff over at my hut," she told me. She swept the trinkets into the drawer. "They go out and get themselves killed to pick up this junk—and then they give it away."

She shook her head and clucked her tongue. "You've got to be careful what you say around them. One of the girls once mentioned she was dying for a steak. So what happened? One of the boys went out and shot a cow! He got in a heck of a jam." She laughed briefly. "Crazy little kids!"

We watched the "crazy little kids." A hot ping-pong game was in progress; the pool table was fenced with cues; the lunch counter was strung with slow-moving, loaded trays; and every chair was burdened with magazine-immersed, letter-writing, chattering soldiers. Yet now I noticed a strange, sluggish apathy in the room. The men wandered about with the slow, listless steps of museum visitors. I remarked about this.

"They're worn out," Miss Carter said. "Or they're bored to death. They don't come here unless they're one or the other. The ones that give me the jitters, though, are the kids who've just come out of combat. Some of them don't seem to see anything. They just stare—with a funny, dazed expression. You can spot 'em in a second. At first they just stand around doing nothing in particular—or they sit on the edge of a chair as though it were going to explode under them. You have to urge them to get some coffee. But once you get them talking, there's no stopping them. They tell you everything. And most of it is stuff I'd rather not hear."

We both looked up at a boy who rapped on the top of the desk as though it were a door. He wore a big, brash, self-conscious grin.

"Hello, Miss Carter," he said.

"Why, hello, Tommy." She rose, smiling.

"Say, I brought a buddy with me. He just come from six months' garrison duty on the reef. They got no Red Cross or no nothin' there." He hesitated. "I said I'd introduce him. He's a good kid. You want to meet him?"

"Why, sure!" She looked past him. "Where is he?"

Tommy looked quickly over his shoulder.

"There he is!"

Standing out of the crowd was a boy of eighteen or nineteen—tall, gangling, sunburned, juggling his cap in nervous hands. Tommy impatiently waved him closer.

"He's bashful," he explained. "He ain't seen a girl in six months. His name's Eddie."

Eddie moved like a rheumatic stork. Tommy edged him up to the desk in a triumphant manner.

"Eddie—this is Miss Carter."

"Hello, Eddie," said Miss Carter. She held out her hand. Eddie grabbed it and hung on.

"How's it going?" she continued. "Like being back in civilization?"

Eddie looked as if he were hearing music.

"Gee!" he finally breathed. "She talks State Side."

"Sure!" Tommy expanded. "What'd I tell you?"

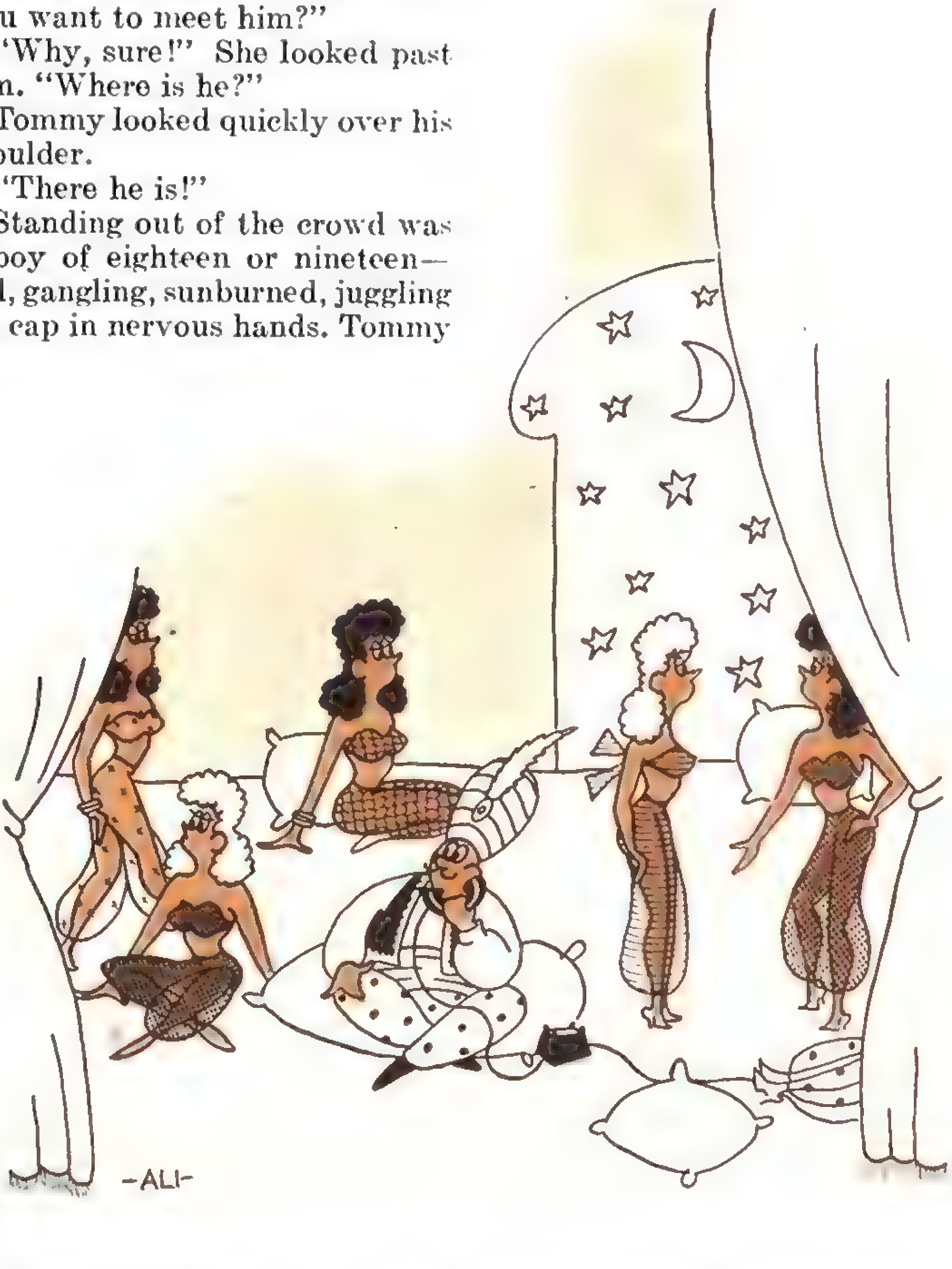
"Gee!" repeated Eddie.

"Come on." Tommy took his arm. "There's a dance Wednesday night. You can dance with her then. How about it, Miss Carter?"

"I'll make sure of it," she promised.

"See?" Tommy beamed. "It's

Continued on page 258



"Make it Friday, Bill—that's my night off, you know!"

The God from the Five-and-Ten

Nobody knew of the ambitious project in Alaska except a few high Japanese Navy officers and the smiling Bik-Lin

by WILL F. JENKINS

•FICTION•

Bik-Lin must have managed the affair, because he is a very patriotic god, even if he is only four inches high and lives in the god-niche in an Eskimo igloo. He has had a remarkable career all around, Bik-Lin has, beginning in a five-and-ten-cent store and ending up far north of the Arctic circle, but you can't get any details from him. His owner—the Eskimo who has corporeal possession of Bik-Lin, you understand, and who piously smears him with seal oil and bears' fat from time to time—his owner thinks Bik-Lin is a strictly private god, devoted to the interests of his own particular family. He knows nothing of Bik-Lin's past or patriotism. When Pearl Harbor happened, the word didn't reach so far north of Point Barrow for a long time and even then it didn't mean anything to the Eskimos. But it did to Bik-Lin. His expression didn't change—it is a wide, jovial grin which just barely shows over the huge feet stuck out in front of him—but he felt deeply. Bik-Lin's name used to be Billikin, and he is very American. Maybe, though, he could look ahead and continue to grin because, as a patriotic god, he saw what would ultimately happen to the Japs.

It was a long time before he could do anything really practical about his patriotism, though. He sat in an igloo god-niche, definitely out of the fight. There were battles on a new scale. The Battle of the Atlantic. The Battle of North Africa. Of Sicily, and so on. But away, way north of Point Barrow, Bik-Lin's owner asked him to help out in getting in a little extra grub, because it might be a hard winter. And two dogs were sick. Would Bik-Lin cure them, please? There were two suitors for the hand of his owner's daughter, too, and Bik-Lin was privately besought to favor one of them, though Agh-Nik was terribly poor even by Eskimo standards. He owned only three dogs and his spears were tipped with bone. But Bik-Lin's owner's daughter implored him to arrange that Agh-Nik should be her husband rather than the repulsively rich man her father preferred.

Elsewhere there was Midway and Guadalcanal. There had been Wake and Bataan. Bik-Lin grinned on, waiting for his opportunity. It was long in coming. But ultimately an ambitious young officer of the Japanese Imperial Navy worked out an appropriate rejoinder for the bombing of Tokyo. He passed it on to higher quarters, which approved it and appropriated the credit for inventing it, and preparations began for carrying out the plan. And this plan was Bik-Lin's meat. It was his responsibility, too, because he was the only really patriotic god on duty within a good many hundred miles.

The Jap plan progressed. In his god-niche, Bik-Lin undoubtedly knew about it, but he was kept busy by minor matters. A toothache suffered by the elderly suitor of his owner's daughter. The protection of a cache of decadent fish, stored up for dog food during the winter. And he was requested to make sure that a certain she-dog's pups would all be strong and healthy and free from puppy diseases. And his owner's daughter begged him desperately to prevent her marriage to a rich suitor and arrange it to Agh-Nik.

Bik-Lin grinned on, nude and fat under a coating of seal oil and bears' fat. He was four inches high and three inches wide, seated as he was, and he had lost none of his jollity in the years and the thousands of miles of traveling from the five-and-ten-cent store where he started. Also, he'd lost none of his patriotism.

The Japanese plan matured. Everything became ready. Everything! Down in the South Pacific there was some surprise at a seeming Japanese weakness in heavy seaplane bombers. But nobody knew what was planned save a few high Japanese officers, a few submarine crews, a few men posted on a remote inlet on the north coast of Alaska—and Bik-Lin.

He sat in his god-niche and grinned. Agh-Nik, the poverty-stricken suitor, took his mangy and moth-eaten kayak and put out to sea in a desperate venture after seals on the occasional ice pans left from the winter ice pack. The Eskimo damsel who wanted to marry him wept, because it had been decided that she was to marry someone else. And somebody down in Tokyo gave an order for all bombs and extra weight to be removed from the most impressive task force of seaplane bombers that the Japanese navy could gather, so that they would be ready for a long-distance flight. And a barometric low appeared suddenly over Baffin Land and a nasty Arctic storm came up with a suddenness which defied all Eskimo weather-wisdom.

It was a very nasty storm. In seconds after it struck, Agh-Nik was fighting for his life in a crazily bobbing kayak. Searching isolated ice pans for game, he had ventured quite out of sight of land. When the storm hit, he had no chance of getting back, and that meant he simply had no chance. In seconds he was enclosed in a wall of fiercely driven snow which hissed into the grey ocean about him. In minutes the gale had raised up a ravening sea which even an *oomiak* would have had trouble facing. Agh-Nik was helpless to do more than try to keep afloat, and by all the rules he was a very dead Eskimo. And he was forlornly aware of it.

On shore, though, snug in his god-niche, Bik-Lin did not cease to grin. The stormwind whined and squealed outside the igloo. An Eskimo damsel sat in stricken silence. Agh-Nik was out on the ocean. The family discussed his chances contemplatively. He hadn't any. But Bik-Lin grinned on. He was a patriotic god and he had a great responsibility.

Six Japanese constituted a part of it. They rested comfortably in snow-covered, carefully hidden quarters beside a remote inlet on the northern Alaskan coast. Outside their hut, there were rows and heaps of symmetrical objects hidden beneath snow-covered tarpaulins. Nobody would have looked for air bombs and barrels of aviation gasoline in such a

"These toy departments are dangerous! I stopped three rounds of machine-gun bullets, got knocked two aisles by a jeep and tank brigade and had my arm broken by a band of commandos"

place. There was nothing but an inconspicuous hut and certain snow-covered hummocks which were a rather ambitious supply dump, and a beam-wireless transmitter aimed a little north of west. Bik-Lin knew about all this and he took it seriously, in his way, yet he grinned at an icicle hanging from the ceiling-cloth of the igloo in which he lived.

Things were going well. Everywhere. Down in Tokyo a high official waited for word from a half-frozen submarine crew somewhere in the Arctic Ocean. The submarine was at the very fringe of the storm, lying soggily awash at the surface. Storm waves engulfed it. But its periscope stayed well up to watch out for possible ice pans, and its radio operator stayed on duty and a meteorologist on board took careful observations.

Agh-Nik kept busy merely staying alive. The storm blew, thick with belated snow. All during the long day he fought, cased presently in a thin and brittle armor of ice which only the washing warmer sea water—because this was spring—kept from growing to intolerable thickness. The kayak, too, glistened with a thin ice coating. But it bobbed corklike on the sharp-edged seas and the wind drove it on. Agh-Nik never had any hope. When night fell he had less than no hope. In daylight he had little enough time in which to dodge the scattered ice pans which could smash his kayak like an eggshell. In darkness he would not know of their presence until he hit. In the waters into which the storm drove him, to be sure, there were not quite so many. They did not go down-wind as fast as he did. But there were enough to make survival through any five minutes a mere matter of luck.

In the inlet by which the six Japanese lay hidden the storm was not severe. Steep hills on the protecting tongue of land made the inlet a sheltered harbor. Free of ice as it was, it was a perfect seaplane refueling base. The stormwind blew overhead, booming, but the inlet lay in a sheltered valley. Snow fell, of course. But its small white flakes settled down through the night to make added camouflage above the stores of airplane gas and bombs which awaited the largest task force of seaplane bombers the Japanese Imperial Navy could muster. The six Japanese caretakers were vastly content. Their presence could not be suspected. It was, in fact, unreasonable. Japanese bombers should not fly so far to the north. It was much too far for any bomber to fly to and then get back home again.

The family of Bik-Lin's owner slumbered, deep-buried in furs on the sleeping shelves of the igloo. The storm wailed and hooted without. Already it diminished a little. By dawn only its remnants would beat upon the northern Alaskan coast. Bik-Lin grinned exuberantly in the smelly darkness. Out at sea, Agh-Nik fought desperately to stay afloat in a sort of freezing hell of raging sea and snowflakes. And a long, long way off a submarine sent a brief radio signal, so brief that it could not be used for a position fix, and nearer the storm waves beat thunderously upon a rocky and precipitous shore.

It was not surprising that Bik-Lin grinned. This was just what he wanted.

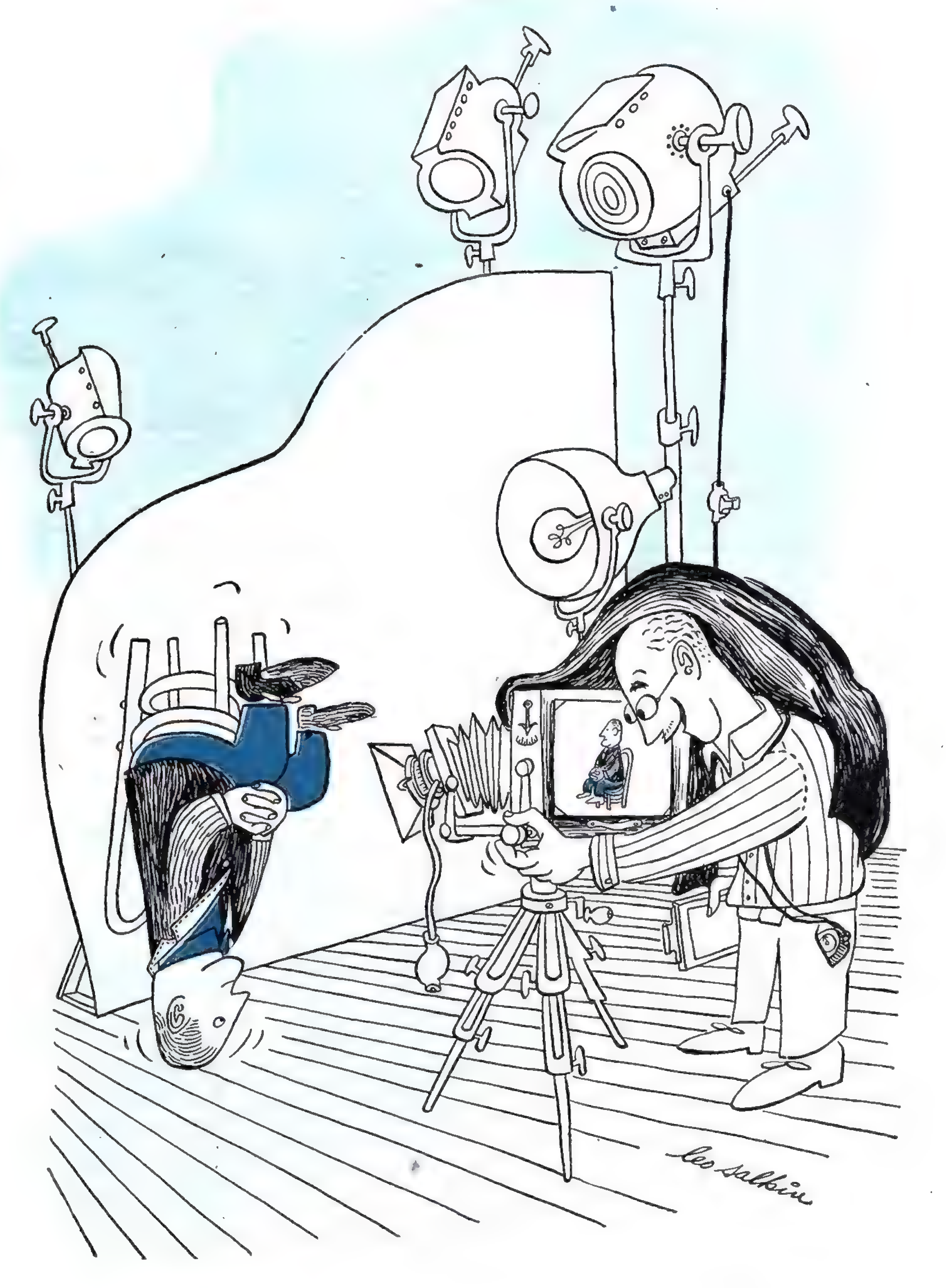
As far as Agh-Nik was concerned, matters reached a climax just before dawn. There were icicles clinging to his lashes, and he clashed brittlely as he paddled. There were huge, towering, sharp-edged waves with licking tongues of sea water at their tips. It seemed like a night when all the wind devils were loose and the sea devils played tag with them. It did not seem to Agh-Nik that anything could be worse. But it could be, and suddenly he heard it.

It was a growling, rumbling noise up ahead. It told him specifically that the end had come, though darkness was still absolute. It was the sound of storm waves breaking on a rocky coast. And he was driven straight for it.

The roar of crashing, mountainous waves upon rock grew louder and louder before him. Presently the noise sounded above him, too, and he knew it would be only seconds more. He paddled gallantly on to doom. He sank with dizzying swiftness to the trough of a wave, and for an instant felt the kayak touch. It had grounded on a rocky, sharp-edged shore. Then a following wave picked him up and flung him to an incredible height and straight ahead, while the noise about him was that of a monstrous cannonade.

The kayak struck terribly in blackness, and crumpled to a deflating mass of limp skin. Roaring water plucked Agh-Nik out of the ruins and hurled him ahead. Rocky surfaces rasped at him. Then the water stopped and dwindled and tried to draw him back, and he clung frantically

Continued on page 244



"This certainly makes focusing a great deal easier!"

Football After the War

Ex-fighters may use rugged tactics on the gridiron as did the Dartmouth and Penn teams at the Polo Grounds in 1919

by LOU LITTLE

▪SPORTS▪

The letter came a couple of weeks after Tarawa. It was from a first lieutenant of the United States Marines. In college he had been a dependable second-string guard and tackle, the kind of boy you wished you could give a starting berth to because you knew he would give you 110 per cent of himself. The trouble was that 110 per cent of his ability and brawn was not quite equal to what his more gifted and more brawny, but not more courageous and loyal, teammates could offer.

In the Marine, that single-minded devotion to a purpose and an ideal had quickly made him an outstanding young officer. At Tarawa the landing boat in which he and forty-four of his men rode in from the transports was caught on a white-capped reef 500 yards out. First shoulder-deep, then waist-deep, then knee-deep, then onto the beach, always against withering Japanese fire, he and his forty-four men drove ahead. Before they got in, thirty had been hit, some dead, some wounded.

"It will interest you, Coach, to know that on the way in through those breakers, I had before my mind a picture of Columbia Baker Field and of those early-season scrimmage practices you used to drive us through. I remembered how you used to stand behind us, urging, 'drive ahead, drive ahead, keep those feet driving.' You used to tell us that 'when you're on the attack, you've got to keep on going forward if you are going to score touchdowns.' I could hear that old voice of yours booming and I tried to help drive some of our men the same way.

"Once a piece of shrapnel hit me and knocked me down. But I was lucky. It hit my gas mask and stunned me for the moment. But I was only stunned and was up again and going ahead. It wasn't much worse than being hit when mousetrapped by the blocking back on that old 78 play.

"By now you've read in the papers and know that we won and did the job. I tried to do my bit of it not only the way I had been taught by the Marines but by you up at Baker Field. And if you had been there, Coach, I think you would have said I did all right."

Tarawa was only one of the early games of the Pacific schedule for this boy, as it was for so many of his gallant Marine Corps teammates. He was back in there at Saipan. They winged him there but, luckily, not too seriously. The most recent letter I had from him was written in a hospital.

And what do you think he said?

"I wish I had another year of football to play after this thing is over," he wrote. "I think I have gained something out here that would make it pretty hard to keep me off that varsity."

I looked up from my desk on a hot July morning a few weeks ago and there was a smart-looking young major of the Army Air Force. I looked again. Here was a chap who had been a second-string freshman fullback, then a third-string varsity fullback back in '40 and '41. Then, like so many others, he left college to enlist.

Now, after thirty-five missions over Germany, he was one of the "grizzled" veterans of the air army who have been blowing Hitler's munitions plants and transportation centers to bits for the past many months. He had been ordered home by his commanding officer for a few days' rest.

"Catch a ride home and see the folks," he had been told. "Take a few days for yourself and get back here next Thursday." He had caught a ride home to New York from a British airport the night before. Aside from the uniform and the campaign ribbons he wore, the years had made little change in his appearance. He had been almost twenty years old when he left us; now he was a major at twenty-two.

"How does it look for this fall?" he asked. "Have we got some football players up there this year? I hope you're not going to have too many fullbacks next year, because I'll be out there again and this time you're not going to keep me off that first club. It will be great to get out there again and sock 'em. I'm in swell shape, Coach, and have gained a little weight, too. We've got a football over there where I'm stationed and I get out quite often in the evenings and practice those spins you used to try to teach me. I'll be right back here as soon as this thing is over. I'm still eligible for two more years, you know."

"Okay, Major," I told him. "We'll be waiting for you."

These are just two incidents, picked at random from the day's work of one football coach, to show you the influence our gridiron game has exerted on hundreds of thousands of our boys who are winning the war on a dozen fronts; and to show you, too, how eagerly they await the day when the war is a thing of the past and they can get back to the sport.

Now, wait a minute. I'm not claiming that football or football men are winning the war. I'm not even asserting that athletics in general are doing that. I know that some of the outstanding soldiers we have had in this and other wars have been men without athletic ability and experience. I don't have to be reminded that the Russians, who have done such a tremendous job, have not had the benefit of an organized athletic or recreational system. Take a tip, though, and watch those Russians in international sport in the next couple of decades.

What I do assert, however, and will continue to assert, is that the American competitive spirit, which has flamed so brightly in the last three years of the most remarkable war effort on military and industrial fronts, is very largely a product of our national competitive spark. And our system of school, college and professional athletics, which furnishes not only millions of players but also millions of spectators with the thrill of beating the other team, or the other guy, is the cornerstone of that competitive spark. Don't forget that the men and boys of the armies of our Allies in this war literally have been fighting invaders—invaders who have ravaged their British and Russian and Chinese homes. Our men, battling on foreign soil—and I thank God that has been true—have not had that prime reason for hate which marks the savage fighter in literal defense of his home. But they have had the intelligence to realize that they were fighting for their way of life and they have been sparked by the native American urge for competition which is born of their love of sport.

Now that we have regained the competitive spirit, the spirit of aggressiveness which is born of winning a war, let's not permit it to become dimmed, as we did in the peacetime years between the two wars.

You probably don't remember the football seasons that followed immediately after the other war. I do because I was a part of them. I had gone to war in 1917 with one season of football at the University of Pennsylvania and a Rose Bowl game at Pasadena on January 1, 1917, under my belt. Like the young major mentioned above, I had had not nearly enough football. There were hundreds of others like me, among them my 1916 teammates at the University of Pennsylvania.

War had left its mark on us, I guess, when we came back to the Quaker campus in the Fall of

Continued on page 265

LADIES IN WAITING

After all the cant that has been written and broadcast by glib politicians and rationalizing copywriters concerning the kind of a world our men are fighting for, we are prone to give the whole subject a wide berth. How the fellows we have to thank for our lives and our freedom may feel about such disputable goals as free enterprise, socialized medicine, apple pie and the right to strike, it is for them to say. In their own good time they will speak for themselves and truly. For fighting men have learned to be instinctual—they are the greatest realists of all. It would be equally fatuous, despite the popularity of pin-ups in barracks, ships and planes to suggest that the boys donned khaki and Navy blue and left our shores to fight for the preservation of this current crop of Warner Brothers' starlets. Words like Sweetheart, Home and Democracy convey something special, completely personal and vital to every homesick man. So, in all humility, we offer this gallery of lovely women, not as substitutes for the actual wives and sweethearts who wait—but as symbols. And to interpret these symbols in a universal language, we quote these lines written by Thomas Otway more than two hundred years ago, in a play called *Venice Preserved:*

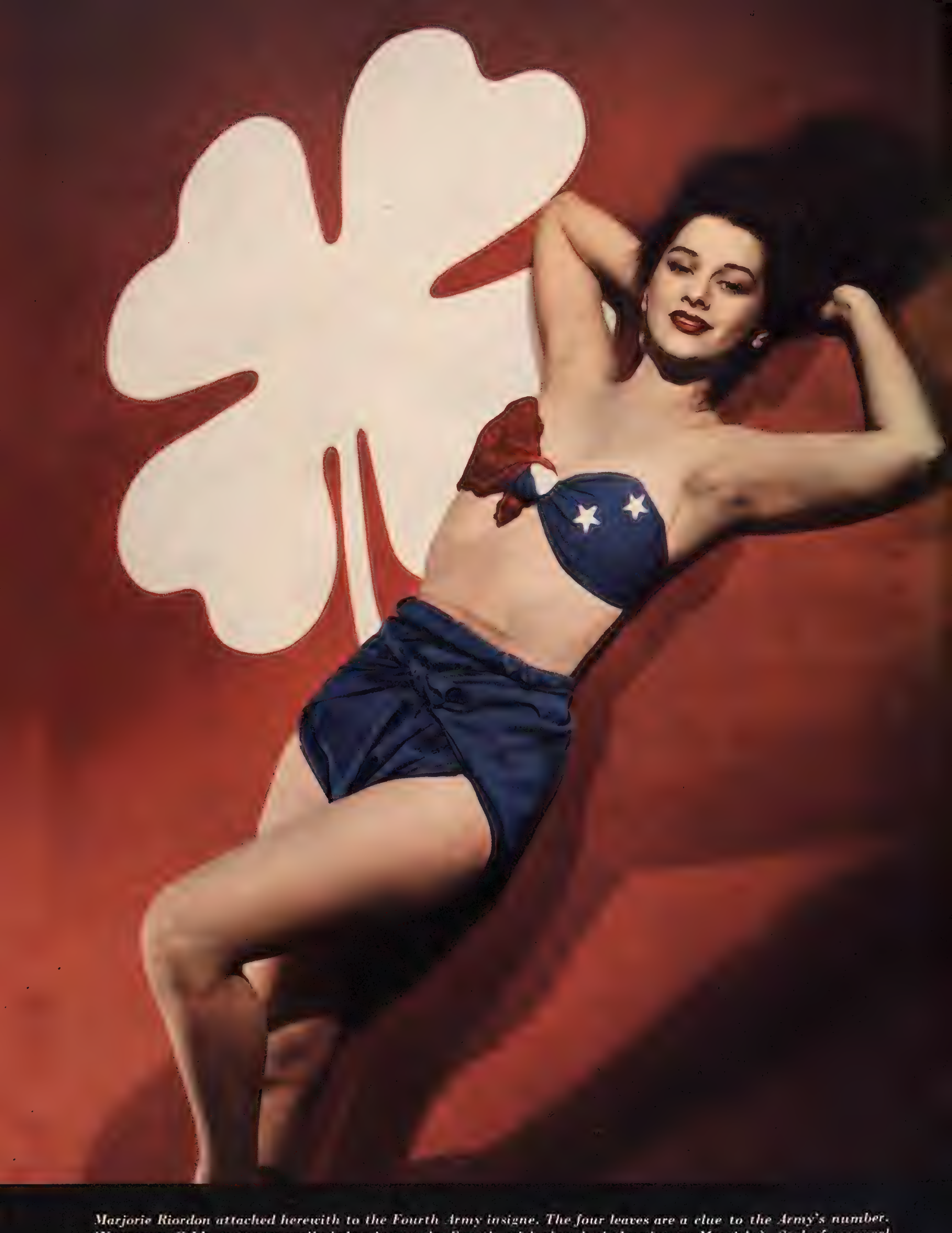
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY WAXMAN

Andrea King, representing Liberation. June Sixth . . . Invasion . . . The Flaming Sword of the Liberation patch gone into action. This patch, please note, is a new Army insigne, not just a division. Auburn-haired Andrea King, born in France, feels the sword and shield have a Jeanne D'Arc quality and poses here in the mood of the Maid of Orleans.

The Second Army's insigne was approved December 11, 1919. (Red and white are the colors used in flags identifying armies.) Irish Angela Greene, born in Dublin, understands Erin is well represented in the Second and fancies it accordingly. She hopes none of the boys will mind her making herself comfortable, for a second, on this patch.

Insigne of the Third Army, having been approved, made its debut as a patch on December 20, 1918. The white A and the red O stand for the initials of the Army of Occupation back in World War No. I. Smiling Julie Bishop has personal reasons for concern over the American Armed Forces invasion of the continent—matrimonially speaking.



Marjorie Riordon attached herewith to the Fourth Army insigne. The four leaves are a clue to the Army's number. (Numerous G.I.'s, not necessarily belonging to the Fourth, wish they had the clue to Margie's.) Seal of approval was placed on this patch January 26th, 1927. Raven-haired Miss Riordon was placed on the patch Christmas, 1944.

Blonde Betty Alexander sheds new light on the Fifth Army's obsolete, star-studded patch. Obviously neither the Fifth Army nor Betty are to be confused with the word "obsolete." Betty explains she clung to the Fifth's old patch since she thinks in terms of stars, is shooting that way herself, thinks five should get her wagon soaring.

For the Navy, Lynne Baggett. One look at Lynne and it's men overboard. Tall and dark, she's not averse to being added to a seagoing list. When she drew the straw to represent the Navy in this spread of Esquire patches, she remarked that Navy men and the eagle have these common virtues: plenty of wing spread and firm about the bill.

Dolores Moran wears a pair of silver wings in this dreamy version of the Air Corps insigne to cover all of the Air Corps. When the Warner Brothers gals drew lots to determine who would represent what, Dolores was pleasantly superstitious about winning the Air Corps—said it would bring her luck. What, may we add, about the Air Corps?

Tell it to Joan McCracken and she'll tell it to the Marines. Slight liberties have been taken in this color shot with the Leathernecks' eagle. Joan, who dances a mean ballet and was snagged from the New York cast of Oklahoma! *by a Warner Brothers scout, vouchsafes this ingenious explanation: she is trying to make a homing pigeon of him.*

"Margaret, when are you coming to bed?"

Nets to Catch the Windy

Many a starlet's battle for fame is won by that master of words, her press agent

by PARKE CUMMINGS

"WELL, Miss La Chere, it's a privilege to interview one of America's most successful movie stars."

"Successful, my foot."

"What! After starring in *Love Is Like That*, *Sensations of 1944*, *No Time Like the Pleasant* and paying an income tax of over thirty thousand—"

"Don't be a dope! Have *I* been voted Girl We'd Choose to Help Us Build a Pontoon Bridge by the Engineering Corps?"

"Well, the fact is—"

"You know darn well I haven't! That title's held by Sandra Fambert of Behemoth Pix. And look at Harriet Watson, the model!"

"What about her, Miss La-Chere?"

"Don't you read the papers? A PT squadron has elected her Girl We Think Would Fit Most Decoratively into a Torpedo Tube."

"Hm. Well, she *has* got a rather cute figure—"

"And look at Laurine Metcalf. I guess she must have something, though goodness knows what! Some fellows in the Intelligence Department have just chosen her Girl We'd Love to Have Help Us Decode Messages, and—"

"I'm beginning to get it. You mean nobody has—"

"That's exactly what I mean—and my career will be ruined if—"

"Come, my pretty one, dry those tears! I'm sure I can think up some appellation to honor your charms . . . I have it! Suppose we were to bring you to the attention of the paratroopers—?"

"No use! One unit has already voted Arlette, the night club singer, Girl Whose Front Yard We'd Love to Land in After a Twenty-Thousand-Foot Jump, and another one has gone overboard for Rachel Payton, the dancer. They've chosen her Girl Who'd Make Us Feel Sorriest About Cracking Up If Our Parachute Failed to Open."

"Huh. There's the State Department. Surely some of the younger members would be chivalrous enough to—"

"Oh, you're months late! Haven't you heard of Esther Sterling, the Paradise Beach beauty queen? She's been chosen Girl We'd Love to Have Accompany Us on a Diplomatic Mission to Chungking, Algiers, Cairo, Teheran and Moscow."

"Well, Miss LaChere, we're not licked yet. It seems to me some antitank outfit might—"

"Are you kidding? One of them chose Susan Stacy as Girl We'd Love to Have Help Us Load a Bazooka. Another one named Pauline DuPlasse Girl We'd Love to Come Home to After Knocking Out a Dozen Mark-IV's, and—"

"In that case some motorized unit—"

"Haven't you read *Gape?*"

"I'm afraid not."

"If you had you'd know that Marguerite Emmet is becoming nationally famous as Girl Who'd Be Most Fun to Get Bounced Out of a Jeep With."

"Well, how about aviation? Nothing too obvious like combat pilots or bombardiers. I was thinking of scouting."

"Wrong as usual! You know Estella Marchand, the boogie-woogie pianist? Well, she's just been voted Girl We'd Choose to Go with Us on a Reconnaissance Flight over the Mülheim-Duisburg-Oberhausen-Gelsenkirchen Sector."

"Tch! Tch! How about radar?"

"That title's sewed up by Gladys Royce, the diving champ. She's known as Girl We'd Be Delighted to Have Help Us Detect an Approaching Enemy Formation of Nine Mitsubishi 97's Escorted by Twenty-Seven Zeros."

"Hm. And she has the title copyrighted, I suppose?"

"Naturally. That's the first thing all of them do. Beatrice Esbitt tried to steal Doris Chase's title of Girl We'd Like to Have As Private Secretary in Branch Seven, Department Twenty, Subdivision Six of Our Post-War Planning Committee, and Chase sued her for a hundred grand."

"I've got it, Miss LaChere! Your picture will be in every paper and magazine in the country!"

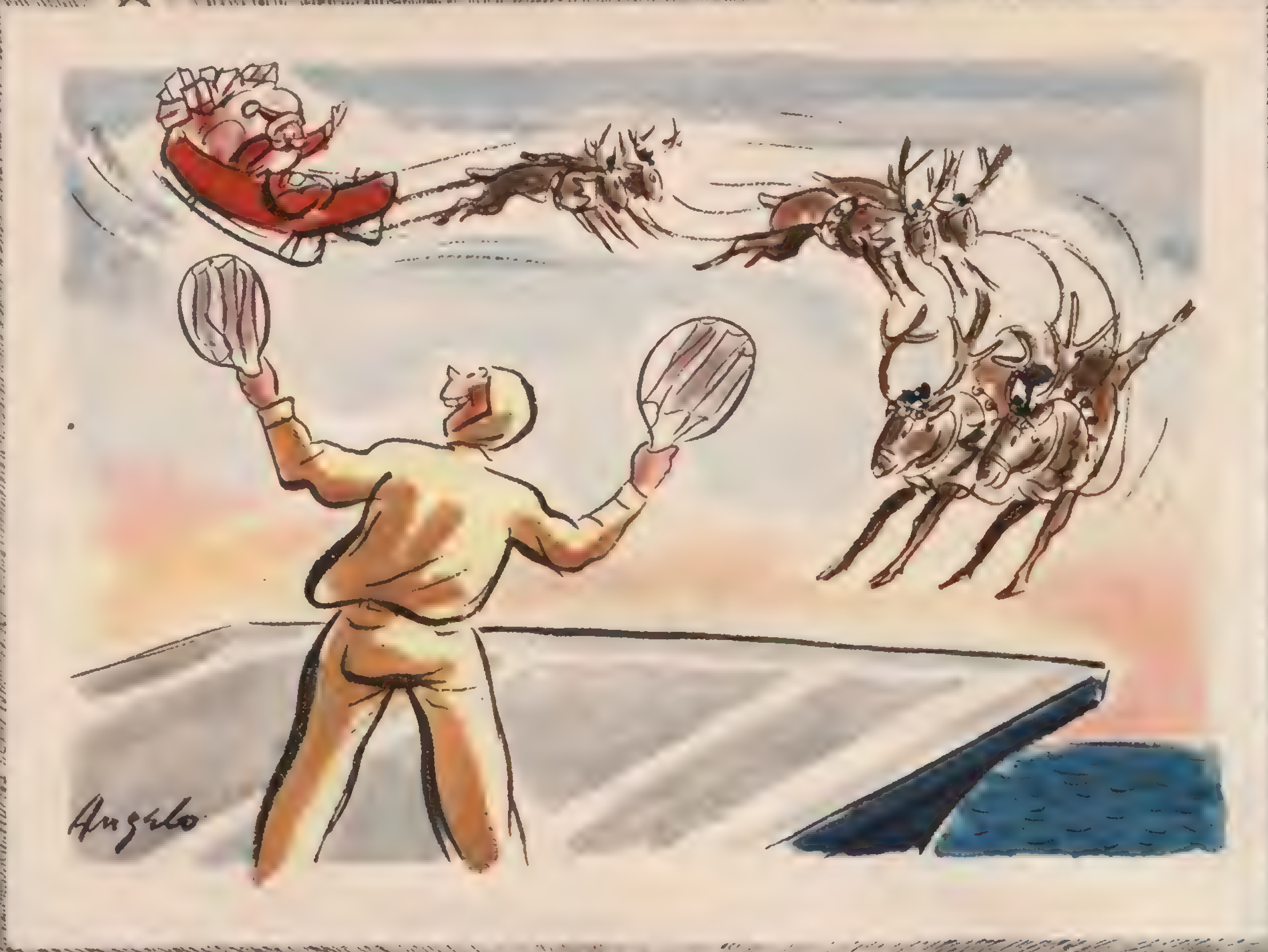
"Come on, tell me! And it better be good."

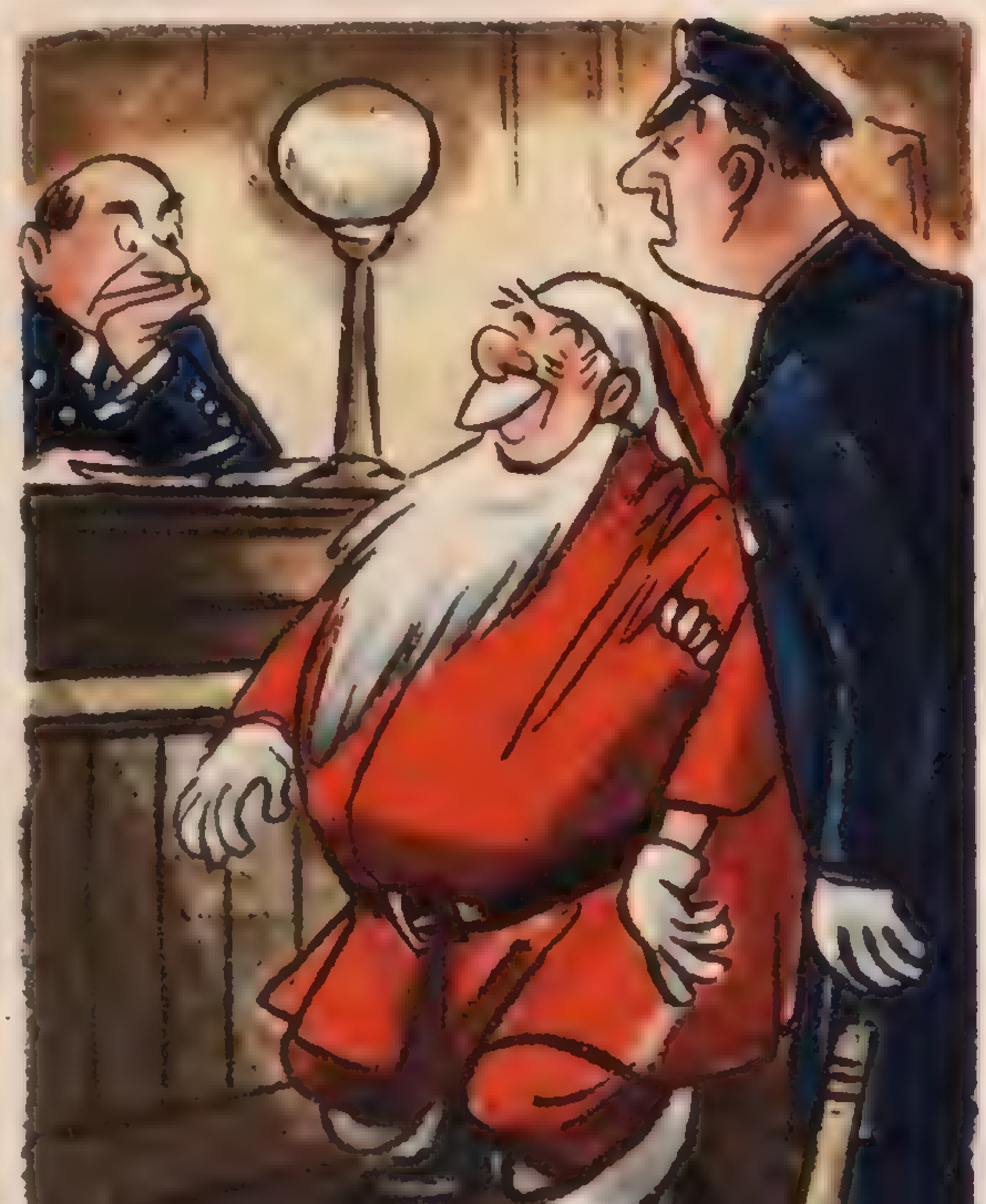
"Miss LaChere, you've got the title of the century. Listen: Only Glamor Girl Whom No Branch of the U. S. Armed Land, Sea or Air Forces or Any Non-Military Commission or Organization Has Chosen as Their Favorite to Accompany Them on Any Mission, Quest, Errand, Expedition, Attack, Counterattack, or Sortie!"

"Darling! You're wonderful! Will you be mine?"

"Wait a minute, Miss LaChere! Aren't you already married to—"

"Stupid! I mean will you be my new publicity agent!" #





"He claims he's Santa Claus!"

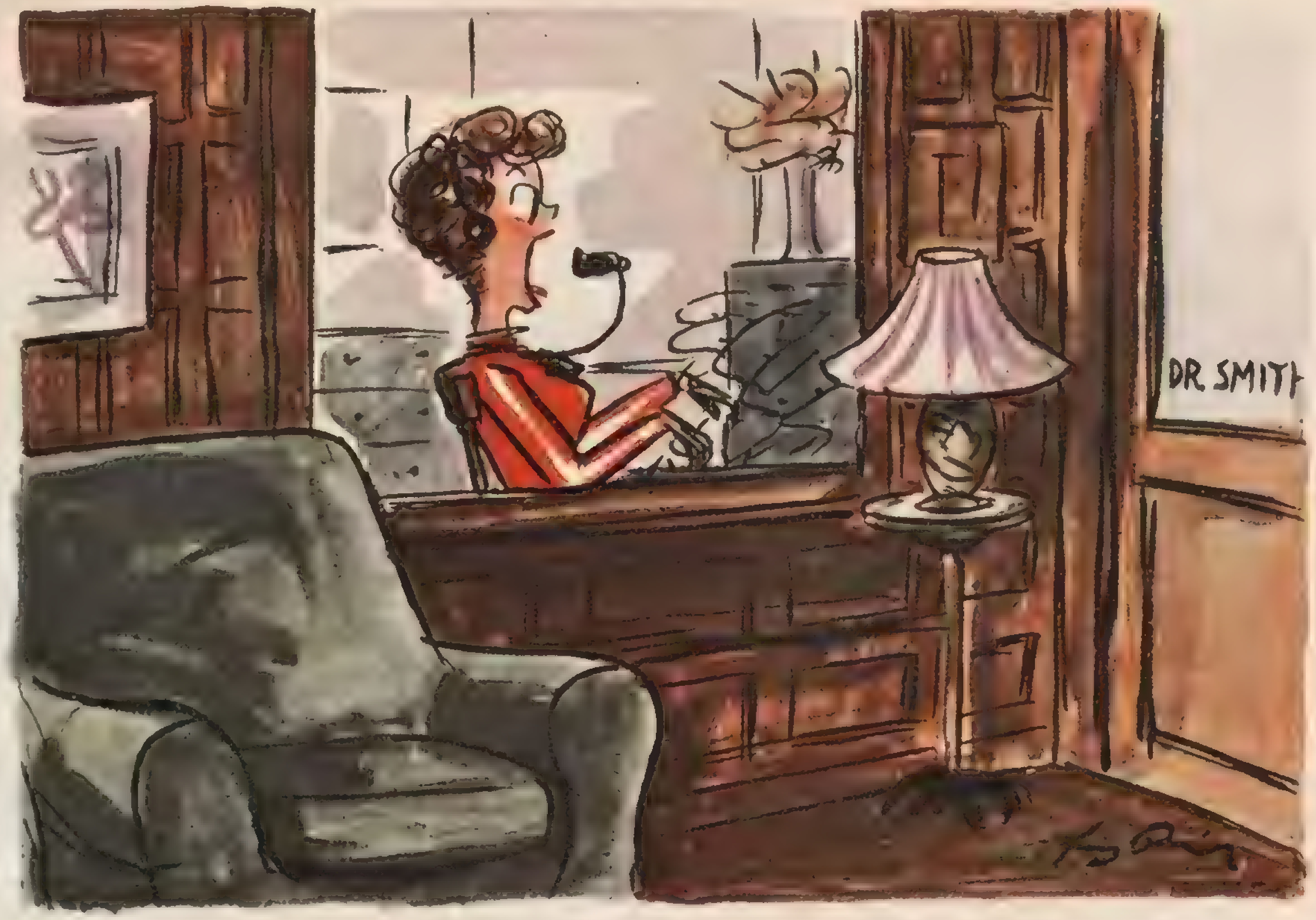
AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ▶

The face and fortune of Anne Jeffreys

She's the boast of the lot . . . the whistling boast. There's just something about Anne Jeffreys that makes men whistle . . . longer, louder and with a distinctly deferential note. Hers is the variety of oomph that brings out the best in the beast . . . makes a man want to take a poke at any guy who might speak out of turn. She's the sort of glamor gal, and we quote, who wouldn't let a man leave home. She's from Goldsboro, North Carolina, and she hummed tunes before she talked. She grew up and so did her voice and her family was convinced that there was an embryonic opera star in the house. The head of the University of North Carolina Voice Department corroborated the family's opinion and gave Anne a letter of introduction to Madame Galli-Curci who graciously heard her sing. With the closing note of the first song the Goldsboro girl's education was off with a trill toward an operatic career. It was agreed she was a "find" and when she sang for a number of other vocal celebrities, including Mme. Frances Alda, they wanted to arrange to finance her education. But Annie said, "No, thank you" (a habit of hers) and paid her own expenses posing for magazine covers. She was a good model and a good music student . . . good enough to win a scholarship with the Municipal Opera Association. She sang Violetta, Mimi and Nedda and sang them well. The Metropolitan was just around the corner when Mama Jeffreys decided her little girl needed a rest in sunny California. In CinemaTown people and producers looked as well as listened and Anne was signed for a part in *Fun for the Money*, followed by *I Married an Angel*, followed by the siren role in the new Frank Sinatra picture *Step Lively* on the RKO lot. There's always a lot of fun on the set where Anne is working . . . and a lot of whistling! On the subject of clothes Anne prefers styles that cling . . . and why not? On the subject of food and health she sings while she cooks and while in the tub. She doesn't smoke, likes to get up early and take a walk up a hill where she can sing. On the subject of men she is decidedly in favor of them . . . in voice or out.

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 5″; *Weight:* 120 lbs.; *Bust:* 36″; *Waist:* 26″; *Hips:* 37″; *Hair:* blonde; *Eyes:* blue.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL



"Dr. Smith's office—say a-a-a-h!"

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Arleen Whelan

Two refugees from a Christmas greeting card. Draped across Old Ironsides and wishing on a star, the copper-topped angel is Arleen Whelan who finished a long-time stretch last summer in the Broadway comedy *The Doughgirls*, in which four gold diggers capitalize on the national capitol.

Columnists, remembering that only a few years ago Arleen was an 18-dollar-a-week manicurist in a Hollywood barbershop, are likely to dub her a Cinderella Girl. However, Arleen admits that any early "hardships" were purely imaginary and that her rise to stardom has been remarkably effortless. After she got the idea that she too could be in the movies, it was just a case of letting herself be Discovered.

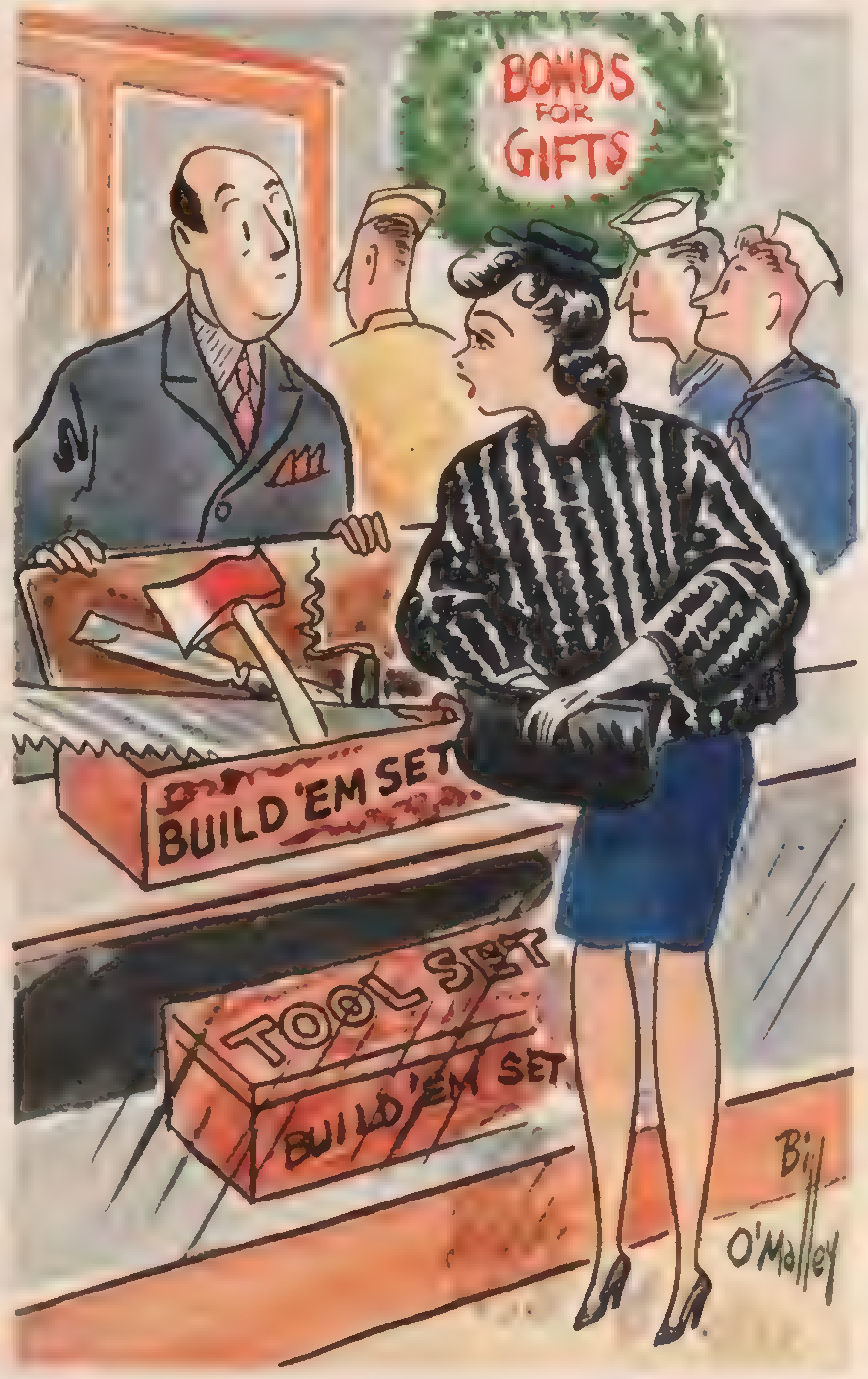
Arleen was born in Salt Lake City and later lived with her family in Colorado, Seattle and Los Angeles. She studied piano for five years and was approaching professional proficiency when she decided the keyboard was a hazardous route to fortune. So she took a course in beauty culture and got herself a job in a shop patronized by the wives of movie producers. After a customer suggested that she ought to be in pictures, she packed up her kit and got herself a job in a shop patronized by producers. Two weeks later she was given a test by 20th Century and was signed to a contract.

Like many a starlet she languished until she was re-Discovered. David Selznick tried to buy her contract for the coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara. 20th Century refused but woke up to the treasure they had in their own backyard and quickly displayed her in such pictures as *Kidnapped* and *Charley's Aunt*, with Jack Benny.

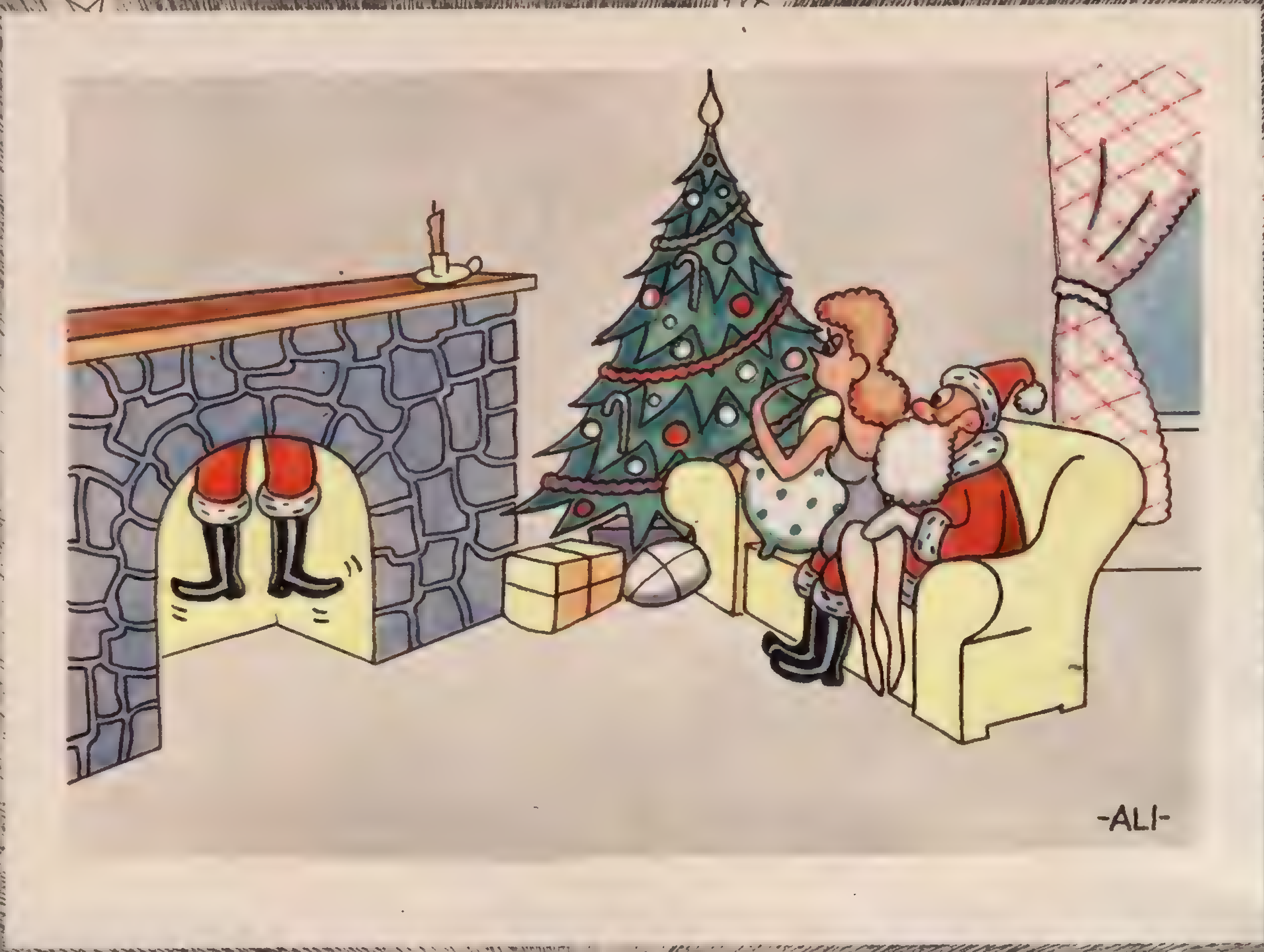
Then Arleen journeyed east and was dining at Sardi's when Max Gordon saw her. He didn't stop talking until he had her rehearsing for *The Doughgirls*.

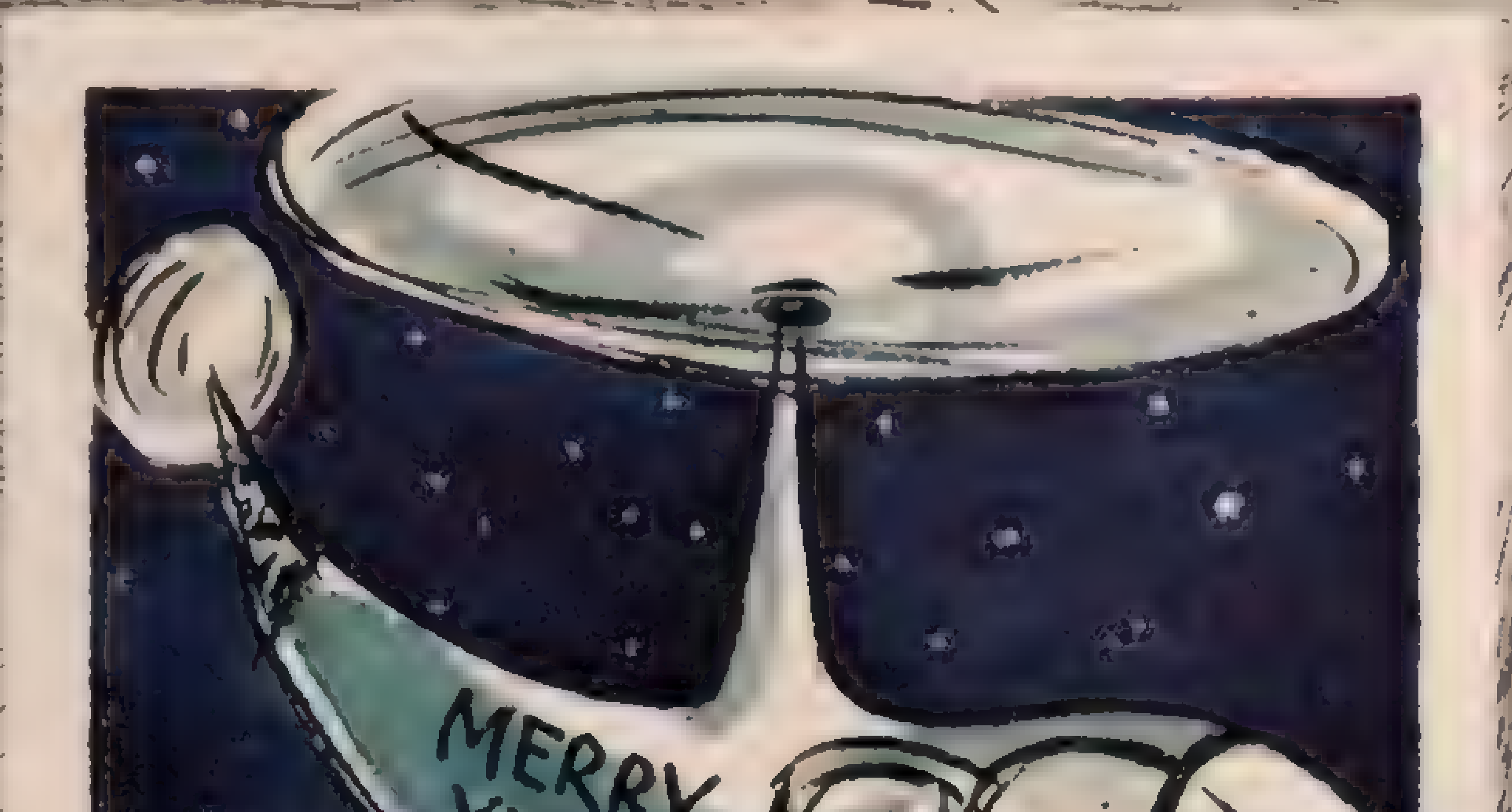
She's a magpie collector of old match covers, letterheads, telegrams and music books. Enjoys occasional whirls of night clubbing with husband Hugh Owens, motion picture executive. Her second love is a Skye terrier of the same shade as the platina fox jacket that keeps Arleen warm.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL



"You're sure it builds and doesn't tear things down?"





BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

➧

Long-hair ballerina with a sense of humor

In recent seasons an idea has developed that no self-respecting musical comedy should be caught dead without a ballet (preferably by Agnes de Mille), and that a ballerina is as fundamental as the music and the comedy to a Broadway hit. On this tide a number of dancing beauties have risen from the fanatic but limited fame of the ballet proper to wide celebrity on the Main Stem. Besides Vera Zorina, Tamara Toumanova, Milada Mladova and Irina Baranova, such is the case with Sono Osato. In fact, the ballerinas so dominate the show talk that last year the question after opening night was not so much: "Have you seen *One Touch of Venus?*" but rather: "Have you seen Sono Osato in *One Touch of Venus?*"

Here Serge Balkin gives you a camera study of Miss Osato—with an eye to the piquant quality with which she endowed the de Mille ballets in the sophisticated fantasy. In the satiric numbers she clowned with a deft touch of attenuated wit, and the encore-hungry applause—from the baldheads to the balcony—included a good measure of approval of the charm of her firm-muscled roundness.

Born in America of a newspaperman father and a mother who is the daughter of a famous architect, Sono Osato has an oriental strain that shows up in her almond eyes and long mane of jet hair. As a child she traveled abroad extensively with her family and spent some time in a school in Switzerland with her sister. She first studied ballet in Chicago with Adolph Bolm, and after only three years' training joined the ballet big time in the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Before *One Touch of Venus* she appeared with the Ballet Theatre and is particularly remembered in *Peter and the Wolf.* She is cosmopolitan and very much on her toes mentally. On the liberal side, she is not only interested in but passionate about world affairs. She is widely read, chatters fluently in French and "can get along in Russian."

At present she is flirting with another offer for a musical comedy role. But whatever the vehicle, our money is on Osato for win, place and stop-the-show.

BALKIN-PIX PHOTOGRAPH

Rescue by the Ski Patrol

Besides continuing its peacetime mission this organization contributes its special knowledge and skill to the Army Air Forces

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

• ARTICLE •

Seven years ago a New York insurance broker, Charles Minot Dole, went into a fast "egg beater" tumble on a New England ski trail and wound up with a broken leg.

It was a long way down the mountain to the nearest town; neither the victim nor his companion knew anything about first aid or emergency transportation. Consequently, by the time he finally got to the local physician, the leg was so badly mauled that the doctor wouldn't touch it but insisted that he be taken to the city to a specialist.

During the eighteen weeks that "Minnie" Dole fretted in a cast, he had ample time to figure that if somebody with some basic knowledge had been on hand when he was hurt, his injuries wouldn't have been so aggravated. "There may be a couple of thousand such cases a year," he reasoned.

The upshot was the birth of an organization unique among sportsmen, the National Ski Patrol System. It had grown to an enrollment of about 4,500 trained volunteers at the time of Pearl Harbor. Now, including women as well as men, these crack emergency squads carry the blue and orange insignia of the N.S.P.S. on ski slopes from Maine to California and from Arizona to Alaska.

To date they have given skilled first aid to approximately 6,500 accident victims. So skilled that the Committee on Fractures and other Traumas of the American College of Surgeons at their 1940 convention invited a patrol to demonstrate its standard technique of applying fixed traction.

A serious injury at below-freezing temperatures at altitudes of 3,000 to 11,000 feet is vastly more critical than the same injury on a city street ten minutes from a hospital. Hence the Ski Patrol's code: "Splint them where they lie. Get them down the mountain safely."

In another kind of case a patrolman came upon a skier sitting beside the trail struggling to get his wind after a spill.

"No, I'm not hurt," said the young man. "Just a pain in my back, but it knocked the breath out of me for a few minutes."

He started to get up, but the patrolman held him gently. "I'll give you a once-over first," he said. Later he announced quietly, "I'm going to treat you as if you had a broken back. If I'm wrong, what of it? If I'm right . . ."

Two hours later surgeons in the hospital studied an X-ray film. It was a broken vertebra, all right. "And if that Ski Patrolman hadn't trussed you up the way he did, you'd have been a cripple for life!"

In another instance the patrol on duty at a slope went to the aid of a skier and found a nasty compound fracture of the femur. This alert patrol carried a Thomas splint which they applied before moving the patient.

The victim was in the hospital six weeks before the surgeons could operate. They told him later that if it hadn't been for the skillful attention given him on the mountain, he would have died.

Major cases are a small proportion of the whole. Normally the boys handle as many cuts and bruises and twice as many sprains as fractures. But whether you rate as a major or a minor casualty, the main thing is that swift, skilled attention is forthcoming.

"I wish to thank you," writes one skier, "for your able assistance to my wife when she broke her ankle on Berthoud Pass New Year's Day. Our physician was impressed by the traction splint that was applied, which not only saved her great pain on the trip down but held the broken ends in such a position that, according to the X-ray, it was only necessary to put on a cast, making painful setting unnecessary."

For the benefit of those who have not taken Red Cross courses, traction splints are the method of stretching a broken leg or arm into normal position and holding it there.

It isn't always easy for the patrolmen to follow their standard practice, however. Often well-meaning but uninformed friends of the victim try to interfere. Sometimes there is a doctor on hand who balks at the idea of laymen getting in over their heads. On one occasion in Vermont there were no less than five doctors gathered around a casualty when the patrol arrived, and they refused to allow the first-aiders to apply their splints. The patrol chief had to show that he had the traction splint equipment and knew how to use it. He quoted Dr. Robert H. Kennedy, Chairman of the Committee on Fractures and other Traumas, American College of Surgeons:

"*When a fracture has occurred to either arm or leg, the injured should never be moved at all without traction.*"

The medical men were quickly convinced that the patrol knew its work and told him to go ahead and prepare the patient for transportation.

This was sound logic. The perils of a mountain accident are great in winter. With the dangerous chill of shock combined with a freezing wind and a bed of snow, the patient can be unconscious in no time and well on his way to pneumonia in twenty minutes.

That is where the Ski Patrol is a lifesaver. If willing but ignorant hands try to transport an injured person to trained aid, they can hardly help worsening his condition, perhaps permanently. And if the injured tries to take care of himself or ignores his hurts as so many do, with the feeling that it is sporting not to "give in," he's likely to end his skiing for that season instead of merely for that day. This Spartan attitude causes patrol members no end of trouble when casualties persist in continuing their sport despite sprains, severe wrenches, torn ligaments or worse.

The N.S.P.S.'s purpose is to bring trained aid to the victim—fast. Volunteers for this exacting service must have more than willingness. Fundamentally they must be good skiers. In addition they must pass the standard Red Cross twenty-hour first-aid course, plus an additional ten-hour advanced course in winter first aid. And periodically they take refresher courses. They drill with their patrols, carry specified emergency equipment on their persons and organize groups with ambulance toboggans, blankets and major accessories. They set up trailside shelters and communications systems.

Transportation is a big item. You must get your patient down the mountain fast—but not so fast as to risk finishing him off en route. Toboggans are employed for this. Some are specially designed. The majority are the standard type braced to cut down the normal flexibility. The patient is lashed in and generally rides head first, thus keeping his feet elevated on the slopes in the standard shock-prevention position. Head injuries, with flushed faces, or concussion cases, will come down feet first to keep the head elevated.

The "ambulance" must be kept in control, and this generally means two or three men with hold-back ropes at the rear and

Continued on page 211

◆ BRIGHT SENTINELS OF THE SKY

Soaring toward the Evening Star, and leaving a trail of vapor in its wake, is the Lockheed Constellation. It flies "above the weather" in Great Circle courses, covering the greatest distance with the heaviest load, the largest, fastest and most powerful of land-based cargo or transport planes. Adapted to Army use as the C-69, it can transport men and materiel to any battlefront of this global war. It will cross the Continent in less than nine hours or fly to Honolulu in twelve. When victory brings peace to the earth it will span the oceans, taking cargoes and men of good will to the United Nations of the world. It can wheel across the North Pole to upper Asia, carrying pay loads heavy enough to permit reasonable fares. Nonstop flights of Constellations will carry sixteen sleeper passengers the 3,500 miles from New York to London in about seventeen hours. The military plane seats sixty passengers, with alternative sleeping accommodations for twenty-two and berths for a relief crew of four. Arranged for paratroopers, it can carry one hundred soldiers with full packs and rifles. "Power-egg" engine mounts permit the complete change of any one of its four Wright Cyclone engines in precisely twenty-seven and a half minutes. Practical advantages of the C-69 include its economy (it burns only one gallon of gasoline per mile) and its safety features. Among these latter are a tricycle landing gear; retractable shock-absorbing tail bumper for emergency protection; fireproof nacelles (fire can burn in a nacelle for half an hour without hindering the operation of the other engines); a short take-off run; maneuvering flaps; the pressure cabin which enables the ship to fly over storms and has a control system which prevents the usual unpleasant reactions of sleeping passengers to rapid ascent or descent of the plane; hot wing de-icers; and a new electrical system which makes it possible to detect and extinguish fires instantaneously. The ship has a top speed of 340 miles an hour, and a landing speed of 80. This giant ship (its wing span is 123 feet) leaves the ground fully loaded with a run of less than 1,600 feet. In flight tests it has flown and climbed with both engines on either wing deliberately stopped—another impressive safety factor.

The Connemara Black Fly

These Irish mountain folk were known to be surly, but he had come for the fishing, reputed the best in the world

by MARCEL WALLENSTEIN

FICTION

Before the train arrived at Galway, Gill felt he had not the strength to continue the journey. The clawing ache in his thigh had returned, begging for the relief he carried secretly in his pocket. He would not surrender—yet.

When the train drew into the dreary station, he gathered his bags and his fishing tackle, forcing his way through the sullen, weary passengers who had stood in the corridor from Athlone—some the whole creeping distance from Dublin.

In Galway he boarded a ramshackle bus, dozing another thirty miles over boglands and beside naked mountains whose tops were obscured by clouds sweeping endlessly in from the Atlantic.

The landlord of the inn where he was to stay met him at the end of the bus line, an untidy man who introduced himself as Martin Tuohy. He carried Gill's bags to a battered Ford car.

They drove along a rutted road through a gap in mountains the color of rubbed ink blots, into a country that grew wilder with every painful mile.

This was Connemara, land of mountain, stream and lake, splashed with purple heather in this first week of September. Gill had longed through weeks in a hospital bed for this; now he was depressed even more than he had been on the train when the expanse of wind-tossed water came to his view.

The inn, a whitewashed cottage with a slate roof at the base of a mountain, chilled him. The dingy dining room with its one oil lamp suspended over the table intensified his depression.

"The accommodation is bad and you may find the people surly and suspicious," a Dublin friend who had recommended the inn had written him, "but the trout are big, and if you hit a good patch of weather, free rising."

He dined across the table from the only other guest at the inn, a man Tuohy introduced as Major O'Corvin, a silent, bald man with mottled skin and the coldest eyes Gill had ever seen in a human face.

"How's the fishing been?" asked Gill halfway through the meal in which he had so far exchanged no more than a word with the other.

The man who ate nearly nothing and drank continuously, replenishing his glass from a whiskey bottle beside his plate, gulped down his drink and stared at Gill with his colorless eyes.

"Bad, I believe."

He continued to stare, making pursy motions with his mouth as though to dislodge something from his teeth.

"Who will your boatman be?" he asked suddenly.

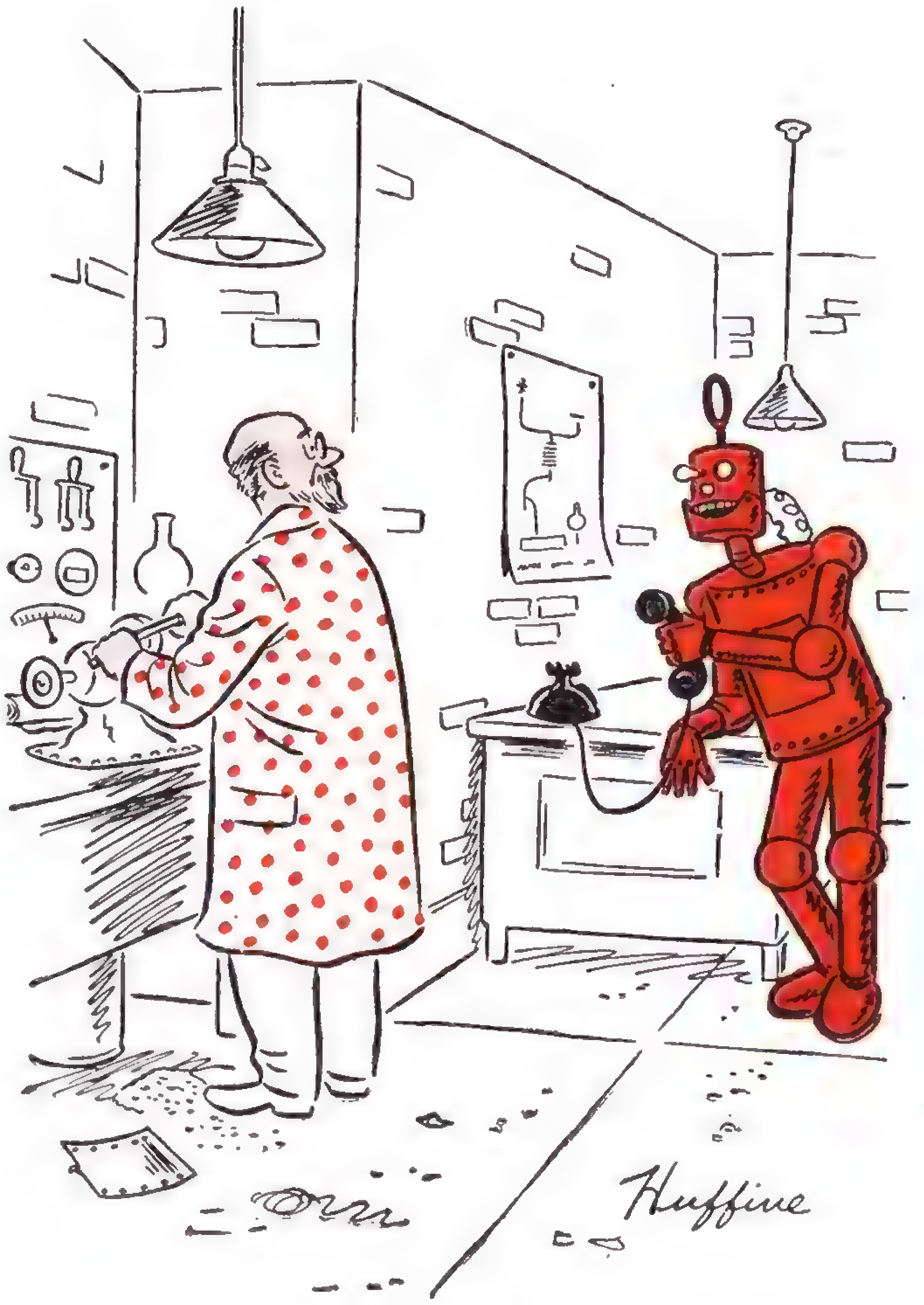
"I don't know," replied Gill. "This is my first time here."

"It may be a man named Joyce."

"Possibly," Gill said carelessly. "What about him?"

Major O'Corvin gulped. "If it is Joyce, he'll bear watching," he warned Gill in his toneless voice. "A dreadful liar."

Gill replied that he didn't mind a few lies on a fishing holiday.



"It's for you"

"He's worse than a liar," O'Corvin pursued the subject of the boatman. "An unreliable character altogether. Drinks poteen. It drives these people crazy, you know."

Gill thanked him and said he would be on his guard if he found himself in the same boat with the man.

"Do," replied the other. He rose, picked up his half-empty bottle and left the room.

The food had warmed Gill. He looked about him. This place, hideous as it was, might—just possibly—help him fight the thing he had come to fight. The throb of the recently healed wound present, as always, was bearable. If he could sleep...

He walked rapidly through the door to the edge of the lake, reached in his breast pocket, drew out a bottle of white tablets and a hypodermic needle. They made two light splashes as they struck the dark water.

Instantly his thigh burned with a searing pain. He was sweating as he went indoors to his room, dreading the night he knew would be horrible. He drank half a tumbler of whiskey with ten grains of aspirin. He lay on the bed, knowing he could not sleep, doubting if he would ever sleep again, and he slept.

The next morning, having breakfasted alone, he assembled his tackle. The boatman he had asked the innkeeper to engage did not arrive; Gill sent a maid to find Tuohy.

He came from behind the house, unshaven and in the same clothes he had worn the day before.

"You engaged me a boatman?" asked Gill.

"I did, sir."

"He hasn't shown up. It's nearly ten o'clock."

"Oh, he'll be along, sir, any minute now."

"Did you get me a good man?" asked Gill, recalling Major O'Corvin's words of the night before.

"A very good man, Mr. Gill."

"Is his name Joyce?"

"Yes, it is Jyce. An' how did you know?"

"Major O'Corvin mentioned him last night. I don't like an unsteady man in a boat."

"Jyce is a first-class hand with a boat," Tuohy said. "An uncommon good hand. An' he knows the lake well. The major always fishes with him his ownself. He won't have another boatman."

"Why isn't he using him now?"

"Major O'Corvin don't fish, except now an' ag'in."

"What does he come here for if he doesn't fish?"

"Oh, he lives here. He fishes when the weather's to his likin'. He's very fond of swimmin'. The day's never too cold for him to go in."

"I wonder why he warned me against Joyce."

"There's no sayin', Mr. Gill. The major's a very strange man."

A boat put in as they talked; a man climbed out and pulled it up on the shore.

"This is Jyce now," Tuohy said.

The boatman slouched up the path towards them, his eyes on the ground. He touched the brim of his hat in a wordless gesture and began collecting Gill's gear.

"Never mind the rods," Gill

said sharply. "You see to the other stuff." He had taken an instant dislike to the man, as he had to the inn and everyone he had so far met in it.

Out on the water, his irritation decreasing, he attempted a conversation with Joyce. The man answered in husky, unwilling monosyllables, keeping his sullen head down as he pulled the boat.

They approached a shore with a fringe of scrub oak and mountain ash. Joyce turned the boat to drift before the wind and Gill cast for an hour without result.

"You fish with Major O'Corvin sometimes?" he asked.

Joyce looked up with an expression of malevolence that startled Gill.

"I said you work for Major O'Corvin sometimes," persisted Gill, holding Joyce's eyes, thinking, *I may as well have it out with this brute and get it over with.*

"I do," answered Joyce finally. Unexplained hatred still smoldered in his reddened eyes.

"Is he a good fisherman?"

A pause in which Gill thought he saw Joyce struggling within himself before he answered: "He is."

Gill resumed casting. Between a gap in the mountains a film of lacy rain sifted down from a cloud coming in their direction. The boat had drifted into open water three hundred yards offshore. Joyce picked up the second oar and began to row.

"What are you doing?" demanded Gill.

"We'll be goin' ashore before the rain hits us," replied Joyce.

"No, we'll finish this drift. I fish in the rain. Did you hear me!... Turn the boat and do as I say!"

For an instant Gill thought Joyce would attack him. The boatman dropped one oar and both his gnarled hands tightened about the other and he crouched as if about to rise, glaring at his passenger. Gill returned his stare. The rain suddenly lashed at them; rebellion died in Joyce. He huddled in his seat, threw a piece of sacking over his head and resumed the drift.

Presently Gill hooked a trout, played it around the boat until it came to the surface with a final despairing plunge where Joyce netted it skillfully.

"First fish," said Gill. "It's a pleasure to see you handle a landing net."

He looked at the man hunched miserably under the wet sack, the rain soaking his poor clothes and dropping from his mustache.

Poor devil! thought Gill. *I do this for pleasure. He does it for a lousy five shillings a day.*

"We'll go ashore now," he said aloud. "There seems to be some shelter on that island."

Silently Joyce pulled to the island, got out and held the boat steady for Gill. Presently they had a fire going with Joyce's blackened kettle wedged between stones over the flames. When the kettle boiled, Joyce sifted in tea leaves from a bottle in the lunch basket and filled a cup, black and steaming, for Gill. Then he retired twenty feet away to eat his thick slices of bread.

Gill cleaned his trout and wrapped it in wet newspaper, thrusting the parcel in the flames. When the paper was charred black, he removed it from the fire, stripped off the paper and the scaly skin, revealing the clean, smoking orange flesh. He ate it with a relish he had not had for food since he had been hurt. The strong tea was the best of his experience. The damp cigarette he lighted with a brand from the fire had a fresh delightful fragrance. He felt that he was beginning to enjoy life once again.

He looked over to where Joyce huddled beneath an inadequate bush with the rain dripping steadily on him and said, "There's more lunch here than I'll want. You have it."

Joyce grunted something unintelligible and remained where he was.

"Cigarette?"

The cigarette fetched Joyce. He rose and accepted it and the light Gill offered. His hand trembled and Gill saw he was shivering in his sodden clothes as he turned away.

"Wait a minute," said Gill before he resumed his seat. "What's the matter with you, man?"

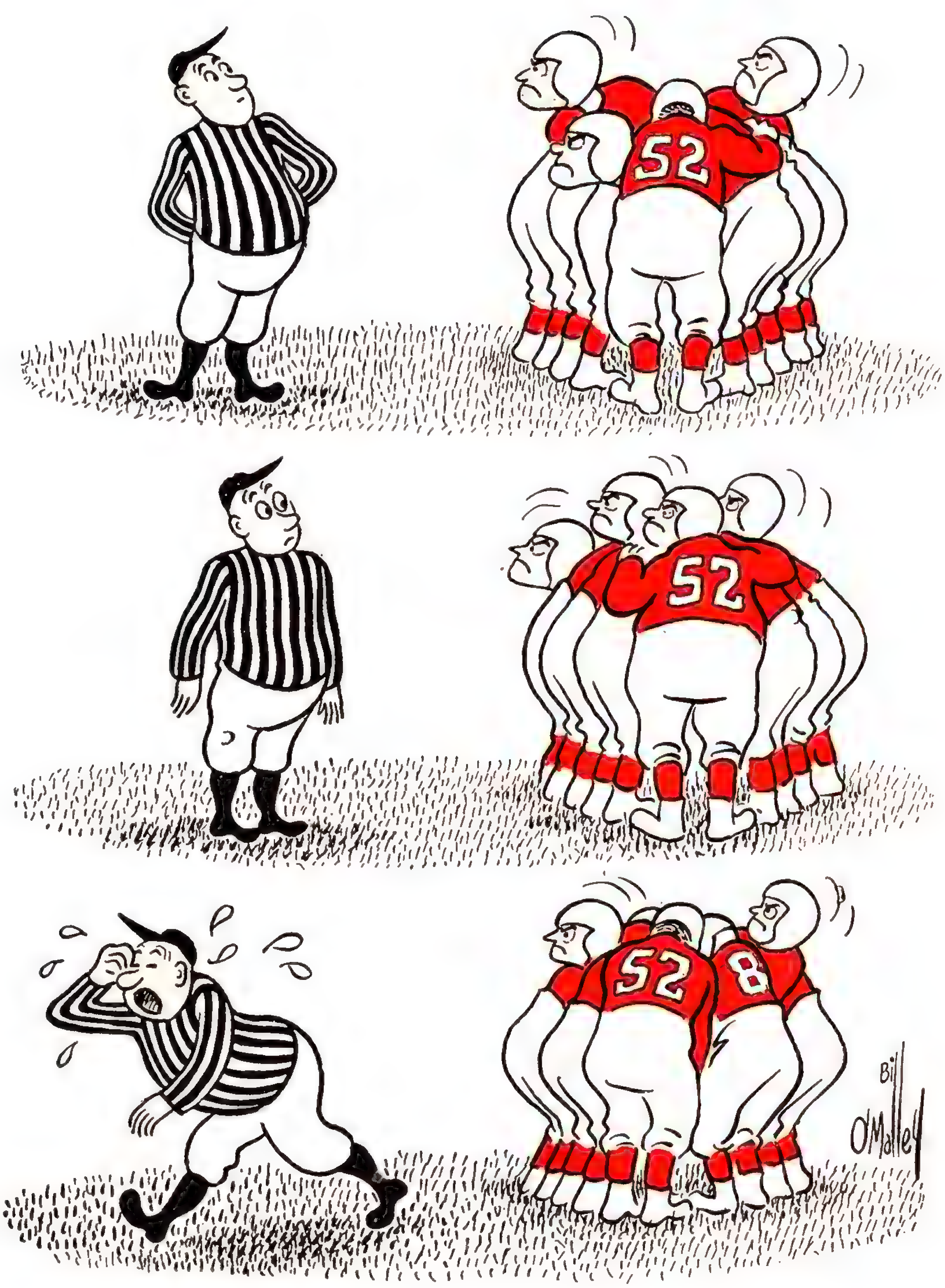
"Nothin' a-tawl, sor," he said.

"You're soaking wet and you're cold." Gill took out his flask and poured half its contents into his empty teacup. "Here, this'll fix you up."

The animosity seeped out of Joyce's bleary eyes. He took the cup and said humbly, "Thank ye, sor," and then with a look of intense gratitude, "Good luck, sor," and gulped down the whiskey.

After that Gill made him sit by the fire and, although no words passed between them, he sensed that the tension had gone. Joyce seemed almost at peace. Once he looked at Gill as though to speak, but thought better of it. Gill

Continued on page 298



New Year's at Boeuf Stroganoff

Describing the Parisian café as a real hot spot, the gypsy musician said they would play till the last guest departed

by **JOSEPH WECHSBERG**

• ARTICLE •

When I was working as violinist in Paris and aboard French ships, in the late twenties, I spent my Paris afternoons at the Café des Quat'z Arts, on the north side of the Boulevard de Clichy, meeting place and exchange for musicians. From five to seven-thirty the café was crowded with pianists, trumpeters, saxophone players, violinists, trombonists, vocalists looking for employment. Here they met *patrons*, headwaiters, managers, agents, orchestra leaders and others who had jobs for *artistes*. Transactions were informal. The parties met in front of the café and the musician was given the *cachet*, a slip of paper with the address of the place and the hour to report for work.

The Quat'z Arts was conveniently located three blocks west of *Place Pigalle*, almost next door to the *Moulin Rouge* Music Hall, in the heart of Montmartre. About a hundred *boîtes de nuit*, cinemas, *Bals Musette*, music halls, dancing schools and *cafés concerts* were within easy walking distance. If a musician working in one of these places didn't show up, the manager or a member of the orchestra was hurriedly dispatched to the Quat'z Arts for a *remplaçant*.

The café was spacious, bright and businesslike with plenty of mirrors, chromium, concealed lights. It did not imitate the *Dôme* or the *Rotonde* on Montparnasse, where painters, litterateurs, tourists and fugitives from Greenwich Village sat around, some of them with velvet coats, large-brimmed hats and substantial banking accounts. There were no such phonies at the Quat'z Arts, which was strictly *Bohème*. Many of its habitués were quietly starving because they were musicians and nothing else, but there were none of the characteristics usually associated with Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*. The clients of the Quat'z Arts had the depressed air of the *petit bourgeois*, resembling haberdashery clerks more than would-be-Rachmaninoffs and -Kreislers who had come to the Quat'z Arts by heartbreaking detours of disappointments. They were "dance band musicians." Highbrow artists of the *Concerts Colonne* and *Lamoureux*, and the haughty members of the *Conservatoire de Musique* would have been offended at the mere suggestion of hanging around the Quat'z Arts.

CANDY
Lariar

"Remember what a bashful boy he was when he left?"

Little tables and basketwork chairs were under the awnings on the sidewalks in front of the café. In winter small charcoal burners, placed between the three rows of tables, spread the illusion of warmth, but the clients were either too broke or too jubilant at having picked up a night's work to bother about rain or cold. There were performers of every conceivable musical instrument, viola, balalaika, zither, accordion, timbal, English horn. I remember occasions when entire orchestras of thirty or forty men for a big hotel in Dieppe or a *fête* in Nantes were recruited within less than half an hour. However, such lucky breaks were rare and there were always more musicians than jobs. There was no steady employment and the most they could hope for was a week-end *cachet*. In those days many cinemas had only a piano player regularly and hired orchestras only on Saturdays and Sundays. Every combination from two *artistes* up was called an *orchestre*. And there were Saturday night *bals* in the small villages of the *banlieue*, private parties, banquets, *thés dançants*. The salaries offered in front of the Café des Quat'z Arts always made me wonder why people want to become *artistes*. A cinema performance paid from twenty-five to forty francs, a music hall a little more. The large cafés on the *Grands Boulevards* paid up to a hundred francs for a night but they wanted only violinists and pianists who had been awarded a *Prix de Conservatoire* or *Prix de Rome*, for the sake of publicity. There were not many players with a Prix at the Quat'z Arts.

Most startling feature of the café was its newness. Everything was clean and smelling of paint. The Quat'z Arts had as much patina or tradition as a Los Angeles drive-in. Up to one day in 1927, a large café on the *Place Pigalle*, in front of the entrance to the *Métro*, was the musicians' headquarters. The *patron* got sore because the clients wore out the furniture without buying any drinks. He issued an ultimatum —spend or go.

A vote was taken and the next day the *artistes* moved over to the Quat'z Arts where the *patron* was an ex-harpist and had no delusions about the financial standing of his former colleagues. The *patron* was a heavy-built man with a Vandyck beard who had done some wrestling as a sideline. If you asked him about his career as a harpist, he went into long reminiscences and at the end offered you a ham sandwich—five inches of white bread with an atom of *jambon froid*—or the *Choucroute de la Maison*—frankfurters, sauerkraut and boiled potatoes—all on the house. This was a reason for a lot of people being interested in the technique of playing the harp.

There were two *garçons*. Pierre was an old Frenchman from the *Midi*. The other waiter, a Russian called Raskolnikoff, probably on account of his bushy eyebrows and generally sinister appearance, was the café's leading petty racketeer. He always knew of a *cachet* if a musician were willing to pay him fifty per cent. The Frenchmen hated him and twice Raskolnikoff was bumped over the head with *apéritif* bottles by *Les Clochards*, a tough outfit of brass players who worked around the *19e arrondissement*, Buttes-Chaumont.

Until four in the afternoon the Quat'z Arts looked as forlorn as a gasoline station in the Arizona desert. Besides the *patron* and the two waiters, there were only *les Misérables* around, a group of eight or ten old-timers, relics of the waltz age. They spent their days on the bright red, leather-covered benches in the rear of the café, playing dominoes. Some of them were very old. Nobody understood how they kept alive. Sometimes they were joined by Leduc and Barthélemy, two members of the *Clochards*, whose job it was to keep strangers and tourists out of the café.

The Quat'z Arts did not encourage visitors; the policy was contrary to that of the *Café de la Paix* or the *Dôme*. When American Express stragglers, tired from wandering around *Sacré-Coeur* or the *Cimetière Montmartre*, drifted into the Quat'z Arts, Leduc and Barthélemy would reach for a cap and a red scarf which the *patron* kept under a counter for such emergencies. They would shuffle out and drop down at a table next to the unfortunate *touristes*. Then Leduc and Barthélemy would put on a tough *apache* act with table pounding, drunken fighting and screeching that never failed to drive the intruders away.

By five in the afternoon the sidewalk and street in front of the

Continued on page 283

JAM!

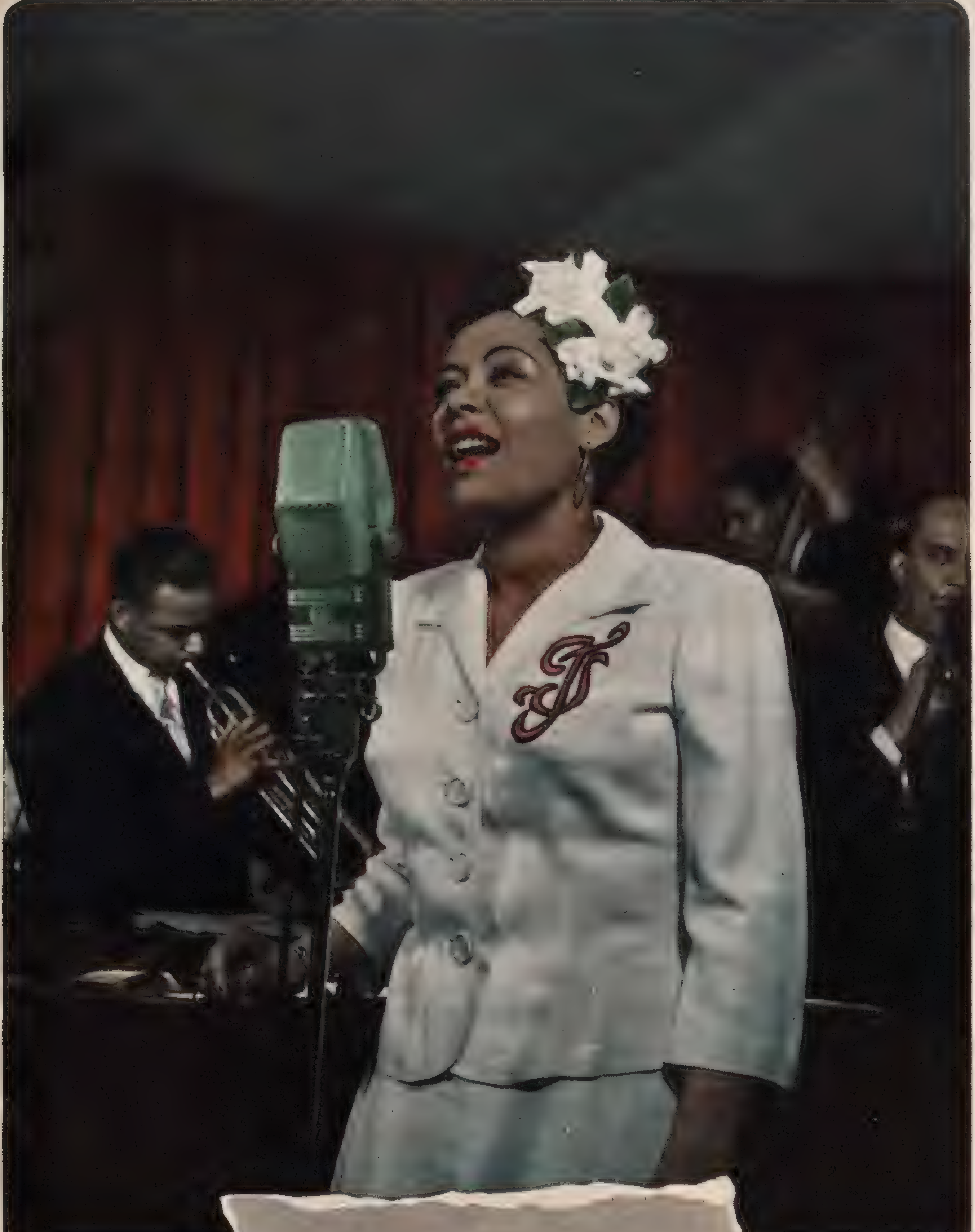
At a jam session staged for the mutual enjoyment of New York musicians and Esquire photographers, the Ellis Larkins Trio gets things started with *Tea for Two.* Bill Coleman is on trumpet, Al Hall on bass.

ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

The strange tone and exotic style of Lester Young's tenor sax work has ignited many an argument at jam sessions. Young, who rejoined Count Basie's band a year ago, has led his own band and recording groups.

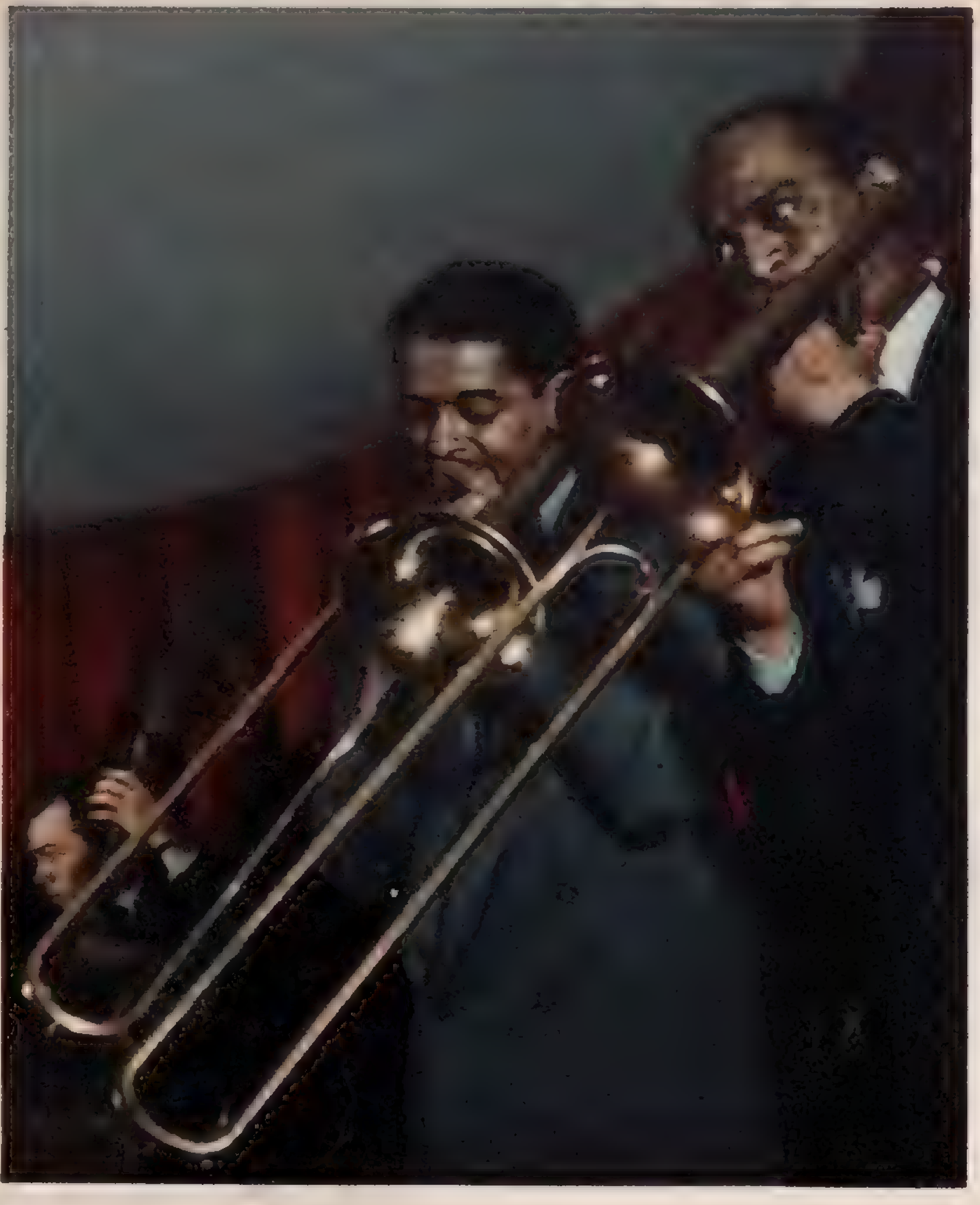
Johnny Bothwell, a new star who came to prominence in the Boyd Raeburn band, thrilled fellow musicians with his alto in *Sunny Side of the Street*. Bassist is Esquire's No. 1 award winner, Oscar Pettiford.

Youngest sitter-in at the session was Portuguese-and-Cuban Deryck Sampson, born in 1925. A pupil of Hazel Scott's mother, he plays every style of jazz piano well, though all his records are boogie-woogie.

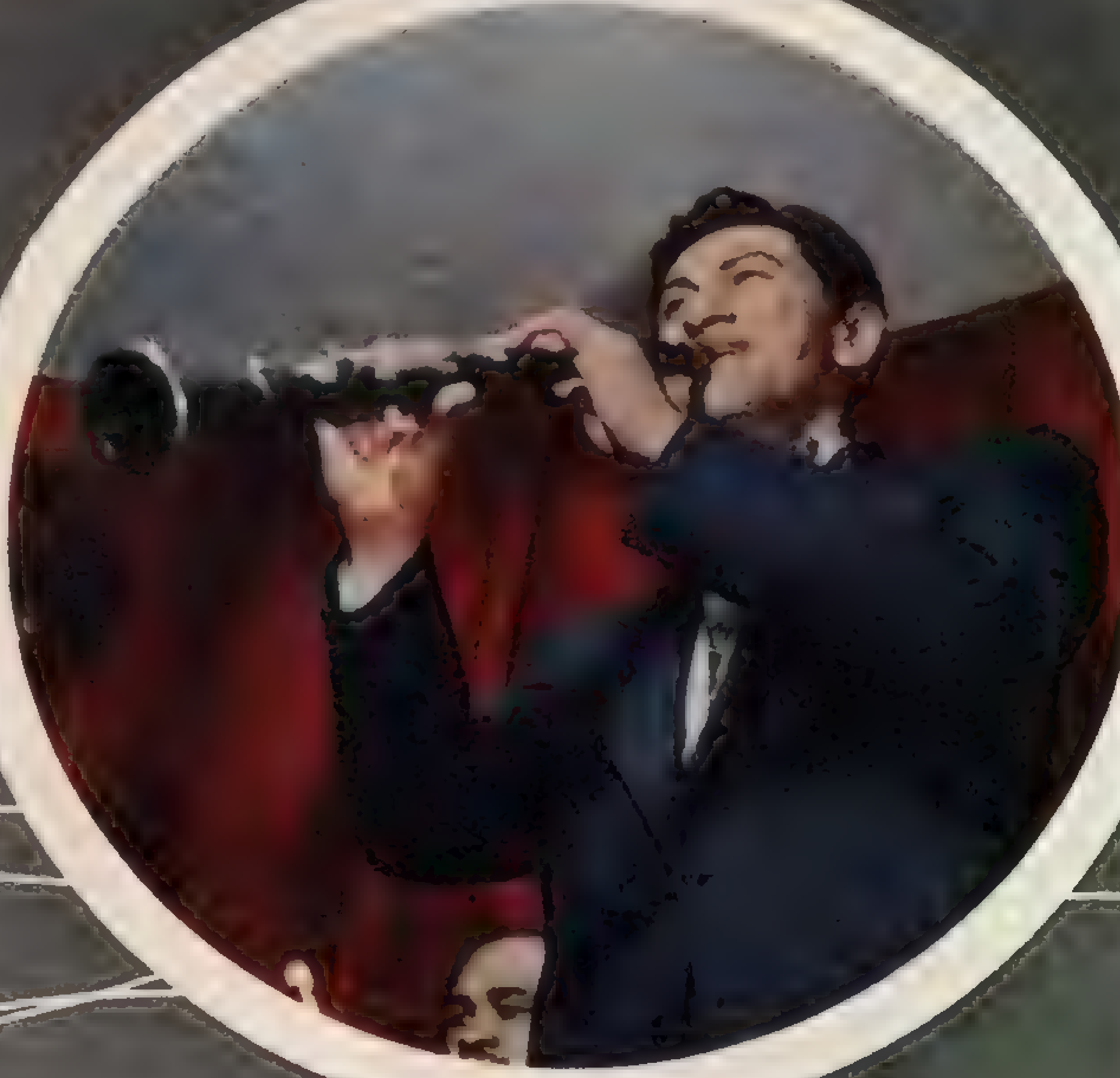


Billie Holiday, musicians' and critics' perennial choice as top jazz singer, sang *I Cover the Waterfront,* accompanied by Eddie Heywood's sextet, for an Army V-Disc recording made at Esquire's session.

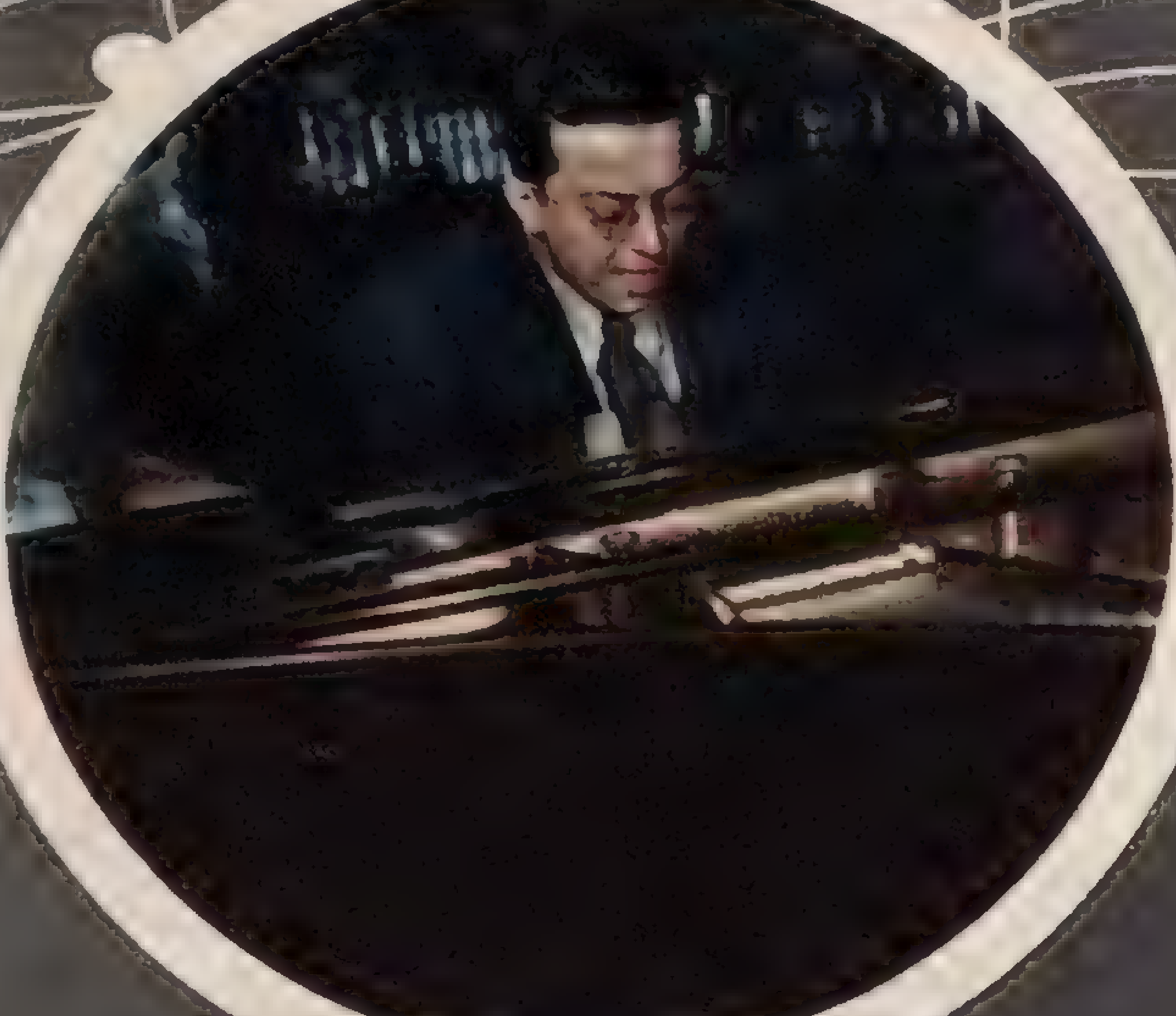
ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH



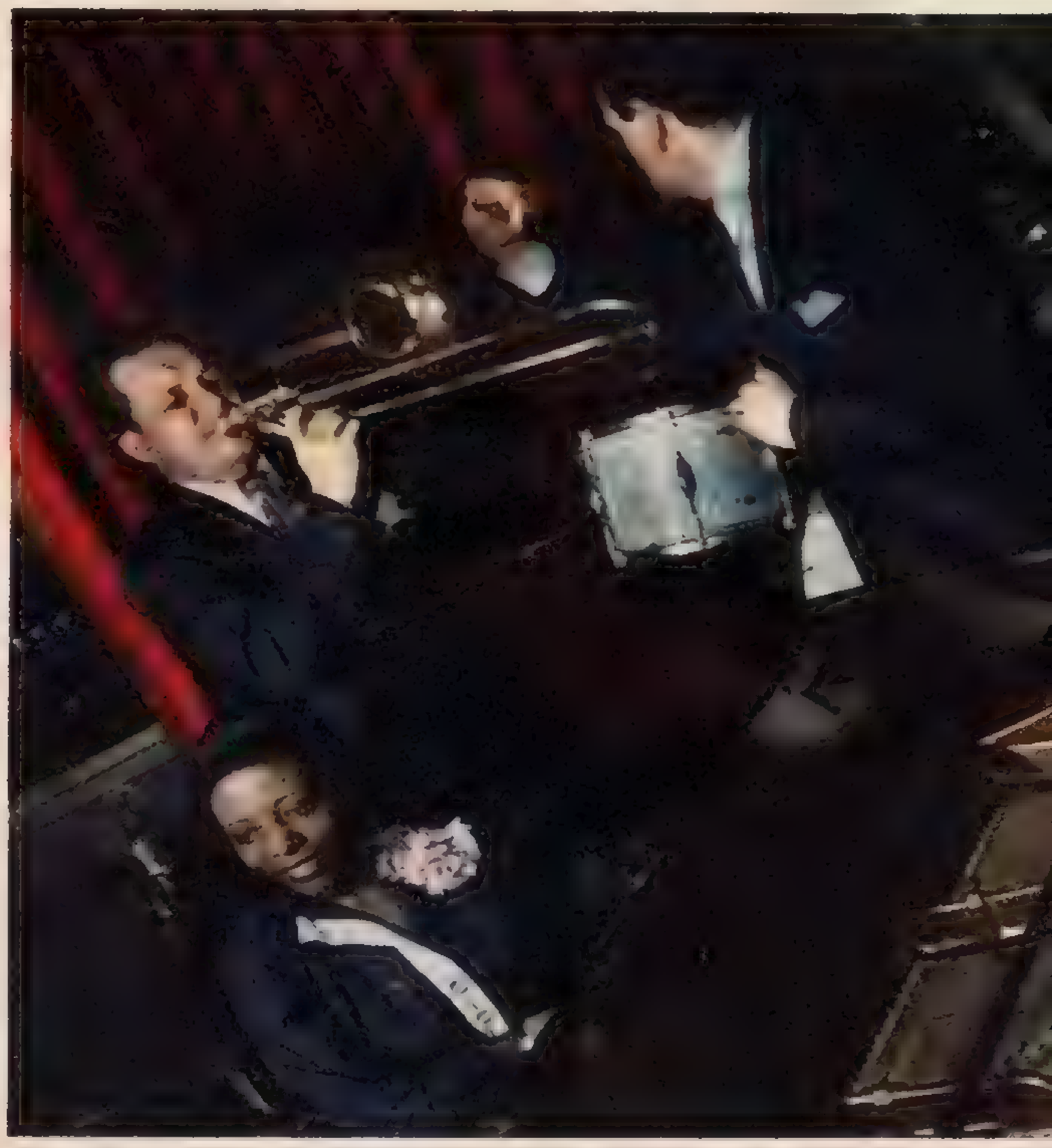
One of the evening's highlights was a trombone duet by Vic Dickenson (left), of Eddie Heywood's group, and "Trummie" Young, formerly with Jimmie Lunceford and Charlie Barnet, later a leader himself.



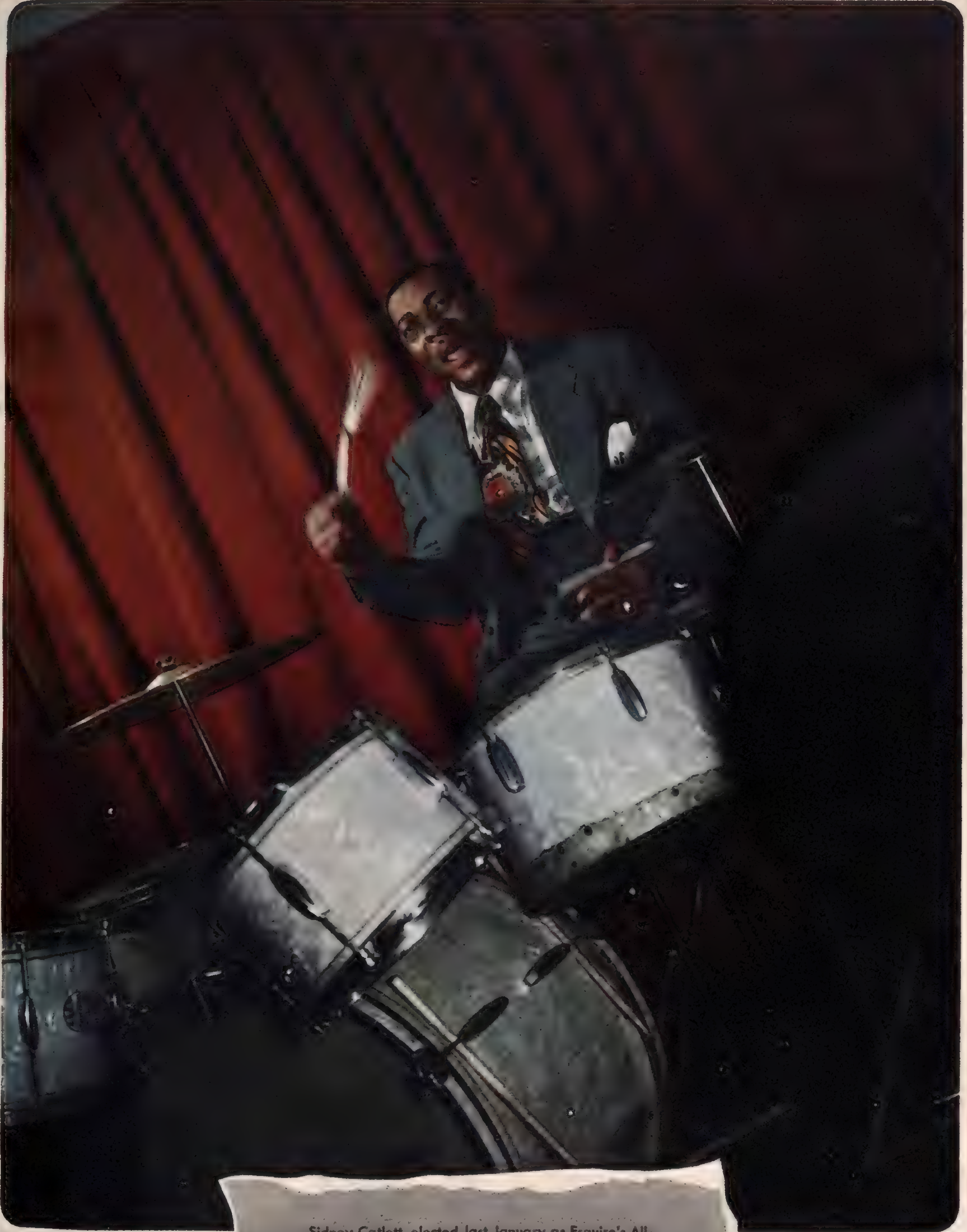
Herbie Fields, ex-Army bandleader discharged a year ago, brought his clarinet to the session. He's one of the most promising alto and tenormen, too, and started a brilliant new orchestra some months ago.



Johnny Guarnieri, descendant of the famous family of violin-makers, has played piano for Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and several radio house bands; does an amazingly lifelike impersonation of Fats Waller.

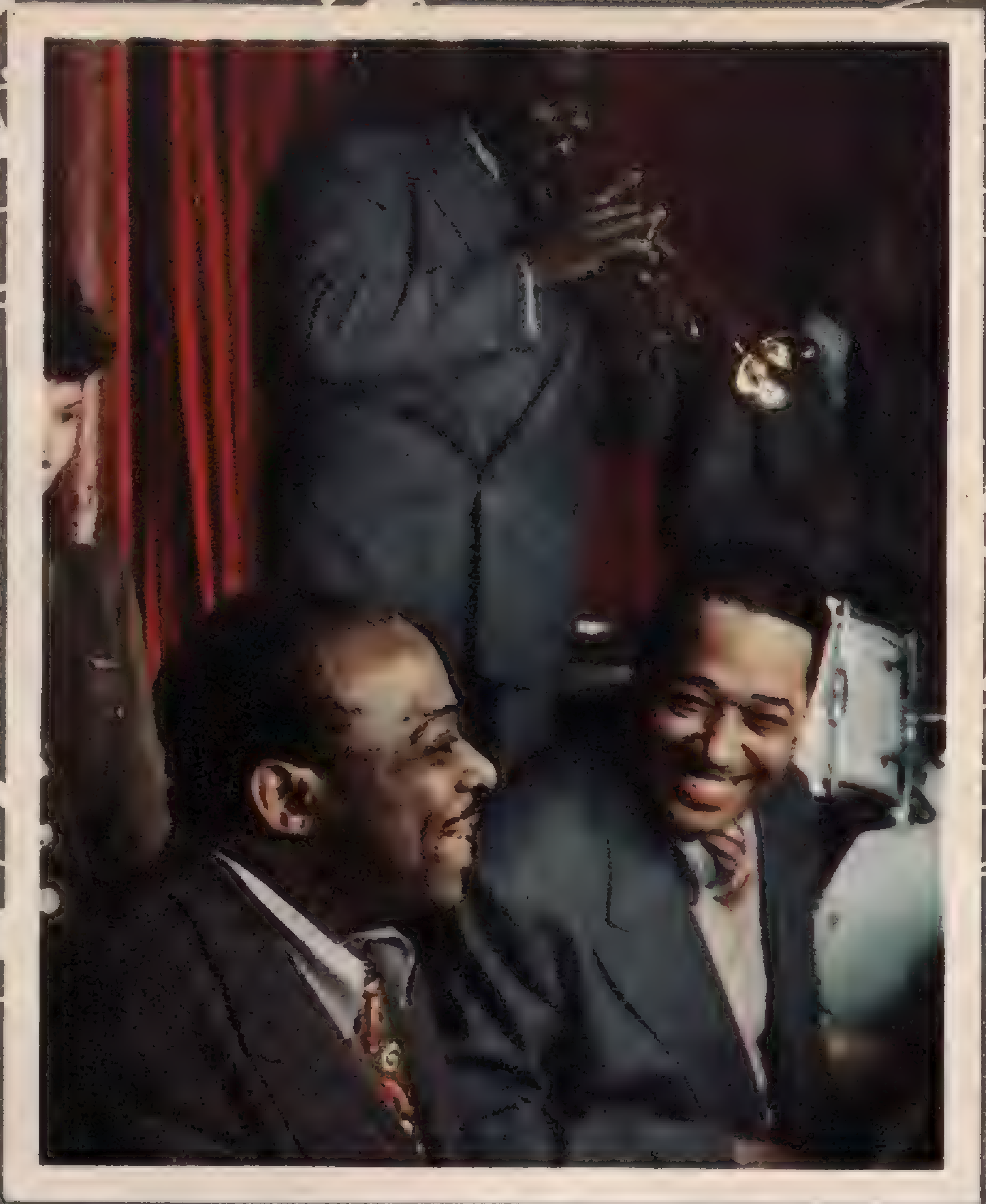


Mary Lou Williams, one of swingdom's first ladies, played some of the best Blues heard during the evening, with such men as trombonist Tommy Pederson.

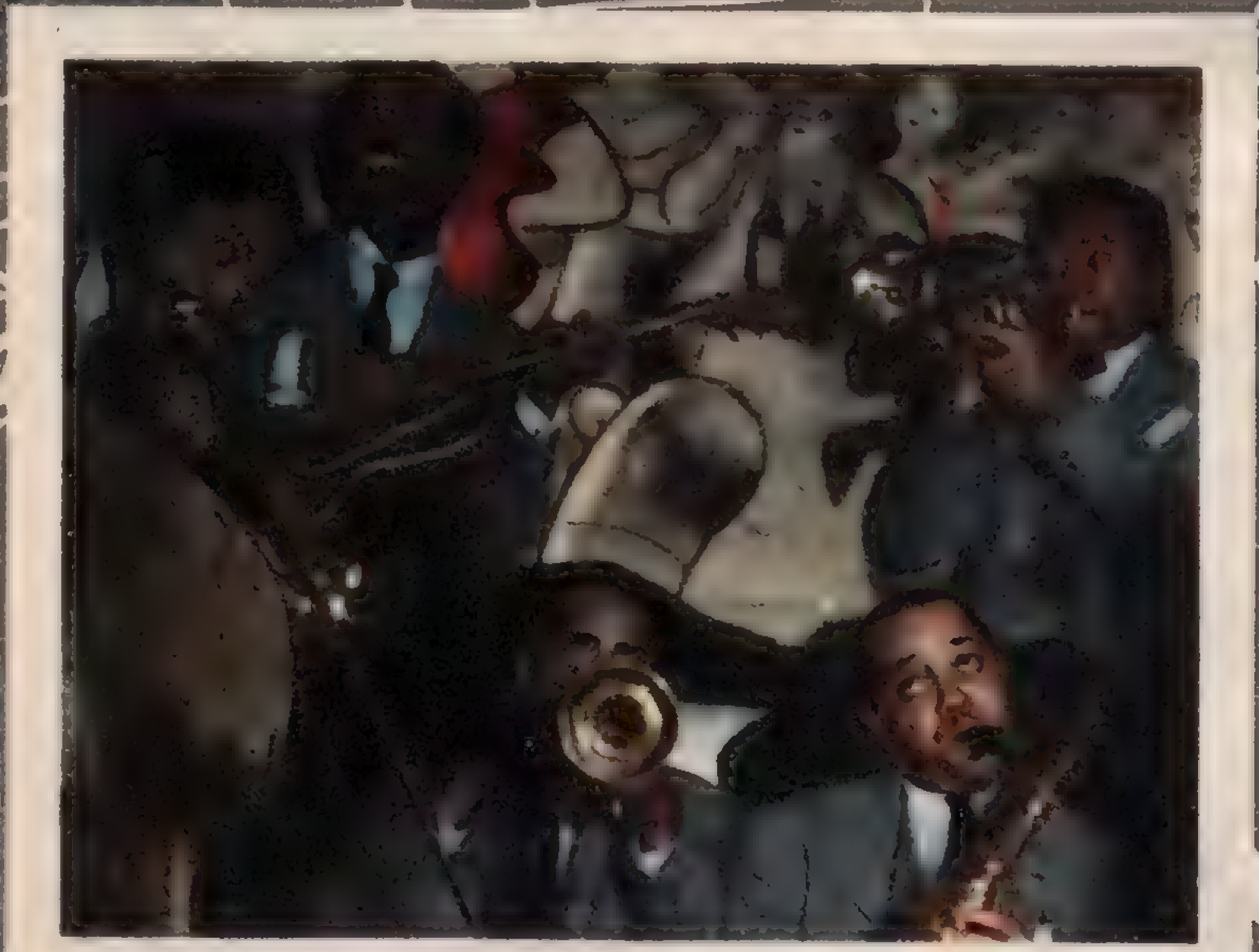


Sidney Catlett, elected last January as Esquire's All-American drummer, left Teddy Wilson's band soon after to form a quartet of his own on 52nd Street. "Big Sid" is an alumnus of Fletcher Henderson's band.

SYDNEY RAVITZ PHOTOGRAPH

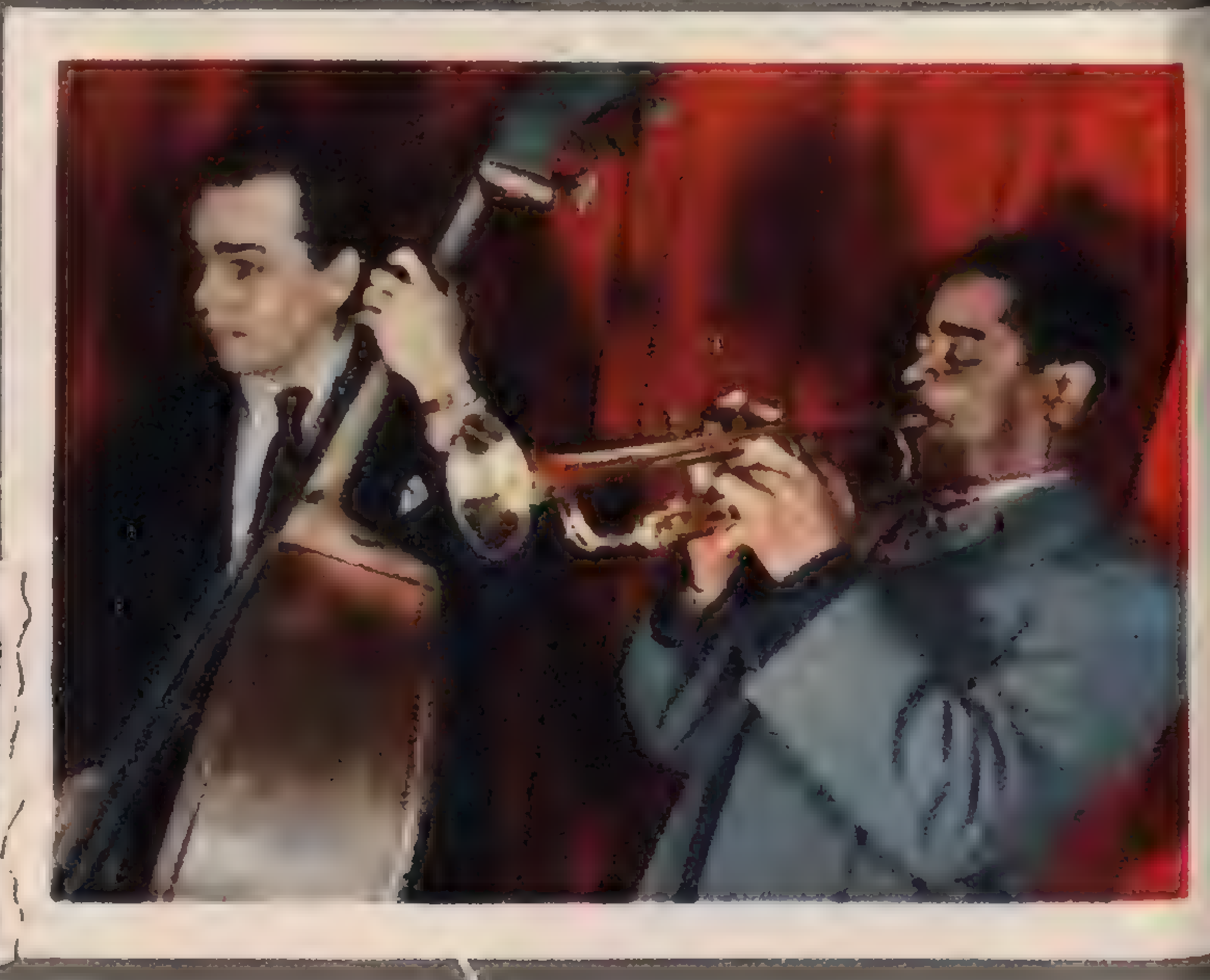


Rex Stewart, above, riffs out an obbligato whil the Duke is joined at the piano by Count Basie fo a duet. Basie, one of the Duke's sincerest admirer generally bows from the waist when he meets hi



As the night and the excitement of the session progressed, half the Basie band wandered in to take a chorus. Here are five of them, including guitarist Freddie Greene and tenor saxman Lester Young.

John "Dizzy" Gillespie, a celebrated character along 52nd Street and the leader of his own small band, arrived late, started playing while he still had his overcoat on. Jimmy Johnson is on bass.



ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

Servicemen invited to the all-night party at Café Society Downtown rushed to the piano when Duke Ellington arrived. The urbane Duke, often reluctant to jam, kept going for a half hour on *Lady Be Good*.

Above: an ecstatic scene from *Rose Room*, which was the longest item played at the session. Musicians continued to jam choruses on it for fifty minutes. Seen here are Al Killian, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor.

Members of a dozen bands flocked to the Café for this busman's holiday on their night off. With Sid Catlett at the drums here are Dickie Wells, trombonist with Basie, and Junior Raglin of the Ellington band.

The Year of the Bunny Hug

Life was a giddy whirl for Manhattan's favored young men and morals were as strictly defined as the caste system

by MONROE DOUGLAS ROBINSON

•ARTICLE•

We wanted to be men-about-town, sophisticates to the last degree. It was the turn of the century. *The Police Gazette* still spelled Tenderloin with a capital T. New York gayety lived between West Twenty-third and West Forty-second Street, with Broadway speeding north and south to so-called decency. Weber and Field's Music Hall, at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, and Daly's Theatre, at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, were the extremes in theatrical attractions. We had surreptitiously seen boy meet girl in the Cairo and other flaming cafés, where the red seats, the tawdry settings, the singing waiters, picture hats, the choking collars of the day, were the accepted background. We had sneaked into the Haymarket—a den of iniquity, with its dance floor, the blare of music, the shuffling crowds, the boxes separating the masses from the élite, the surge of women on the hunt. We even knew Mollie's, a charming spot for casual acquaintance, that held forth on West Forty-second Street. We admitted that the Tenderloin was moving north. We wished to keep in step.

As college students, a few years later, we had a chance to learn the liberal arts—if we wished it. The arts were at our disposal, yet our taste in vintage champagne grew by leaps and bounds. We had a thorough course of training at the debutante balls at the Hotel Sommerset in Boston. We considered the "coming out" party at Sherry's, in New York, a graduate course. The constant waltzing of the period was an athletic event. It demanded alcoholic stimulation every other minute. At the club dinners, in Cambridge, before any ball, we prepared for this emergency. Yet the continual whirls and hops called for even more libations. We did our best as vibrant stags. One of our intimates, about to lose his balance whilst on the floor, reached for the statuesque form of his blue-blooded partner. He missed the lady, but clutched her pearl necklace with vigor and determination. The jewels and the man hit the floor together. The band stopped, the couple dropping to their knees in their hunt for the fallen riches. The man was forgotten, but the valuables were found and the dance went on.

The grand finale was the race for Cambridge in two hacks, one driven by Harry Tweed, today a prominent lawyer, and the other piloted by Gaspar Bacon, now a colonel in the Air Force. Tweed's horse died turning the corner into Massachusetts Avenue, with Bacon's cab claiming the race. It was all part of the night's gayety.

New York was our Mecca for the Christmas Holidays. Princeton, Harvard and Yale met there on the ballroom floor. The social season was fervid and exhausting. We knew everyone in the room and Society was simple. There were no gate crashers; our families had known each other for generations. Sherry's was the rendezvous, with young women in ball dresses, the young men with high hats and swallow tails. To take the elevator to the dance floor without stopping at the large bar to the right would have been considered a sacrilege. This rite observed, the human currents flowed upwards. The endless whirl of the waltz took up much strength and more champagne. At the end of the ball the young women returned to their chaperones, whilst the young men set out about discovering New York after dark.

We would tilt our high hats on the back of our heads, join arms and, with Fifth Avenue behind, would set out for Broadway. Rector's was our goal and, once there, a table near the door would be filled to overflowing with college students . . . There would not be a woman present, but we had eyes for all.

We knew Diamond Jim Brady and his taste in something feminine, rare and young. We could pick out of the crowd one of the Lewisohns. There was always one there. Anna Held would make her entrance. We envied her escort of the moment. He was in the limelight and we wished to be there. We knew the show girls of the day by name. Their figures, their furs, their chic appearance made a deep impression. If Rector's palled, we moved *en masse* to Jack's on Sixth Avenue.

Jack's was noisier, with none of the superficial dignity of Rector's. The hubbub was great, the crowds more exuberant. The bouncers were famous. We could expect to see some of our friends being hurled through the other door as we entered. The hum of voices, the heavy atmosphere of smoke, the scurrying waiters, meant that closely packed humanity was having a good time. The guests came from all walks of life, the only requisite being sufficient money to pay the check. Hours passed with alcohol and conversation. Daylight would come and we would stagger home replete with so-called enjoyment. If we visited the six-day bicycle race at the Garden, we would mix our educated shouts with the hoots of the gallery gods. It was cold, grey, dull, but the hour, the champagne, the high hat clothed all with romance. We were learning to sow our wild oats. We were apt pupils.

Washington, of the Winter of 1908-9, burst into full bloom. We had staged a full migration from New York. Ethel Roosevelt was to have her "coming out party" at the White House. Carrie Munn was to make her debut, with Martha Bacon, the daughter of the Assistant Secretary and Mrs. Bacon, giving another large dance. The Season had an aura of its own. The waltz was still *de rigueur*, but another note was added, one that made history. *Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay,* the successful tune of that moment, burst upon the capital and took all by storm. The Marine Band, despite its dignity and regalia, blared forth the mighty ditty. Voices rose, couples whirled, words rang out and a new era of the dance was born. It was not jazz. It was its first cousin.

Love played a strange part in our lives. We were each devoted to one of the girls in our own set. It was the expected thing. We looked upon them as "nice girls." We did not want them otherwise. The barriers separating the girls "that did" from those "that did not" were so strong, so unbreakable that the two points of view and action could never meet. Yet those "that did" had an appeal of their own—mystery, glamor, romance. We could see them at Rector's and Martin's. They were good looking, chic, beautifully dressed. "Kept woman," spoken with bated breath, meant another world. We knew it. One of the "kept women" had fallen in love with one of our own classmates.

She lived very well. She had a house on the upper west side. She gloried in a Japanese butler. The house was furnished in the best of taste and fashion. She had a smart victoria, with two men on the box. She drove each afternoon on Fifth Avenue. She was generous, human and understand-

Continued on page 286

". . . and, honey, wait'll Harlem sees you!"

The Rhythm Section

Discerning the real Duke Ellington from the legend and estimating the relative importance of arranger and improviser

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

If you've ever seen Duke Ellington and his orchestra, chances are that you've wanted to know more about the man and his music. Further chances are that you've read articles and interviews in one or two widely circulated magazines which convey the impression that Duke Ellington, greatest jazz composer and leader of the greatest jazz orchestra, is best identified as (a) the owner of 150 suits, (b) an instinctive, half-primitive genius who writes his music on scraps of paper and lets the band finish the composing in a wild free-for-all at rehearsals.

Too much confusion has been planted in the public mind by such well-meant but ill-informed stories. Having been an Ellington student since 1929, and having worked personally for him for eighteen months in 1942-3 as his press agent, I've been close enough to the scene to feel pretty strongly that the truth, too, deserves a story.

Duke Ellington is a mental match for any journalist or any musician. A mature man of forty-five, he cannot be simplified or crystallized into any one personality-interview. The fact that he has a big wardrobe is a purely external reflection of a superficial characteristic. Clothes don't mean nearly as much to him as the angle-hungry storytellers have implied.

On the legend that his compositions are semi-improvised, a story that is palpably absurd to the musically literate, I tackled Ellington backstage at the Roxy for a detailed answer.

"Well," he reflected, "I believe that legend began in the old days when we played all our stage shows without using manuscripts because I thought music stands looked ugly on the stage. The men in the band had good memories, and I thought they'd memorize even faster from dictation than from reading the notes on paper; so what happened was, before the stage show I'd pass out the notes—just take one chord at a time and tell each man which note he had to play of each chord. But as for the whole band making up the arrangements—hell, how can you take sixteen men and improvise if you want to get unity? One man with one good idea produces better results than a hundred men with conflicting ideas.

"Sure, sometimes I work in a hurry and at the last minute, but everything is completely orchestrated by rehearsal time, except the passages left open for solos, and the parts are copied out for each man before they're played. The solo parts? All I do for them is dictate the mood of the solo, not what the soloist is to play.

"My old booking office used to exaggerate a lot of those stories about the origin of some of the tunes, and that gave the general idea that they were all composed in a rush or at rehearsal. Right now I don't think we have more than two or three tunes altogether that aren't written arrangements. One is *In a Jam*, which was just a skeleton theme for improvising—I passed it out verbally in ten minutes; and *C Jam Blues* is mainly the same sort of thing."

"How," I inquired, "do you account for the attitude of the jazz fans who are so scared of orchestration and premeditation?"

"Those people," said the Duke, resorting to some of his personal pet adjectives, "are unaware. They're unbooted, unhip. Why, they can't even get the story straight about the origins of jazz. Only the crude, undisciplined ragtime of New Orleans has had wide recognition. Fact is, Eastern ragtime in the early days was beautiful, and it used to *swing!*"

Duke then climbed onto one of his conversational hobby horses: his bitter resentment of the adulation accorded to jamming and jam sessions.

"I don't believe," he declared emphatically, "in holding audiences down to the twelve-year-old child's level of those kids who idolize jamming. The people who believe in that stuff are sadistic; most of them don't like to believe that a man can play a certain type of jazz unless he's led a certain type of life. They hate music played in a clean shirt. They think in terms of living and personal character instead of just taking the music as it comes. Why, if they ran into a man like Roger Wolfe Kahn, who was a millionaire but a master of jazz and a great musician, they wouldn't believe it, because the wealthy Kahn never worked in a smoke-filled dive playing for tips.

"As far as I'm concerned, the same thing goes in any branch of art. An artist starving in a garret is just a penniless artist, not necessarily a good one. And jamming, fundamentally, simply means taking all the phrases and hot licks in jazz and perfecting them in every key; a good artist is a man who has simply mastered all these devices best. Some of these jam men take a few old licks and keep harping on them and the kids at Nick's think it's terrific."

I asked Ellington through which medium the public would be best advised to learn more about his own music. The answer was, as I expected, that the band is at its most typical on a one-night stand, a dance date, when it can relax and play anything in its extensive library. "Stage shows," Duke pointed out, "are strictly commercial, strictly for applause."

This is an important point to remember, for if you know Duke only from stage shows and broadcasts, you will identify him with mediocre ballad singers, with his latest popular song hit, with jive singing and dancing and other trivia, rather than with a brilliant blend of orchestration and improvised solos by an outstanding aggregation of talented individuals.

The Ellington band still is the foremost in jazz; its music is written directly for the orchestra, with specific musicians in mind, and the soloists, despite several major defections in recent years, include such great men as Johnny Hodges, Al Sears, Ray Nance, Harry Carney, Lawrence Brown and Joe Nanton.

Nevertheless, reservations must be made in recommending the Ellington orchestra. Its discipline is variable, and the unusual constancy of Duke's personnel through the years means that familiarity has bred contempt among his men. Only when the occasion is exceptional, as for instance at a recording session, will the ensembles be perfectly together, the band constantly on its mettle.

If you want to know more about the real Ellington, you could do worse than forget about *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, and concentrate on such Victor records as *A Portrait of Bert Williams*, *Bojangles*, *Jack the Bear*. And remember, please, that Duke couldn't have written them without manuscript paper, though he could have managed it without a single suit of clothes. —L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

On RECORDS: There are two Musts, three Shoulds, four Mays and a Don't, as follows:

MUSTS: King Cole brings that elusive quality known as The Beat to his piano and vocal work in the Cole Trio's wistful revival of an old Don Redman hit, *Gee Ain't I Good to You*, on Capitol. One of our Esky award winners, guitarist Oscar Moore, plays with his wonted subtlety and finesse in this and the reverse, *I Realize Now.* Johnny Hodges, accompanied by half the Ellington band, makes something ethereal out of Billy Strayhorn's sultry, moody tune, *Passion Flower*, on Bluebird.

SHOULDS: Recorded, like the above Hodges sides, long before the 1942 recording ban, but never previously released, are Teddy Wilson's *Out of Nowhere* and *My Favorite Memory* on Columbia, the former with a simple and effective vocal by Lena Horne, the latter sung by Helen Ward. Columbia's *Request for a Rhumba* is, I swear it, a successful attempt to swing a rhumba; the tune was written by Bud Freeman, arranged by Paul Jordan and played by the Will Bradley band, which might help to explain the phenomenon. And for a first-class example of a new-time big band playing old-time small band music, Dixieland style, get Eddie Miller's *Stomp Mr. Henry Lee* on Capitol.

MAYS: Musicraft has a weird album of vocal and piano work by Harry (the Hipster) Gibson, replete with obscure references to marijuana parlors and kindred matters which may or may not give you a clearer backstage picture of life on 52nd Street. He's a competent boogie-woogie pianist. Victor has reissued Fats Waller's *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie.* Miss Rhapsody, a Blues singer in the venerable Bessie Smith tradition, hollers *Hey Lawdy Mama*, with inadequate accompaniment, on Savoy. A more authentic Blues record is Big Bill Broonzy's *I'm Woke Up Now*, on Okeh.

DON'TS: *Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight* and *I'm Lost*, by Benny Carter on Capitol, do nothing to illustrate the brilliance of this man and his band. Shun them.

IN PERSON: By all means spend some time catching up with Woody Herman's revised band. When it's not ballad time, this bunch plays some of the greatest jazz any white band has made since Charlie Barnet's palmiest days. Watch out for a kid named Ralph Burns, who looks about sixteen, plays fine piano and writes finer arrangements; and for such superb performers as Flip Phillips (tenor sax), Bill Harris (trombone), Dave Tough (drums), Chubby Jackson (bass). When Woody's crew starts *Flying Home*, even Lionel Hampton had better look out.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

What is the relative importance of arranged as against improvised jazz?

Otto Cesana, composer, arranger and teacher:

Signorina, ia sua cadenza puzza! In English: "Young lady, your cadenza stinks!"

The interlocutor was none other than the great operatic composer, Claudio Monteverde (*circa* 1600). It seems that the operatic gals in those days felt particularly restrained by the written note, so the obliging composer would finagle an hysterical situation wherein the lady gave an untrammeled exhibition of her tonsils. Some were good and some were just legit.

In no time at all, composers decided it was safer to write those extemporaneous goings on down on paper and, for a top sample, if you ever pass a juke box that has a recording of the so-called Mad Scene from Lucy from Lammermoor arranged by "Gates" Donizetti, drop in a nickel and you'll go nuts, too.

But they tell me something like that is now going on between the boys who can read and those who can't (or don't want to). As a friend of a friend who knew Bix's barber, I feel qualified to add my two cents' worth to the controversy.

Assuming that I don't read so good (no remarks please), I take great pleasure in running up and down my instrument which, let us assume, is the clarinette (French model). Soon I become so proficient that I can do it with my eyes closed—in fact, that is the way I do it. It seems to give me that out-of-the-world-and-I-hope-you-stay-there look. The arpeggios, glissandi, staccato and legato are terrific and, what's more, they fit any tune, providing it's in the same key.

Occasionally I hit something that rings the bell. "Au Reet!" they yell, and my riff makes the rounds. "Stinky" Davis squeezes it out on his horn; "Fighting" Tom McGonigle, that lovable Irishman, heaves it out on his tram; "Marblehead" Jones smacks it out on the 88—standing up, of course. Finally Hajmar Slyzwrkwitcz puts it in a stock arrangement and gets 150 dollars. But that's not all, Larry Clinton stretches it out into an instrumental and makes 10,000 bucks.

So I learn to read—and write. This time *I'm* going to cash in. I put those notes down on paper, spending hours and hours. I get a good start, gradually I plan the right crescendo, staccato and other dingbats essential to a good ad lib effect. I play it and as Millie Bobbysock says, "It's murder!" I can't ask for greater approbation.

But now the test. I give it to Benny the Buzzer. He takes out his clarinet, takes a deep breath—and one of the keys stick. Another attempt shows that Benny's fingers are too short. Oh yes, there's the reed. That's the last straw. "It don't lie natural," says Benny. "Now listen, dis is how it shoulda been," and plays a very familiar break.

"But," I timidly inject, "Squirts Johnson did that back in 1920."

"Is that bad?" asks B.

Epilogue: East is East and soon the twain must meet.

The spontaneity of the extemporizer and the planned profundity of the composer are both essential. The performer must learn and assimilate other styles than his own, while the composer must exercise the greatest care in his writing. He must not only capture the spontaneity, warmth and boldness of the extemporizer, but he must also convey his wish with unequivocal musical notation.

With both forces working towards a mutual objective, a song will be born that will rise above the meaningless cacophony of the small and bigoted musical mind.

Max Miller, vibraharpist, pianist, leader:

No jazz musicians today are good spot composers. Rather, the best of them reassemble what they've heard or practiced or played in a jam session, and that's what passes among jazz fans as improvising. Today, when musicians try to improvise something really original, they are practically forced to give up in despair. Either they themselves or their fellow musicians know it's stale stuff that some instrumentalist already has conceived and played at some time in the past. Just because it isn't on a record it cannot be assumed that therefore it has never been played before. All real jazzmen are good on memory, and I say if it's in their head it's the same as being on paper. If they do reach for something which they think is original, it invariably turns out to be surrealistic in the sense that it is out of touch with reality—a straining for an effect which is technical rather than emotional.

Of course, plenty of jazzmen have fumbled around and created spot compositions of some merit. But to collectively improvise calls for musicians of high and equal caliber and ability and, with that, long association together. This is a rare combination. It is unique, too, since the improvisation is lost unless it is notated so that others can play it. Obviously, this calls for paper jazz. Or are we going to be satisfied with the hit-or-miss enthusiasms of our great jazz virtuosi? Do we not want to pass on their greatness to other generations?

Spot composing (improvisation) and ensemble jamming are of great importance to the emotional intensity of jazz. It is this quality which so frequently is absent from written jazz. The free feeling and expression of the best jazz, however, actually can be attained from notated scores. To do this, of course, calls for jazzmen who are willing to forego their egos and *interpret* what someone else has written. I think most of the confusion between free and written jazz has come from a misunderstanding of the importance of interpretation. To interpret does not mean dry-as-dust playing. On the contrary, life and vitality are essentials of great performances. It takes a highly skilled player to interpret a notated score with the same expressive feeling as if he were feeling the thing himself instead of being guided by written notes.

Conventional jam sessions are simply repetitions of ideas which the musicians involved have played many times before. I'd call that a memorized improvisation and, since that's a contradiction in terms, I see no justification for objecting to a musical notation while at the same time applauding a memorized notation. In short, the importance of the free jazz style lies in its emotional drive, its guts, the intensity of what is being said. The importance of written jazz lies in the lucidity of what is being said. The two together make jazz much more than what it is today.

Johnnie Guarnieri, pianist: There is a good deal of improvisation in the arranged jazz of practically all great soloists. For example, take Art Tatum. He can play an arrangement many times over the same way and yet give it an inspired, improvised feeling. Wilson, Goodman and a few others can do this, too. When men such as these "repeat," it does not have a monotonous "arranged" sound. Yet poor improvised jazz cannot compare in quality to good arranged jazz. When I use bits of Waller or Wilson phrases in my playing (and I consider this arranged jazz), it is because I believe these pianists have contributed something which is fine and which should not be avoided just because someone will call me an "imitator." All of which leads me to believe that the best of the musical ideas of the jazz soloist should be retained as part of the jazz tradition—that is, the arranged part of jazz. But more than that, it is the inspired, spontaneous feeling of the best of these soloists that must be retained, even if the music is memorized or written.

Jimmy Hilliard, arranger-leader of WBBM's staff jazz contingent:

Musicians at a jam session frequently play better than they do on their regular job. When I was with the Scranton Sirens I remember when Benny Goodman sat in; he played *Dinah* for 45 minutes and, with the exception of the rhythm section, we all got off the stand and let him go full blast. With the old Jean Goldkette band I recall that we "faked" about every third number. A man would start solo, and we'd fake background; then another soloist would come in, and pretty soon we'd build up a good feeling—yet it was arranged. *Pretty Girl Stomp* was one such tune. That's what an arrangement *should* do—I mean it should sound as if it were spontaneously conceived. That calls for plenty of co-operation between the musician and the writer. Briefly, then, an arrangement has to excite me and get inside of me so that I want to grab my sax and *play!* —P.E.M.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

EARLY last fall I sat in a modest night spot called Club Rio. It is situated in one of those typical edge-of-town locations in Springfield, Illinois, where Abe Lincoln once lived and conducted a law practice. A descendant of one of the slaves which that great President freed was blowing his heart out, expressing his joys and his sorrows through the medium of a soprano saxophone and a clarinet. About one o'clock in the morning patrons of the club swelled to peak number; the conventionally small dance floor was crammed with enthusiastic young dancers who obviously felt and responded to the vigorous warmth of the music. At the end of each selection there was no applause, not even a brief spurt. The dancers merely paused until the leader stomped off the beginning of another tune; others continued their conversation in slightly raised voices as, this time, the soprano saxophone sang out a plaintive yet dignified and powerful Blues. A young girl dancing near the bandstand shouted to the leader: "Play *Basin St. Blues.*" He smiled lightly, nodded, and again submerged himself in his own interpretation of the Blues which had no name—just Blues in F.

If, I wondered, the leader had been Benny Goodman—playing incognito—would the dancers have applauded then? No, I decided they wouldn't have, for no jazz virtuoso in all the world could incite that crowd to applause if Sidney Bechet could not do it.

For thirty years Sidney Bechet has been playing jazz professionally. His mighty talents have been heard not only in this country, but in Europe (as early as 1919) and parts of Asia as well. His 1922 recording of *Kansas City Man Blues* and *Wild Cat Blues* offers eloquent evidence of the tremendous reaches of his virtuosity when he was but twenty-five years old. Today, at forty-seven, he plays with a majestic sweep that surpasses even those younger talents. Make no mistake, this jovial genius is—measured by today's standards—one of the few Giants of Jazz. Lyrically and with simple dignity, he sings out what he feels within himself. Pretense and insincerity are foreign to him. Musically he says what he feels, directly, concisely, eloquently—and his background has given him plenty to say. That he says it without bitterness, but with deep inward feeling and technical perfection, is but another facet of his greatness.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

Black Sheep No. Three: Bill

Among those in Allegheny who least enjoyed Bill Brown's alleged humor was a ghost from the potter's field

by THEODORE DREISER

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

All those around the "corner" that was nearest his home in Allegheny, which was an independent city adjoining Pittsburgh at that time, knew that Bill Brown liked a joke above everything else. For a time, in his best days, he had been a yard foreman in one of the Pittsburgh steel plants that dotted the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers above the point where they joined to make the Ohio. But, apart from the "yard" work, Brown was only moderately practical—and yet made as much or as little as thirty-five dollars a week. Along with that he owned a small brick house not so very far from where the two rivers joined, and because their junction naturally formed a Y, he was at times a little wearying with his Y he built his house there. He could be as dull as that. At other times, as I found out, because he was not infrequently a source of news concerning the great works—accidents, etc., which except for private leakage would never reach the press, as all newspapermen in Pittsburgh knew—he could let fly a fast one as, when an enormous ladle of molten iron tipped and spilled its contents over a passing workingman, he observed afterwards—not at the time, of course, for he was horrified as was every other person there—that Atchkovich, the unfortunate victim, would certainly not need a monument, seeing that what was left of his probably completely charred frame was completely encased in steel—which same could be removed to any cemetery—as it was to one. Another remark that amused me—made as it was a month or more after Atchkovich's tragic end, was that one thing he—Atchkovich—would never need worry over was *hell*, seeing that all he could ever know of it had come to him at once. He had it with him—a remark which went the rounds of the local newspaper offices, although the tragedy was never commented on more than to the length of a short paragraph. In fact, so cheerful and genial, if not so physically attractive, was Brown that he was assumed to be a well-placed and generally happy man. And among his neighbors, as I understood it, my lone hall bedroom being in his vicinity at the time and I an occasional visitor of his, his wife, Ida, was envied because her life seemed so pleasant. She and Bill were both so stout and prosperous-looking, yet in their middle thirties she up and ran away with another man—a development which altered Brown's career not a little. For at first Bill didn't want to go home and only did so, as he said, because he remembered the dog and cat and they had to be fed. So he went but it took a lot of nerve for he had got such a shock that for a time his sense of humor completely deserted him. He became glum and sad and dressed more carelessly than ever. Also he began to try to prove to others, principally his male friends, that he had always been good to Ida and had thought her happy. He insisted that she always had the best, or at least as good clothes as were to be had in Pittsburgh. Also, that he especially admired her stylish way of wearing what she had. Yet she always used strong perfumes and even liked artificial flowers. In one of his conversations with me he recalled her wearing a bunch of artificial violets with a new blue suit, and he couldn't understand why she had left him.

"Darling, before we make any plans there's something I think you should know"

Anyhow, for at least a month or more he could think of nothing but how miserable he was because she had gone and he no longer saw humor in anything. He even talked to friends of doing something desperate, committing suicide, since, as he said, he couldn't see a thing to live for.

Not only that, but he worried about Ida, wondering, as he did in his talks with others, if she'd always have all she needed! He had been so proud of her. Finally one friend of his, succeeding in talking him out of these dreary thoughts, invited him to go to his own home to live for a time until he felt better, which he did.

Yet there was, as I heard, his and Ida's household stuff to dispose of, and since she insisted that she did not want any of it (a great blow to Bill), this problem he solved by generously giving it all away. His dog he gave to his friend's daughter Doris, and a little later he decided to put the cat to sleep, for, as he said, he knew cats didn't take easily to a change in homes, and so this was the better way. In sum, throughout all this his friends treated him well and he was very grateful to them. As he stated over and over to one and another, he felt he just couldn't have stood living alone. He had enough money, of course, and a good job, for he had a first-class standing as a steel man, but, as he said, it was just that he wanted to feel himself made welcome and not have to live with total strangers—a condition he could not endure. And then in a short time his disappointment went and he was making jokes as before.

And it was about that time that he met Jeanie, who lived in the city and was nothing but cheap and fast. It was not long before he began to boast about her to some, as he had of Ida. Nevertheless, one day when she came out to meet him near where he worked, he was furious with her because she was extremely made up—too much rouge, too much lipstick, too much cheap jewelry and, because of all his boasting, he was ashamed to be seen with her where he was known. Just the same he liked her well enough and went around with her for months. Jeanie ran a photograph studio and took postcard-sized pictures of people. Also she thought his jokes were delightful, a reaction that made her look better in his eyes, I fancy.

However, in time the family with whom Bill went to live grew tired of his jokes, although they liked him. They didn't tell him but let it appear as though they still thought him very funny, but despised themselves for being so mean-spirited. For, as I have said, Bill was very generous. He never failed to remember all of their birthdays, though no one ever thought of his. And he made a special point of making Doris, their oldest girl, happy on her birthday. Only he had to work a joke into that in some way and in order to achieve that he proceeded to make her wait for her present until the exact moment, the time when she had come into the world. Also, in connection with the others and their birthdays, he managed to make himself almost a pest, for although his presents or gifts for any and all occasions were of the best—once a desk for the husband and father, another time a silver dressing table set for the wife—he managed to ring in sufficient suspense to keep the entire family on tenterhooks if not in an uproar.

For one thing, on the occasion of the presentation of the desk spoken of, he had two employes of the desk seller arrive at the very moment the gift was being discov-

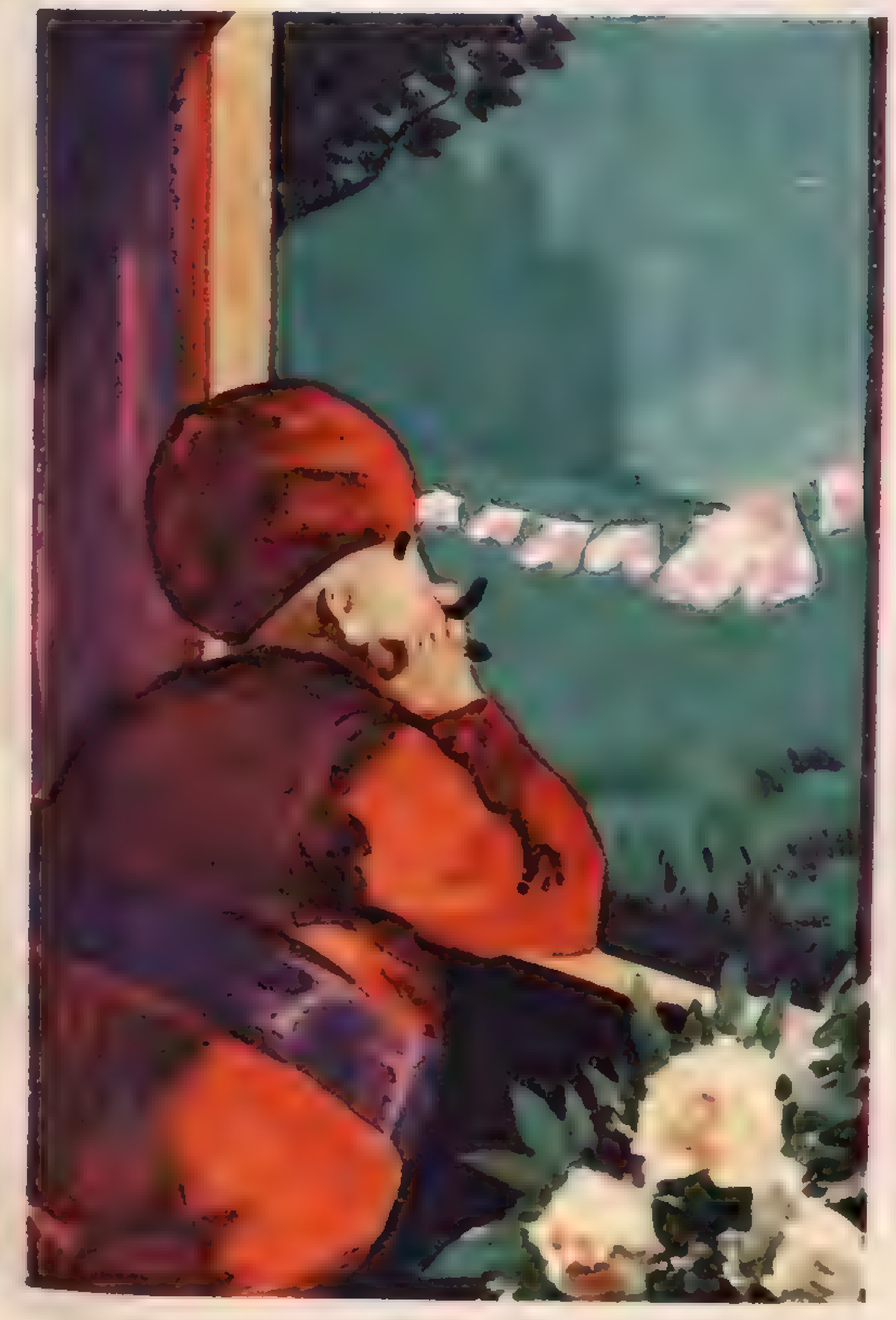
Continued on page 296

SPIRITS
OF 1933-1944

a collection of all-time hit cartoons

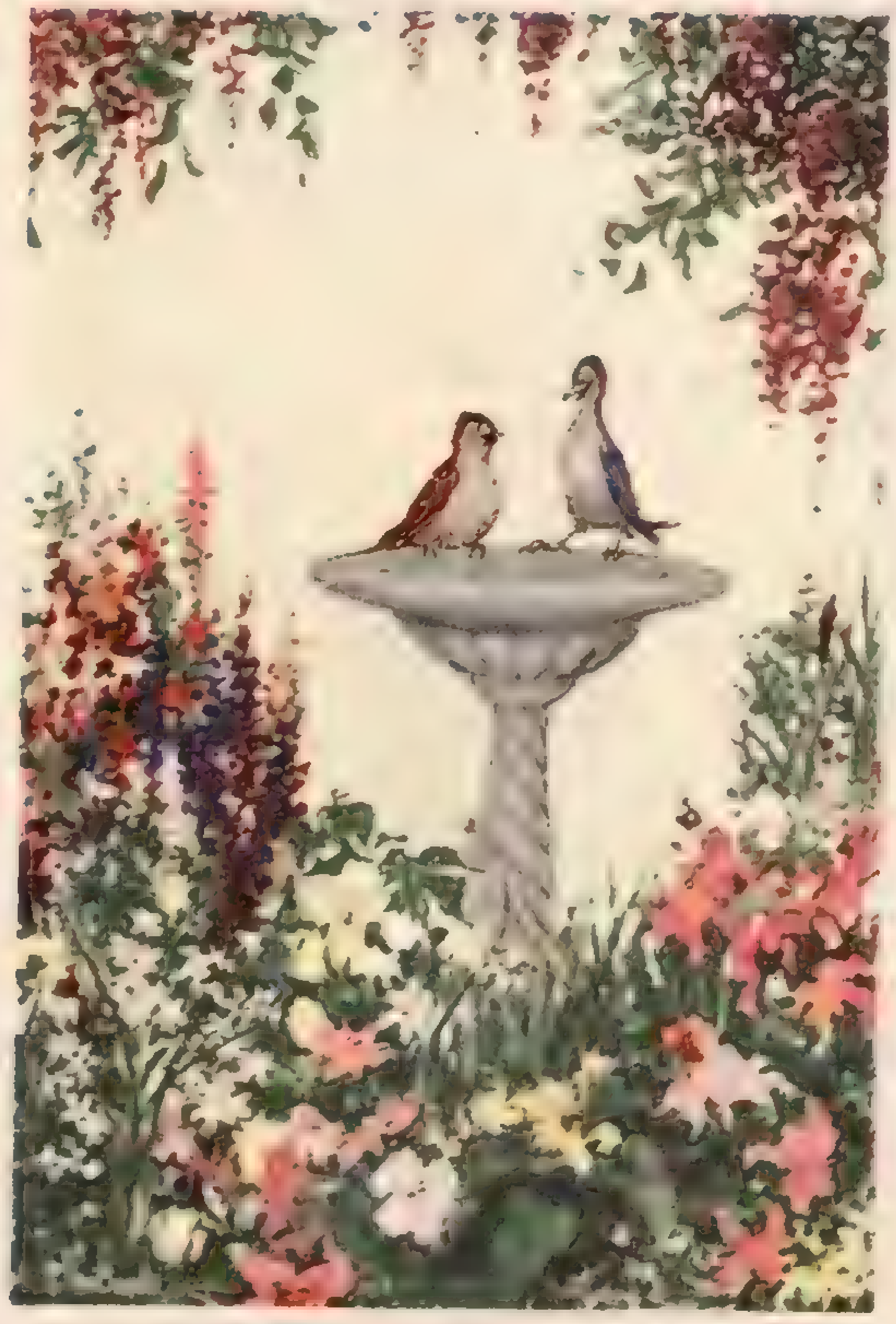
selected from eleven

years of Esquire



OCT. '34

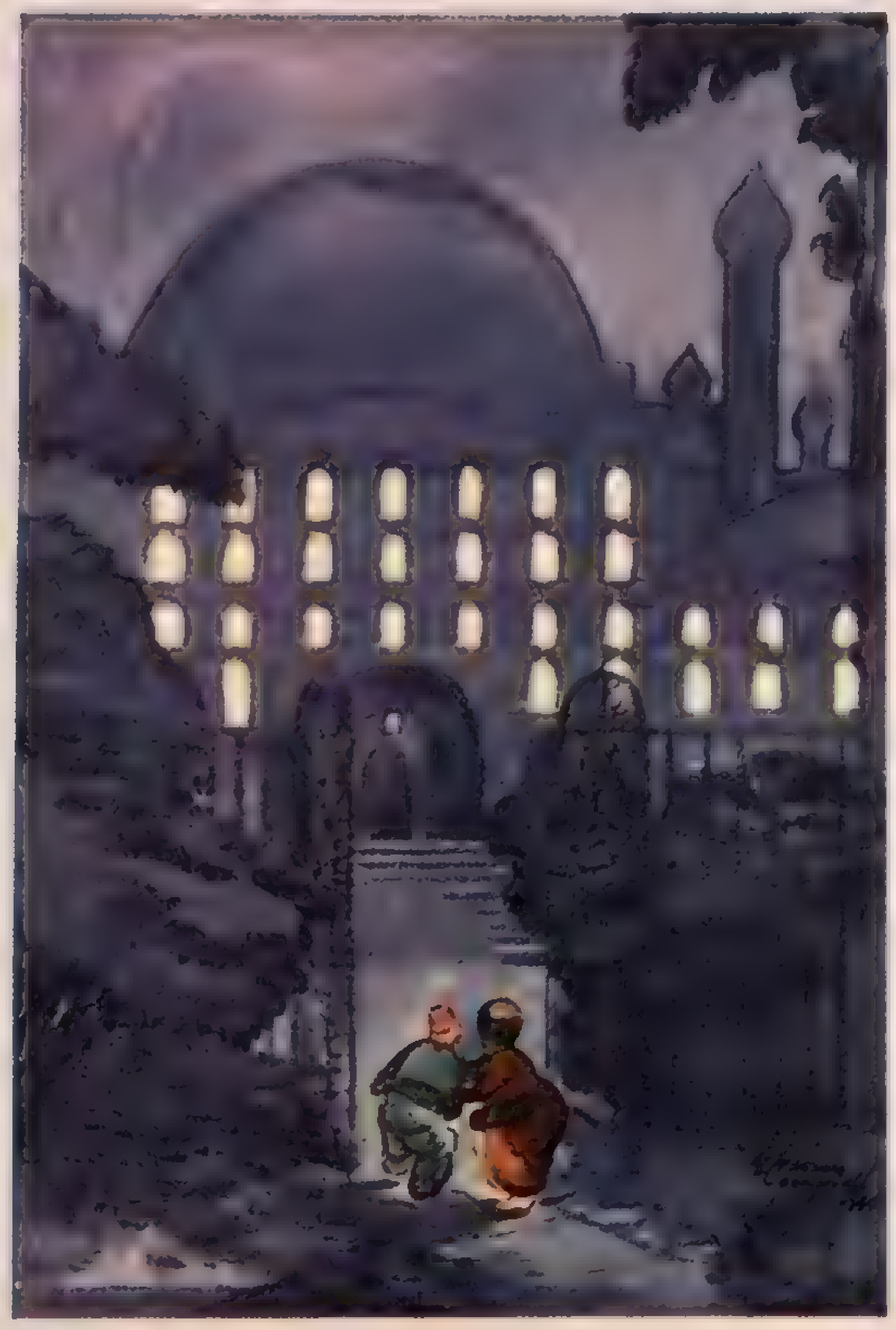
"Henrietta ought to go on a diet"



OCT. '34

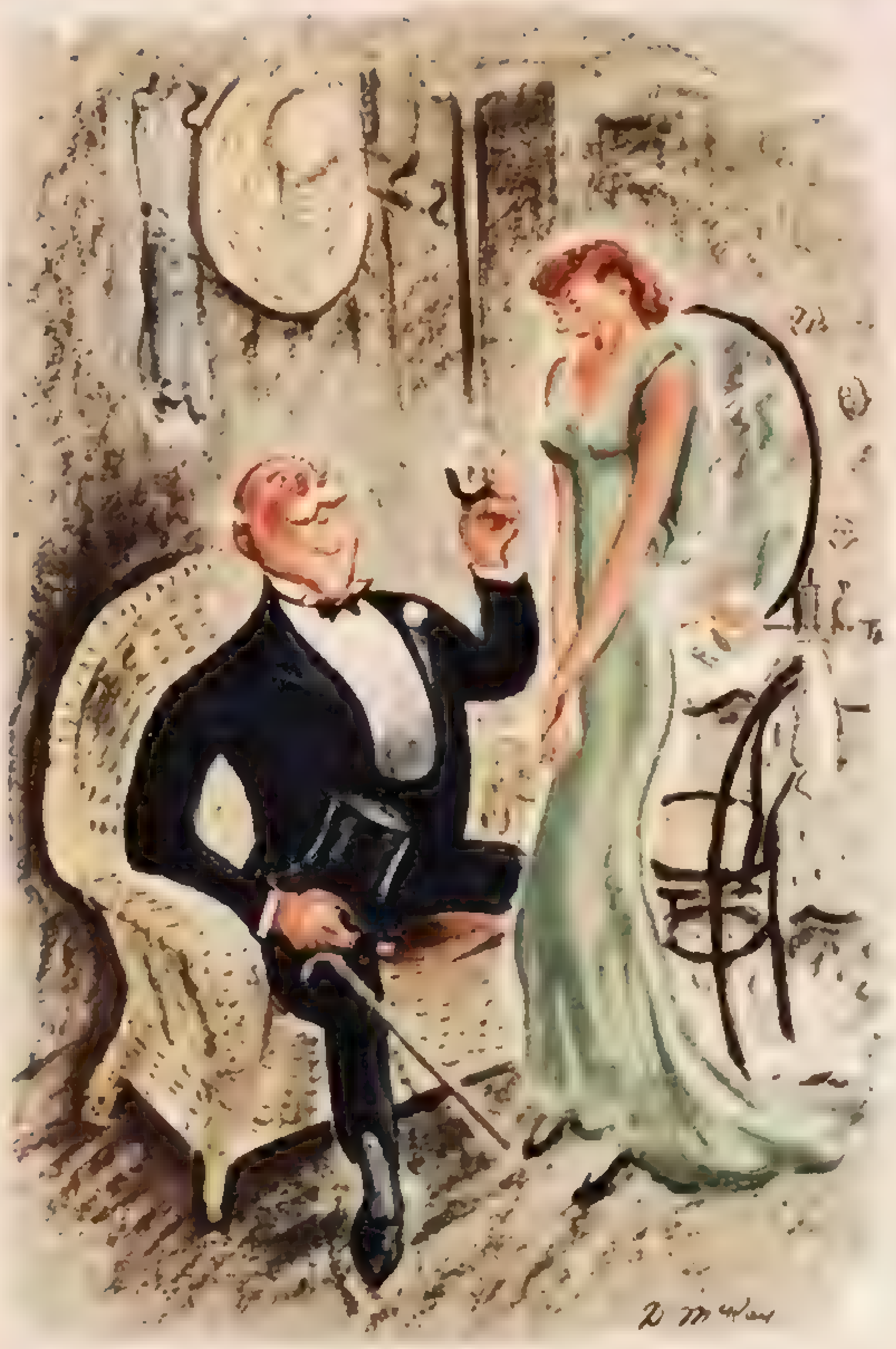
"Remember the night last summer Mrs. Courtney threw the champagne in?"

JAN. '35



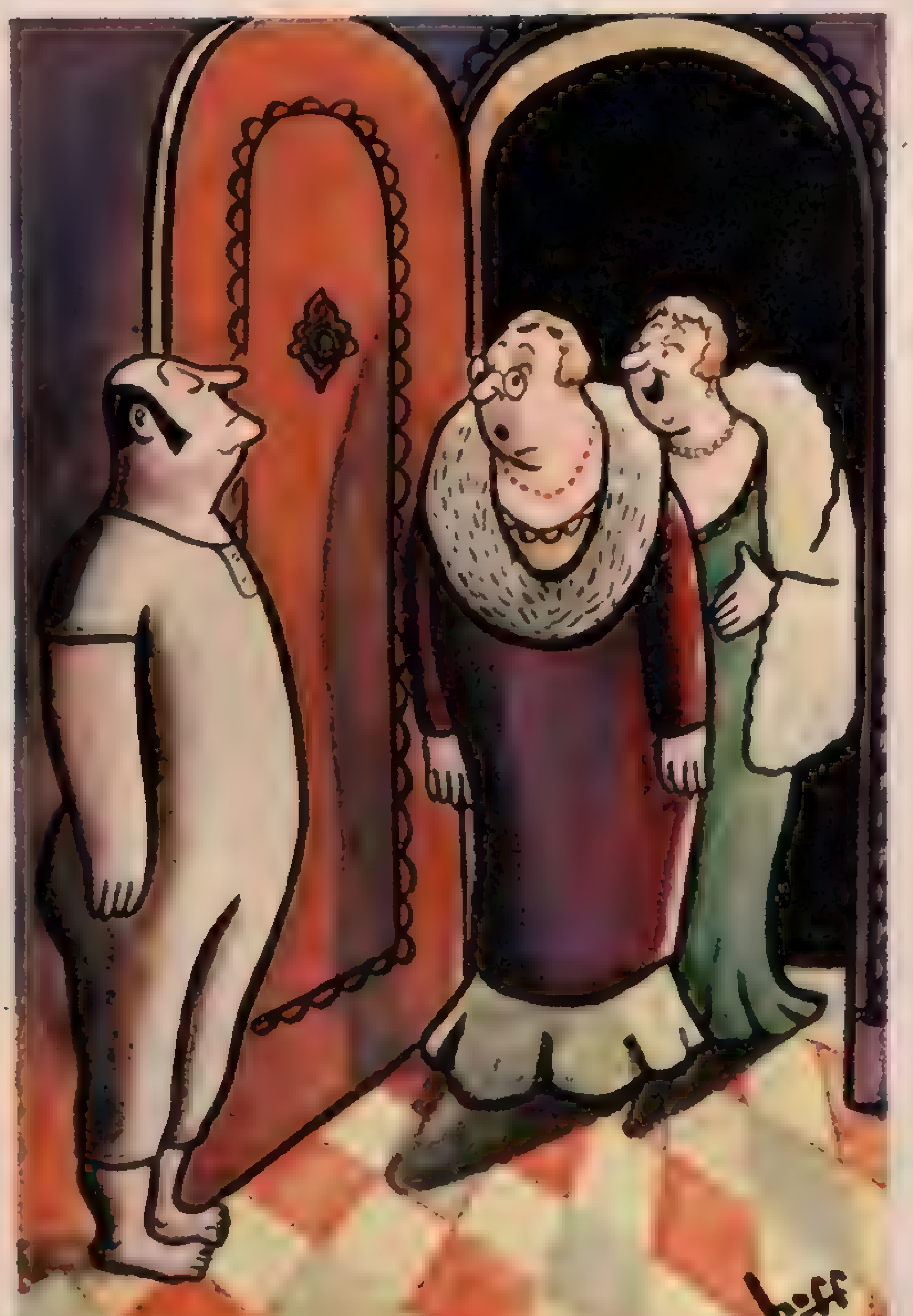
"They're all waiting up for me—give me thirty alibis"

JAN. '35



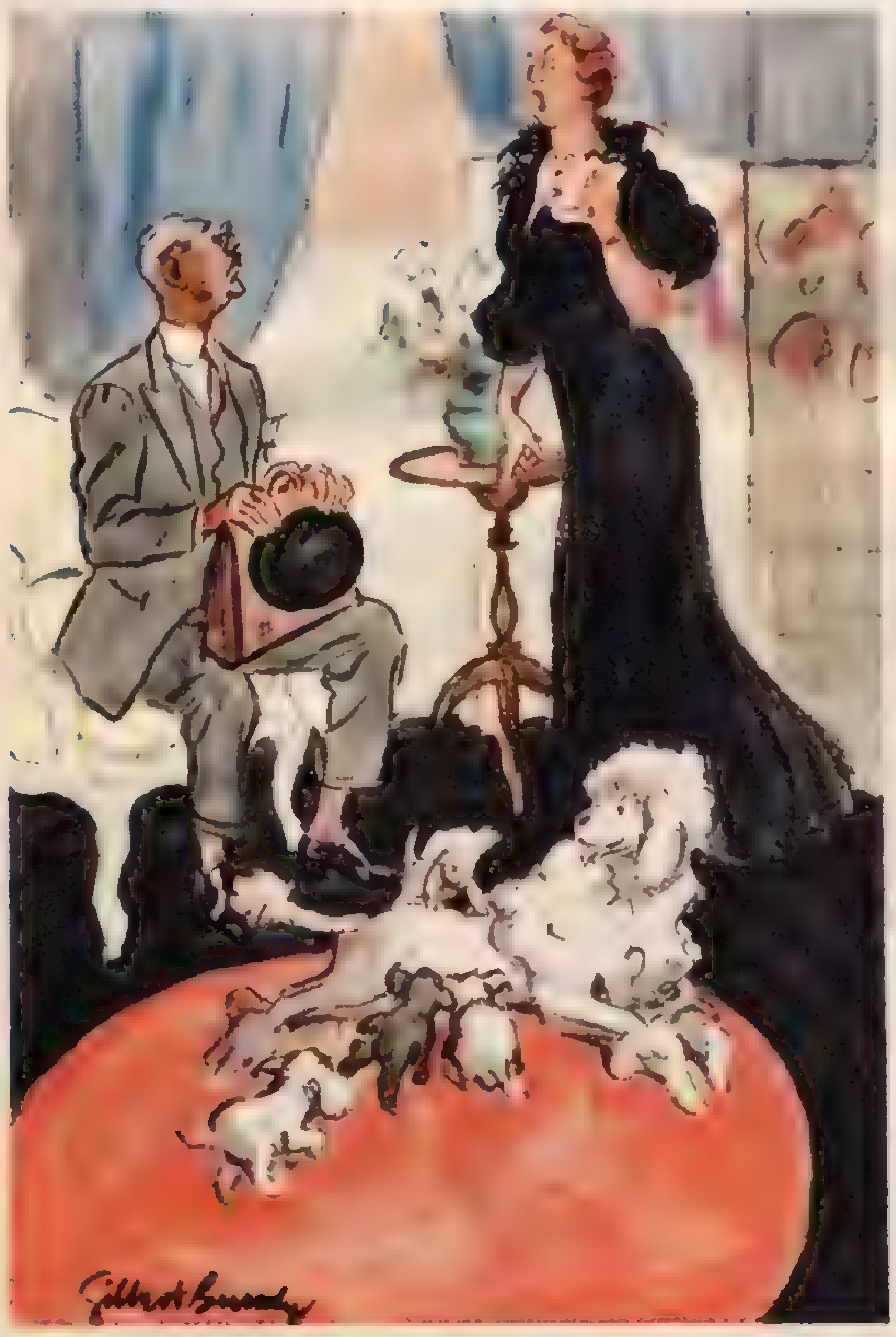
"Mr. Niffin—you almost make me believe in Santa Claus!"

FEB. '35



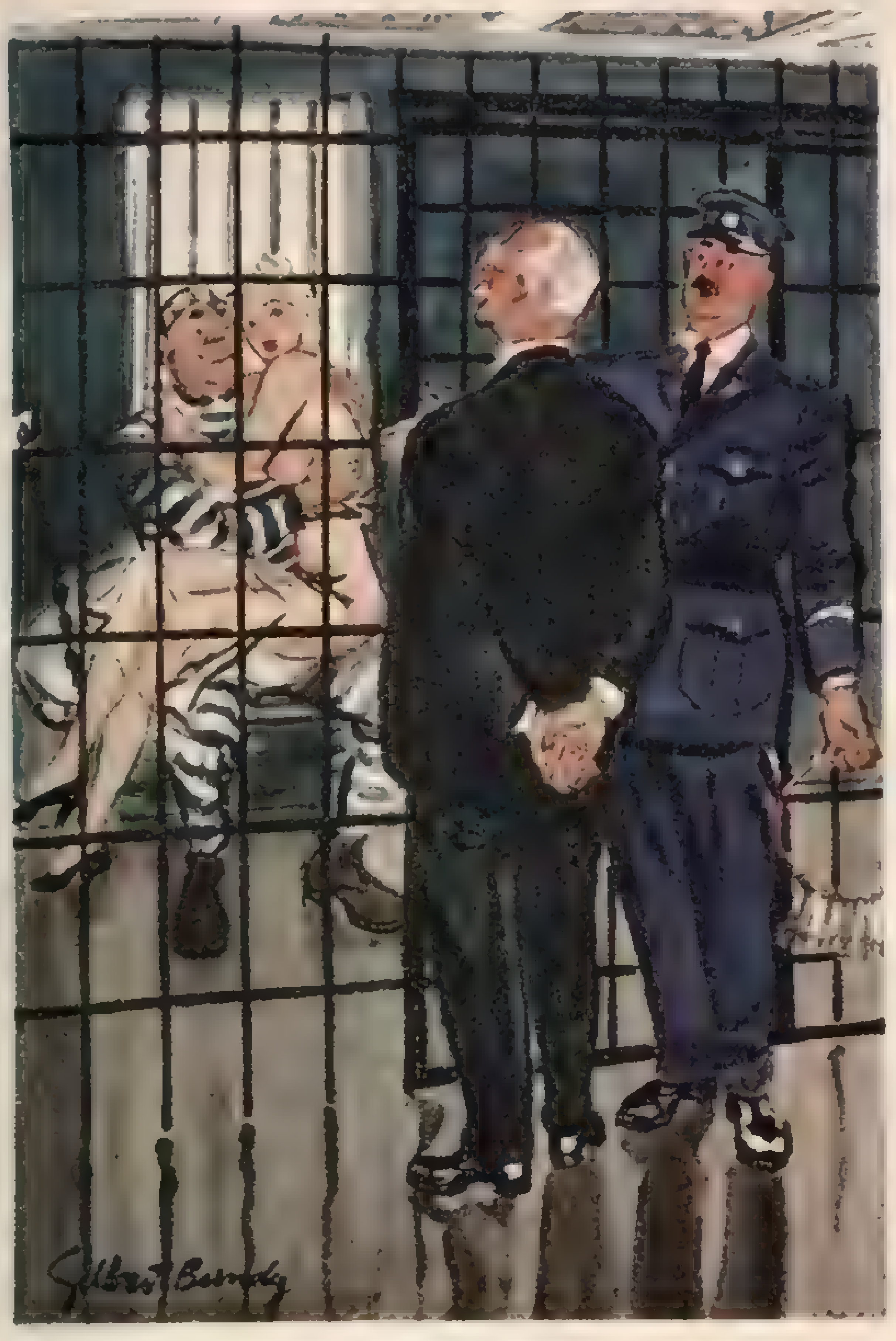
"It's only Louis—he's been with us a lifetime"

SEPT. '35



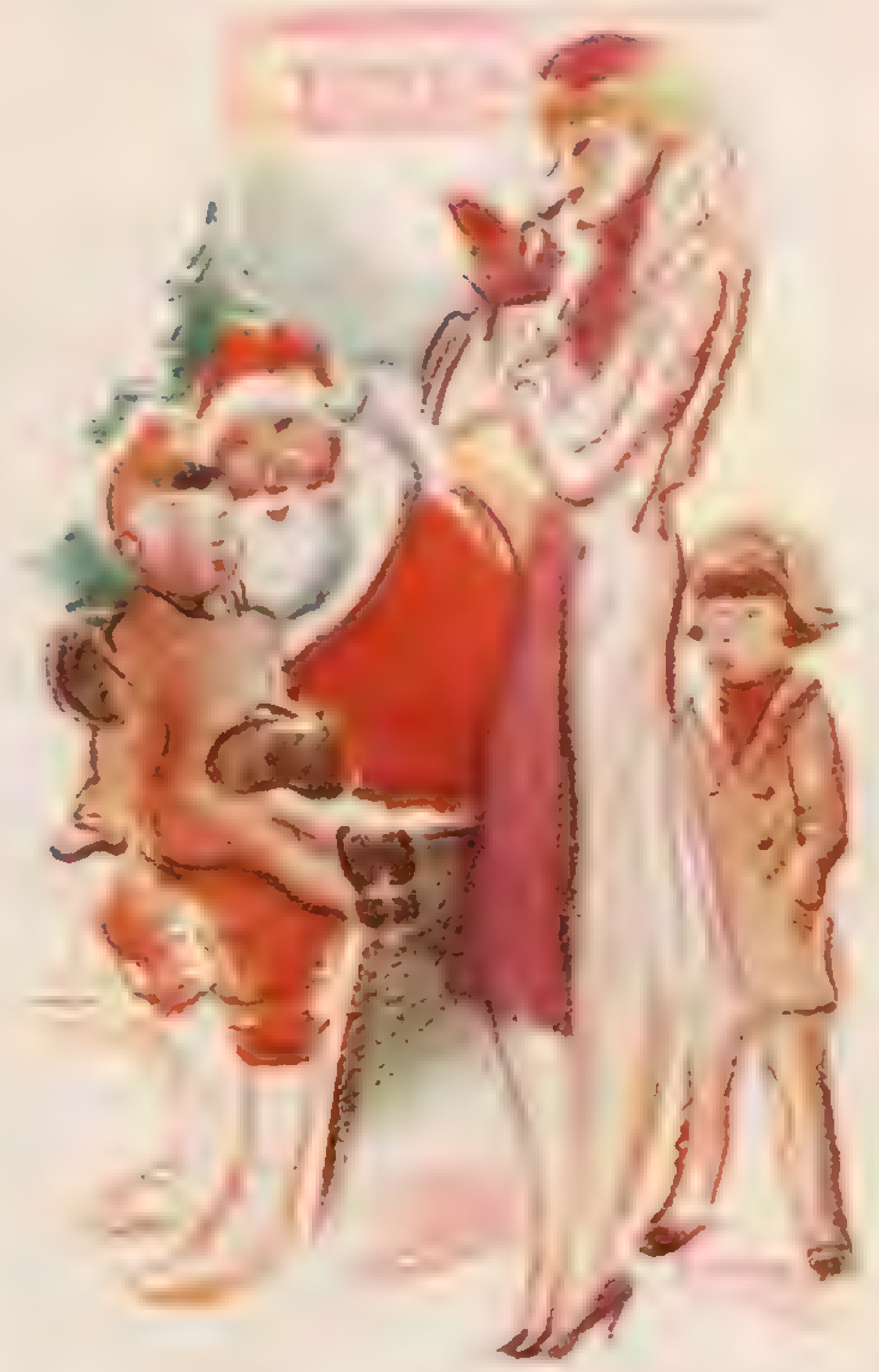
"I want to bring suit against the Metro Dog-Walking Service!"

NOV. '36



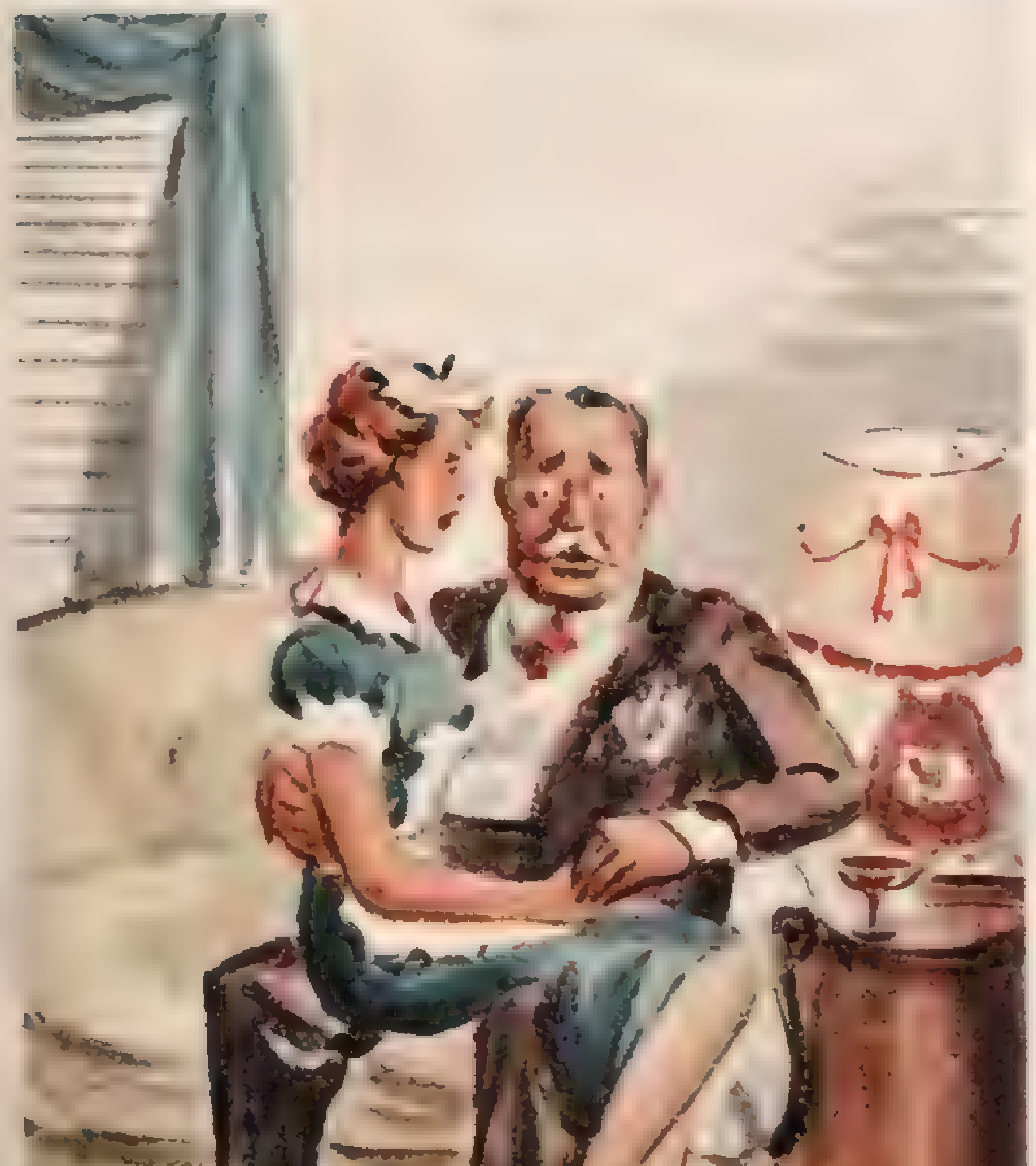
"But, Warden, you said to grant his last request"

JAN. '37



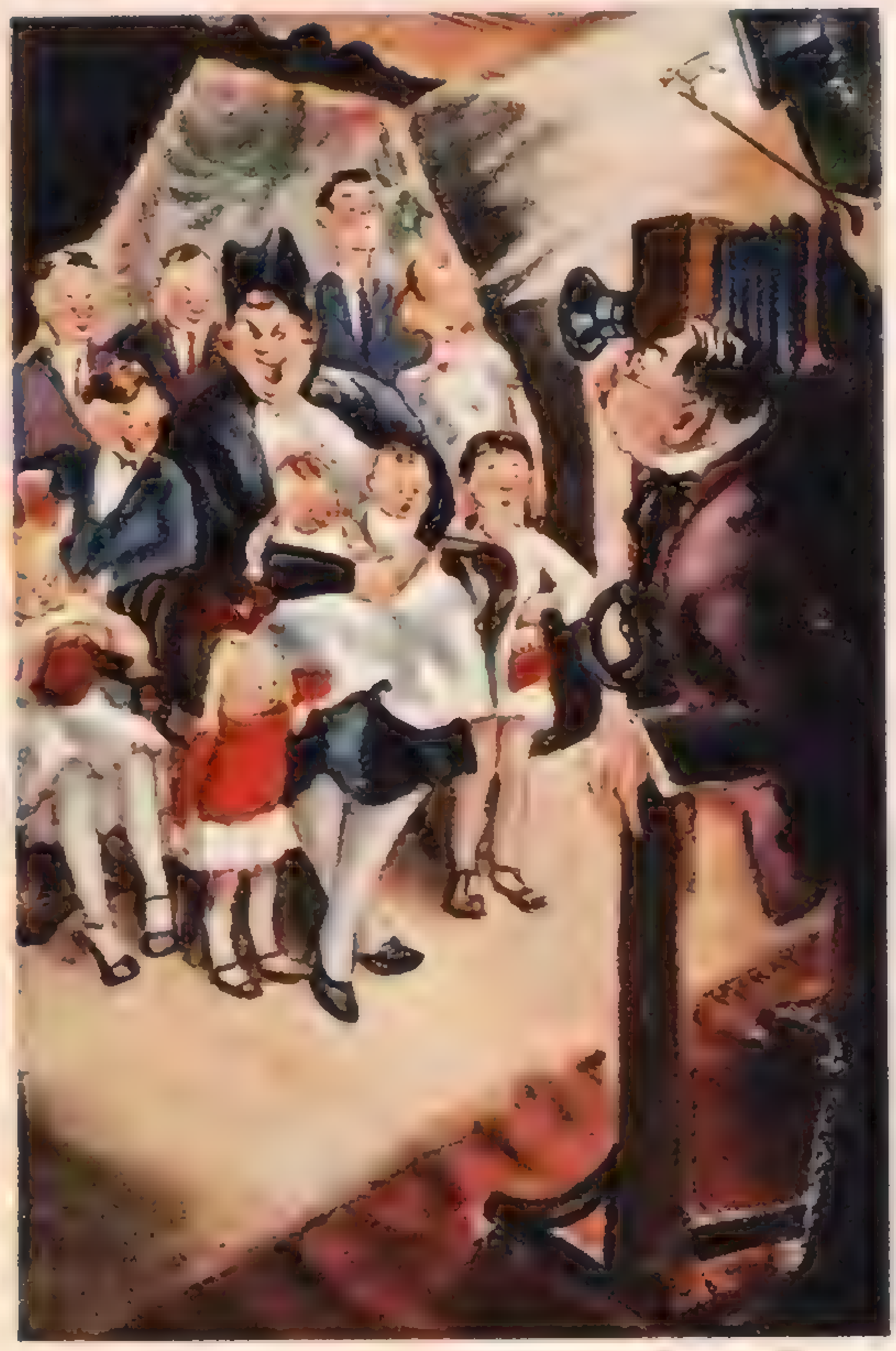
"—and what is your phone number, little man?"

FEB. '37



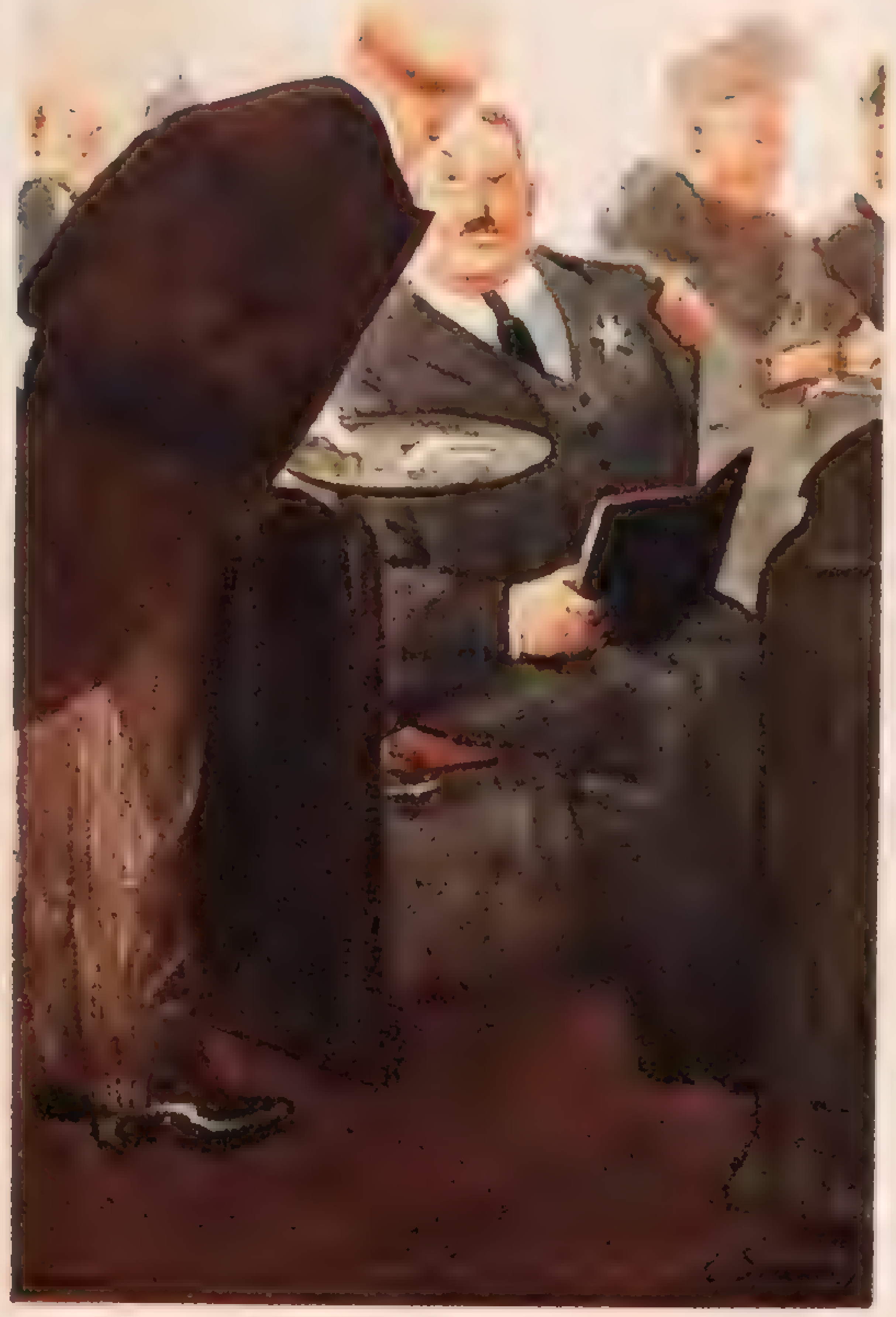
"I'm nearly crazy—my wife's been away since yesterday!"

JAN. '38

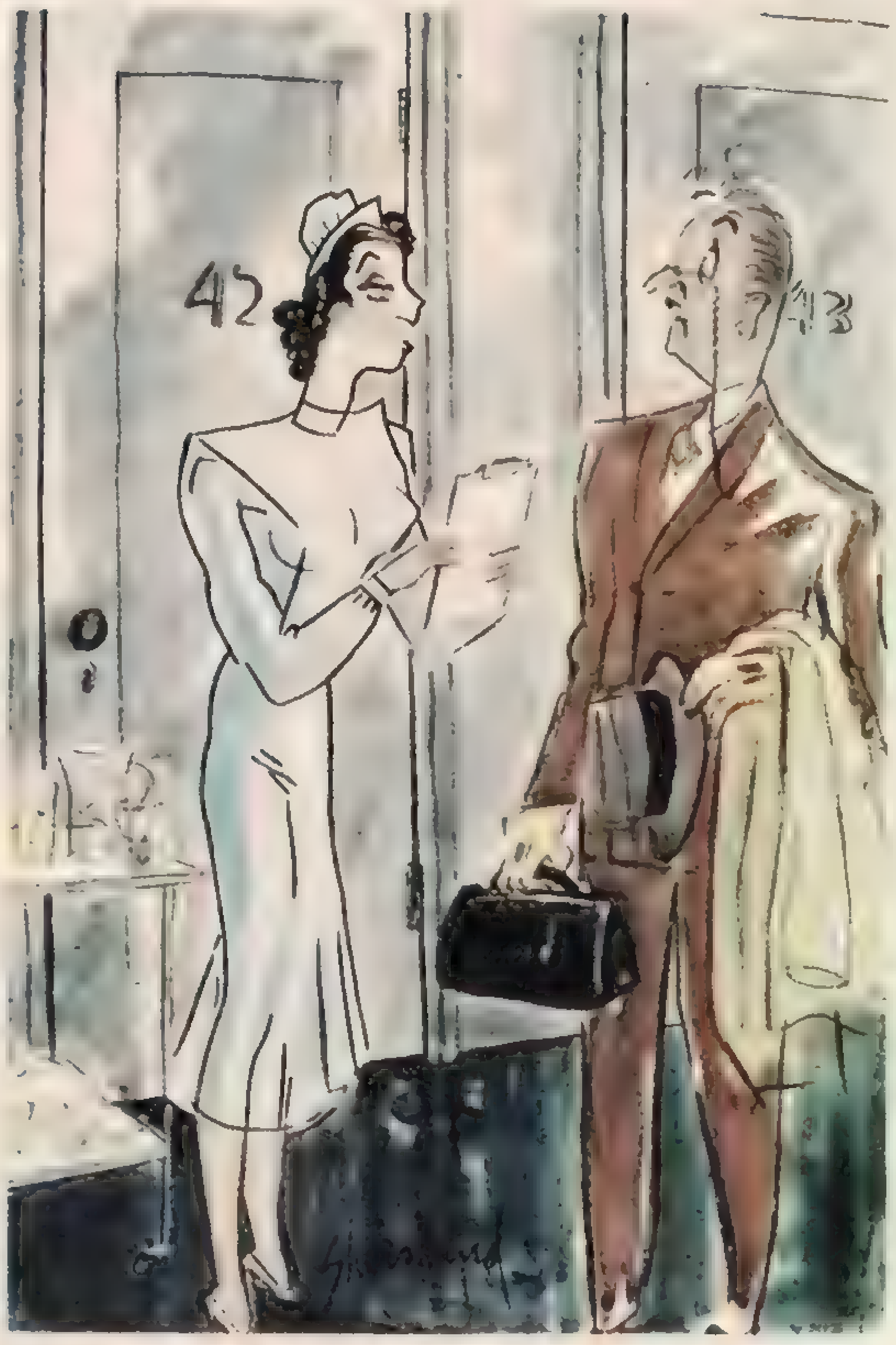


"Make a good job—I want to send one to my husband's stenographer"

MAR. '38

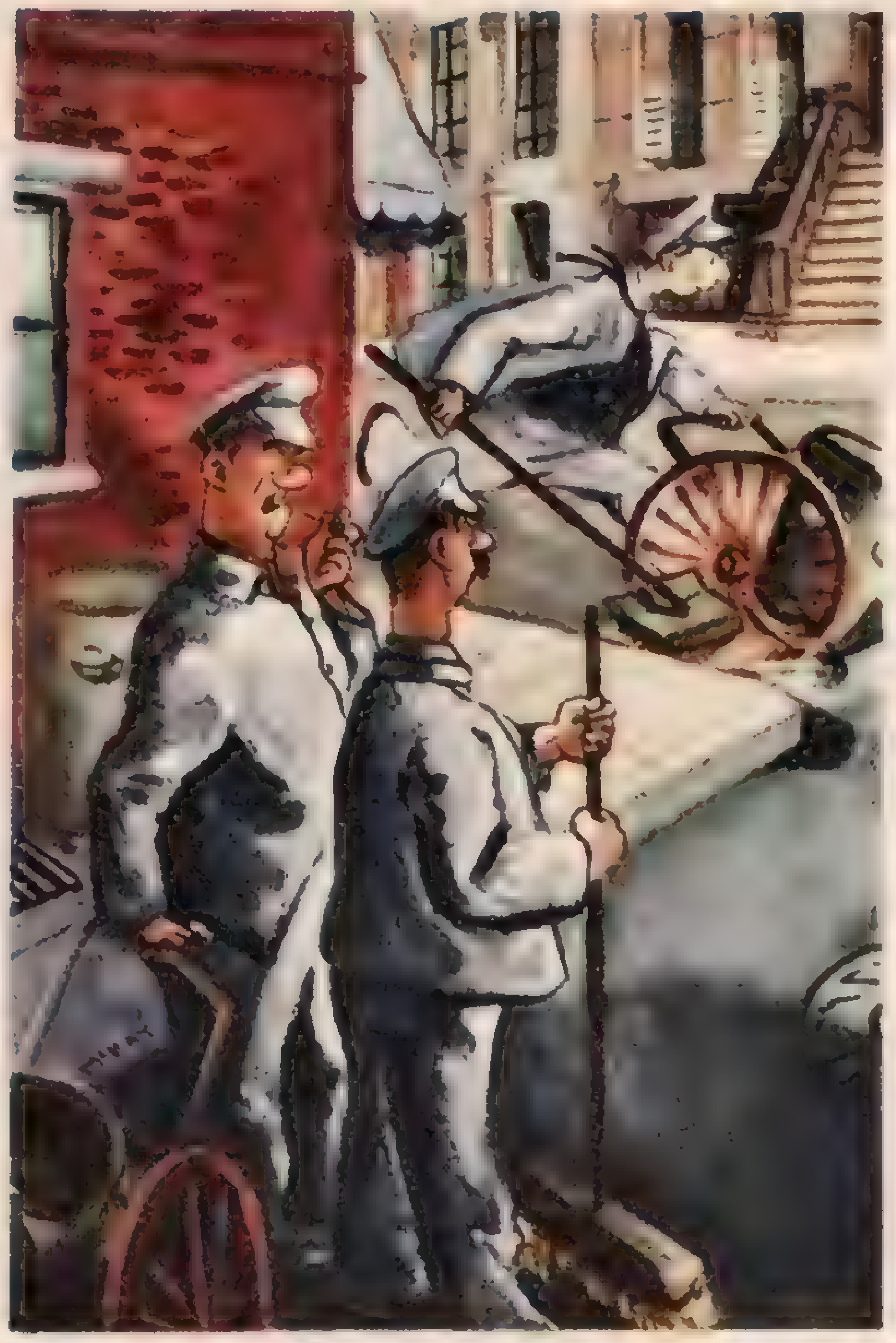


MAR. '38



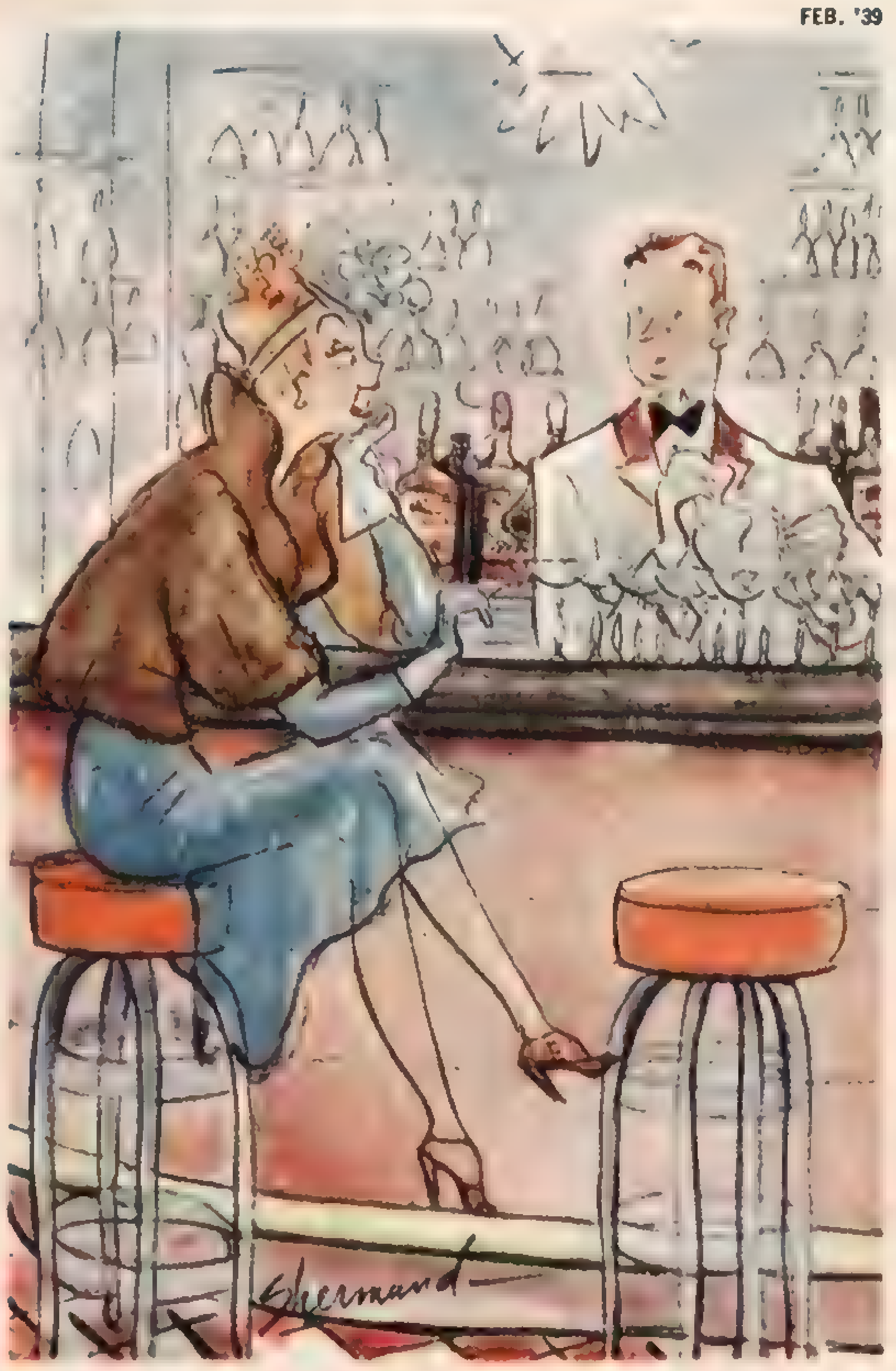
"Oh, yes, Doctor—the patient in 42 has no pulse, no temperature and no heartbeat—that's all"

AUG. '38



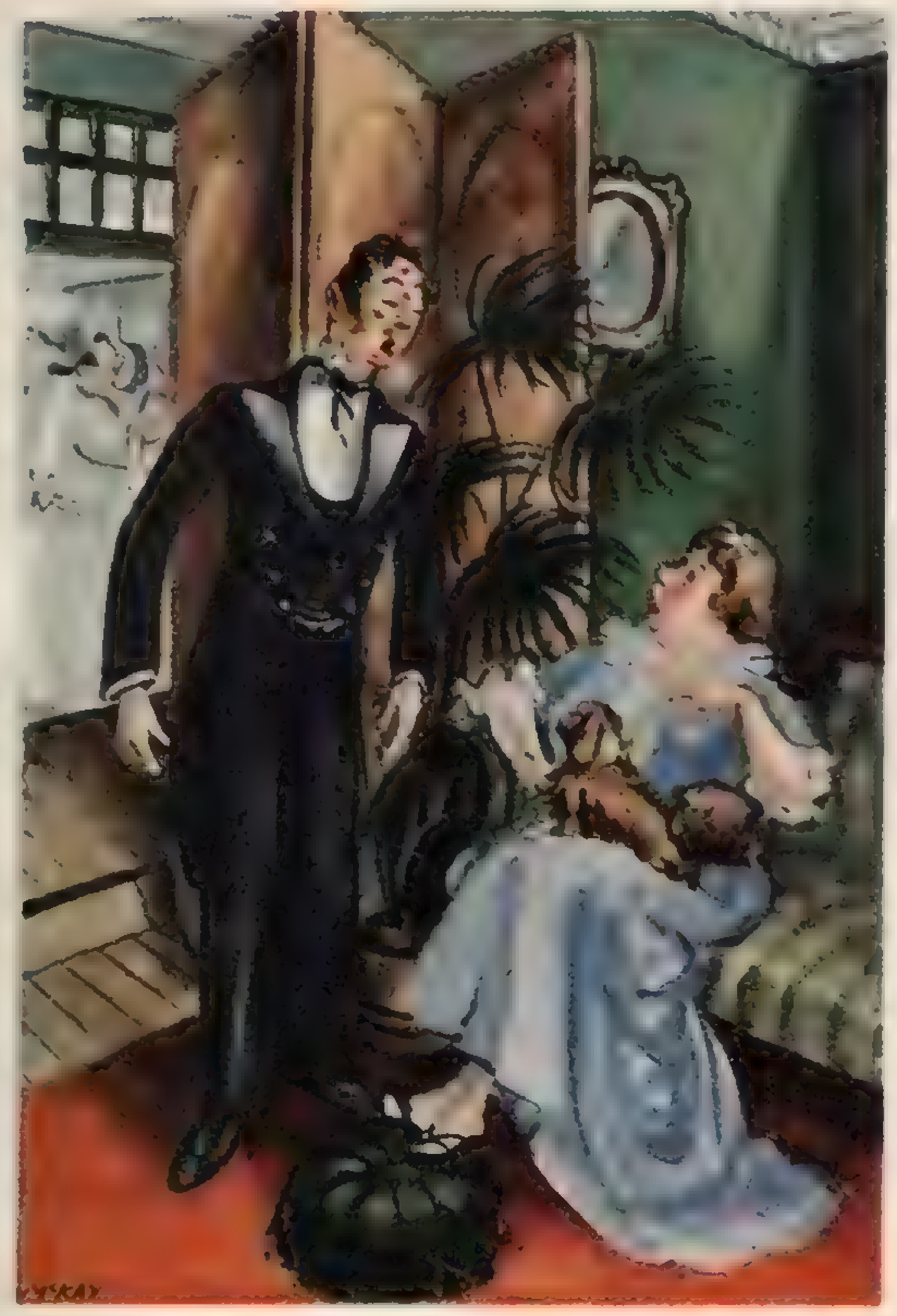
"Yeah, but what will he be in another year?—Just a burnt out has-been!"

FEB. '39



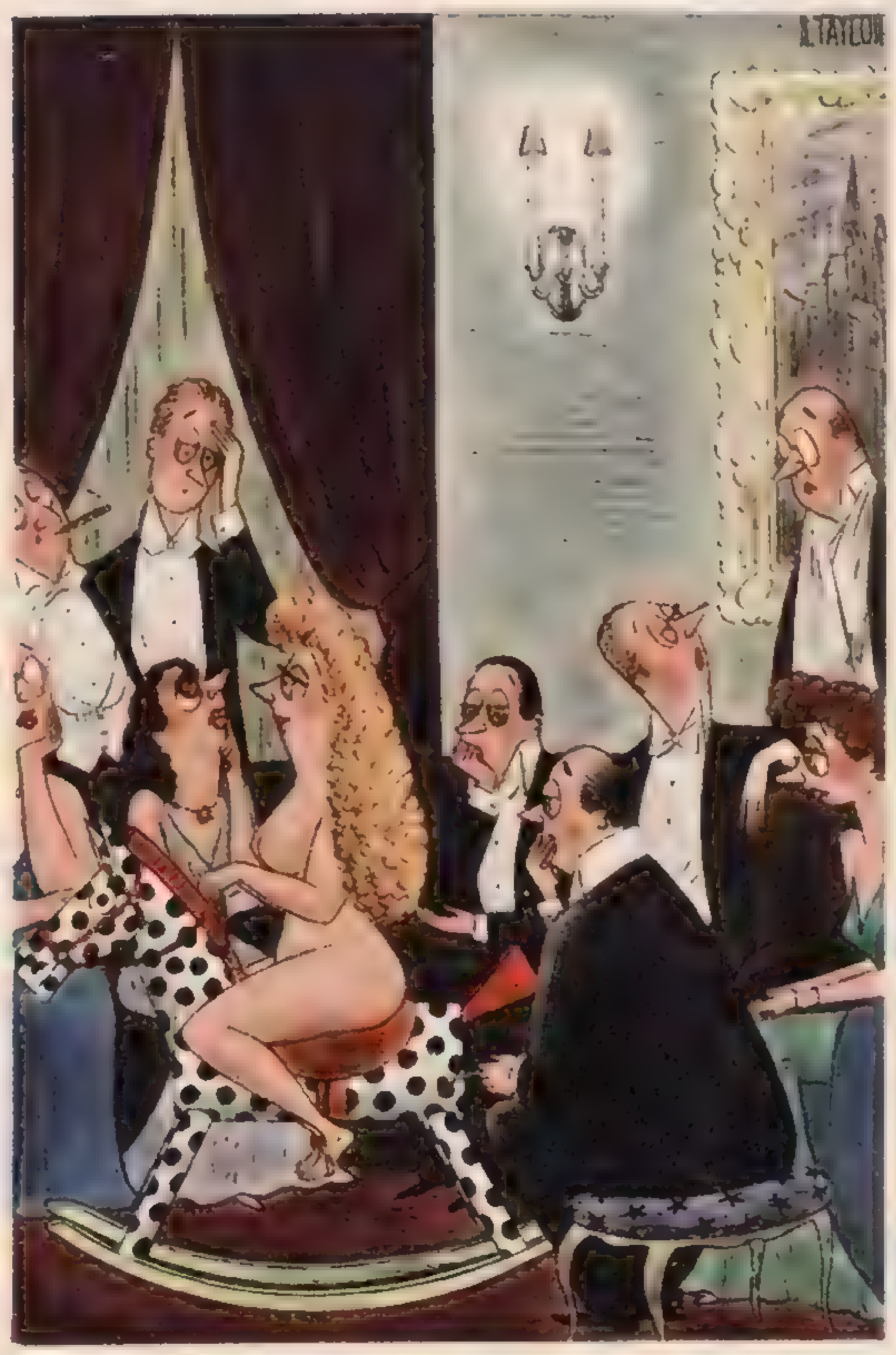
"One Mickey Finn, please—my husband suggested it!"

AUG. '39



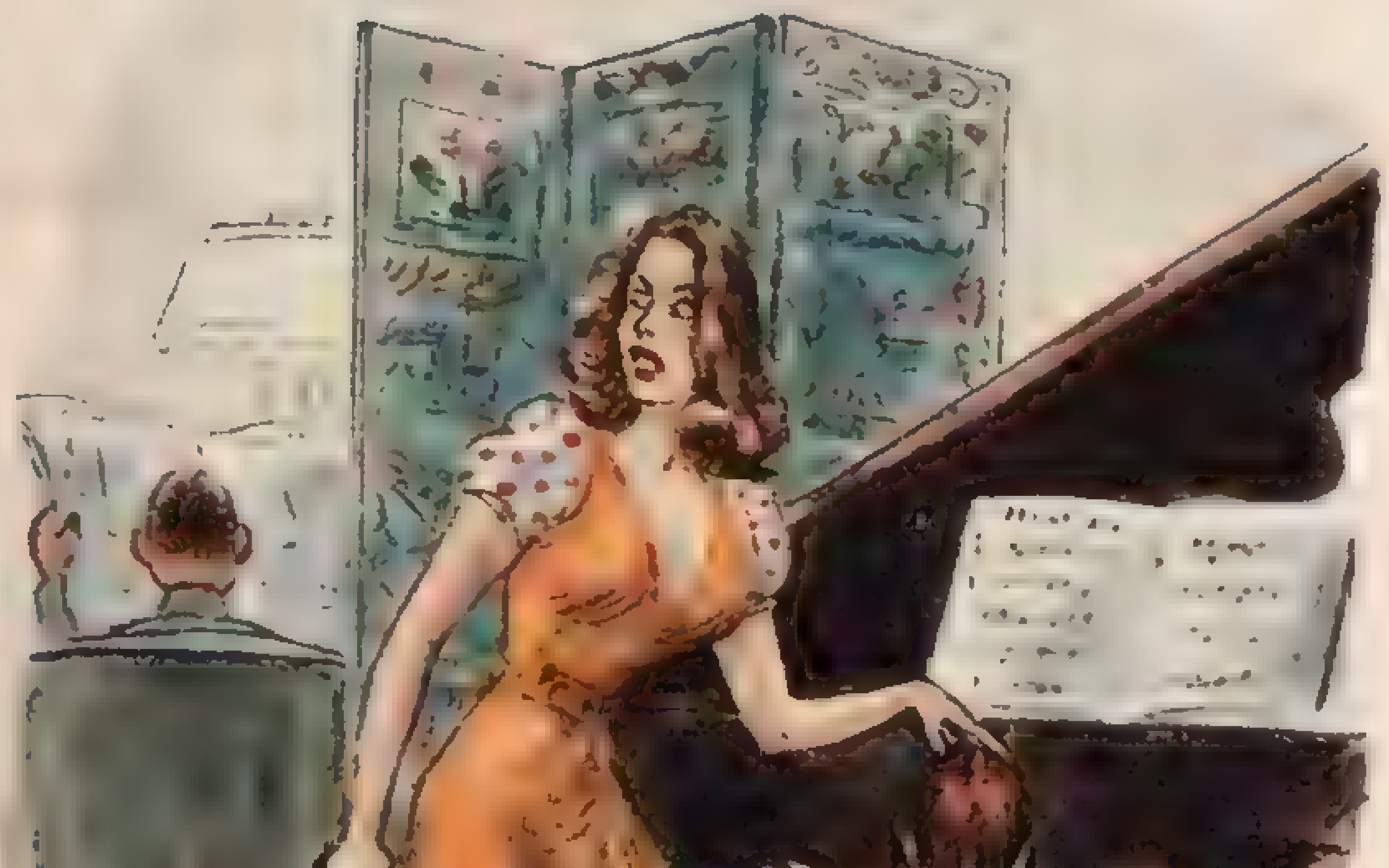
"It's the cook again, Madam—she says I fascinate her!"

SEPT. '40



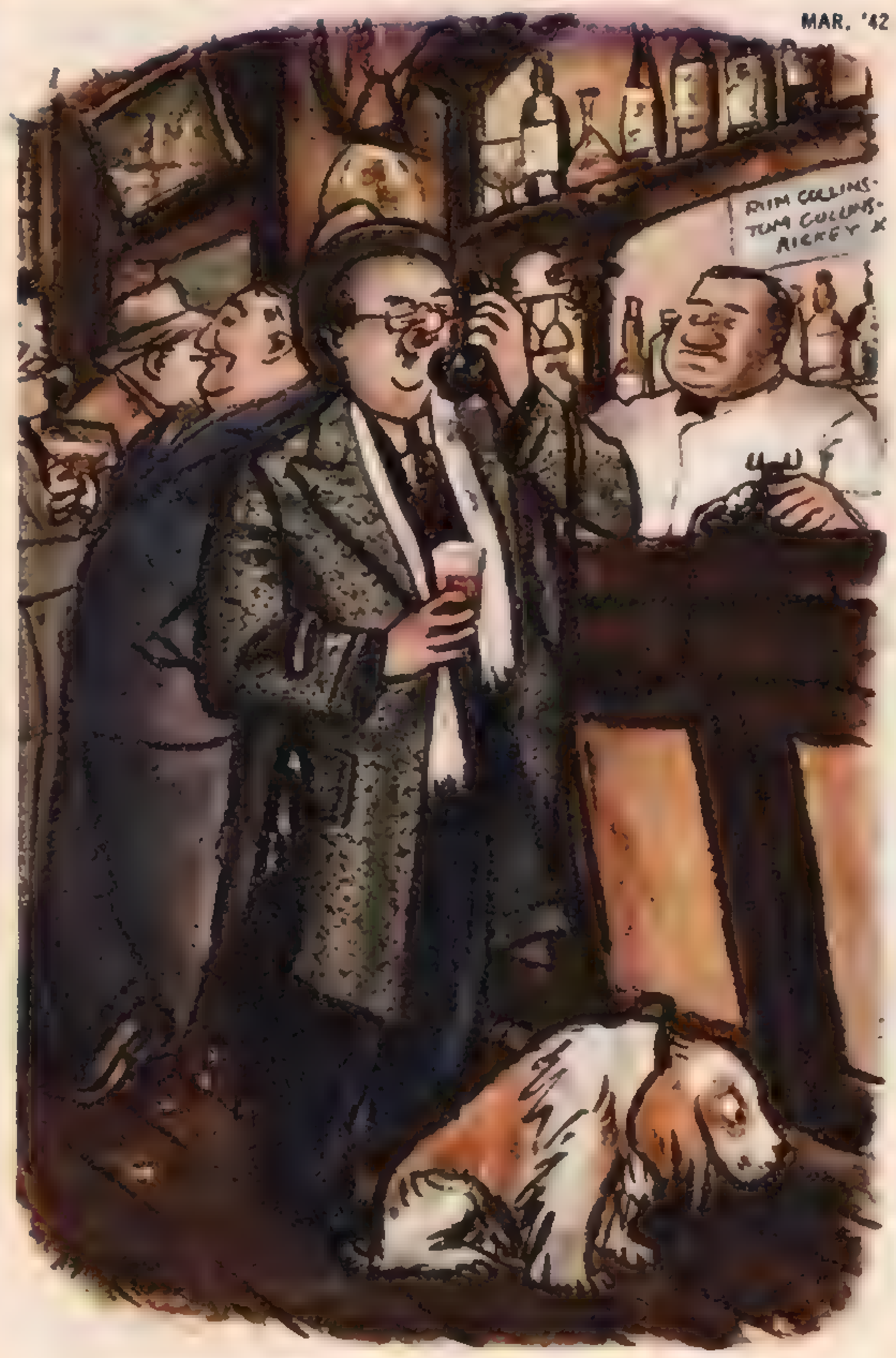
"We're playing 'Who Am I?' and your wife's got us stumped"

DEC. '41

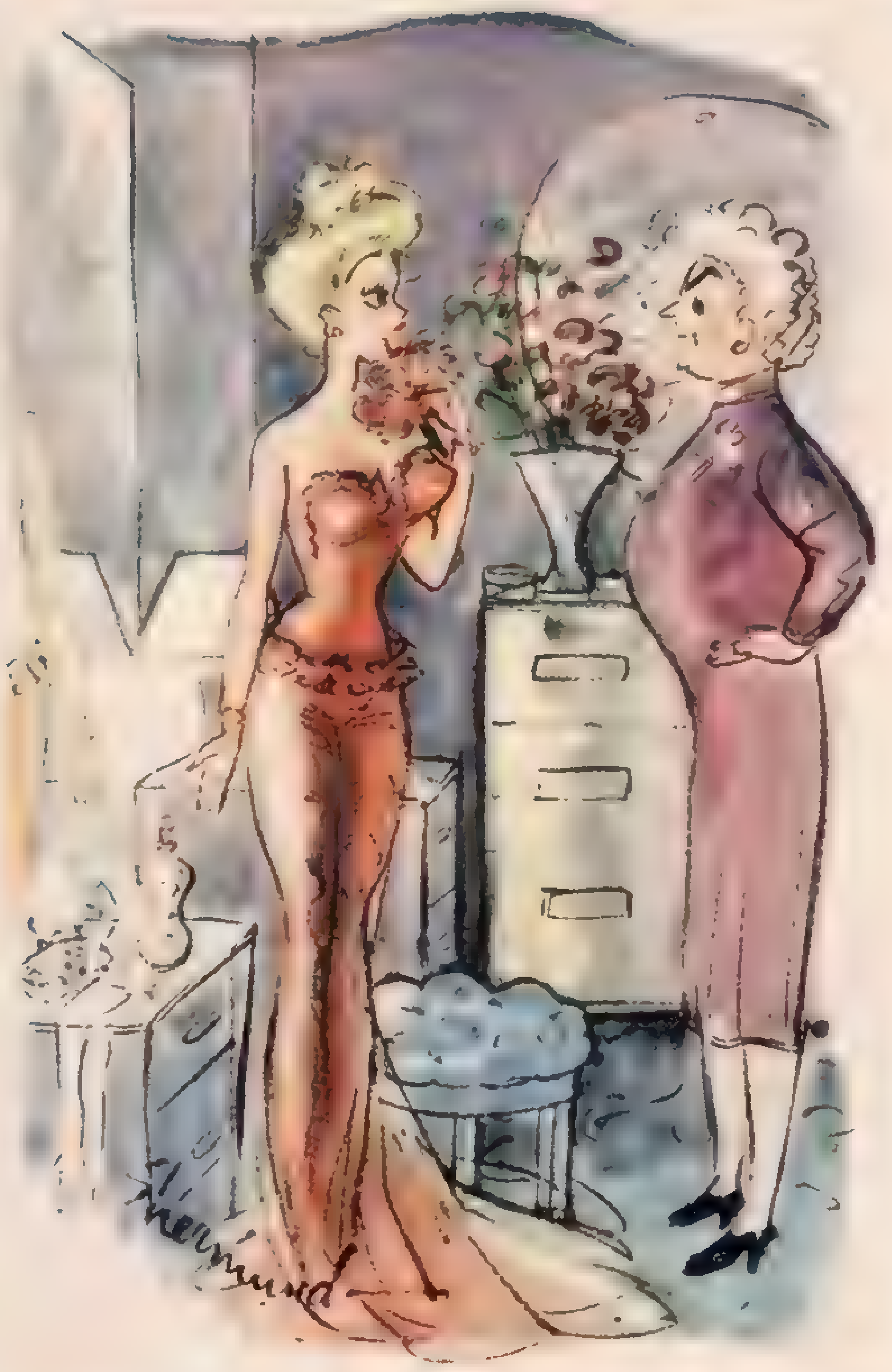


"Practice real loud, dear—Mama is going to collect Daddy's insurance"

MAR. '42

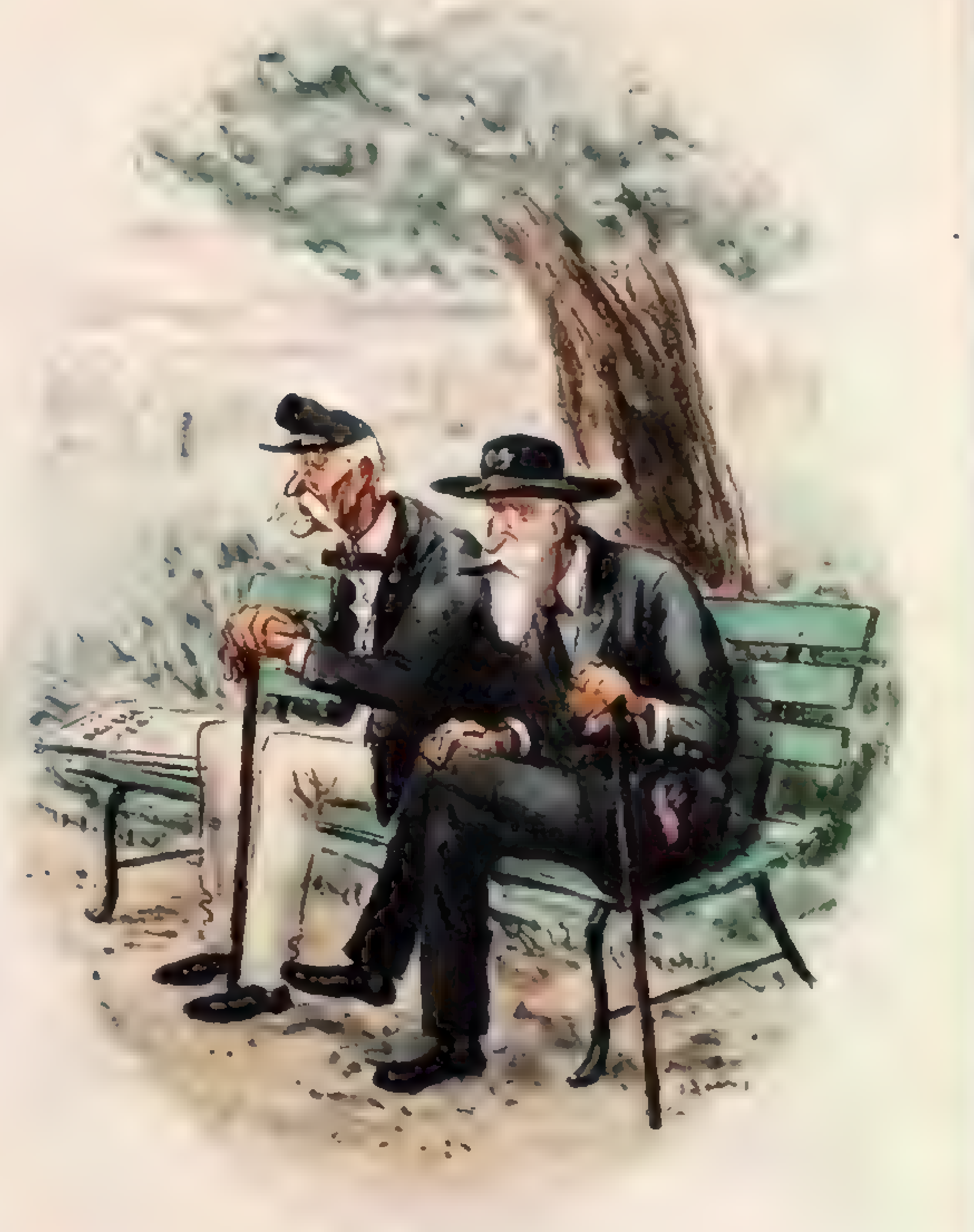

RUM COLLINS
TOM COLLINS
RICKEY

"Hello, dear, where do you think the dog took me?"



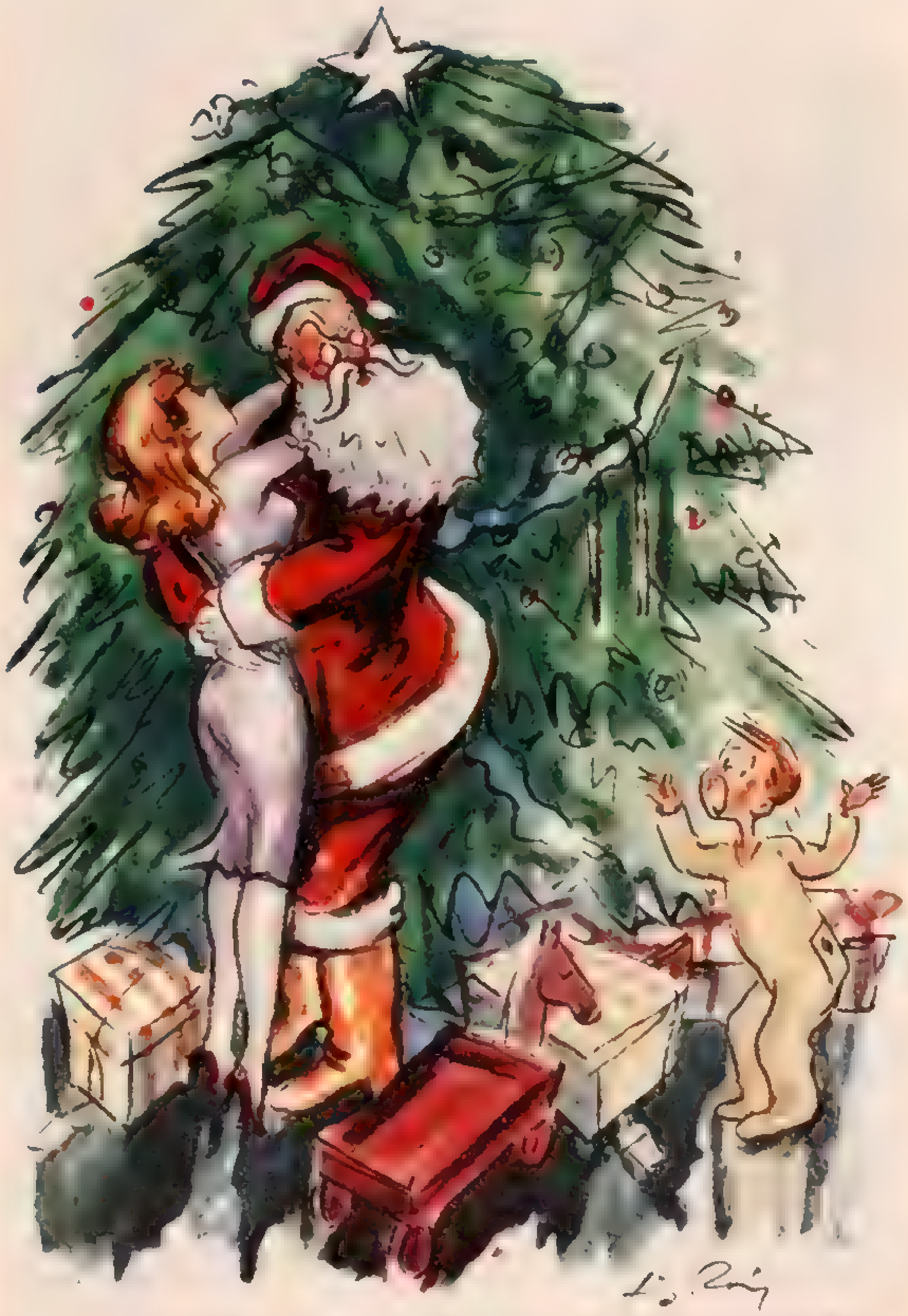
JUNE '42

"But, Mother, you know you can't catch flies with vinegar"



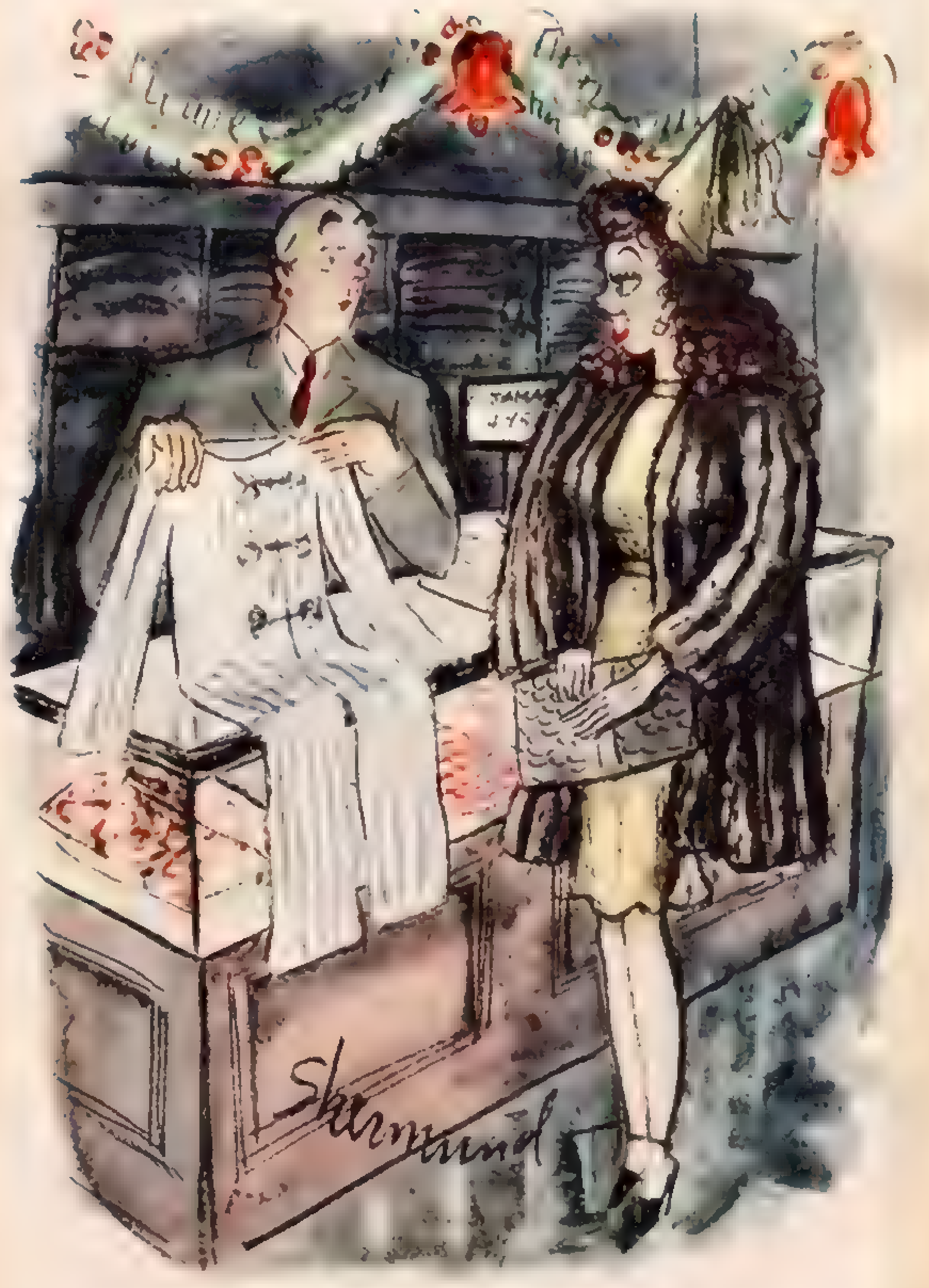
OCT. '42

"How we ever won the Civil War without tanks and airplanes is a mystery to me"



DEC. '42

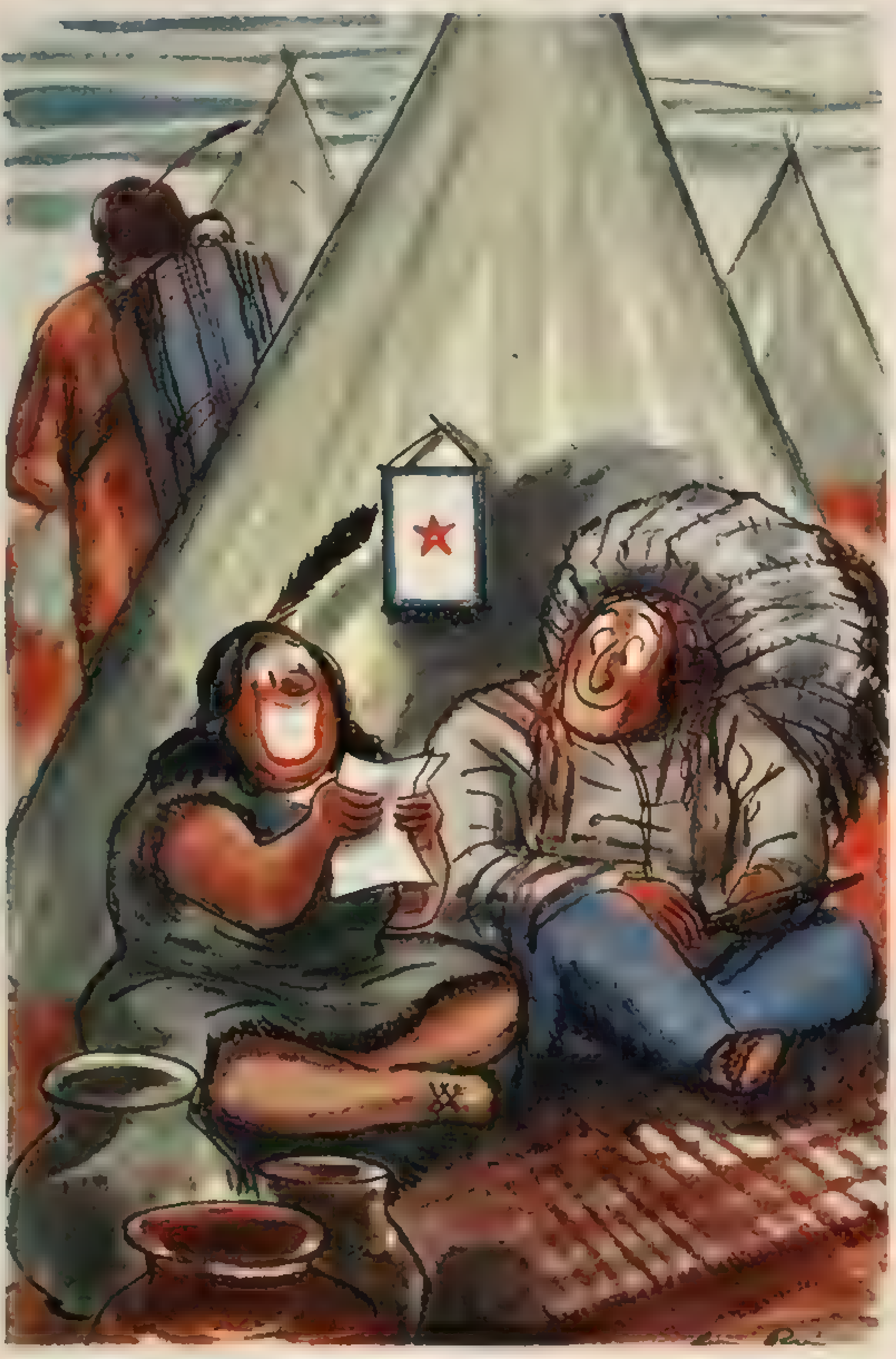
"Come on, Santa Claus, quit acting like the milkman!"



DEC. '42

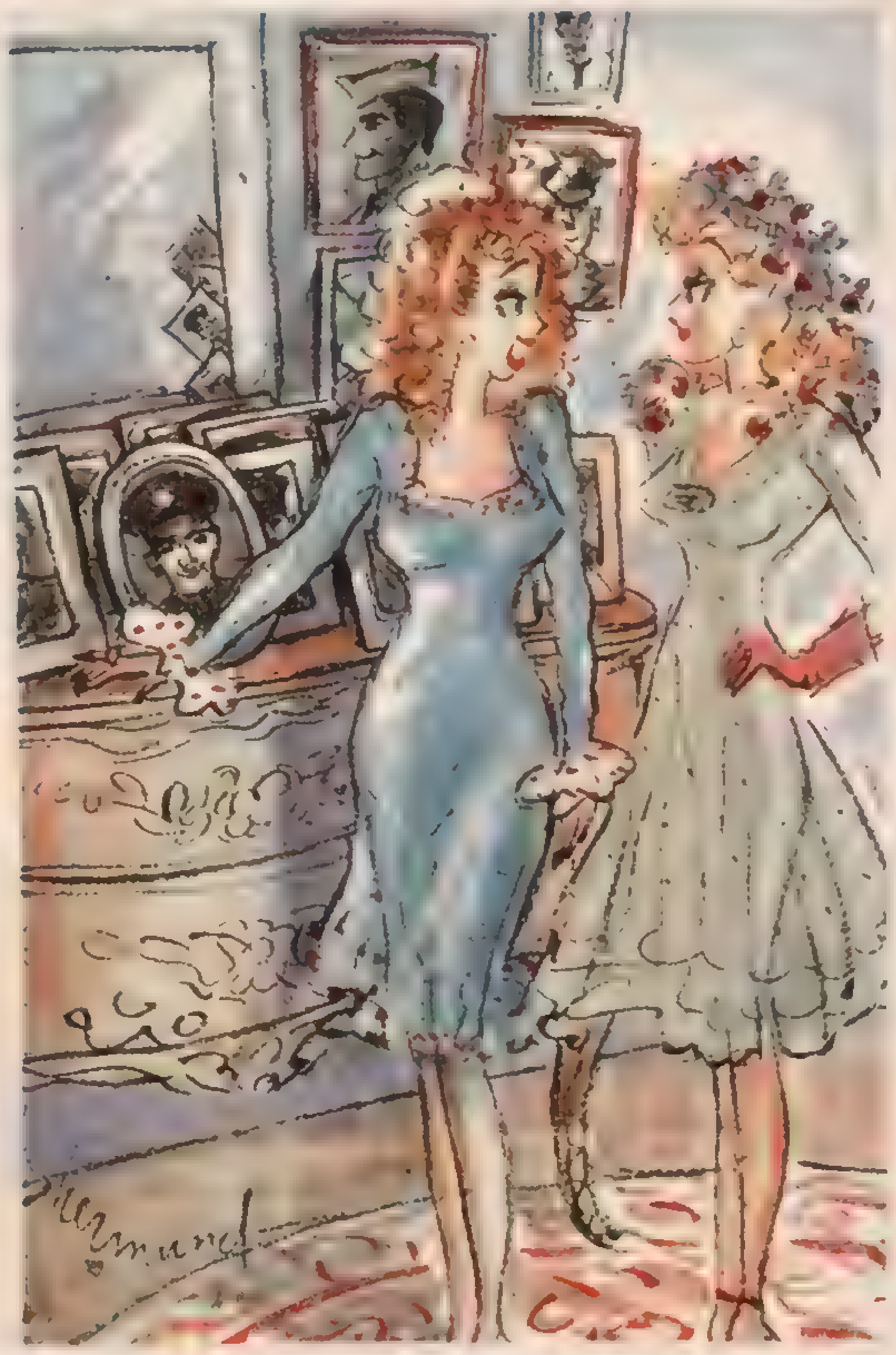
"Do you have any with sergeant's stripes on them?"

JUNE '43



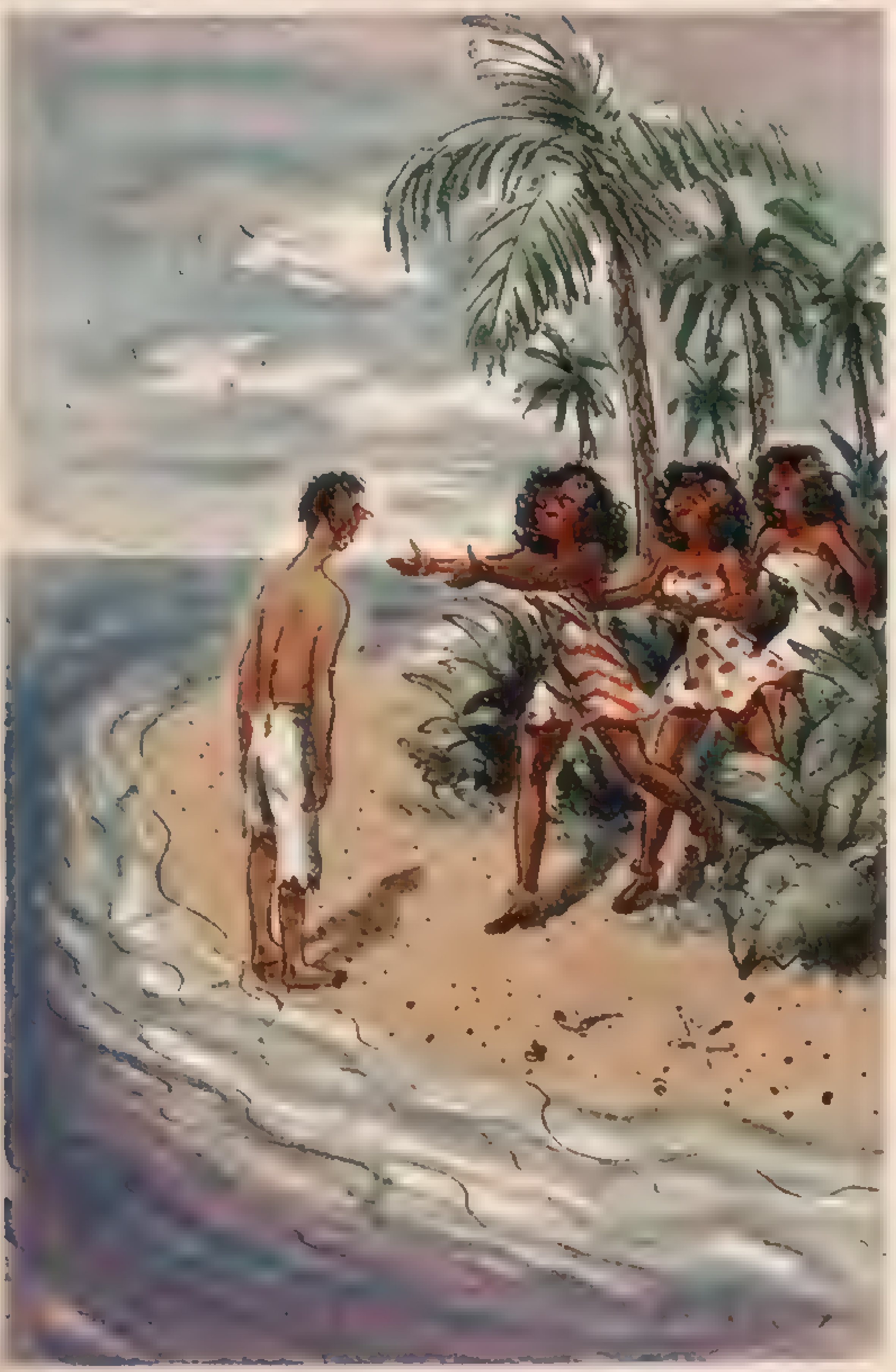
"He says he got the tomahawk and it works fine"

JUNE '43



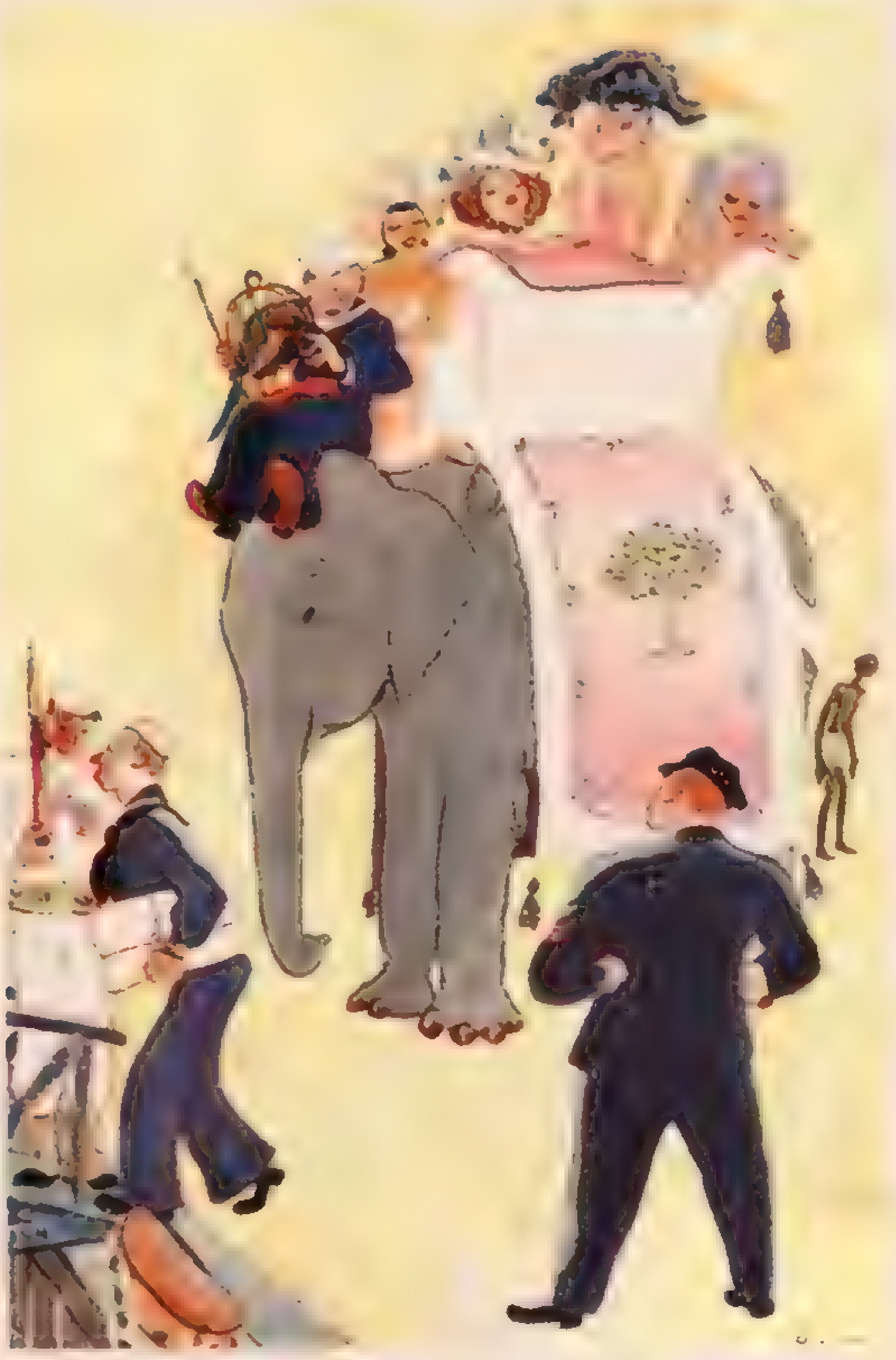
"Gee, when the war's over, my troubles just begin!"

AUG. '43



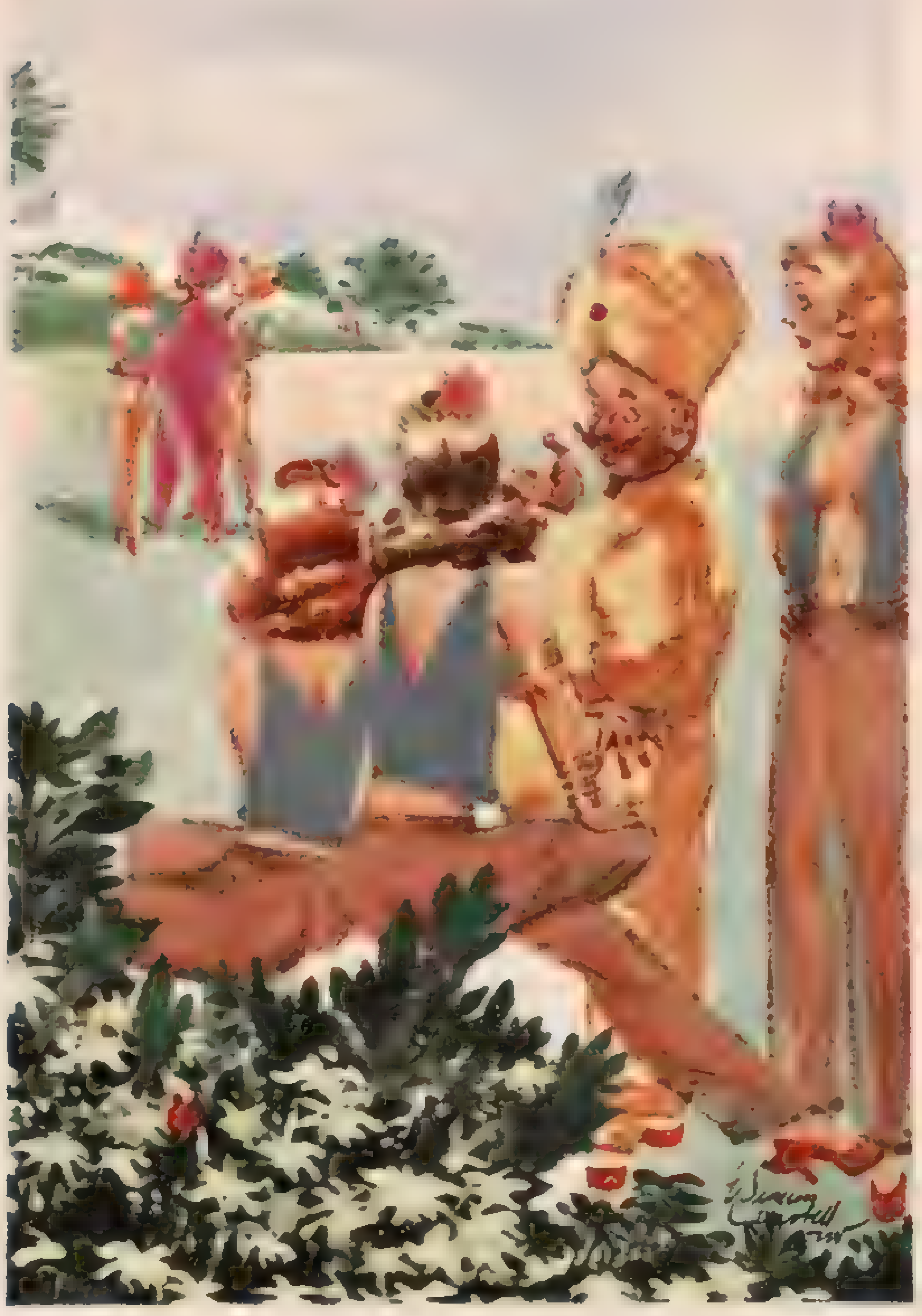
"Can you kindly direct me to the nearest Y.M.C.A.?"

SEPT. '43



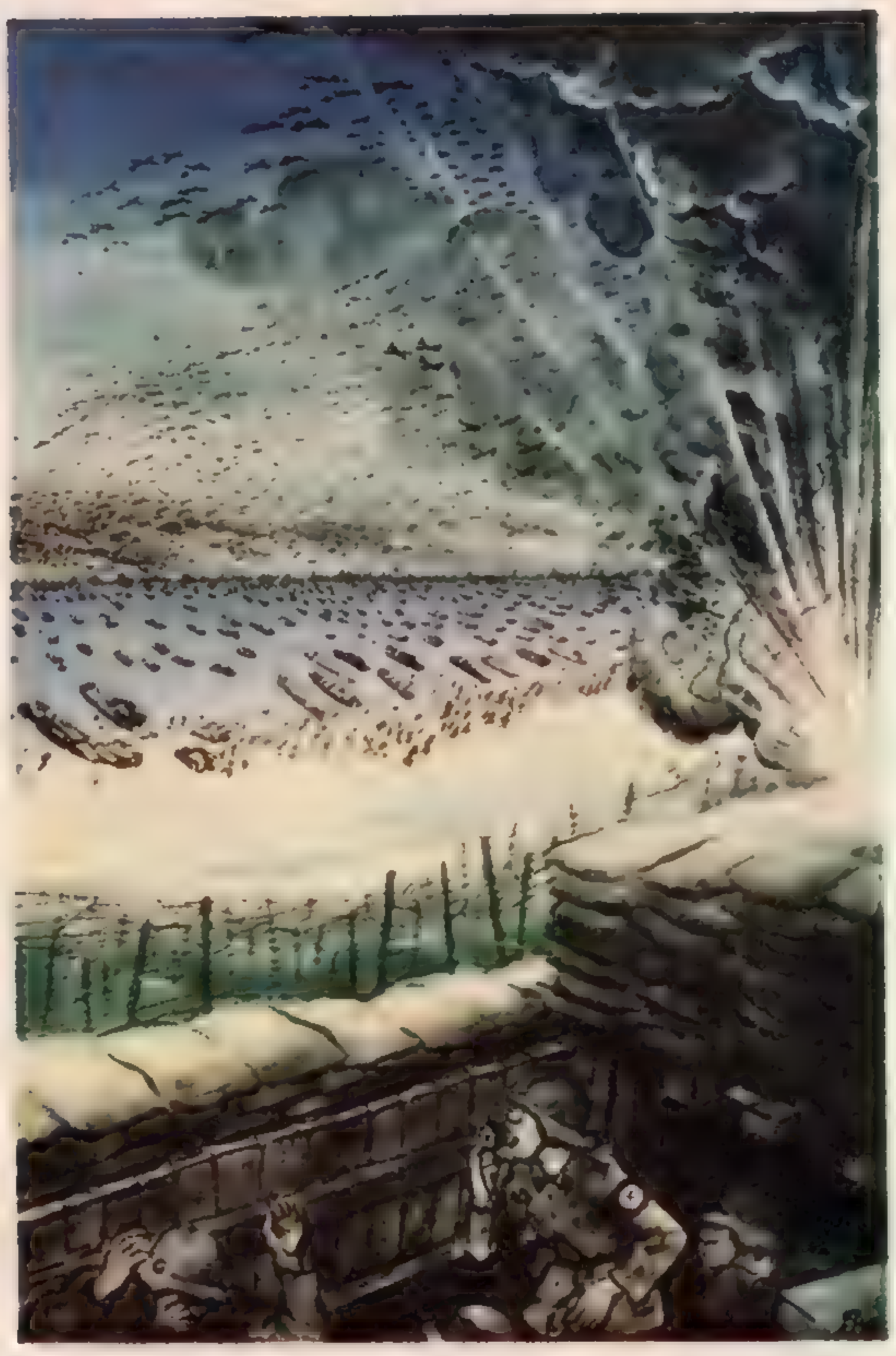
"Well—I can keep the parrot, can't I?"

NOV. '43



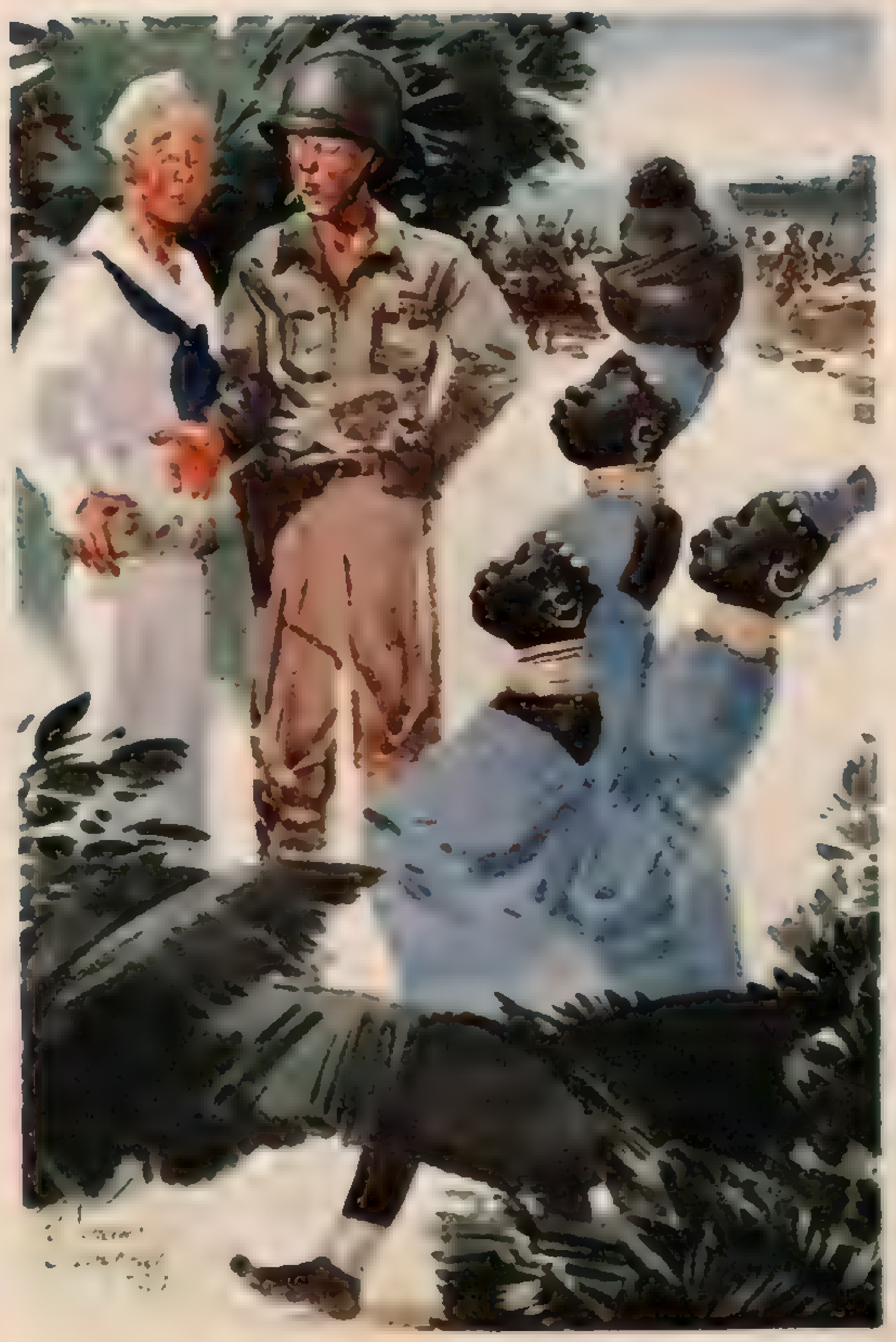
"Such a neighbor—always borrowing"

NOV. '43



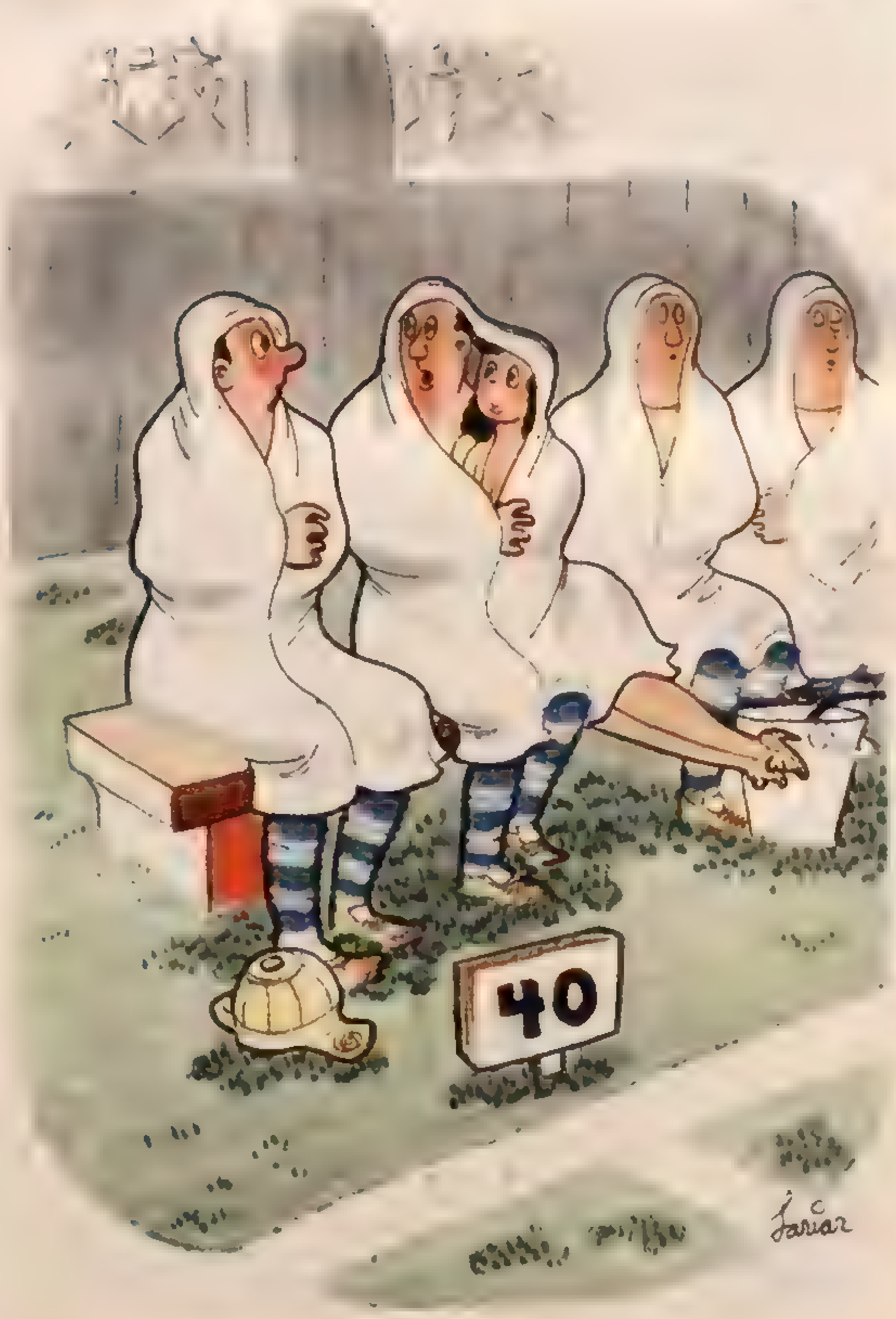
"Hello, Mein Führer—here comes Dunkirk in reverse!"

DEC. '43



"The hell of it is my wife thinks I'm having a good time"

DEC. '43



"She was too cold in the stands!"

He Can't Hear "No"

Sol Davis makes deafness an asset, taking his camera where the others fear to tread

by KEITH WHEELER

When the plane carrying John Dillinger, number one menace of the gunman era, glided down to the St. Louis airport, a mob of newspaper reporters and photographers was waiting. The killer was to be transferred to a Chicago plane and this was their chance to get pictures and interviews. No one paid any attention to Sol Davis, hovering about outside the crowd, little, harassed and hopeless-looking. To add to his handicaps he was totally deaf.

Down roared the plane. Detectives and guards shouldered the newspapermen aside and marched the killer to a waiting liner. The newspapermen rushed to the office. "Tickets! Tickets—on that plane!"

"All gone," was the reply.

They rushed out and saw Sol Davis getting aboard. "He reserved the only two seats," said the agent.

On the plane there was no use telling Sol Davis not to work his candid camera. He couldn't hear. He wrinkled his forehead, nodded and smiled and aimed his lens. Before they got to Chicago Davis had the vain gunman taking characteristic poses for him. In his indelible memory Davis, watching everybody in his worried way, also had stored material for the rewrite man to turn out columns.

He never meant to carry a camera. This small, inoffensive, anxious-looking man is a package of shrewdness and of daring that seems to threaten to burst its stocky frame. At seventeen years he wore the *Croix de Guerre*, pinned on him by Marshal Foch, also the United States Army Distinguished Service Cross, won in battle in the first world war. There he also won his deafness from a wound when his battalion stopped a charge of German shock troops.

Solomon Aaron Davis started out as a boy phenomenon in the newspaper business. He liked horses. When he came back from war, no longer a clever, likable, promising little cub but—boy as he was in years—a man of proved valor, honored by the great, he took a whirl at race horse handicapping in the sports department because it was interesting and lively. Sol Davis was not a man to advise other people to bet on certain horses while he kept his own money in his pocket. He played his own selections regularly. After one great week, 5,800 dollars—it can be done, if you are Sol Davis, but don't come crying to me—he quit horse picking. Visiting the Vatican after the first world war, he was granted an audience by the Pope. Says Sol: "I kissed the Pope's ring and I've never won a parlay since." He learned camera technique and started the unpredictably adventurous life of grabbing news pictures. With his lip reading he often has an astonishing insight into what is going on. In the income tax trial of a gambling boss the defendant was making friends with newspapermen during a recess. Sol was on the other side of a big room, far out of earshot for a sound man, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. The boss was doing the favor of handing out some racing tips for the ears of a chosen few. "Get down on So-and-So in the fourth at Hialeah," he murmured. "So-and-So can't lose."

"So-and-So!" Sol's shrill laugh came from his far corner. "That dog can't get out of his stall without a blood transfusion."

He can't hear "No." He can't hear "Stay out." By the time he is made to understand he usually is inside.

Some men who can't learn to believe in the lip reading declare that Sol's deafness can be turned on or off. He is reserved with strangers and his deafness is a shelter to him when he is tired or bored.

When the Army camps were rushed into being Sol was on an assignment with an eminent woman special writer. She was writing a yarn about the construction and aimed to shed light on the primitive accommodations for workers. After a rather dull day she and Sol were having dinner in the crowded railway restaurant. She was looking over the list of shots.

"Did you get the toilet shacks on that last plate?" she asked.

Sol looked at her inquiringly.

"I mean the privies," she said, raising her voice.

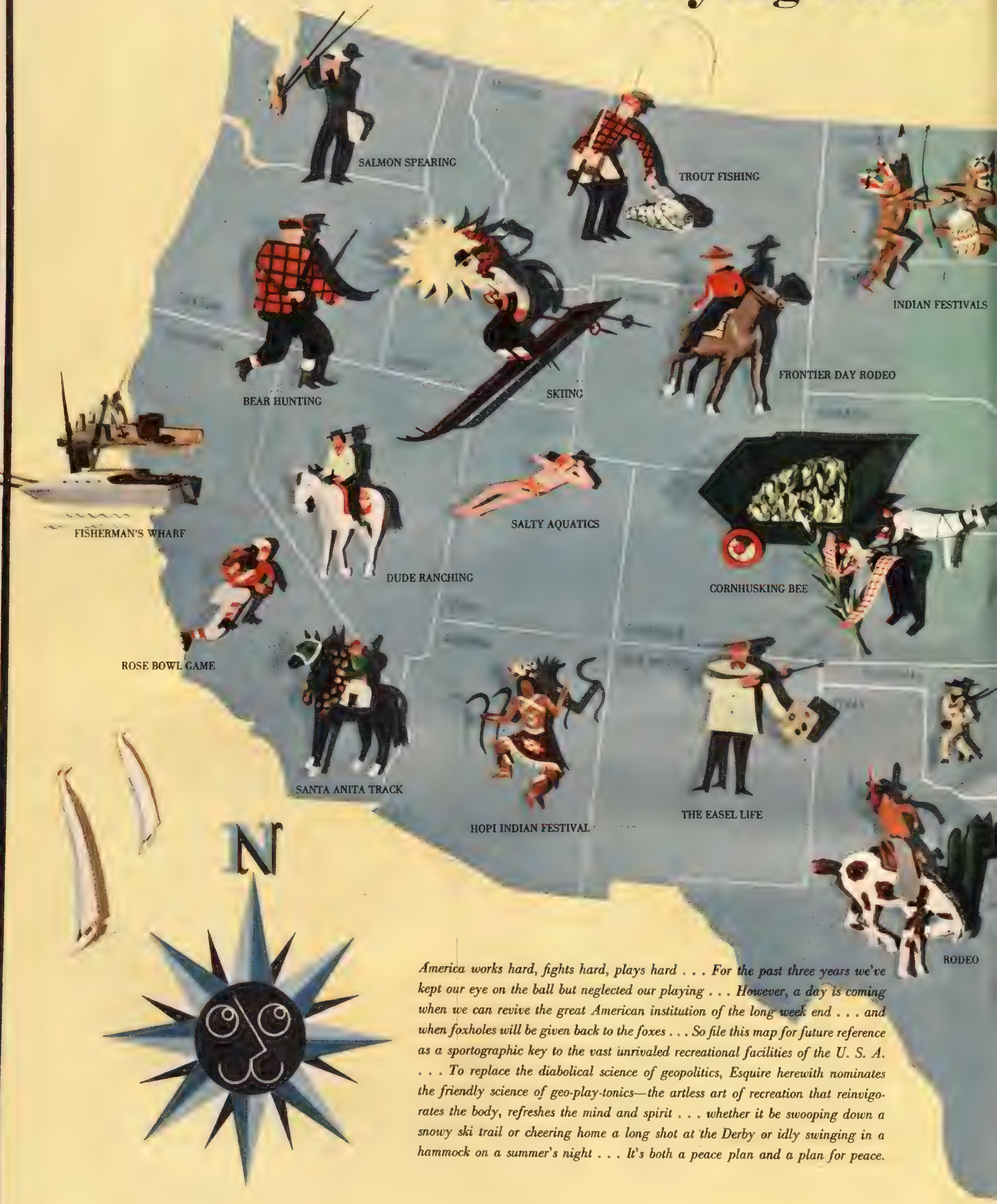
He cupped an ear.

"The privies. That's what I want. WHERE ARE THE PRIVIES?"

She said afterward, "I heard a lot of silence all around us. Everybody had stopped eating. They were all looking at me."

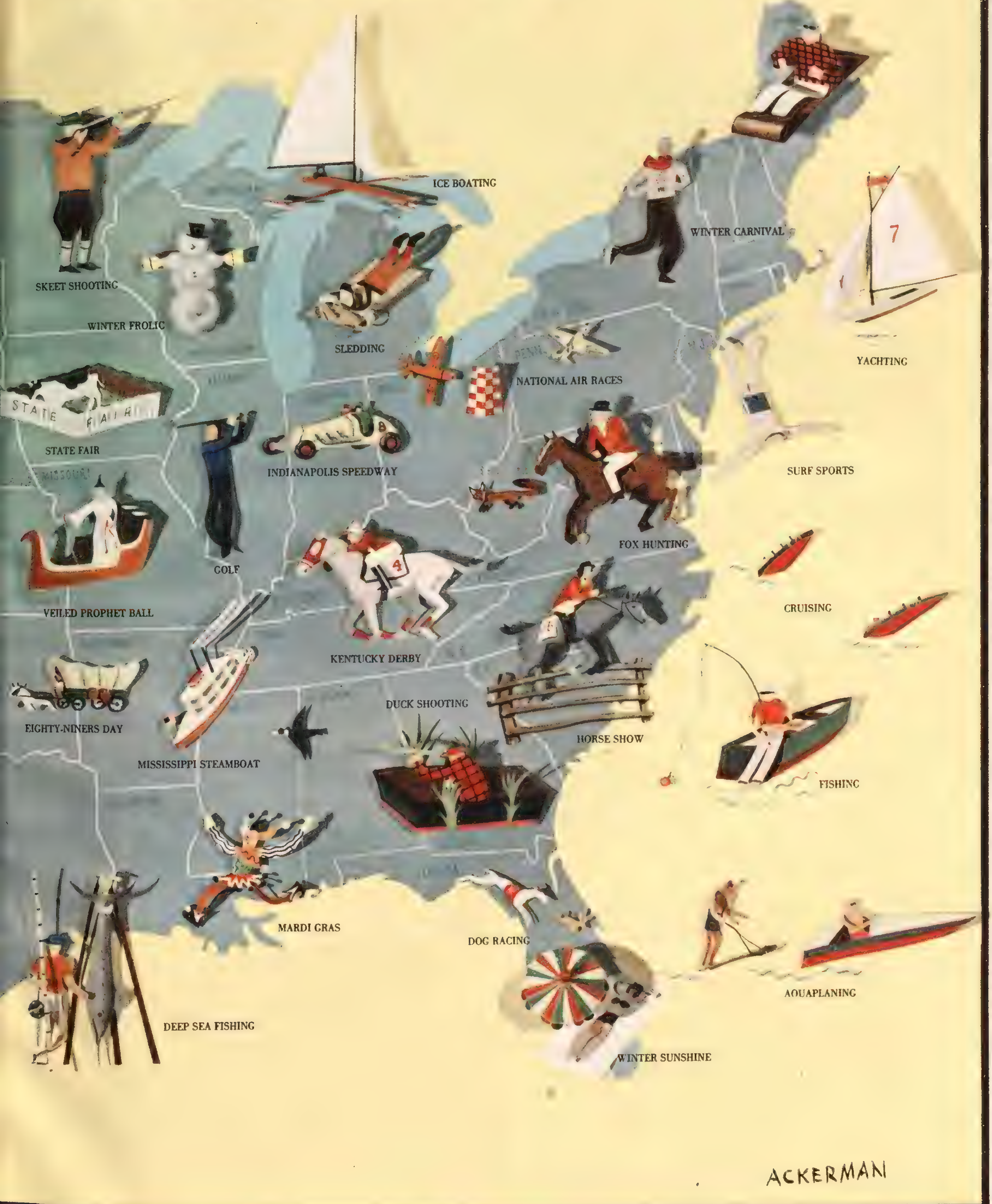
Where Sol is, one way or another, the point of interest is likely to be. #

The Playing Fields


SALMON SPEARING
TROUT FISHING
INDIAN FESTIVALS
BEAR HUNTING
SKIING
FRONTIER DAY RODEO
FISHERMAN'S WHARF
SALTY AQUATICS
DUDE RANCHING
CORNHUSKING BEE
ROSE BOWL GAME
SANTA ANITA TRACK
HOPI INDIAN FESTIVAL
THE EASEL LIFE
RODEO
N

America works hard, fights hard, plays hard . . . For the past three years we've kept our eye on the ball but neglected our playing . . . However, a day is coming when we can revive the great American institution of the long week end . . . and when foxholes will be given back to the foxes . . . So file this map for future reference as a sportographic key to the vast unrivaled recreational facilities of the U. S. A. . . . To replace the diabolical science of geopolitics, Esquire herewith nominates the friendly science of geo-play-tonics—the artless art of recreation that reinvigorates the body, refreshes the mind and spirit . . . whether it be swooping down a snowy ski trail or cheering home a long shot at the Derby or idly swinging in a hammock on a summer's night . . . It's both a peace plan and a plan for peace.

# of Post-War America


ICE BOATING
SKEET SHOOTING
WINTER FROLIC
SLEDDING
WINTER CARNIVAL
YACHTING
NATIONAL AIR RACES
PENN.
N.J.
STATE FAIR
STATE FAIR
MISSOURI
INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
8
SURF SPORTS
FOX HUNTING
GOLF
VEILED PROPHET BALL
4
KENTUCKY DERBY
CRUISING
7
EIGHTY-NINERS DAY
DUCK SHOOTING
HORSE SHOW
MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT
FISHING
MARDI GRAS
DOG RACING
AQUAPLANING
DEEP SEA FISHING
WINTER SUNSHINE
ACKERMAN

"The nerve of those sailors—ignoring us!"

New Guinea Tent Talk

Come sergeant or high water, nothing can interrupt a G.I. baseball session

by HAROLD WINERIP

THE tent was deep in the jungles of New Guinea. The clouds crowded out the torrid sun, and the rains came, the heavy, steady tropical rain. The boys found shelter in the orderly room.

"I don't know why," ventured the corporal from Scranton, "but rain reminds me of baseball. It reminds me of Lou Gehrig, the time he hit three triples in three innings and it didn't get in the record books because rain called the game."

"Yeah," said the pfc from Pittsburgh. "He was a great man, Gehrig. I remember the time they took him out to Yankee Stadium in a wheel chair. He got out of that chair, went up to bat, bent over to duck a pitch, and the ball hit his bat for a single. That kept his consecutive-game list intact."

"Nuts, cut it out," said the Rochester private. "How did he make first?"

"Well, it was a long single. He made it okay. The book shows it."

The T/4 came in from regimental headquarters. "We have a guy in the company named Bresin or Breseen, or something like that," he announced. "What's his serial number?"

"Babe Ruth was great, too," said the eyeglassed fat boy from the Bronx. "Nobody will ever break the Babe's homer record."

"Well," said the regimental T/4. "What's the story on Bresin, or Breseen, or whatever?"

"Records are made to be broken," said Rochester. "Somebody once hit 59. If a guy can hit 59, he can hit 61."

"Nobody ever hit 59," argued the Bronx. "Nobody but Babe Ruth. He hit 60, and he hit 59, nobody else hit more than 58."

"Jimmy Foxx hit 59," insisted Rochester. "He was with the Red Sox then . . . No, the A's. I dunno. All I know he hit 59."

"It wasn't Foxx," objected Scranton. "It was Greenberg. Or was it that little fat guy used to be with the Cubs. Hack Wilson. I wish I had my *Who's Who*."

"I believe his name is Bresin," said the T/4. "B-r-e-s-i-n, Bresin."

"Who the hell is Bresin?" said Bronx. "When you get away from the States you lose track of the new guys. Sure you don't mean Dressen? Dressen used to play for the Reds, I think. Coach for the Dodgers, too. But hell, I know he never hit 59 homers."

"For Pete's sake!" yelled T/4. "I want Bresin's serial number!"

"Mel Ott was a nice player, too," said Pittsburgh. "I read about him when he first went up to the majors. First time at bat John McGraw ordered him to bunt, to move a guy along from first. Nobody out, you know, game close and one run shaping up like something big. A fast one sails across the middle, and Mel whales into it like it was a Jap head. The ball wings a mile, and the Giants get two runs.

"Here's the payoff. McGraw gets mad at Ott for disobeying orders and fines him a thousand bucks. Ott only got a grand for the year—he was new then—so he winds up without a dime to show. First time in history a guy gets glommed for hitting a homer."

"Aw," belittled Rochester, "you got jungle fever, bud. I been following baseball for ten years and I never heard anything like you talk about."

"Hey!" yelled a voice from a tent across the way. "Will you come back here with that man's serial number, Degnen? Hurry it up."

T/4 Degnen began to perspire. "That's the adjutant hollering," he pleaded. "Will you please give me that man's serial number?"

"Bill Dickey," said Pittsburgh, "there was another one. He'd stay up there behind the plate like a rock. You couldn't budge him. I remember he got into a jam with George Moriarity."

The adjutant barged into the tent. All its occupants rose.

"Degnen," he hissed. "What's that man's serial number?"

"Sir," moaned Degnen. "I-He-They-The Number-Baseball—"

"Stop jabbering!" ordered the adjutant. "Salerno was taken in less time than it's taking you to get that serial number."

"Bresin?" said the Scranton corporal. "Here it is right here on this roster, Sir. Herbert Bresin, T/5, 31135633. Transfer from Company C."

"Thanks," scowled the adjutant and stomped out indignantly.

"So this Moriarity," continued Pittsburgh, "he met the Yanks down at the train station the night after he got into the jam with Dickey and offered to lick the whole team, two at a time. Tough? He could have been a first sergeant in the Infantry." ♯

GERMAN SHORTHAIRED POINTER

LATCH-UP BITTERSWEET owned by N. W. Lewis & O. H. Rogers

The Shorthaired Pointer is devoted,
Good looks to spare . . . that's quickly noted,
A natural retriever . . . and
The ducks this paragon can land,
A keen-nosed trailer in the night,
A dog to give a man delight—
A perfect choice for keen laudation
From every sportsman in the nation!

VERSES BY PHIL STACK. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY WAXMAN

MINIATURE SCHNAUZER

NORCREST WARRANT owned by Norcrest Kennels

And here we have the tiny Schnauzer,
A staid, hard-working sort of towser,
One look and Mr. Rodent scatters,
The Schnauzers are supreme as "ratters"...
This breed is also sitting pretty
While in the country or the city,
That's why we mount the soap box for
The dog that children all adore!

So Now I Sleep in a Hammock

After you've swung and dreamed in a *tucum* in the languorous valley of the Amazon, you'll never go to bed

by BOB BROWN

ARTICLE

Born in a bed, I slept in one exclusively for more than half a century, until the dislocation of war brought me down to the tropically hot Amazon where beds are almost museum pieces.

So now I sleep in a hammock.

And I'm not the only Yank abroad who has had to turn over a lifetime habit for something much more suitable in spots so torrid you might as well pound the ear on a hot water bottle as a pillow, and if you flop on a mattress you'll wake up screaming, "Fire!"

Besides hundreds of us civilians, hundreds of thousands of our soldiers encircling the equator now hit the hammock instead of the hay—and like it. You don't have to tell this to the Marines, for they themselves enjoy nothing better than stretching out on aerial oblongs of sleeping canvas in the off-watches.

In this war, troop transports, too, have sardined millions in hammocks. We're learning a lot of practical things. So when the boys come trooping back they'll bring along a swell new technique for spending the night. Then in scorching weather, the introduction of wide, comfortable tropical hammocks will bring us air-cooled sleeping all over the house and lot. You can take up your bed and walk to any room in the house, cellar or porch, or to the lawn and sleep in a breeze under the trees. By taking hammocks with us wherever we go, as all equatorial travelers do, we enjoy a new, mobile life, spending nights in comfort anywhere a plane, car or boat can take us.

Besides that air-cooled freshness, think of the saving of housework. I, for one, am certain that hammocks will lift us by the ears out of this bedridden era just as the automobile took us out of horse and buggy days.

Outside of three or four city hotels and American barracks, there is not a bed, not even an army cot, to be found on 20,000 miles of the drowsy Amazon and its tributaries, from Iquitos, Peru, down to the yawning mouth in Pará. There I have seen squads of returning Yanks, who had become incurable hammock addicts while building vast military aviation fields and hospitals around the bulge of Brazil, buying hammocks to bring back to the States.

So now that we have observed that hammocks are ideal for sleep, let us look into the available standard sizes: bachelor, matrimonial and family; not counting those specially made for children, babies, dolls, dogs and other household pets.

Before going into my rave about what I now consider the world's most perfect way to spend the graveyard shift, not to mention siestas at any old hour, let me explain that I wasn't converted without a struggle. I didn't take it lying down. Swinging in anything has made me seasick since early days in rural Illinois when the other kids got a kick out of sitting in one of those ugly barrel-stave contraptions that creaked on the side porch by day and squeaked at night.

Any Amazon hammock is exactly the opposite: suave, soothing and noiseless—if you keep the S hooks oiled. However, with most newcomers it is suspect because we have known nothing better than the barrelstaver, or the cramped sailor swings that had to have broomsticks stuck across their narrow shoulders to hold them out. Those made you about as comfortable as a fish in a seine. And worse still were those gymnastic hammocks of warship canvas stretched tight.

Yet ever since the days of inventive Thomas Jefferson we have been trying to do away with the bed. It was he who prevertioned the folding wall bed by fastening log chains to his bed so it could be hoisted up near the ceiling and out of the way. This paved the way too for our studio davenports and collapsible couches that bring bad dreams right into the living room.

But all these will go the way of folding beds and sedan chairs just as soon as we get over being hammock-shy, and get over our mattress fixation. We have stuck to the mattress, through thick and thin, through lump and bump, confusing the whole issue of horizontal relaxation with rocking chairs, day beds, chaise longues, and those lawn and porch swings with striped covers and brass chains.

Our national utter lack of sleeping sophistication came glaringly to light in neighboring Manaus a year or two ago. Three or four hundred pen twiddlers and orchid fanciers were flown down from Washington by rubber development planes only to find that their new home had no beds. Local custom expects you to unroll your own hammock and hang it up. Hotel rooms are bare except for a washstand, slop pail, and rings in every wall. From hammocks attached to these rings half a dozen guests can be accommodated without too much bumping when they swing themselves to sleep.

Good-natured, polite Amazonians were more than willing to let those airborne Yanks in on their well-ventilated repose. They even offered to lend their second string hammocks.

But no siree! No new wrinkles were wanted by the men of rubber, who even had to have their coffee flown down to them in the land of coffee.

"Take it away!" a veteran airfield builder barked. "We had one on the back porch in Kansas when I was a kid, and even the hired girl wouldn't sleep in it."

At scandalous cost several hundred mattresses were winged in from Miami *expresso*. And that got a big laugh from the Amazonians who couldn't see anything wrong with their own airborne couches in which they had been conceived, born and nursed, and in which they slept every night.

A Brazilian friend of mine, roly-poly and easy going, who sells a drug and toilet soap line for an American firm, told me that he was staying, at the time, in the leading hotel of Manaus, which was equipped with a few beds.

"I gladly gave up mine to a pretty little stenographer who said '*Gracias*' for it, without knowing that the word isn't in our language," he said. "I was surprised to find a bed in my room anyhow. I tried the novelty of sleeping on the thing one night. It was too hard and hot and noisy. So along about midnight I climbed out and hung my hammock over it, as we do on the river boats made in England and America which have berths. When your countrymen flew in I had no use for the bed but to keep my shoes and samples on it. So I surrendered it with pleasure."

From him I learned a lot of local lore. "I'm going to Maués next week," he told me, "and there isn't a spare room in town to hang my *rede* in. I'll sleep in the patio at the town hall as usual, with everybody else who stays over between boats. There were plenty of hammock hooks sunk in the walls when they were built. I'll

Continued on page 234

"Now will you have your chair reupholstered?"

Forward as at Waterloo

Old Monsieur Chaumais' battle story became as real to his young French audience as the cakes and lemonade

by GEORGES SURDEZ

▪ FICTION ▪

When I was eleven I killed a man. He was an old man, very kind and lovable, a devoted husband and a good father, the friend of all little children. I liked him very much and would not have wished to hurt him. In fact, I did not understand for many years just what I had done to deserve the evident hatred of his widow and his family. To enlighten my conscience, I can claim accomplices, the principal of my school, sundry little-known authors, recorded facts and dates.

The school week in France is broken by the Thursday holiday. Almost every Thursday, wind and mother permitting, I would join a band of small boys, aged nine to twelve, and spend the afternoon outside the walls of the city, walls erected by Vauban, great fortress builder for Louis XIV. We played soldiers in the moats and old redans, defended or stormed Paris, Sevastopol, Puebla, Zaatcha, Ulm or Port Arthur.

Late in the day, dusty, weary and triumphant, we would walk back in military formation as far as the city gate, keeping step and singing martial tunes. Some of us had to drag along younger brothers, who had been drummer boys, prisoners or corpses, and legitimately wept over their fatigue and humiliations. At that they were lucky when we engaged in organized, civilized warfare. Their lot was sad when we played Sioux, Zulus or Boxer rebels.

It is presumable that we were not the first boys to play about, and that Monsieur Chaumais had been known to many others. One day, as we swung by a little villa set back in a garden, an old man came out and hailed us. He was very tall, very big, with a smooth red face slashed by a big white mustache.

"Halt—who goes there?" he shouted.

"France!"

"What regiment?"

He received a dozen replies, some claiming we were Chasseurs, some ordinary Line Infantry, some Zouaves. The old man laughed:

"All infantry! Well, this is an *étape* of the supply corps. Right flank, march!"

We marched, entered the garden, circled the house and found a grape arbor beyond, provided with rustic benches and tables. A nice, neat old lady and a young girl—we never were sure whether she was a granddaughter or a servant, and did not care—brought bread, cold meat, cheese, fruit, cake and pitchers of some sort of lemonade laced with a little red wine for flavoring and color. We were thirsty and hungry, and fell to.

"I was a soldier myself for fifteen years," the old gentleman informed us. "But none of your infantry for me. Cavalry. It's harder, because you have two animals to tend to—the horse and yourself!" He laughed: "Yes, fifteen years in the Cuirassiers!"

"You were in the 1870 War," I said, indicating a ribbon on his light coat.

"Ah!" He was pleased. "You know that ribbon? You're a smart boy. Yes, I served in seventy."

"Were you at Reichshoffen?"

Four or five of us asked that question at once. Just as in America the mention of the Rough Riders evokes Teddy and San Juan Hill, Cuirassiers brought to mind Reichshoffen.

"Yes, I charged at Reichshoffen," Monsieur Chaumais replied. "I was a sergeant, First Platoon, First Squadron." He filled his pipe carefully, poured himself a glass of white wine from a dewy bottle fresh from the cooling well. "And, my children, I'm not likely to forget it."

And he told us the story of that charge, the last and most intrepid charge of heavy cavalry in history, as any French schoolboy knew. He told us how the colonel had galloped to face the assembled squadrons, squadrons composed of the biggest and bravest men in France, men arrayed in enormous brass helmets, wearing shining breastplates, mounted on big, speedy horses, whose coats matched according to unit numbers. And the colonel had shouted:

"Marshal MacMahon has called on us to die to save the army. Forward, as at Waterloo!"

We got to wait for that shout. Then the old gentleman—he was a retired blacksmith—lifted a big fist and thundered: "*En avant, comme à Waterloo!*" And you felt the skin contracting over your skull, a strange tightness in your stomach, a pleasant sensation of horror and heroism. He told us about the colonel, whose head was taken off by a Prussian shell, who remained erect in the saddle, saber jerking about, still leading his galloping squadrons straight at the enemy. One thousand Cuirassiers against fifty thousand Prussians!

They had cut through one way, come back another, plunged through again, hacking and stabbing, slaying five for each man they lost, yet losing riders at every rush. He related how the needle rifles had fired bullets in streams, bullets that spattered like hail on helmets and steel plates. How German cavalry had rushed in fresh men, to be knocked over time after time. There was a thrilling scene when five Baden Dragoons had surrounded him and a big pink-faced young captain had called on him to surrender, in perfect French.

"That's how we surrender!" Chaumais had retorted.

With a twist of the wrist, he knocked the man's blade aside and slit his throat. Another swing, two swift jabs, and three others had emptied their saddles. The fifth had run away. He, Chaumais, had fought his way back to the French Army, and a few weeks later, at Sedan, when Napoleon III had surrendered the whole army, he had not given up. He had escaped by swimming across a flooded river, towing a wounded comrade under brisk fire.

We were all Cuirassiers when we left. On the next Thursday we sang louder as we approached the villa, and the old man came out. We had another spread, more lemonade, and the story of the charge. Sometimes Monsieur Chaumais would tease us by hiding until we were well beyond the villa, and gloomily thinking of the cake and drink that we had ex-

"Going down?"

pected. Then we'd hear his call: "Halt, who goes there?"

We got to know the story of the charge so well that we would call out when he forgot a detail.

That lasted several months, a long period in a boy's life. Monsieur Chaumais was particularly fond of me because I had a mind for military details. The other boys' attention would wander, they would start games when he took too long to describe some item of equipment.

"Why did you have horsetails on the helmets?" I would ask. "Were your chin straps chain or scales?"

He took me into the house, which was dark and cool and quiet. He showed me sabers, swords, pistols, the egg of a crocodile sent to him by a son serving in Madagascar. Once we went into the parlor and, hanging above the mantel on which Madame Chaumais' bridal crown was displayed under glass, there was an enlargement in colors of a photograph showing a young Monsieur Chaumais with a dark mustache, in the full uniform of the Cuirassiers, flanked by a much younger Madame Chaumais wearing a conceited, pinch-lipped expression.

"Seventh Cuirassiers," I said.

"Yes, fifteen years in the Seventh. Always the Seventh. In the lead at Waterloo, in the lead at Reichshoffen, in the lead everywhere."

I told Monsieur Chaumais that when the time came I would enter the famous Seventh. He seemed pleased, sat down and pulled me nearer. He felt of my shoulders and back, asked me to "make a muscle."

"You've got to be strong, you know," he explained. "They don't just take in everybody. There's a minimum height, you must understand. Is your father tall?"

"Not very," I admitted. "But my mother is very tall. And her brother's six feet nine."

"Then you may take after her side of the family. But six feet nine is too tall. There's a maximum height, you understand."

I thought the Seventh Cuirassiers somewhat fussy. But then such a regiment had every right to be careful what type of men it admitted.

Not very long after that, we were given a theme in class: Describe the feat of arms you like to recall in French history or something of the kind.

None of the boys in the class belonged to the Thursday crowd I frequented, so I selected, naturally, "The Charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen." It was a cinch; I was sitting pretty; I had the full story from an eyewitness. I was certain I'd get the maximum Ten and some praise. I got back my paper with an Eight, while some silly stuff about the Chevalier d'Assas, ordinary stuff from the textbook, won a Ten and endless praise for my most detested rival.

The words fell on me like red-hot coals. There was no justice in the world. All you had to do was rehash book stories, after all that talk about initiative and imagination counting most! I wanted to rise and sing the *Internationale*.

"As for you," said the professor, who was also the principal, "I was very disappointed. You write with sincerity, in a good clear style, with considerable élan, but you are entirely inaccurate as to the facts. No great sorcery was needed to ask my permission to go into the library and consult the proper documents."

I got to my feet: "Inaccurate, Monsieur?"

"Inaccurate, yes."

"I wrote it just as it happened, Monsieur," I earnestly replied.

"You were there, I suppose?"

"No, Monsieur, I wasn't there. But a gentleman who was there told me all about it. He was a sergeant in the First Platoon of the First Squadron of the Seventh Regiment of Cuirassiers."

"The Seventh was not at Reichshoffen," the professor told me.

"It was, Monsieur."

There was a moment of silence. I know how the people felt in the tumbrils on the way to the guillotine. My principal had served in 1870 and was considered an expert.

"Monsieur," the principal said in a gentle voice: "The Seventh Cuirassiers were with Bazaine's Army at Metz. Furthermore, my young and erudite friend, the Cuirassiers, despite legend, did not charge into Reichshoffen but into the village of Morsbronn. And there weren't fifty thousand Prussians, but nine thousand. And the line about 'This is how we surrender' was spoken, I think, by Sergeant Blandan to an Arab chieftain in quite another campaign."

"Ah," I said.

"You'll have to learn to distinguish between fact and fiction sooner or later. After classes, go into the library, look on the shelf near the window—third from the floor. You'll find not only ordinary books but regimental histories. Read up about that charge. While

Continued on page 229

"This the place that's having the noisy party?"

The Old Master of the Ring

With the footwork of a ballet dancer and a quality in his style known as "class" Joe Gans made boxing an art

by HARVEY L. MILLER

SPORTS

Where Highway No. 1, Baltimore to Washington, comes to a hard turn to the East toward Annapolis, there is a little Negro graveyard. Close to the roadside fence is a simple monument bearing the one word "Gans."

In the Southern Philippines, warlike Moro tribesmen kneel at the graves of brave foes who died in battle, praying to their gods for the fighting hearts of the men buried there.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for modern boxers who worry about a pound of weight difference and call fifteen rounds "the distance" to practice similar genuflections hard by the Annapolis road.

When Benny Leonard, generally rated as one of the best of the lightweight champions, was showing at a Baltimore theatre, Benny, accompanied by reporters and news photographers, journeyed out to the little graveyard and placed a wreath on Gans' grave. The wreath bore the lettering, "To the memory of the greatest lightweight that ever lived."

Benny wasn't kidding. Believe me, Benny wasn't.

With boxing and its kindred hand-to-hand combat training a much discussed subject among members of the armed forces, the question is often asked by men in uniform: "Who was the greatest boxer of all time?"

The answer from the oldsters is usually, "Joe Gans, Baltimore Negro, world's lightweight champion from 1902 to 1908."

Gans has become almost legendary in boxing and, among the more modern followers of Fistiana, the reference to oldsters who "knew Gans" receives the same reverence as the late Chic Sale's monologue, "I knew Lincoln."

Let me tell you of the experience of a kid from the fleet, a Navy boxing champion. His identity is of no moment here. The kid was a good boxer as service boxers go. He was a terrific puncher and had a smart ring head. He'd make it a point, seeking knowledge in the profession of fisticuffs, to go ashore for the purpose of training with the greats of the ring who came to California in the days when the Golden State was the Mecca of Fistiana, the days of small purses and great fights of twenty, twenty-five and forty-five rounds.

The kid from the fleet was a titleholder in the Far East. The hangers-on and wisenheimers kidded a lot about that and referred to "The Champion of Hong Kong." In Gans' day, however, Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Jackson had already proved that fighters from across the far reaches of the Pacific were not all suckers for a left hook, as were Pancho Villa and Les Darcy in later years.

Anyhow, the kid went ashore to work with Gans, musing, "I'll learn something and I ought to nail him with a right hand once in a while." But the kid learned that he figured, roughly, to nail Gans about every other Thursday at 0600, provided reveille was late on Thursday.

The kid would feint with a left and throw a right. Gans would ignore the feint and, with an open glove, stop the right by grasping the kid's elbow. The kid would feint with a left, hesitate and pitch the same left. Gans would ignore the feint and stop the following punch. It went that way all the time. Gans always stopped the intended blow before it started and ignored all preliminary feints and distractions. And every time he stopped a blow with one hand he drove in a convincing punch with the other.

"How do you do that?" asked the kid, exasperated by the futility of his attempts.

"I dunno," replied Gans in the plaintive voice peculiar to him, "I often try to figure it out, too. I see what you are thinking about and when the thought gets to down around by your elbow I reach out and stop it."

So the frustrated kid from the ships went away from there sold on the veracity of those who had told him that Gans was blessed with a sixth sense.

Gans was born on November 25, 1874. He began boxing in 1891, fought his last fight in March of 1909 and died in 1910. He fought 256 bouts according to ring record books and others that never got into the records.

He had been an oyster shucker in his native Baltimore and in his earlier ring career was sometimes alluded to as "The Baltimore Oyster Shucker." That nickname later gave way to the one old Billy Jordan, greatest of all sports announcers, pinned on Gans when he introduced him as "The Old Master."

Gans made of boxing such an art that the term "Old Master" stuck because his fistic wizardry suggested the workmanship of a painting by Rembrandt or a violin solo by Kreisler.

Boxing hasn't produced another Gans. And what a boon he'd be to boxing now when young Americans, deep in the steaming jungles, find their lives depending upon the ability to make an opponent miss while they nail him with a counter punch.

In recent years more modern boxers have been compared with Gans. Notably some writers have likened Henry Armstrong to "The Old Master." Such comparison is ridiculous. Armstrong, a great champion, was a rock 'em and sock 'em, devil-may-care roisterer. Gans on the other hand was a classy boxer, a terrific puncher and counter puncher, with the footwork of a ballet dancer. Both hands, with gloves open, picking blows out of the air before they really got started. He never ducked two inches when one inch would suffice. He possessed in large measure that intangible something called class and when he reached journey's end he was laid away sans tin ears, beetle brows or puffed lips. Of the more modern lightweights Benny Leonard was the closest approach to Joe Gans in ring style and ability.

Gans was managed by Al Hereford. Possibly it is better to say, in view of the facts, that he was mismanaged by Hereford. What a job some of the modern sharpshooting managers would have done for Gans!

He was a lightweight who could make the then lightweight limit of 133 pounds ringside, in fighting togs.

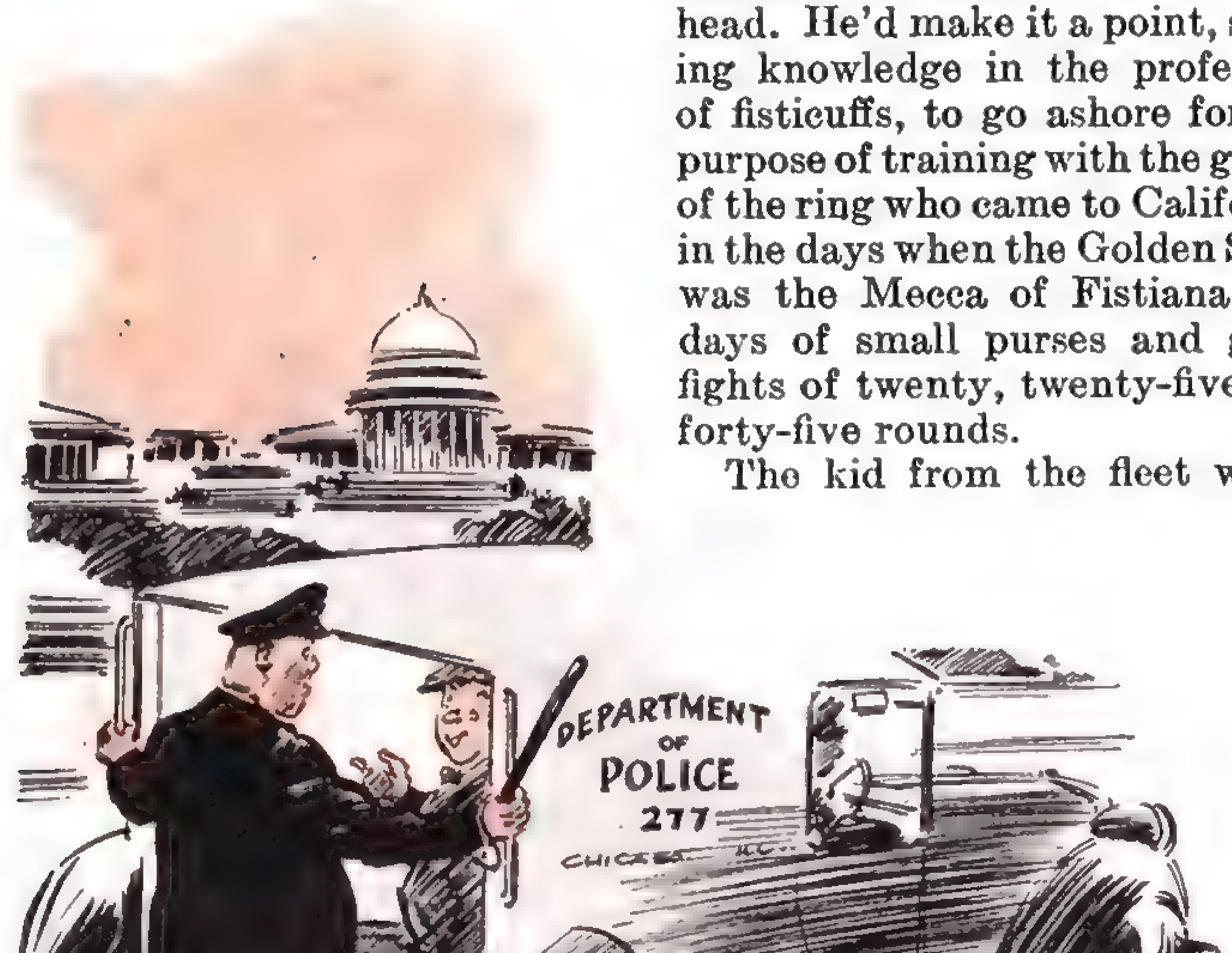
He was tall, light brown and fairly slender. His features were more Arabic than typically Negroid.

He was a clean liver, a credit to his race. He had millions of friends. He was the idol of his foster mother and she was his idol. For her he coined the now famous phrase by telegram after each winning contest, "I'm bringing home the bacon."

As the record books will prove, Gans had to do a lot of things to get fights which by present day standards would be considered weird.

When Jack Johnson was heavyweight champion of the world he was chased halfway around the world by 185-pound Sam Langford, the "Boston Tar Baby." So anxious was Sam to inveigle

Continued on page 255



"Would you mind pointing out some places of interest? —I'm a stranger in town"

ESQUIRE'S GAME BOOK SECTION

Seven pages of posers to put your mind through some limbering nip-ups . . .
So flex your mental muscles and begin with the Warm-Up Quiz given below

Watch out . . . these questions are tricky . . . but they're just for laughs, and they make the following pages seem like duck soup . . . Check your answers at the end of the Game Section and score 5 points for each correct . . . Over 70, excellent; 60-70, good; 50-60, fair.

1. How many quarter-inch marks are there in the space of one inch on an ordinary ruler?

2. How many seams are there on a baseball?

3. Which country mines the most bronze?

4. How far can a horse walk in a straight line if he has a 25-foot rope tied around his neck?

5. A man buys three pounds of chocolate at 87c per lb. The rectangle of candy measures 10″x5″x3″ When he gets home he discovers a 2″ cube has been cut out of the center. How much has he been cheated?

6. Why is a bridge player penalized more for reneging on the first trick than on the last trick?

7. All things considered, what is the chief cause of divorce?

8. The names of how many states of the U. S. begin with "E"?

9. What letter is usually omitted on the telephone dial?

10. Under what circumstances can you have all 52 cards in one deck of playing cards in one suit?

11. Is Paris, France, closer to Rio de Janeiro than El Paso, Texas, is?

12. Are there 6 rows of 8 stars or 8 rows of 6 stars in the American flag?

13. Allowing a margin of error of 3 either way, how many times does the figure "1" appear on a dollar bill?

14. What belongs to you that your friends use more than you do?

15. Each of these numbers has a special significance. To what do they refer? 32; 98.6; 7-11; 186,330; 5,280. (Score 1 point each)

16. What U. S. senator wears the largest collar?

17. When you pull the stopper and let the water run down the drain, does it spiral clockwise or counter-clockwise if you are in the northern hemisphere?

18. Again allowing a margin of error of 3, how many spades are usually shown on the king of spades?

19. What does it say on the flap of the post box at the corner?

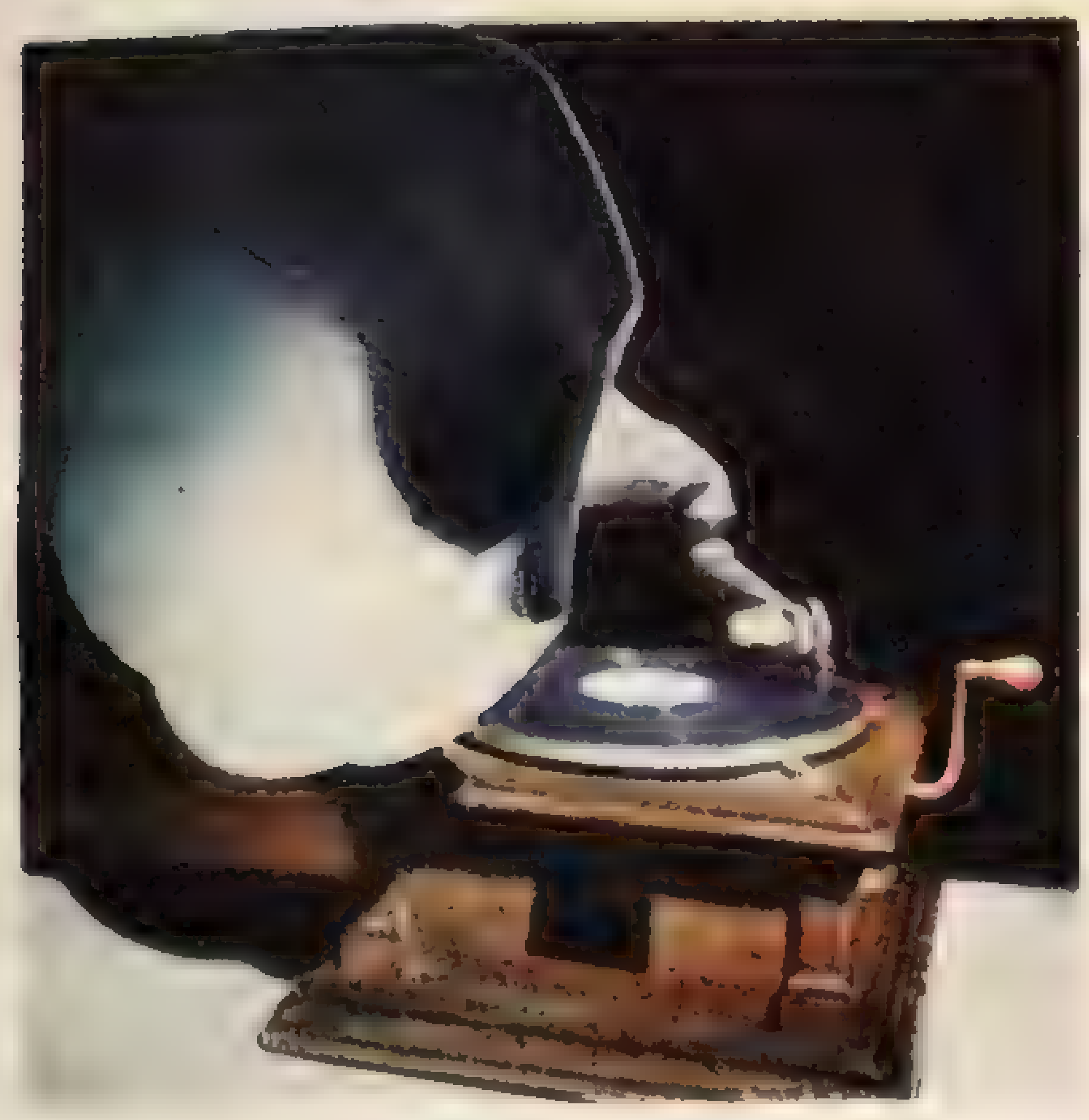
20. Jack wears white gloves and travels daily as far as the average commuter, but never rides in anything with wheels, refuses to travel on water or in airplanes and doesn't walk, run or crawl. How does he travel?

JUNGLE JUMBLE

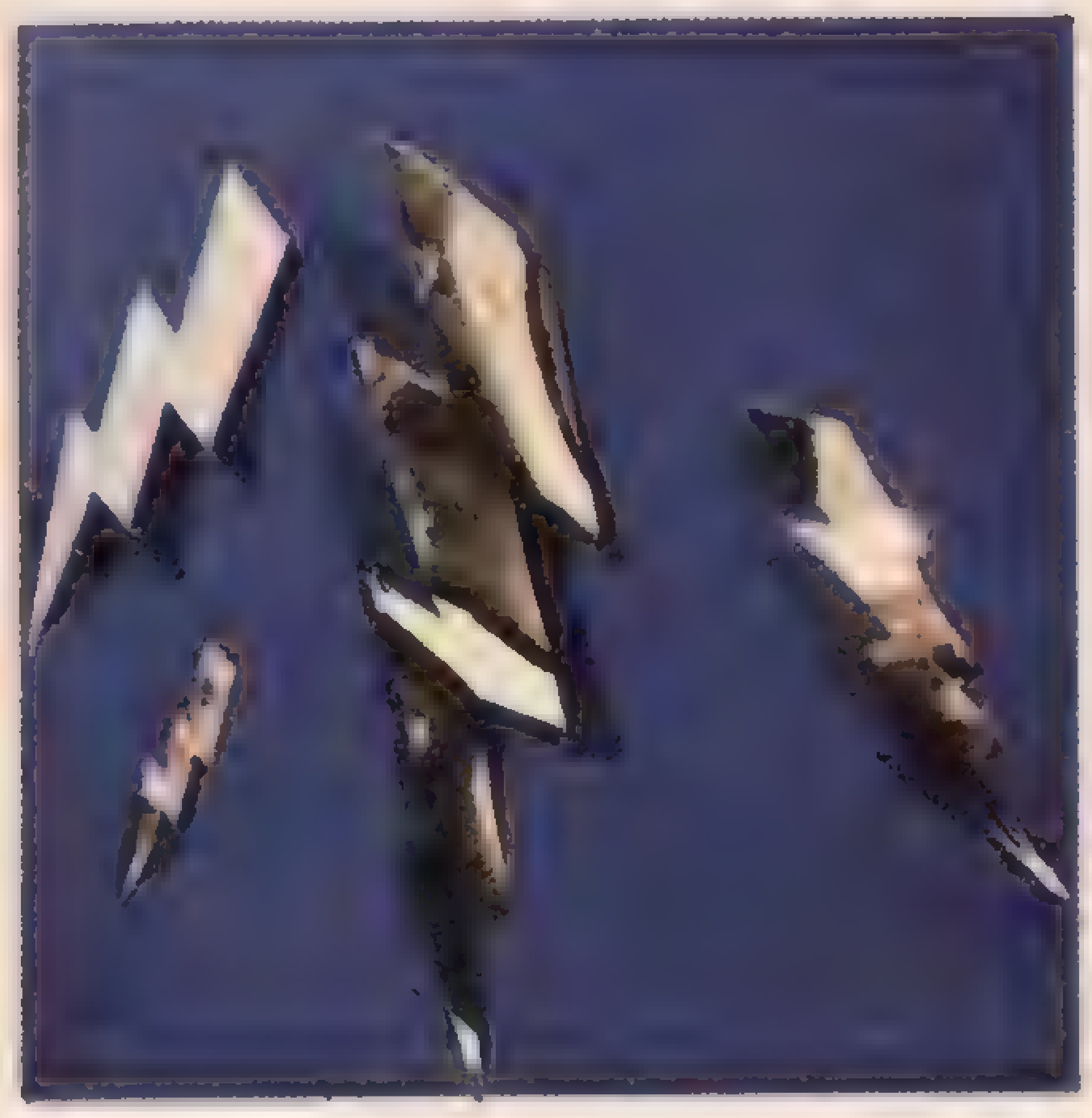
Behind the dancing spots above are represented 17 camouflaged living creatures going about their business, oblivious to you and to each other. They may leap out at you, but they won't bite. If you can't find at least 12 of them, keep away from jungles. If you find more than 17, jungles should keep away from you. Anyway, you can check whether the artist's hand is quicker than your eye by turning to page 146 for a diagram of the hidden fauna—sans spots.

MAN HUNT No. 1

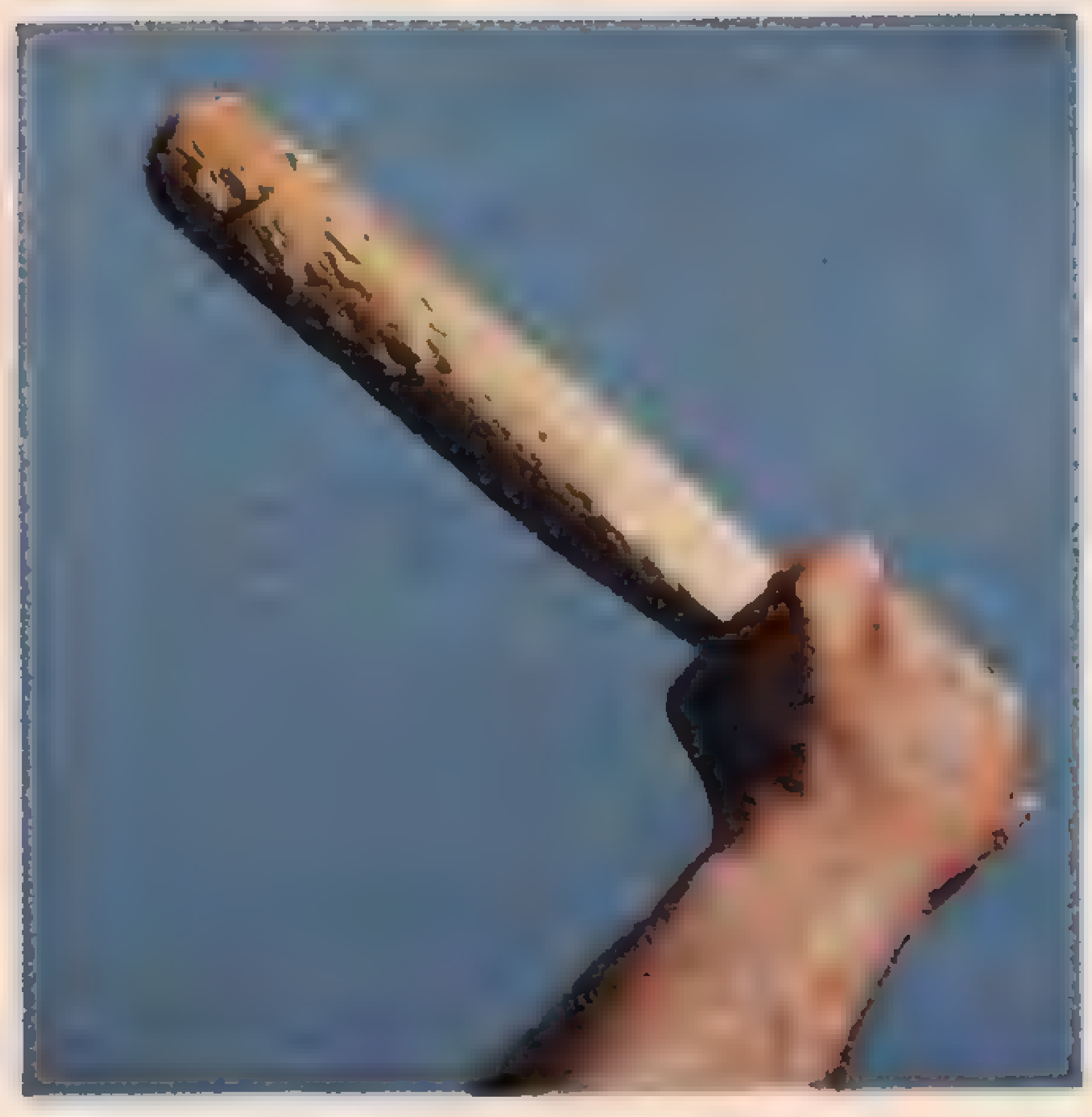
On this page are pictorial clues to the identities of nine famous Americans of today and yesterday. For example, shown a long cigarette holder, you might guess President Roosevelt. Picture 1A is the first clue for the first man, 2A is the first clue for the second man, etc. If you're a smartie and guess the nine names from the nine clues on this page, credit yourself with 15 points for each correct name. You'll find more clues on the next two pages, and the answers at the end of this Game Book Section. But don't look now! The more clues you need, the less points you roll up for final score. Get it? You're on your honor.



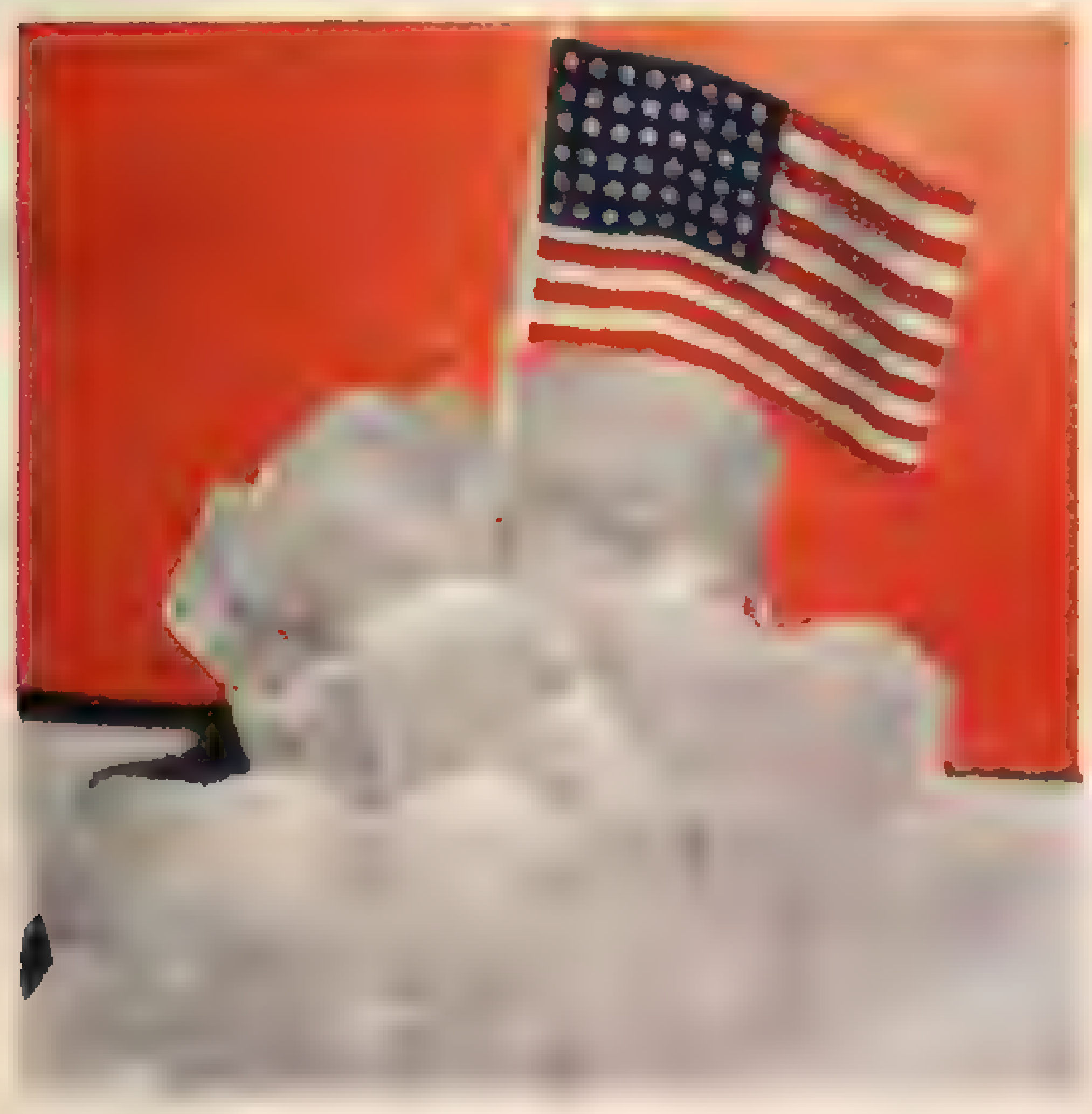
1A Once a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor 15
(Fill in Name)



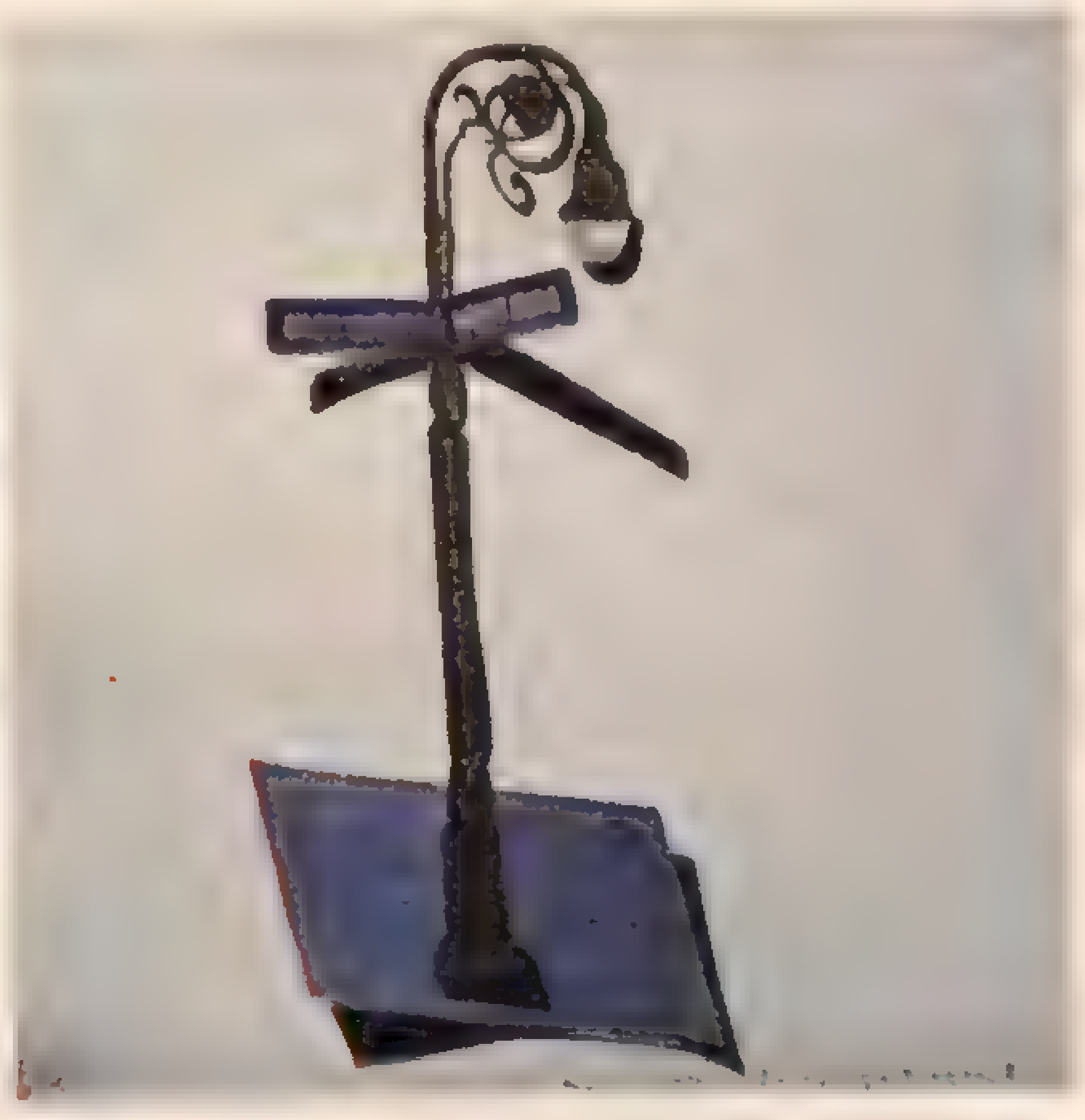
2A "My ancestors weren't on the Mayflower —they met the boat." 15



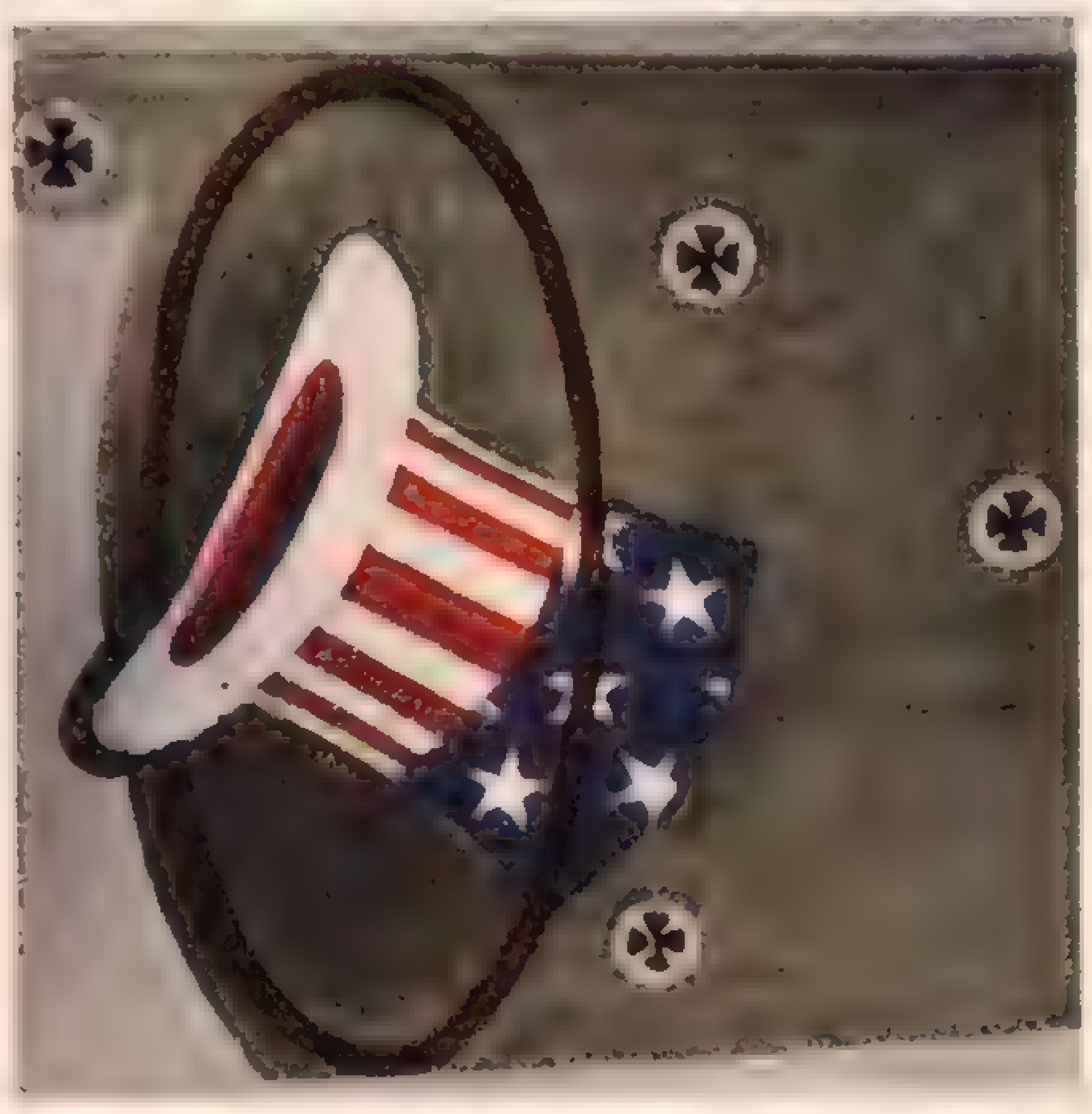
3A Once Assistant Secretary of the Navy. 15



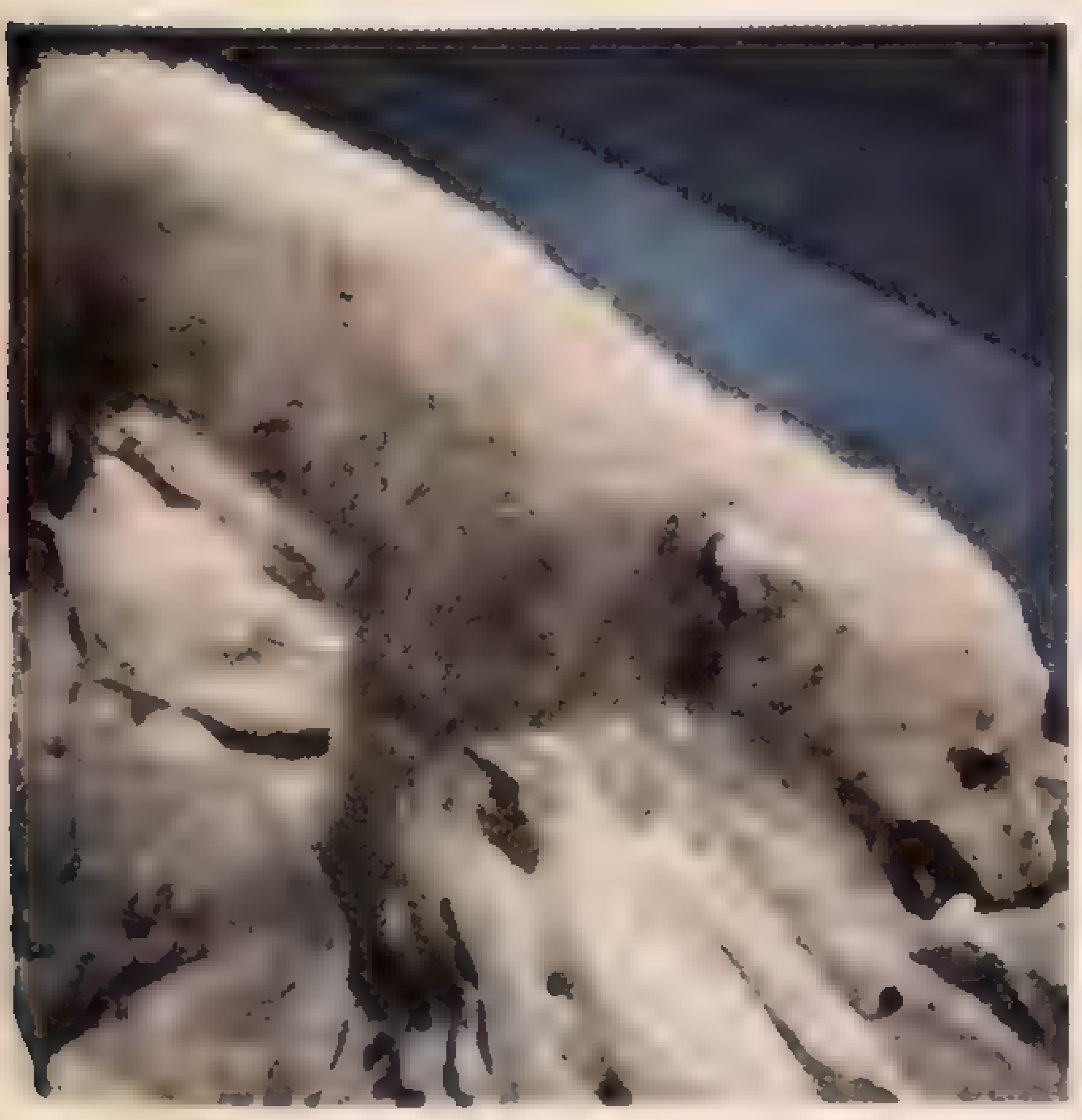
4A He was a Naval ensign in 1912. 15



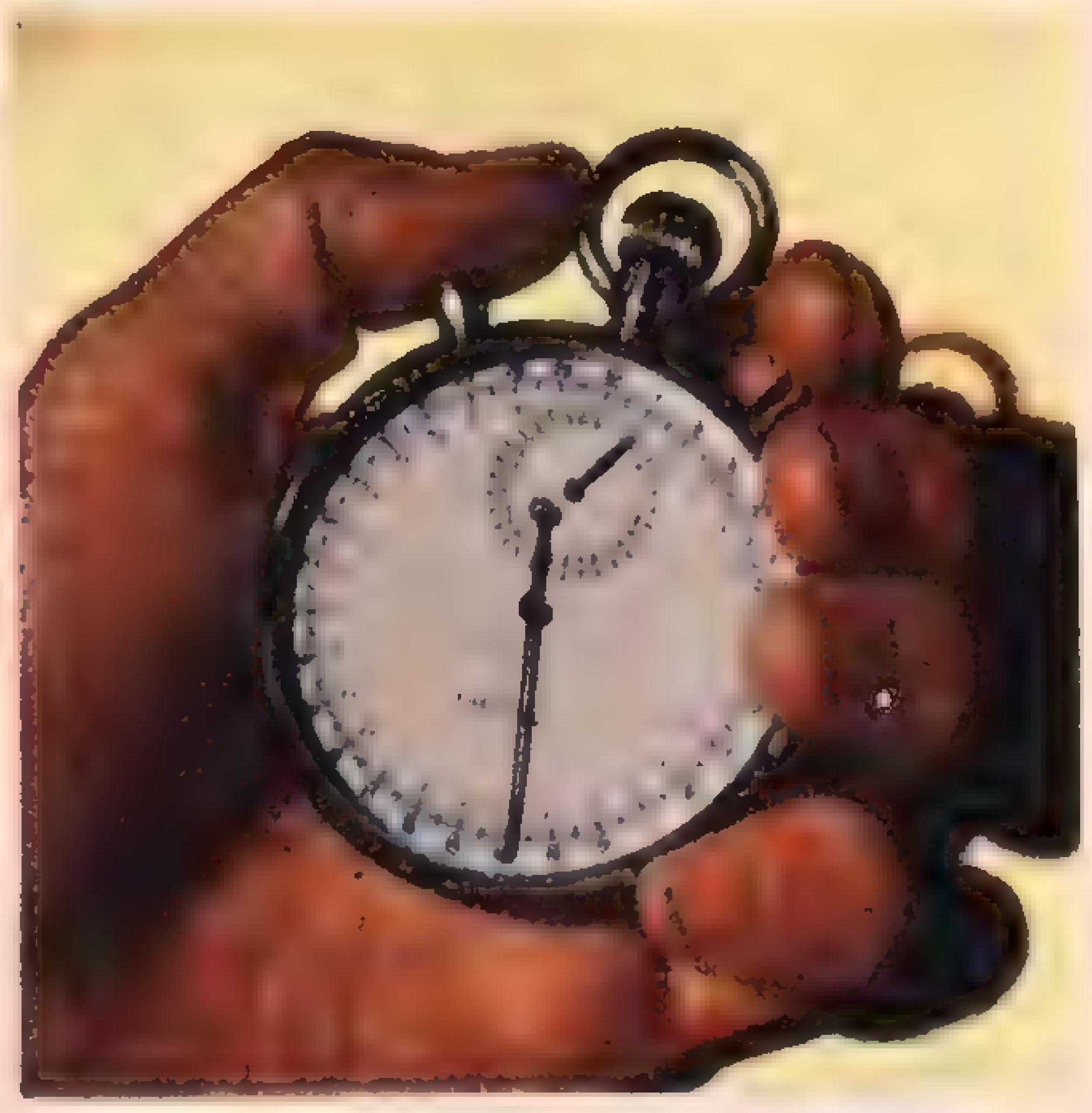
5A He was elected four times and chose his successor 15



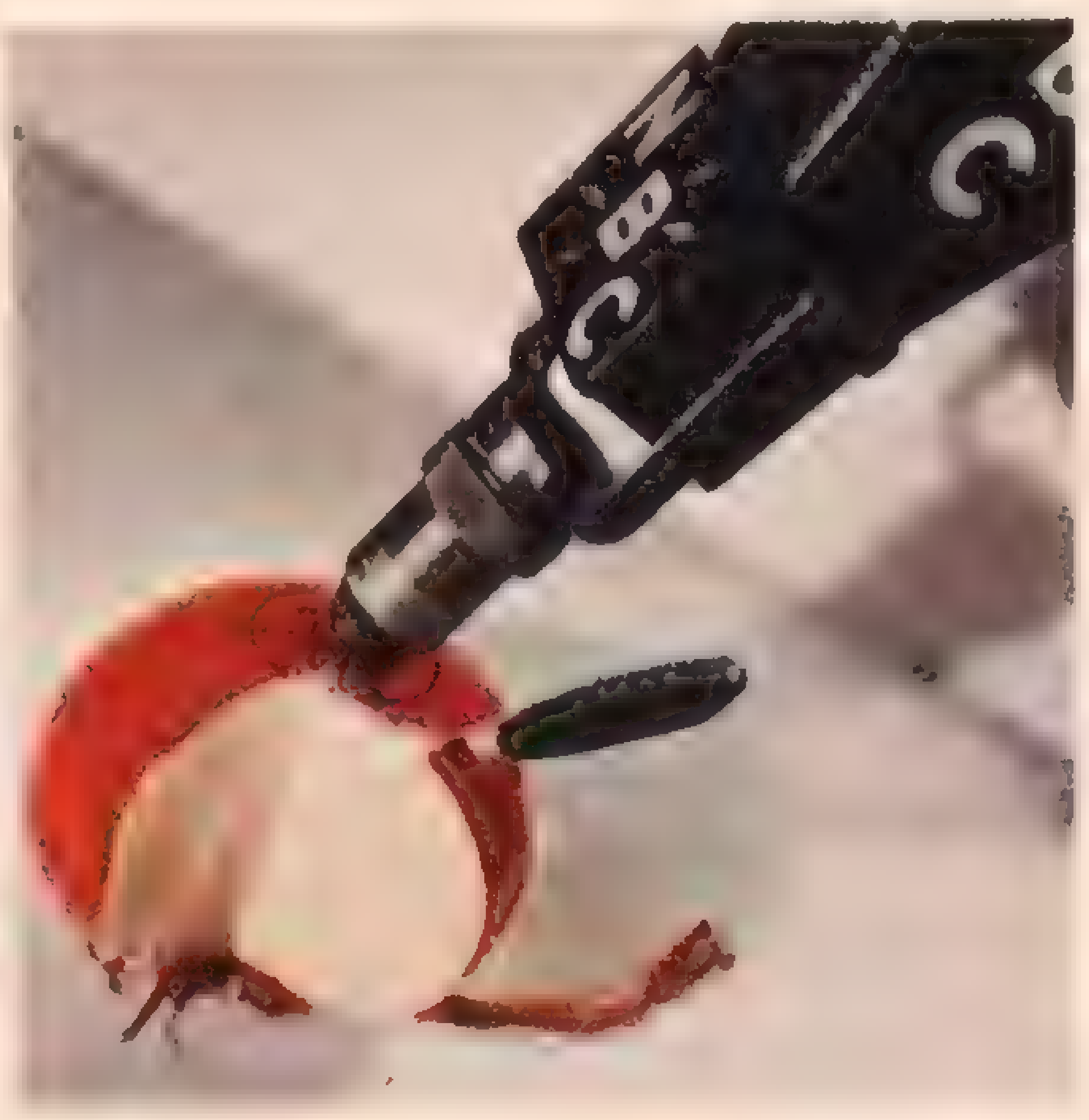
6A This man made headlines in two wars. 15



7A His valet had trouble with Carmichael. 15



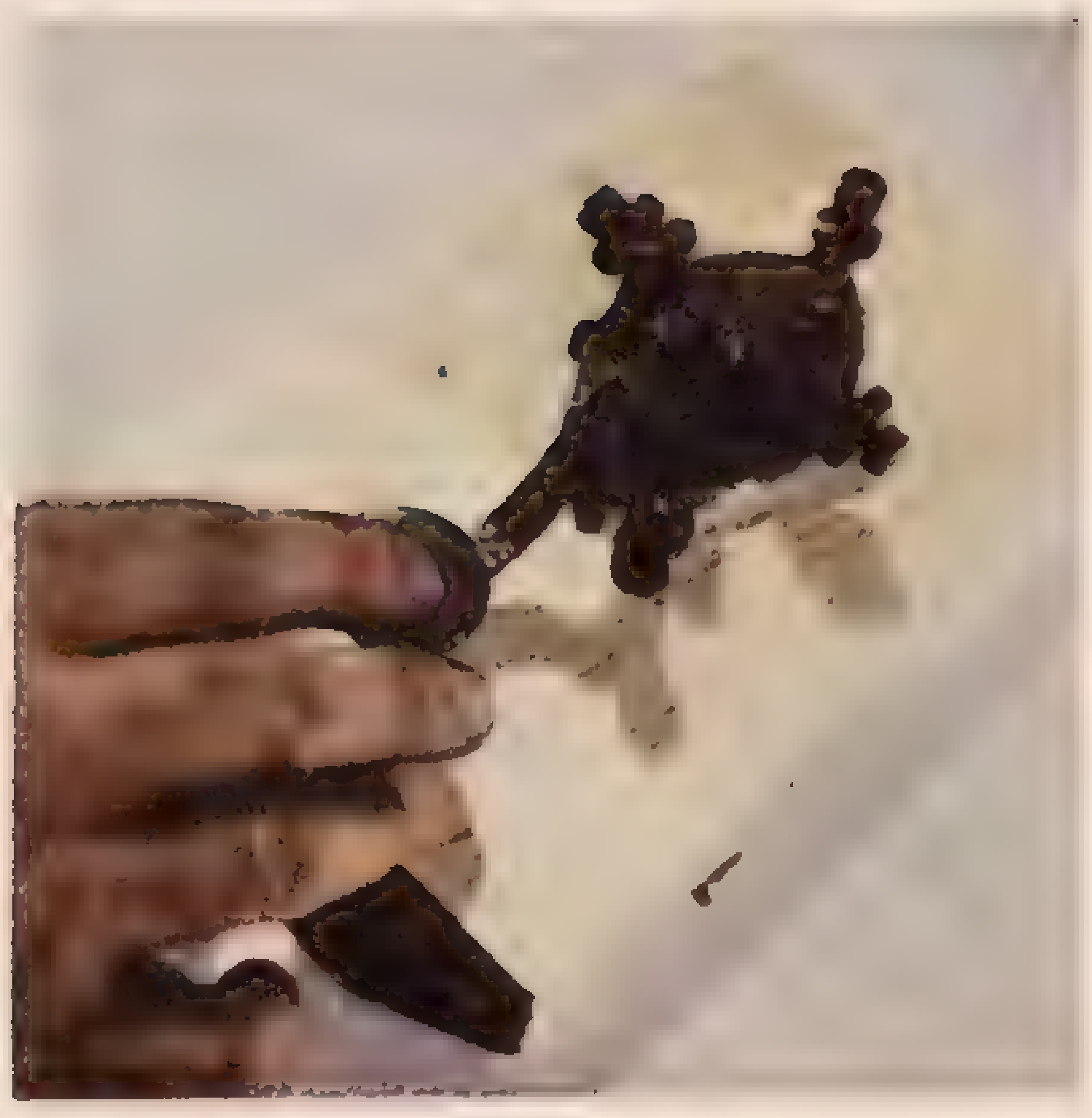
8A A crowd held its breath until he stood up 15



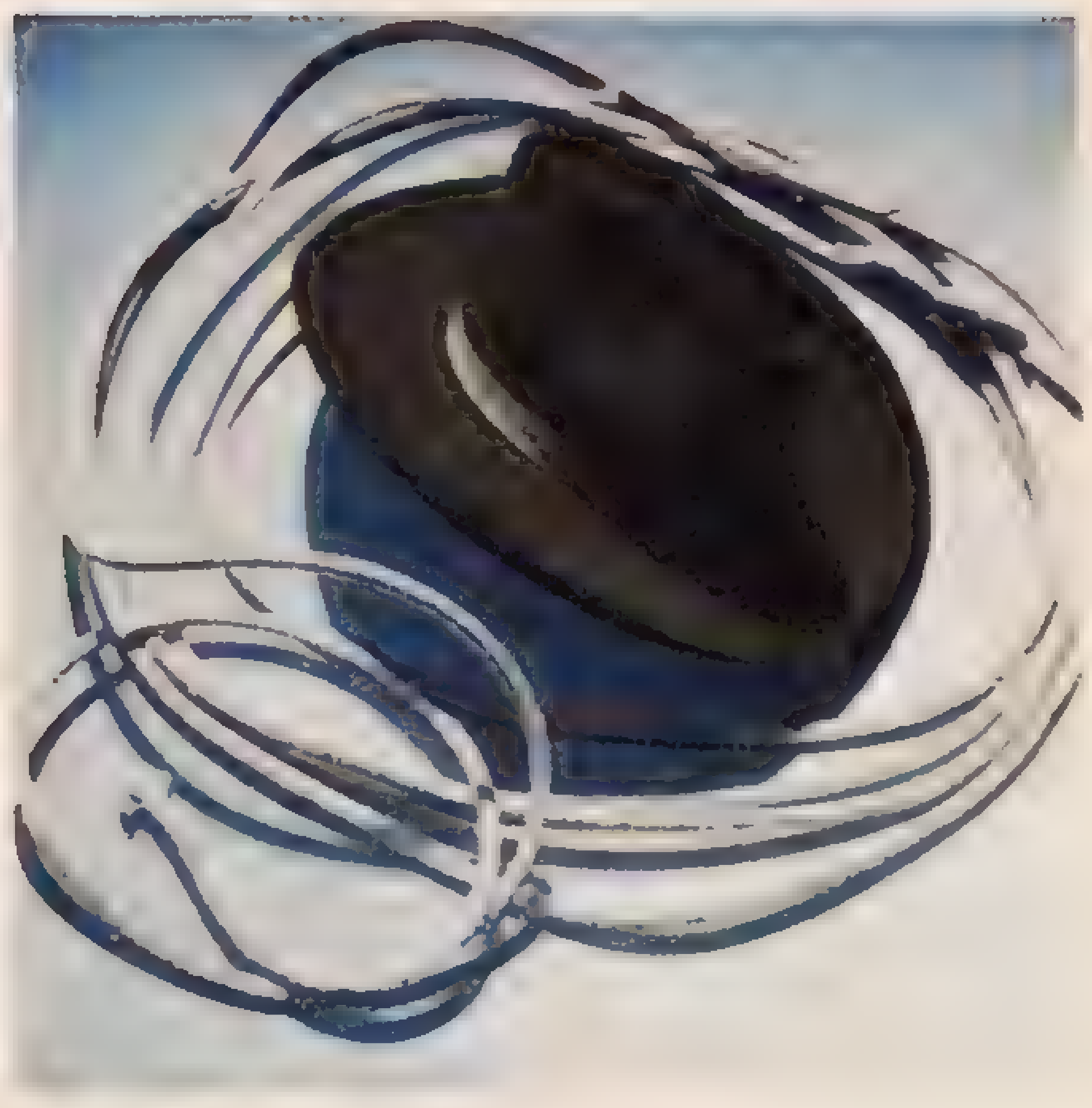
9A He isn't trying to scare you when he stutters *boo!* 15

MAN HUNT No. 2

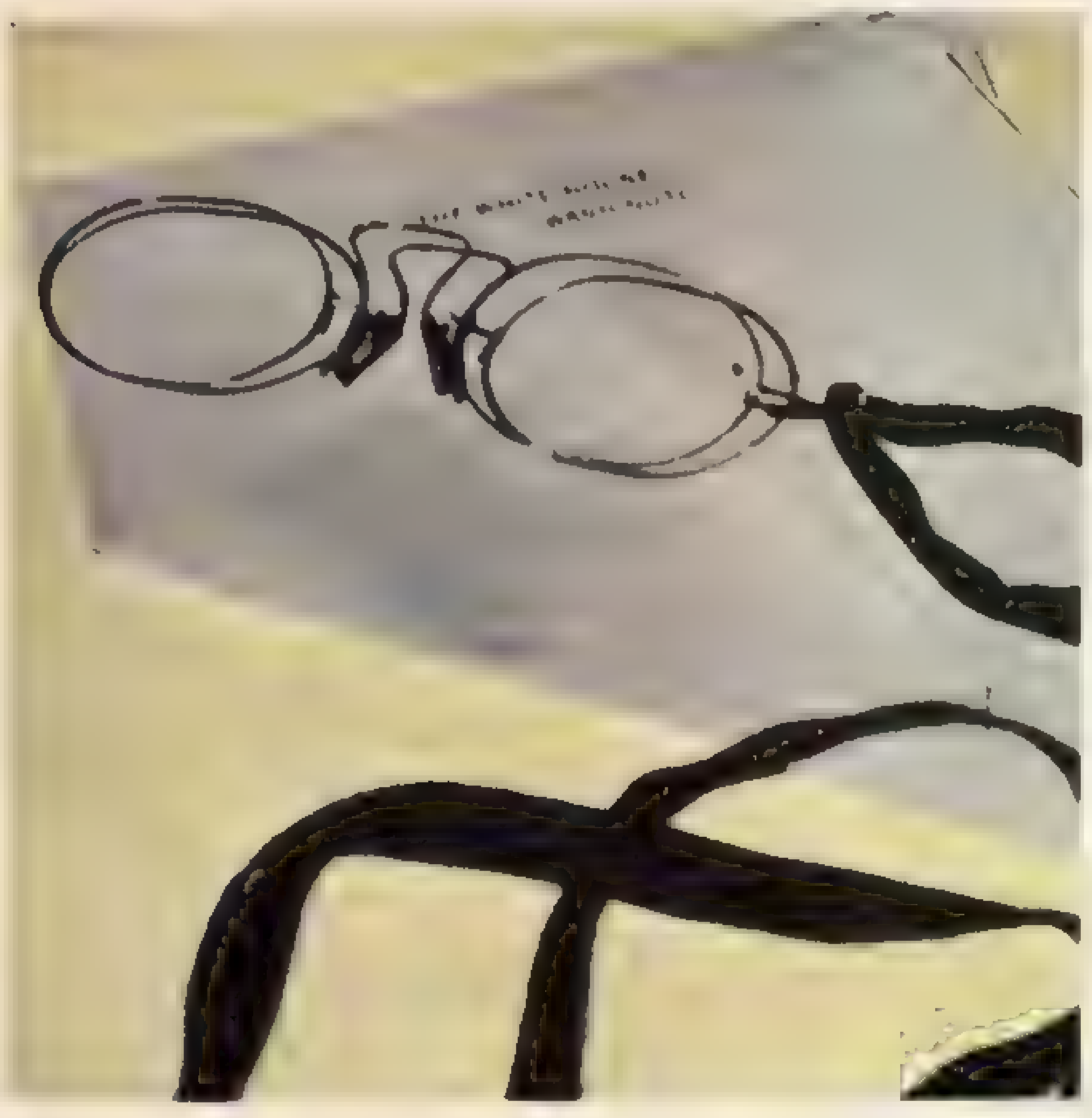
So you're still mystified. Here are the second clues to the same nine Americans (in the same page positions). If you missed the name of the first man before, but guess it by putting together clues 1A and 1B, you win 10 points . . . . And you get 10 additional points for every name you are able to guess correctly in Man Hunt's second round.



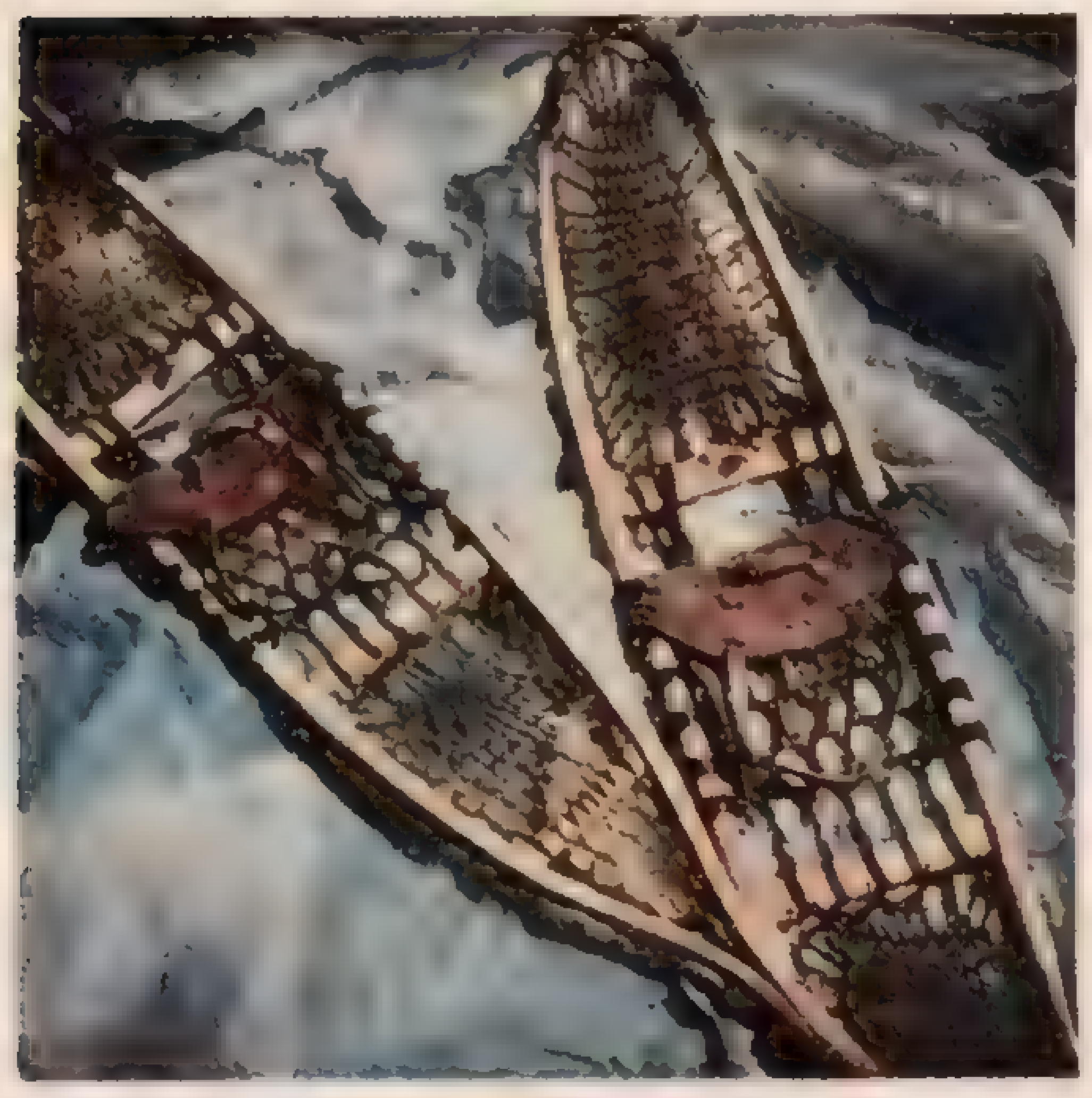
1B He was President of the Naval Consulting Board in World War I 10



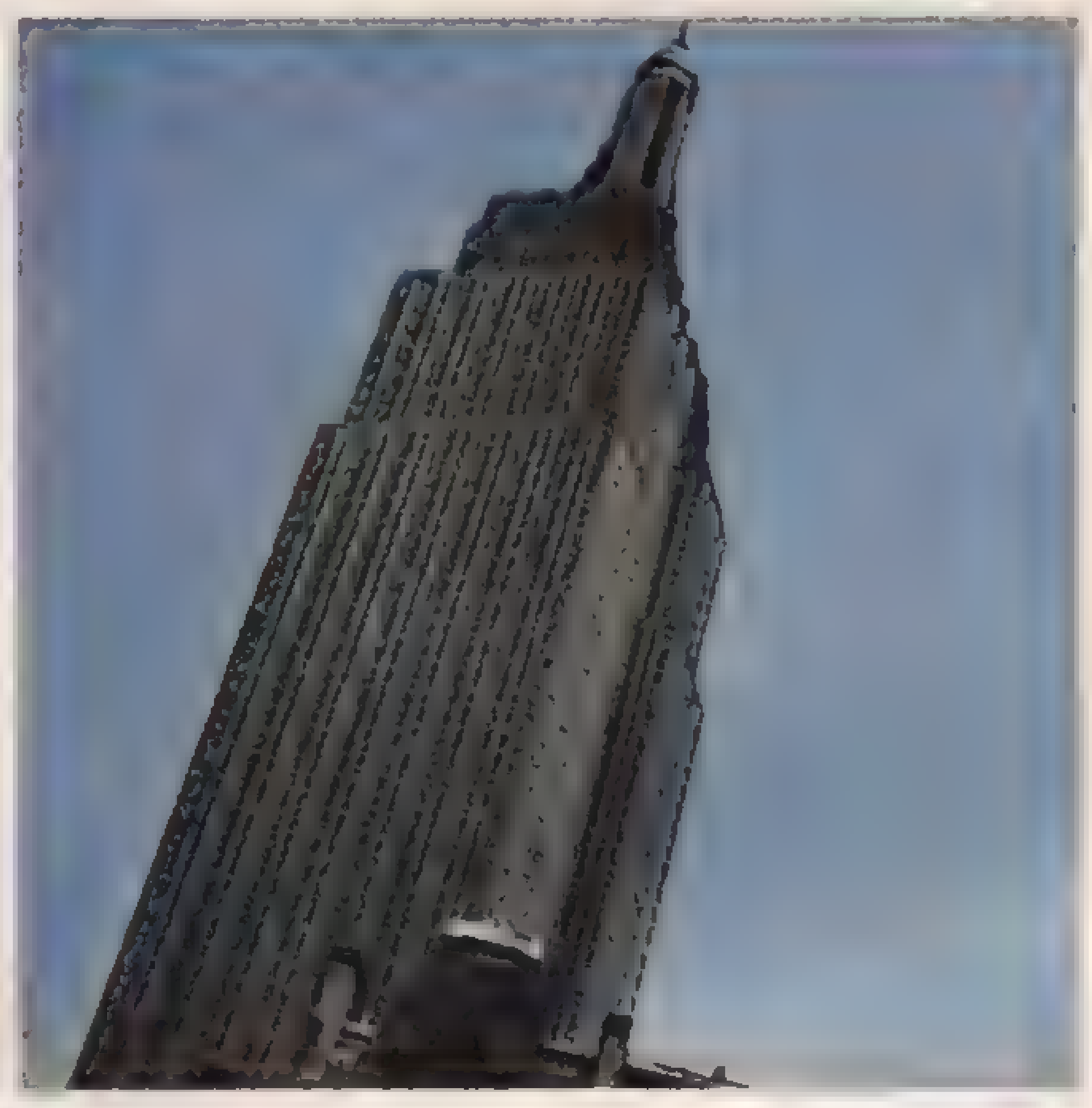
2B "Two thirds of the people promote, while one third provide" 10



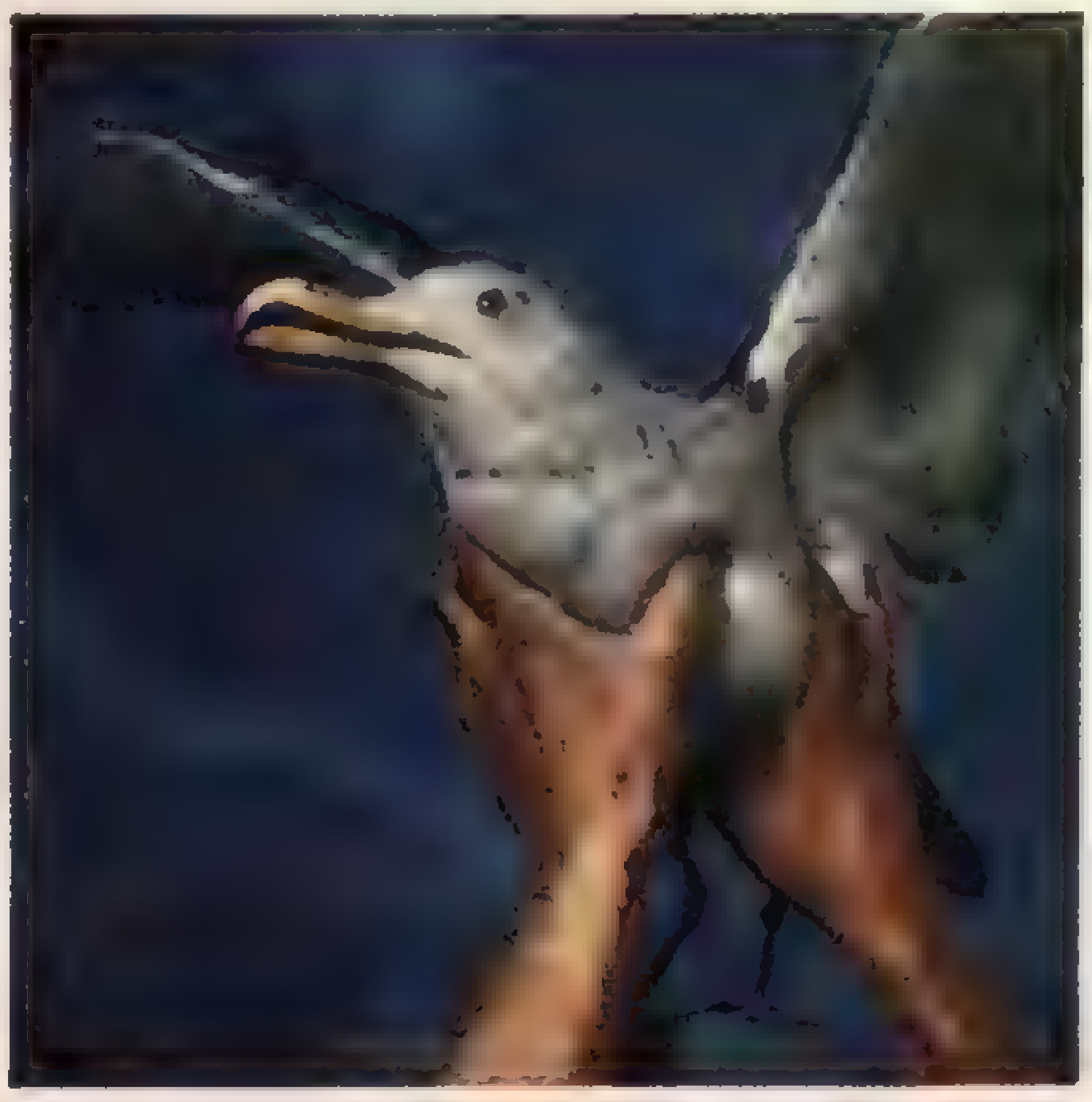
3B He sent a fleet around the world. 10



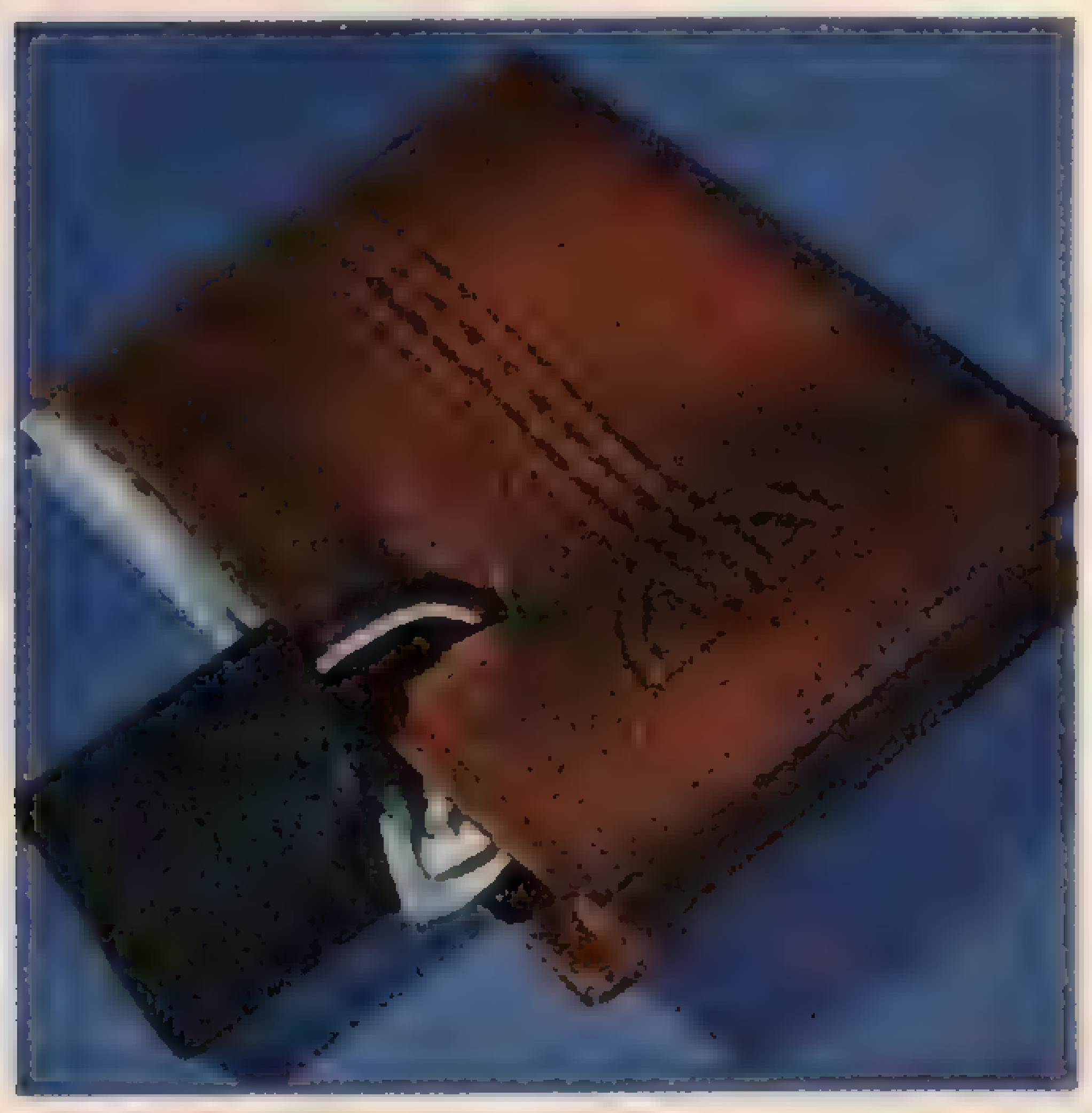
4B He spent 6 months trying to do something about the weather 10



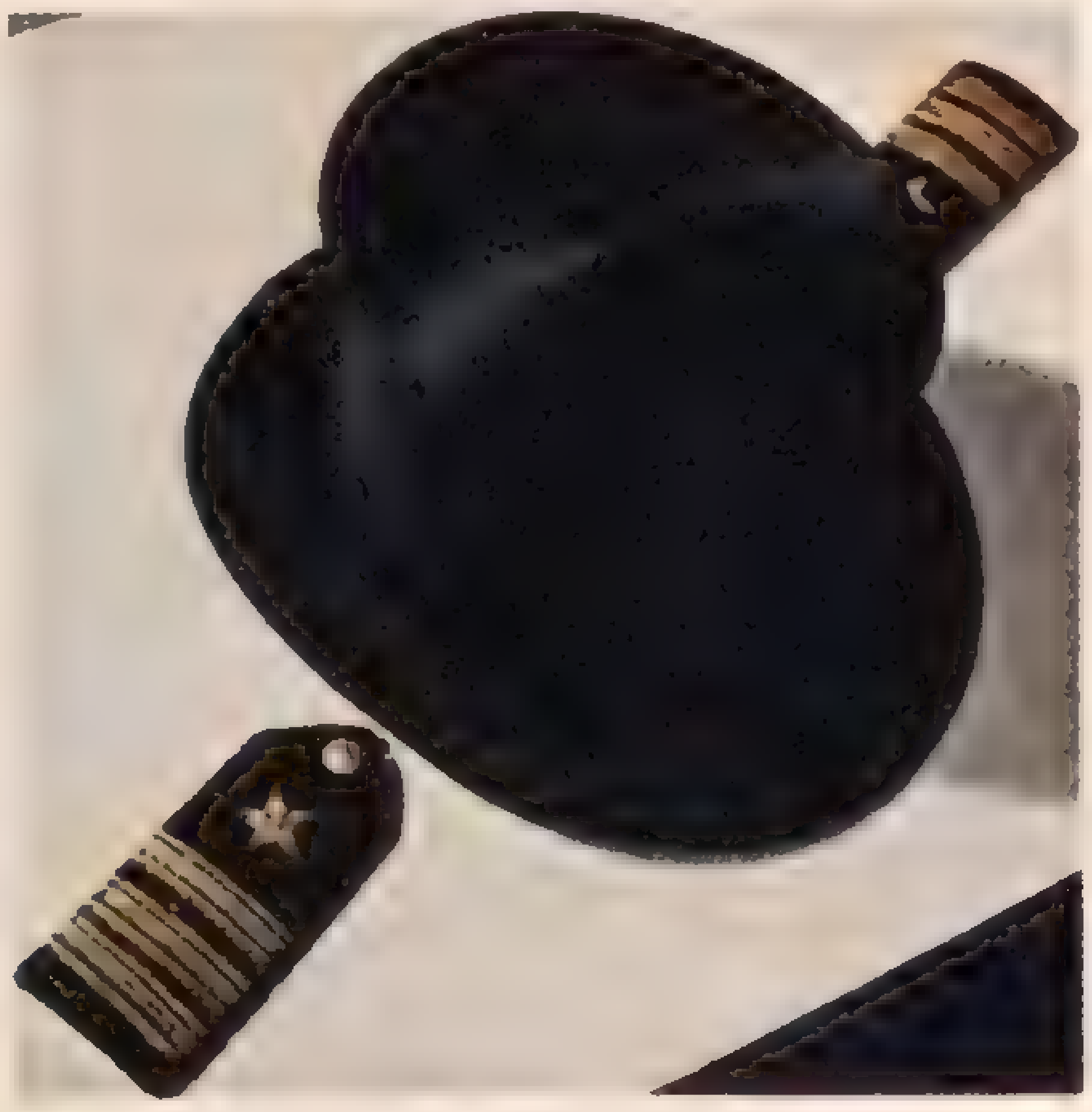
5B He made speeches over it but mispronounced it 10



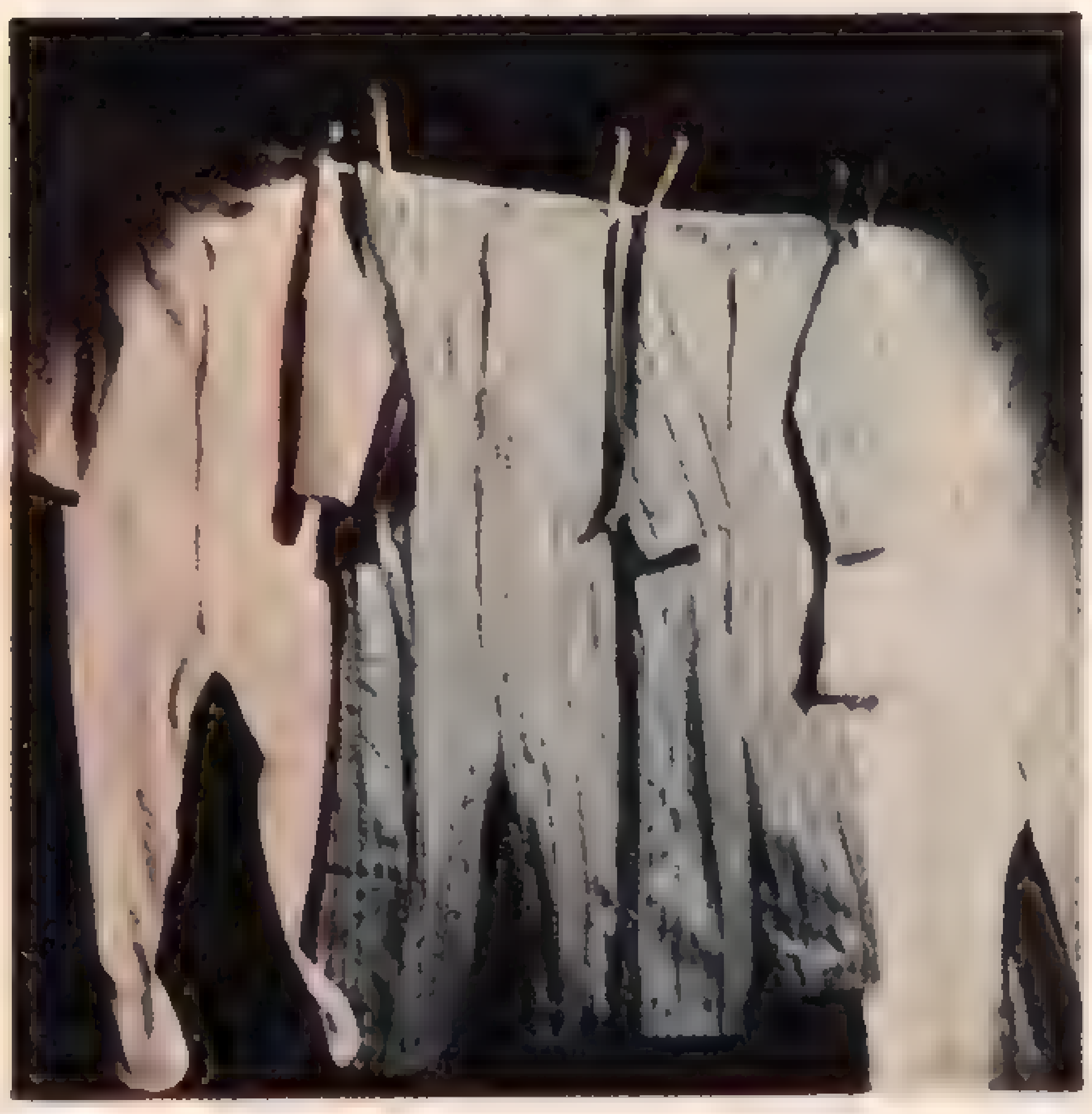
6B He has survived three crash landings 10



7B His car is a refugee from a junk yard. 10



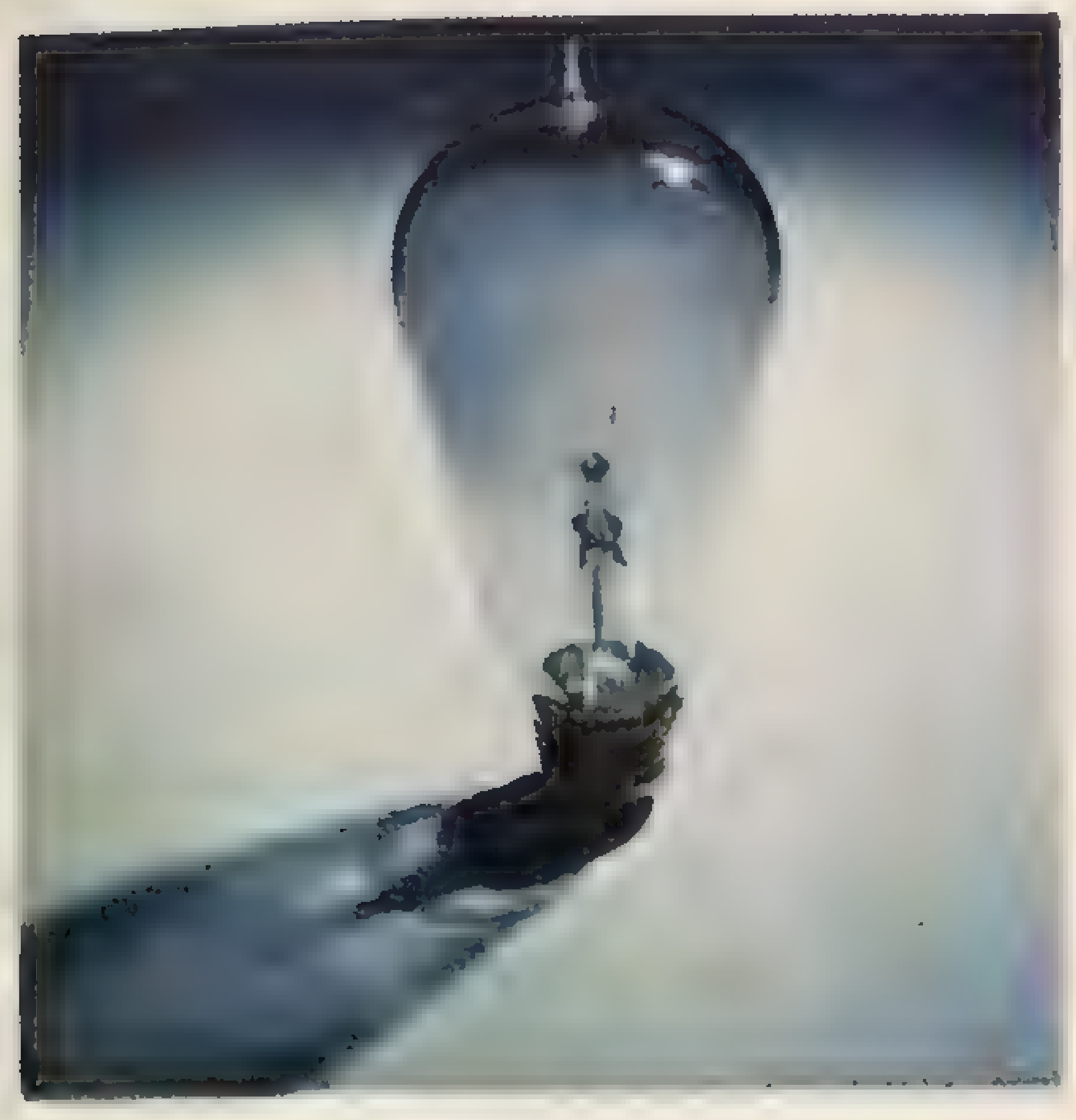
8B He's head muscle-man for 3,000,000 tough guys. 10



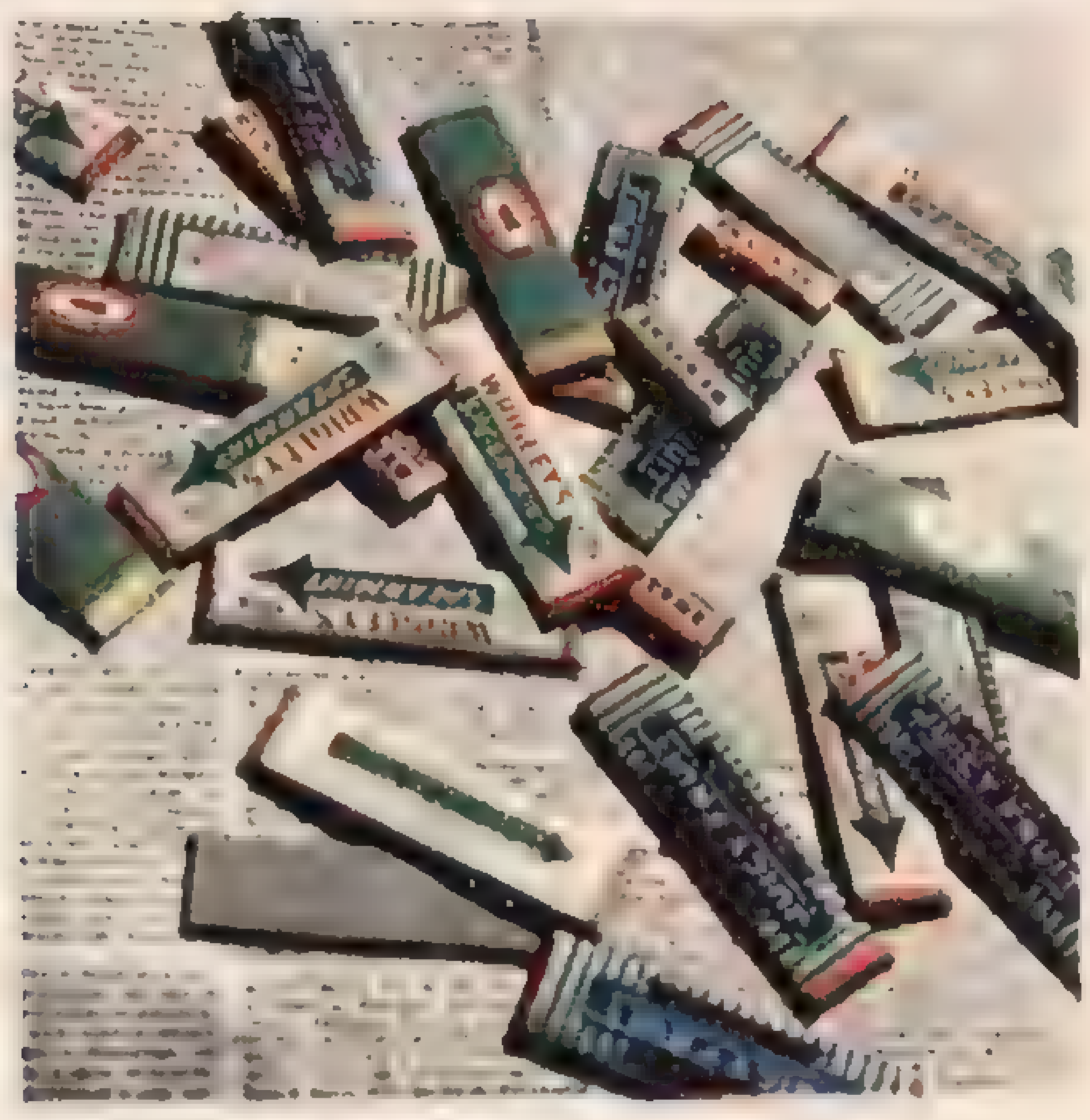
9B His heart belongs to Dixie 10

MAN HUNT No. 3

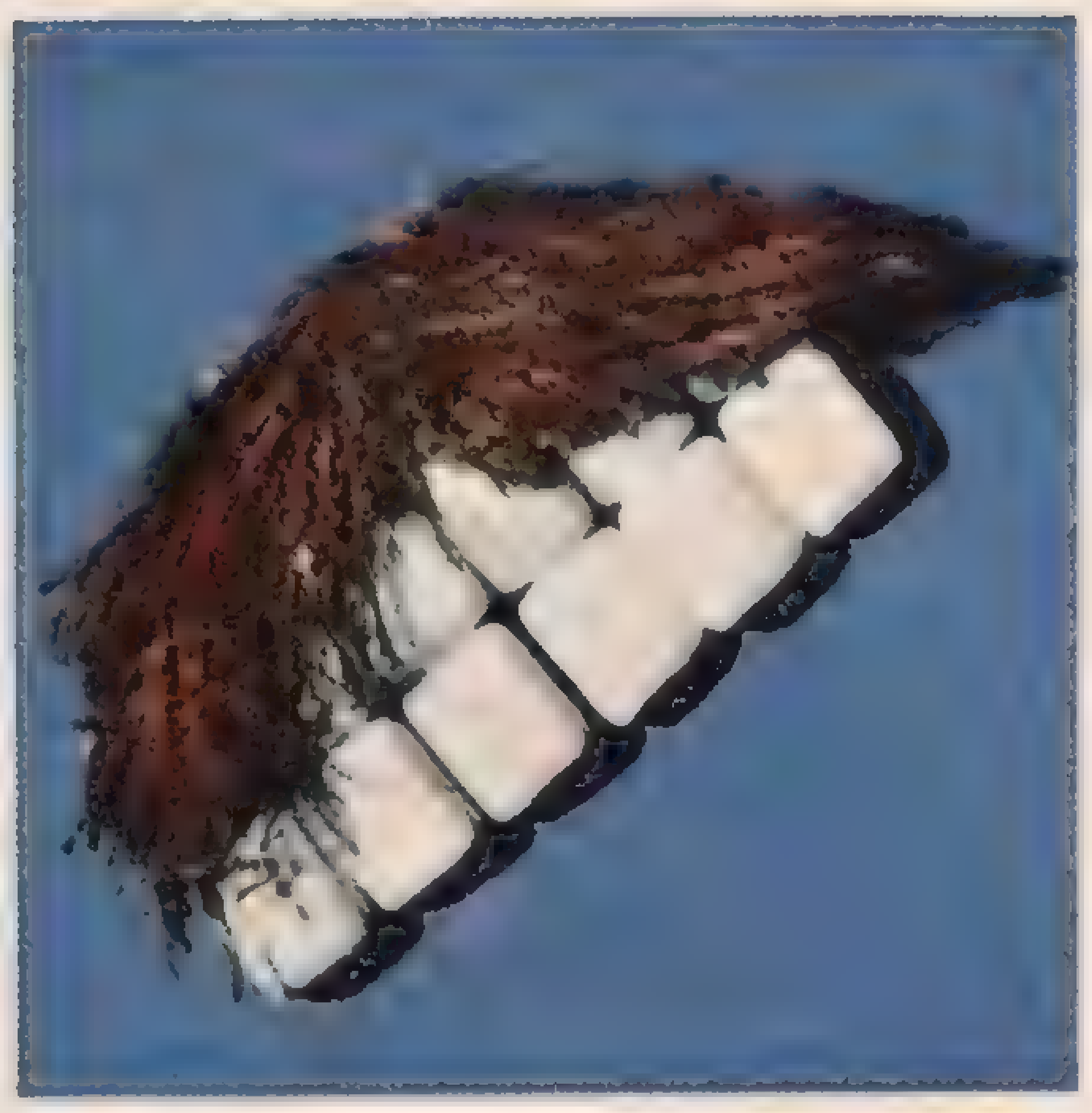
Here are the third and final clues to the nine men. Sorry! Only 5 points for the names you get here but missed on the preceding pages. Now turn to the end of the Game Section to read the good news. Check your answers, then total your points for the three pages. Over 120 is considered excellent; 90-120, good; 75-90, fair.



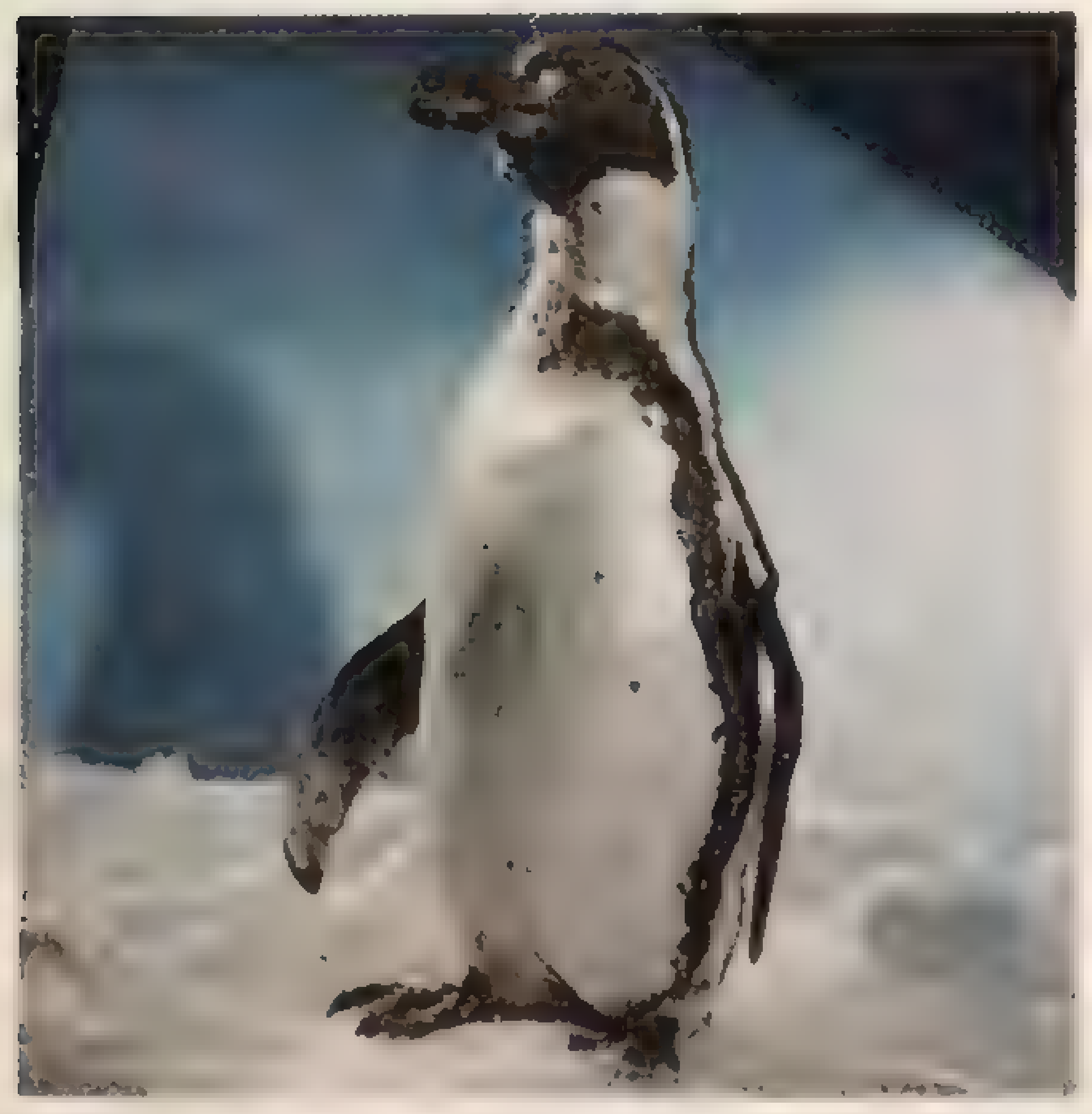
1C "Genius is 2% inspiration and 98% perspiration" 5



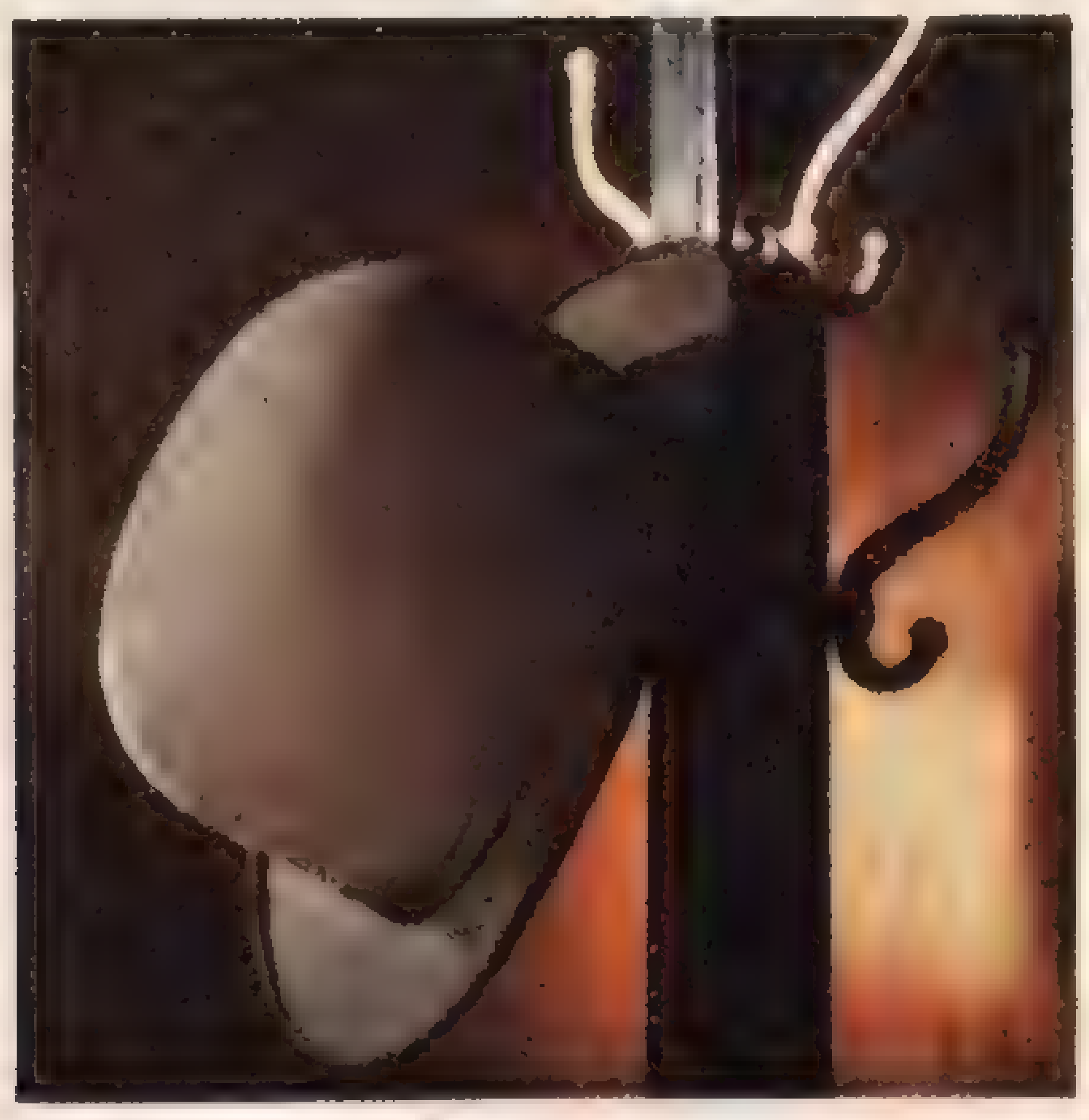
2C "I only know what I read in the papers." 5



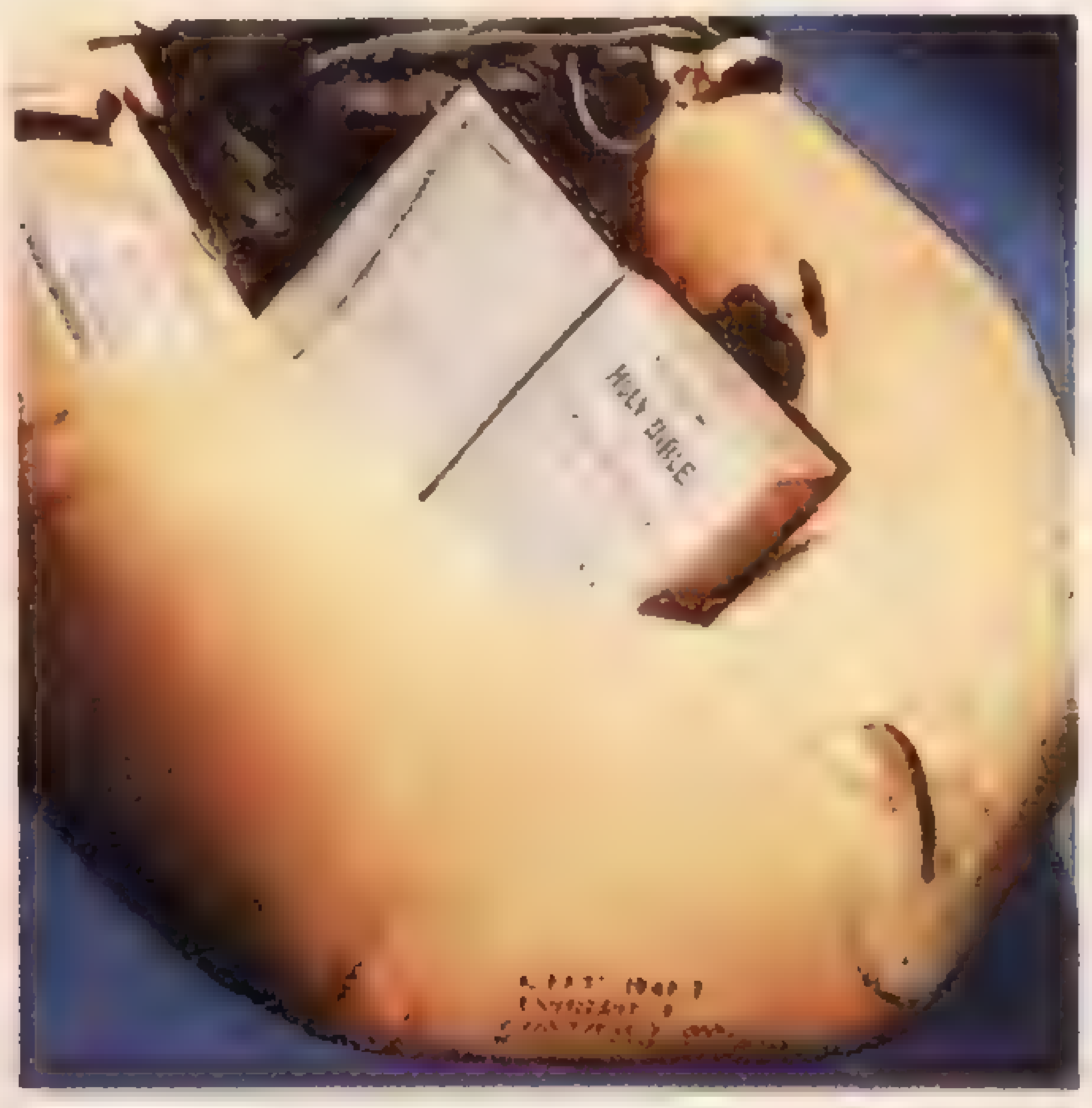
3C He hunted big game in Africa 5



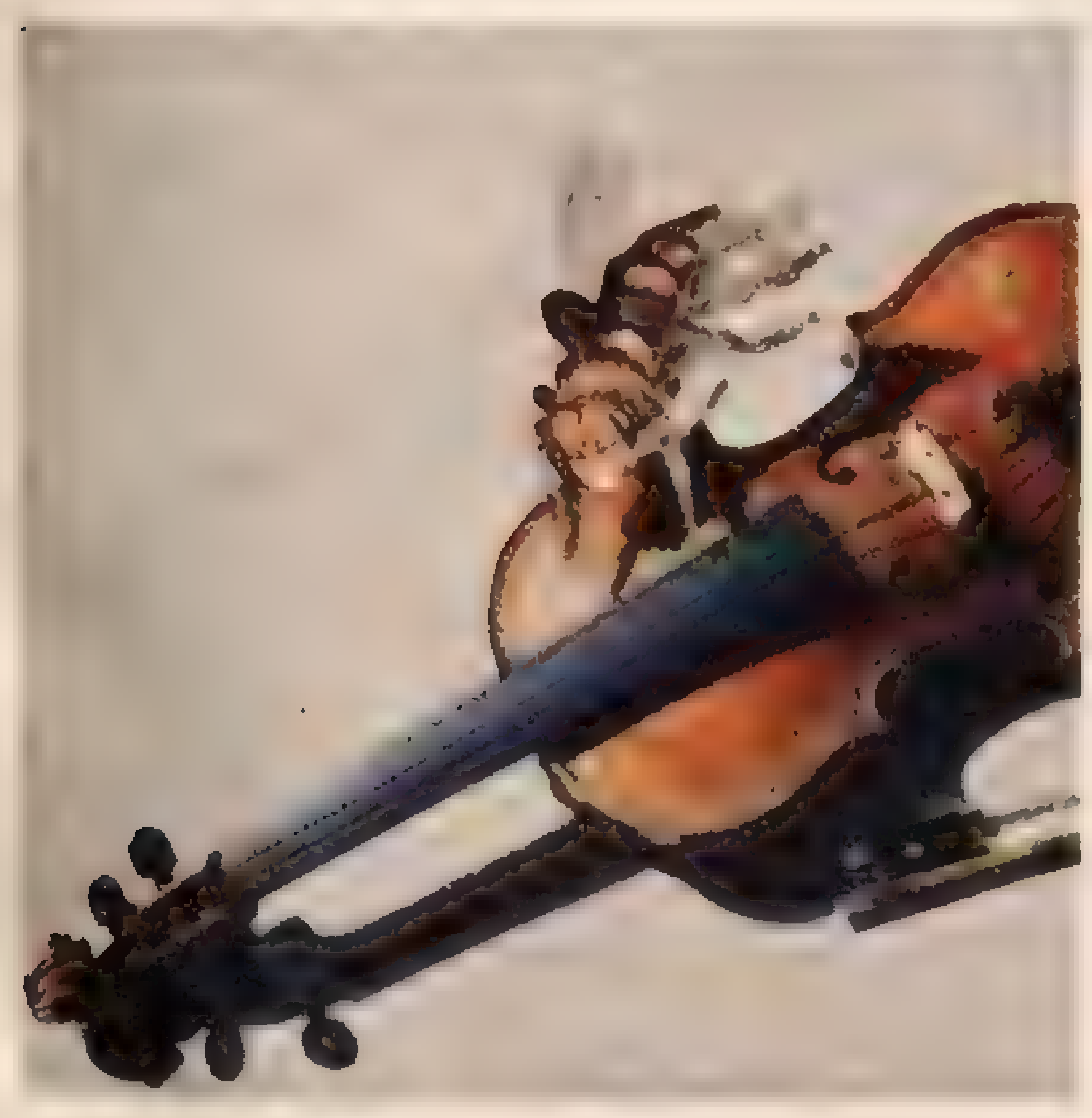
4C They greeted each other as one bird to another 5



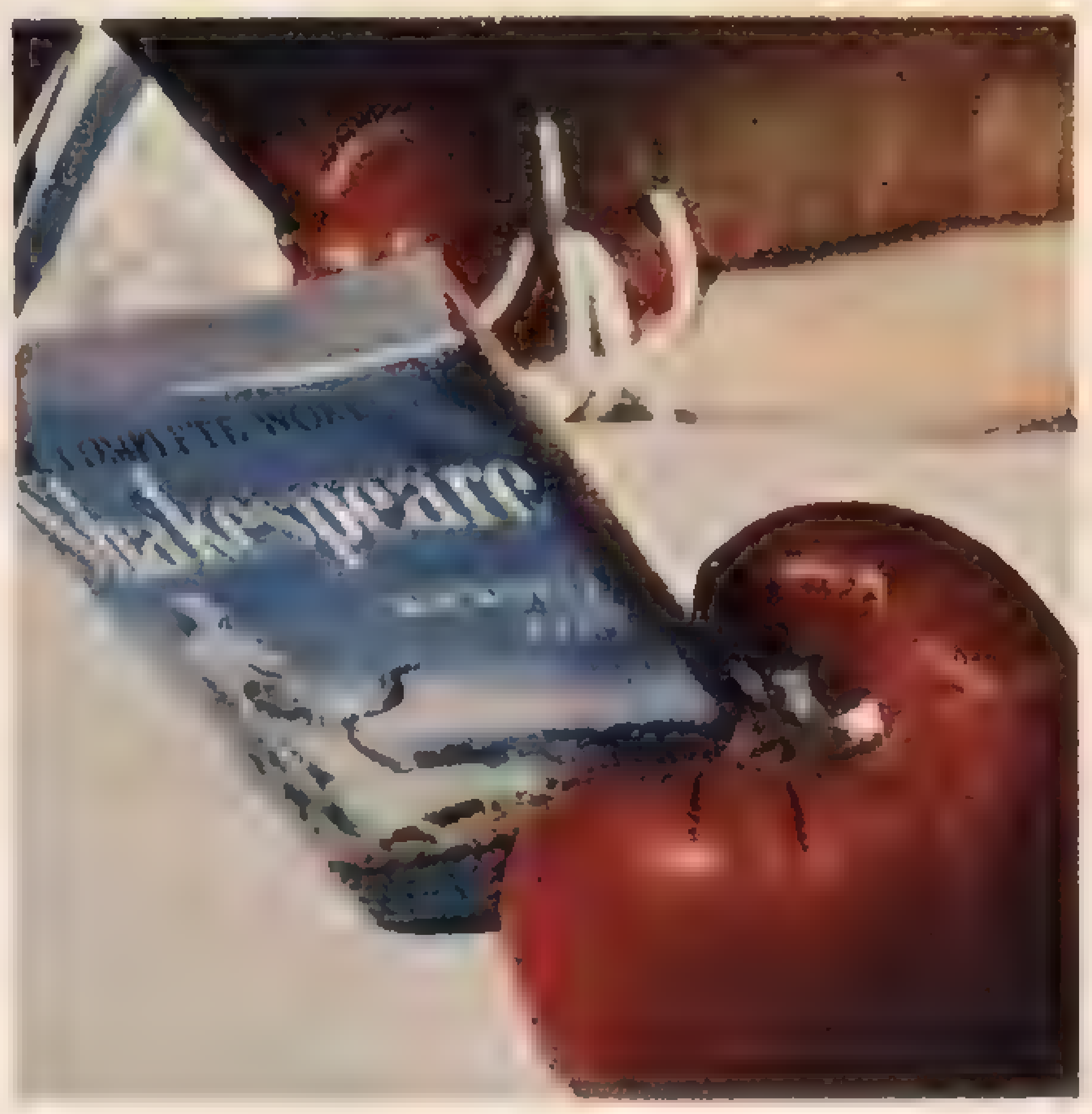
5C Hollywood thought of him and named a restaurant 5



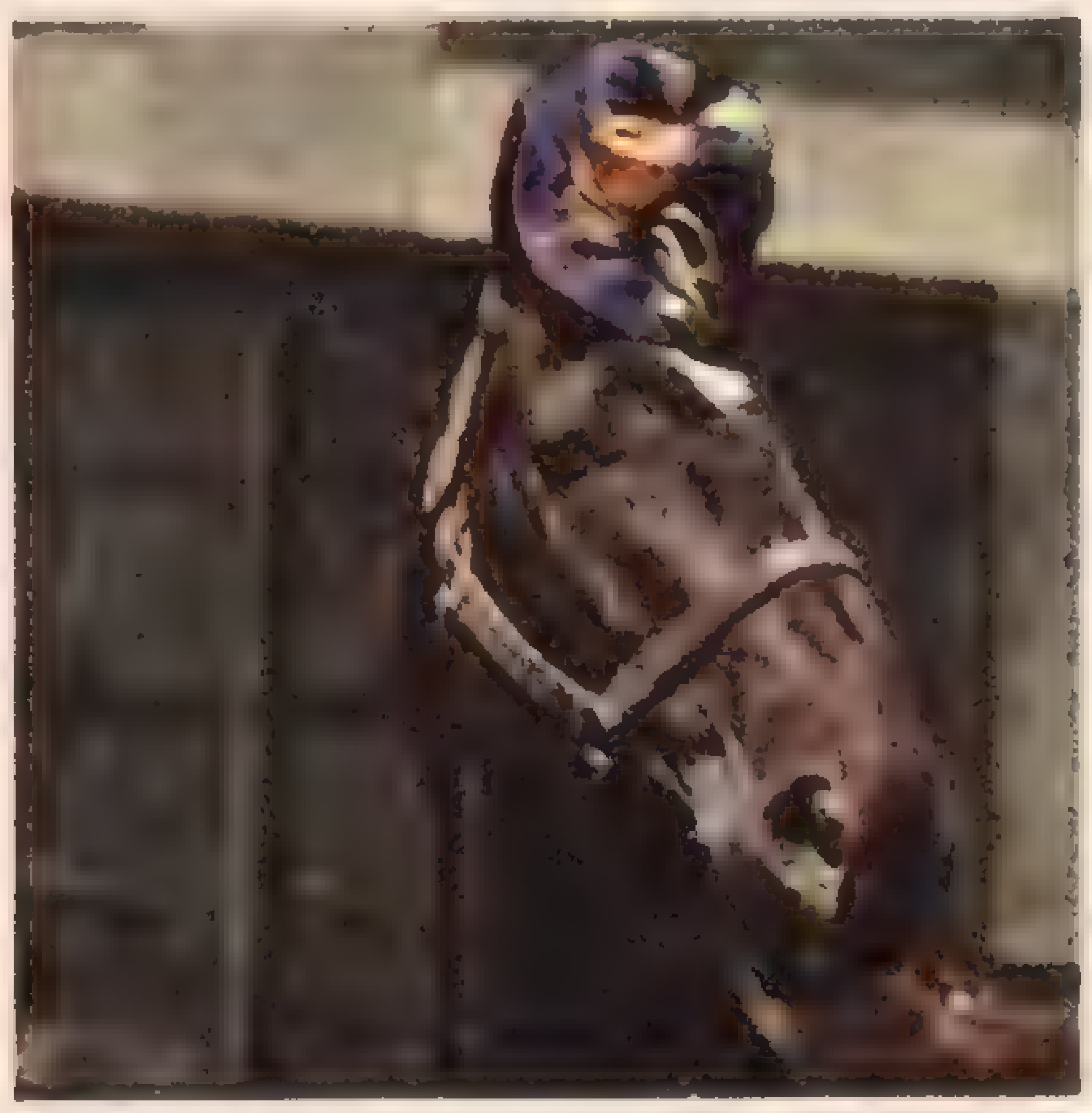
6C He's a captain of industry 5



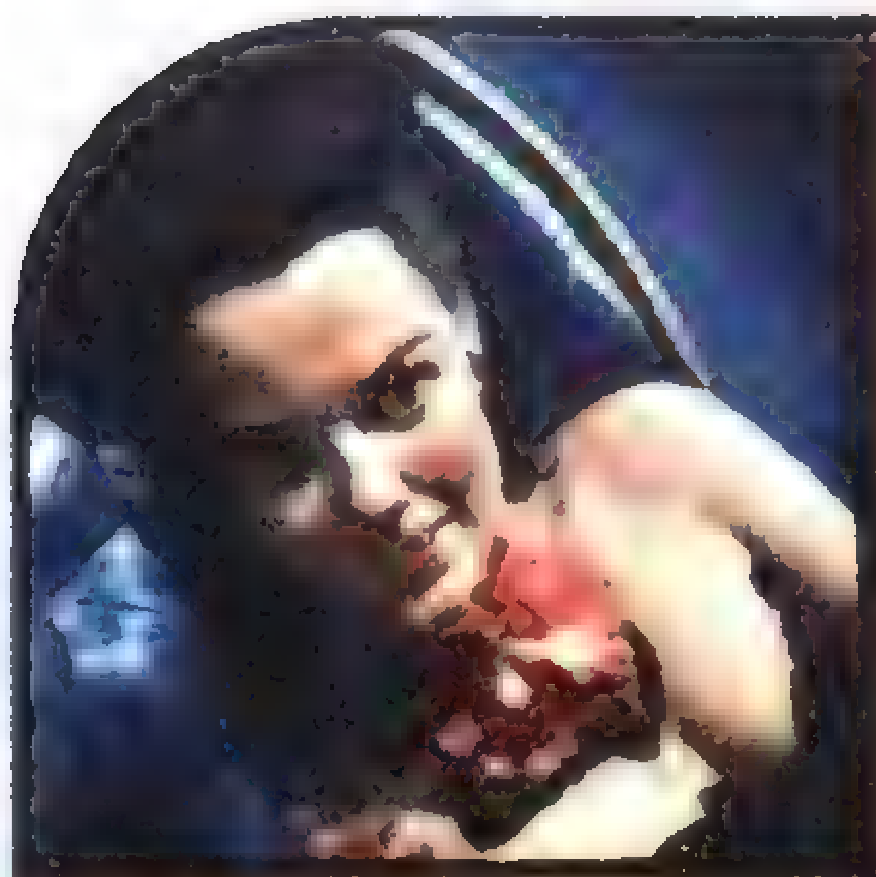
7C He isn't Stanley, but he met Livingston 5

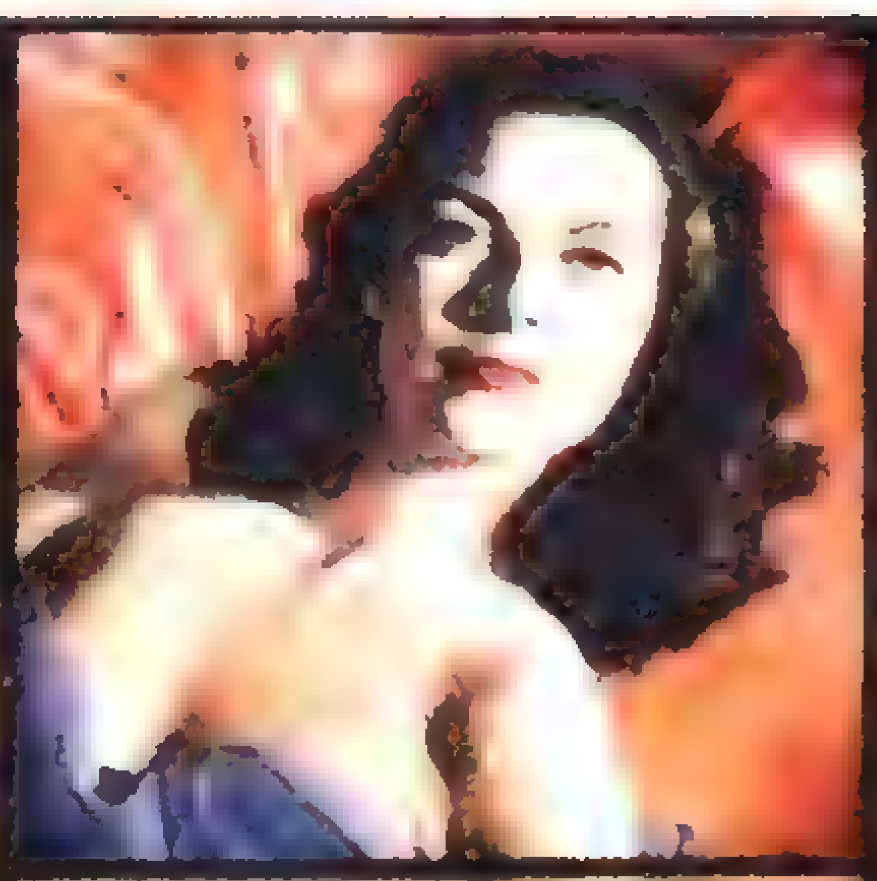


8C He retired when he was winning..... 5



9C He learned to croon before they swooned 5

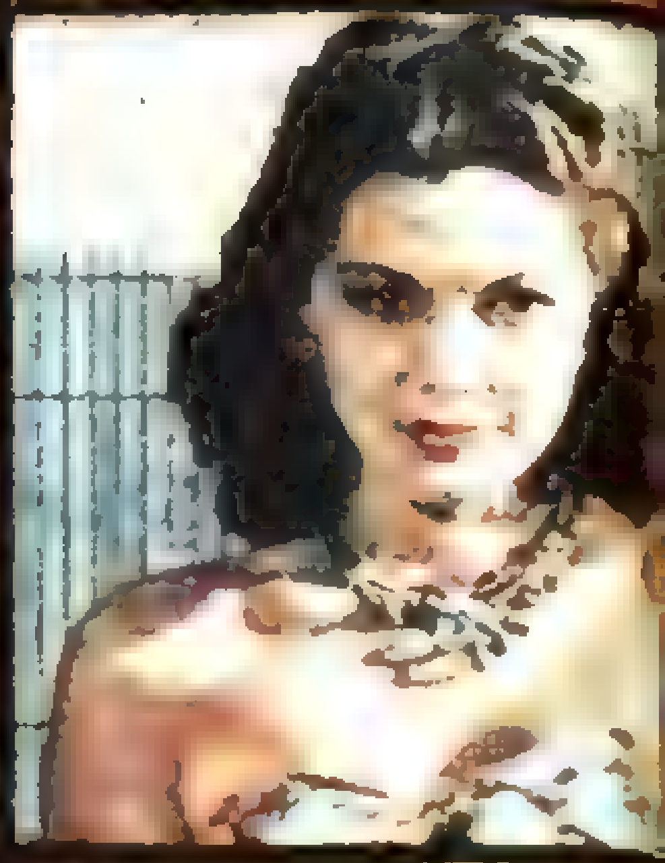




↑ **REBEL RANDALL**
Conover Model

↑ **ALMA CARROLL**
Columbia Star

↑ **RITA HAYWORTH**
Columbia Star



↑ **JEAN TAIT**
Conover Model

↑ **BLANCHE GRADY**
Powers Model

↑ **MARIA MONT**
Universal St

↑ **FRANCIS CHISHOLM**
Powers Model

↑ **DOLORES MORAN**
Warner Bros. Star

↑ **MARJORIE WOODWORTH**
Starlet

↑ **JULIE LONDON**
Starlet

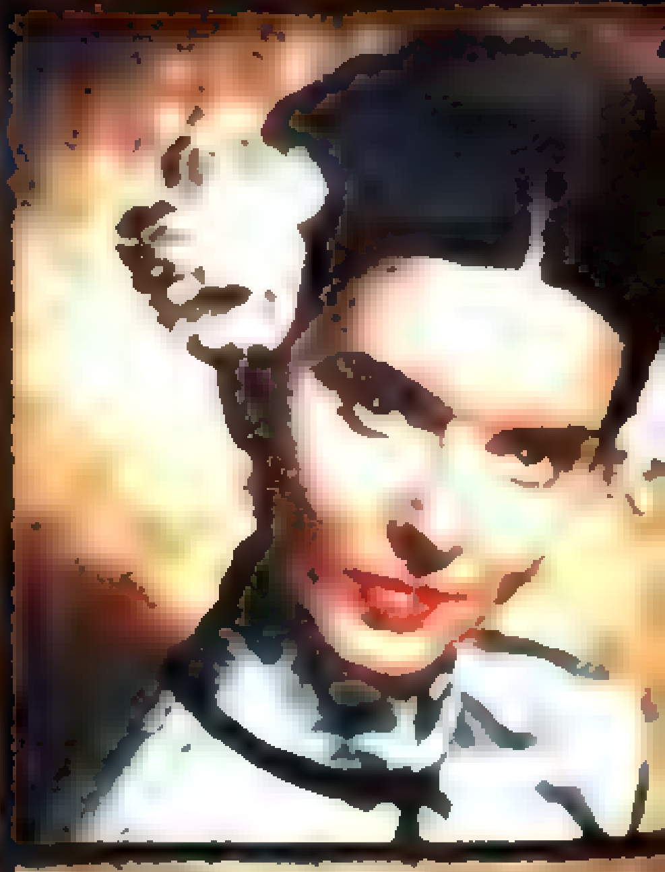
↑ **DELMA BYRON**
Conover Model

↑ **PAT BOYD**
Conover Mode

↑ **SUSAN HAYWARD**
Paramount Star

↑ **PONI ADAMS**
Conover Model

↑ **LESLIE BROOKS**
Columbia Star



↑ **URSULA USHER**
Powers Model

↑ **BETTY GRABLE**
20th Century-Fox Star

↑ **BETTINA BOLEGA**
Conover Model

↑ **DINAH SHORE**
Samuel Goldwyn Star

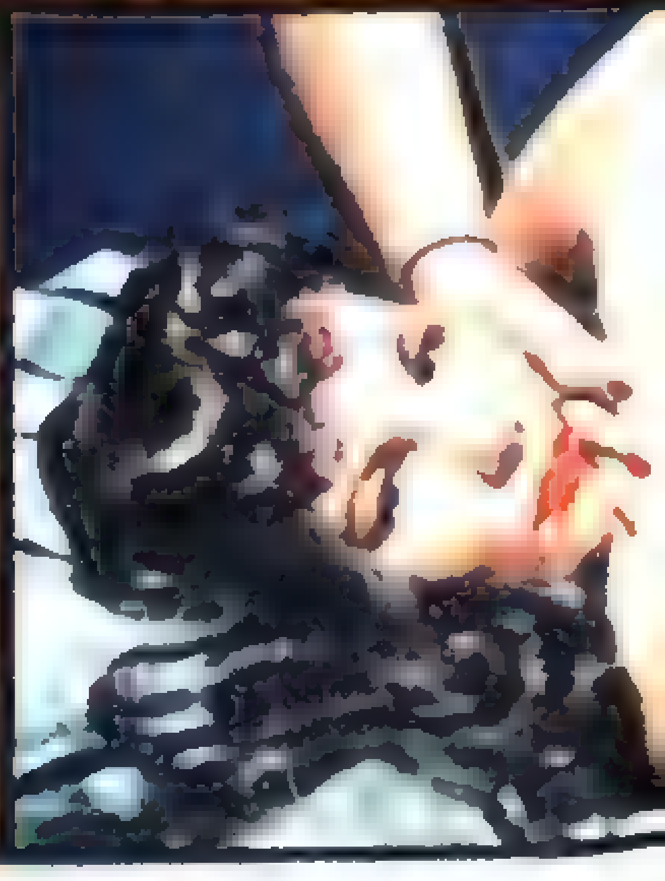
➡
ELEANOR PARKER
Warner Bros. Star

↑ **AURORA MIRANDA**
Starlet

➡
DUSTY ANDERSON
Conover Model

↑ **SELENE MAHRI**
Powers Model

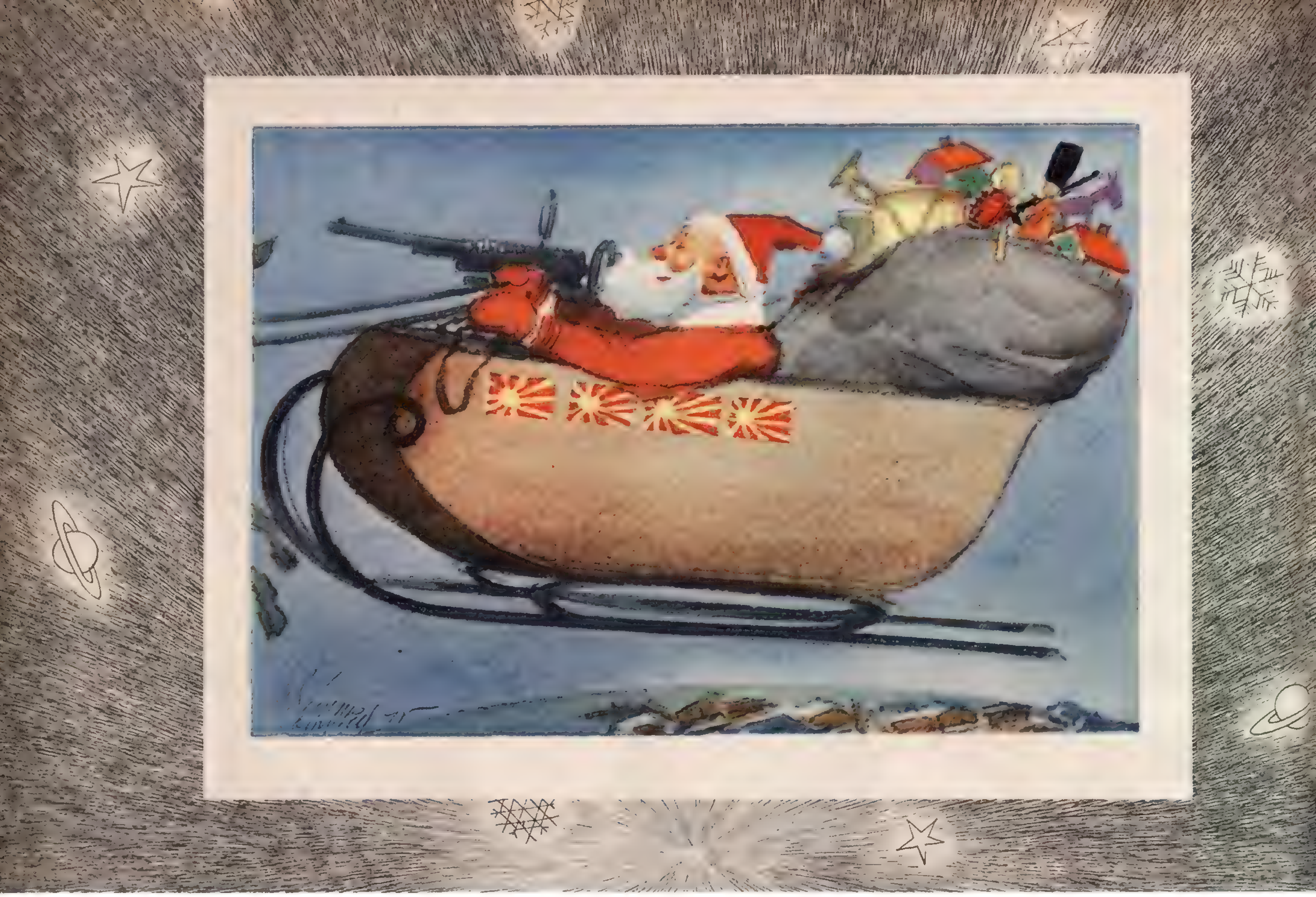
➡
VEDA ANN BORG
Starlet



CHECKERMATES

DOROTHY PATRICK
Starlet
JEAN ROGERS
M.G.M. Star
TANIS CHANDLER
Starlet
LENORE SIMON
Conover Model
JUDY GARLAND
M.G.M. Star
WANDA McKAY
Starlet
CAROLE MATHEWS
Starlet
EVE WHITNEY
M.G.M. Star

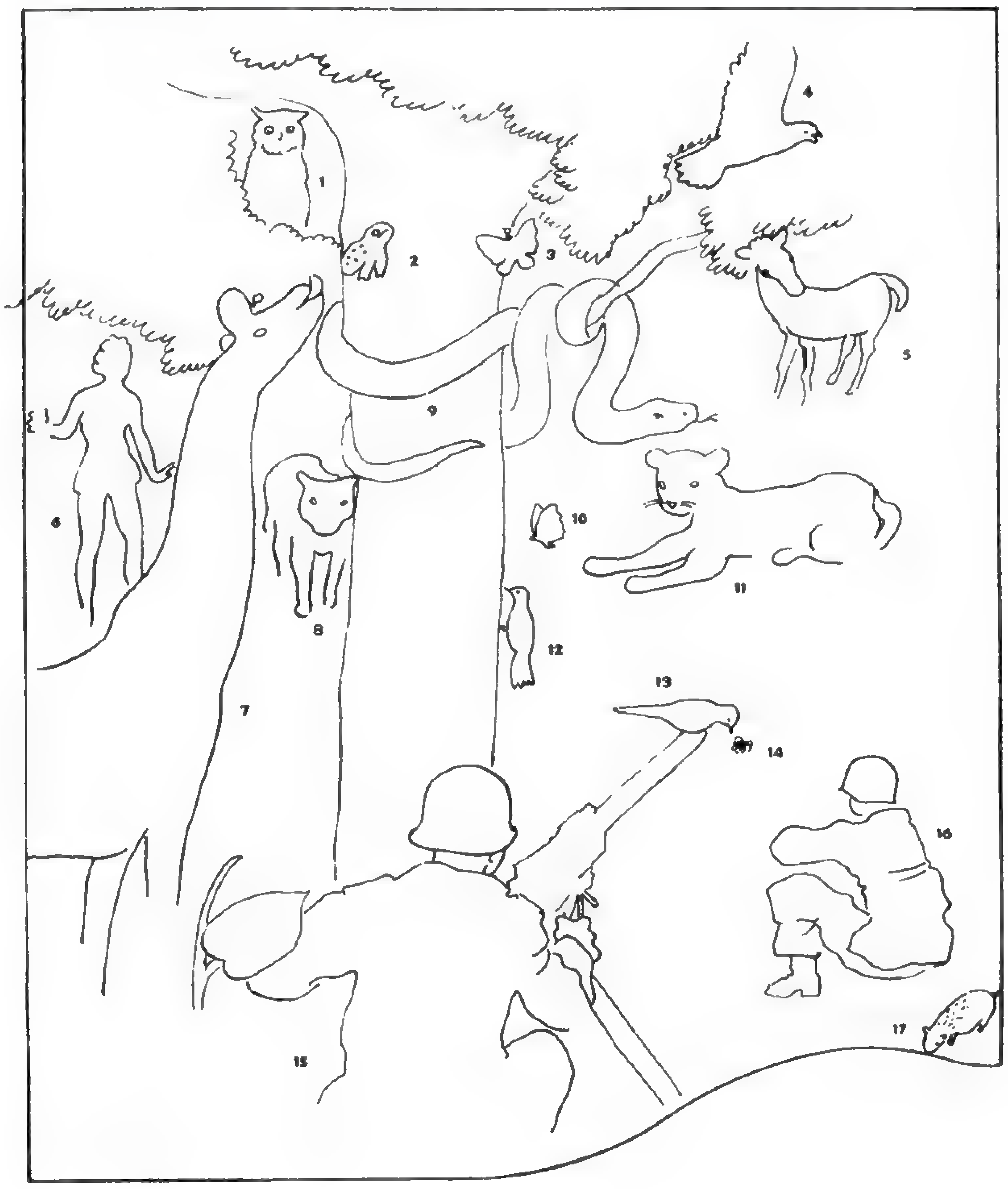
Esquire's version of checkers takes the old stand-by out of the cracker-barrel league and gives it a glamor facelift. Men in the Armed Forces report that checkers are played from Montezuma to Tripoli—on the tops of gasoline drums, on the slanting bunks of ships, in recreation halls and on hospital bedside tables. If you can't play checkers with your favorite pin-up, you can dream, can't you? The red "men," above, are represented by blonde Marilyn Maxwell, M.G.M. star, in multiple. The black team is provided by courtesy of the copyright owner, that glorified brunette, Lynn Bari of Twentieth Century-Fox, times twelve. Just remember that the brave deserve the fair and watch out for double corners.



Answers to Quizzes in Esquire's Game Book Section

Warm-Up

1. Two.
2. One continuous seam.
3. None—bronze is an alloy.
4. Since the rope isn't tied at the other end, it depends on the horse.
5. Not at all—he bought it by weight.
6. You can't renege on the last trick.
7. Marriage.
8. None.
9. Q.
10. Put the deck in your pocket.
11. Yes.
12. 6 rows of 8 stars, provided the flag is horizontal.
13. 9.
14. Your name or your telephone number.
15. 32 is the freezing point of water (Fahrenheit); 98.6 is the normal temperature of the human body (Fahrenheit); 7-11 are important numbers of African dominoes; 186,330 is the speed light travels in miles per second; 5,280 is the number of feet in a mile.
16. The one with the largest neck.
17. Clockwise.
18. 10.
19. Pull down.
20. Jack is an elevator operator.



Jungle Jumble

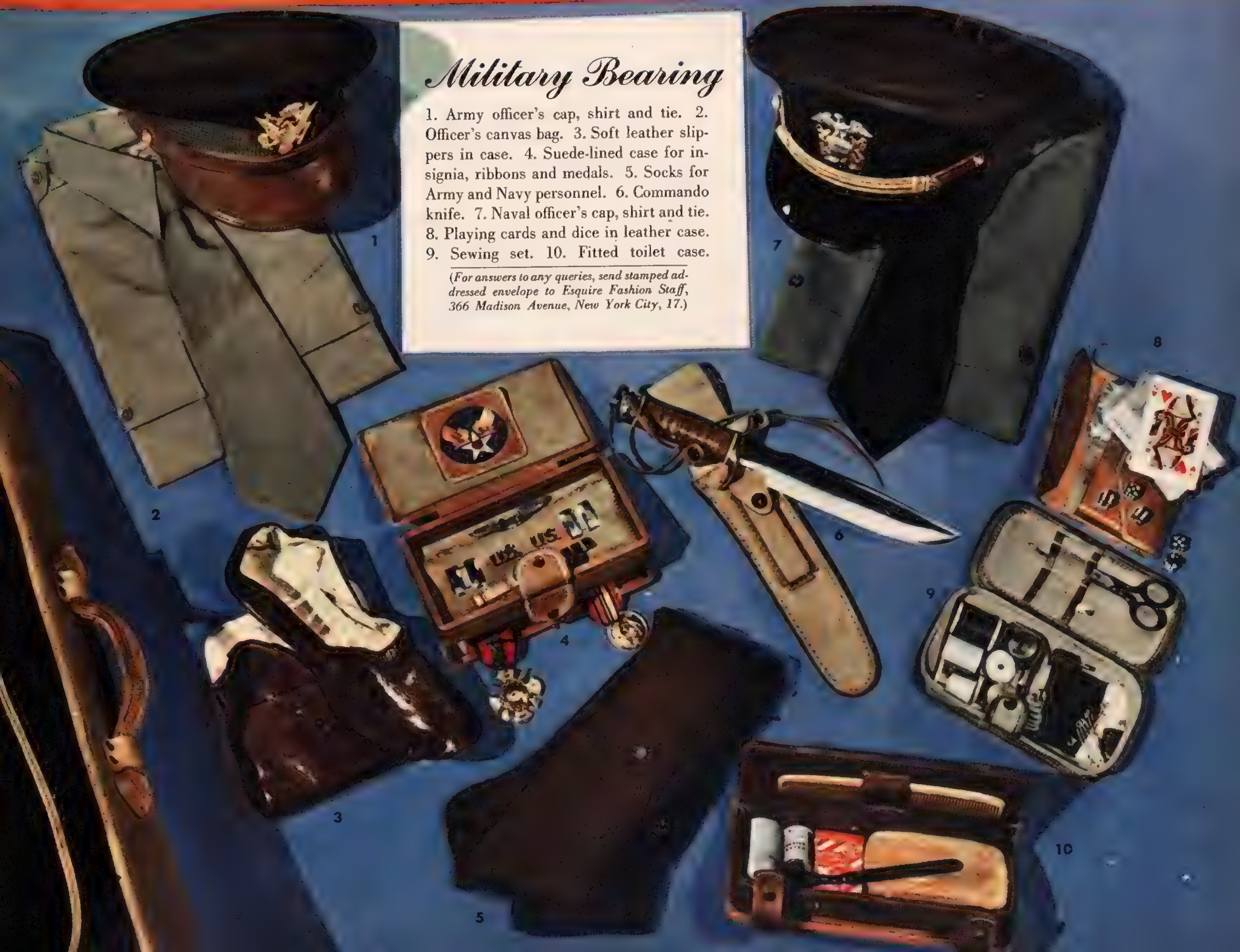
(See chart at left)

1. owl
2. tree toad
3. butterfly
4. parrot
5. zebra
6. native girl
7. giraffe
8. tiger
9. cobra
10. butterfly
11. leopard
12. bird
13. bird
14. spider
15. soldier
16. soldier
17. chipmunk

Man Hunt

1. Thomas Edison
2. Will Rogers
3. Theodore Roosevelt
4. Richard E. Byrd
5. Al Smith
6. Eddie Rickenbacker
7. Jack Benny
8. Gene Tunney
9. Bing Crosby

ESQUIRE'S PORTFOLIO OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS



Military Bearing

1. Army officer's cap, shirt and tie. 2. Officer's canvas bag. 3. Soft leather slippers in case. 4. Suede-lined case for insignia, ribbons and medals. 5. Socks for Army and Navy personnel. 6. Commando knife. 7. Naval officer's cap, shirt and tie. 8. Playing cards and dice in leather case. 9. Sewing set. 10. Fitted toilet case.

(For answers to any queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City, 17.)

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
Gift
Certificate

Civilian Layout

1. Processed cotton raincoat with convertible collar. 2. Umbrella with Malacca handle. 3. Group stripe broadcloth pajamas. 4. Checked wool flannel robe with shawl collar. 5. Striped broadcloth shirt, figured rayon tie, gold cuff links and tie clip. 6. Bias strapped slippers. 7. Hand stitched deerskin slip-on gloves. 8. Colored border cotton handkerchiefs. 9. Pigskin wallet with many compartments. 10. Grained wallet with memo pad. 11. Argyle plaid cotton anklets. 12. Moccasin slippers (ration coupon required). 13. Plaid woolen muffler with fringe ends. 14. Felt hat by means of gift certificate.

1

2

3

Accessory Compliments

1. Heavy wool flannel shirt. 2. Pullover sweater with V neck. 3. Fly-front processed cotton raincoat with slash pockets. 4. Checked wool, figured rayon and silk ties. 5. Chamois jacket with tab cuffs and flap pockets. 6. Brown blucher shoes. 7. Striped rayon and plaid wool socks. 8. Fitted toilet set. 9. Cordovan garters. 10. Printed square. 11. Pigskin case for carrying military discharge and other papers. 12. Striped ribbon braces. 13. Club stripe braces. 14. Panel inset belt. 15. Belt of simulated alligator. 16. Embossed Western design. 17. Belt of dark brown mule cordovan.

17
16
15
14
13
12

4

Army of the United States
11

5

8

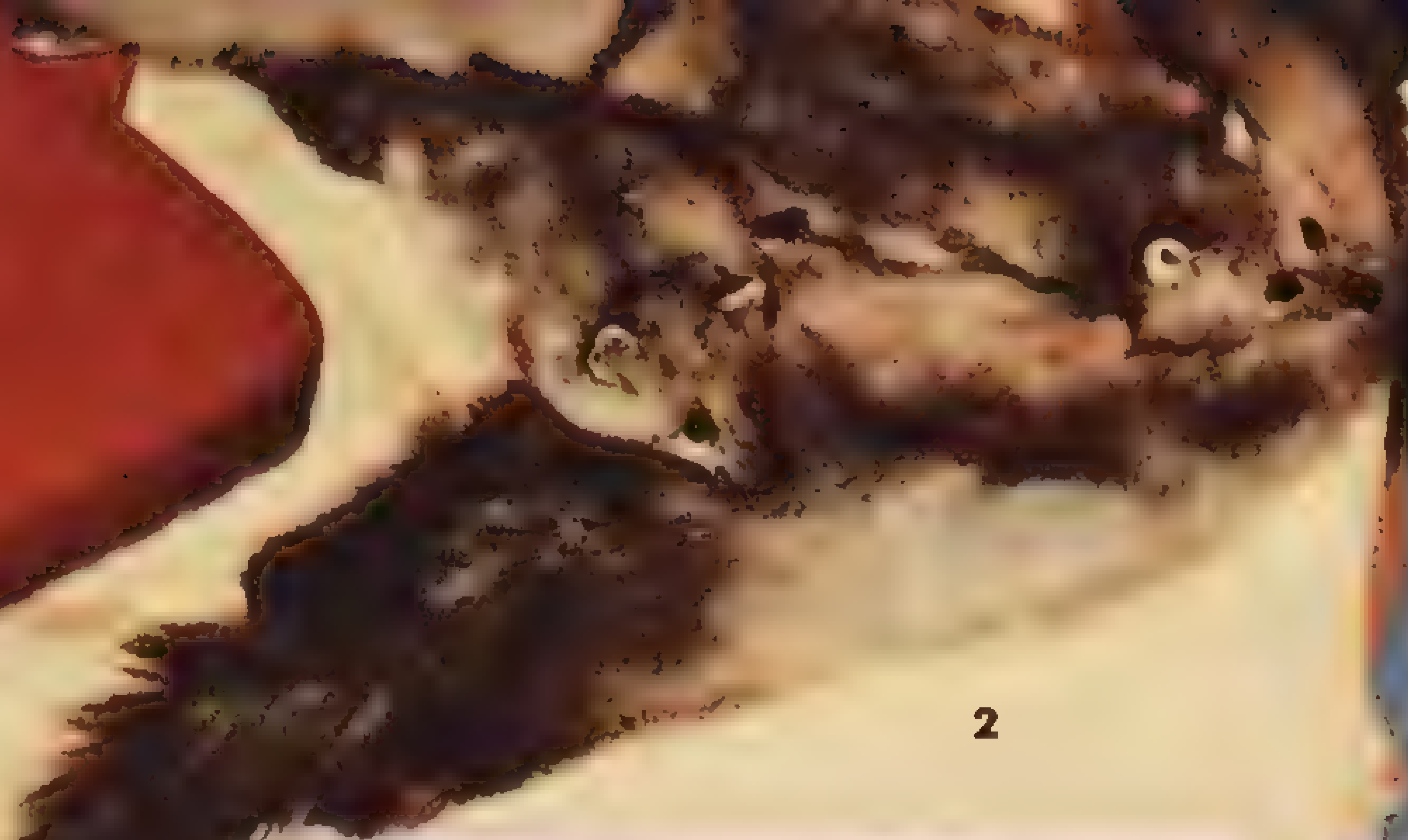
10

9

7

6

1


2

3

Woman's Page

1. Stitched large bag, flower and long gloves in matching suede. 2. Three-skin marten neckpiece. 3. Shetland sweater with high neck. 4. Plaid wool flannel shirt for wear with tweeds. 5. Heavy silver chain bracelet. 6. "Love me long" printed square. 7. Red alligator bag with fittings. 8. Gold finish leather evening belt with stones. 9. Evening bag with plastic trim. 10. Blue suede belt with key ring and pocket. 11. Silver love bird necklace. 12. Large printed rayon scarf. 13. Check weave fabric mules with bows. 14. Knitting set in gay cloth case.

4

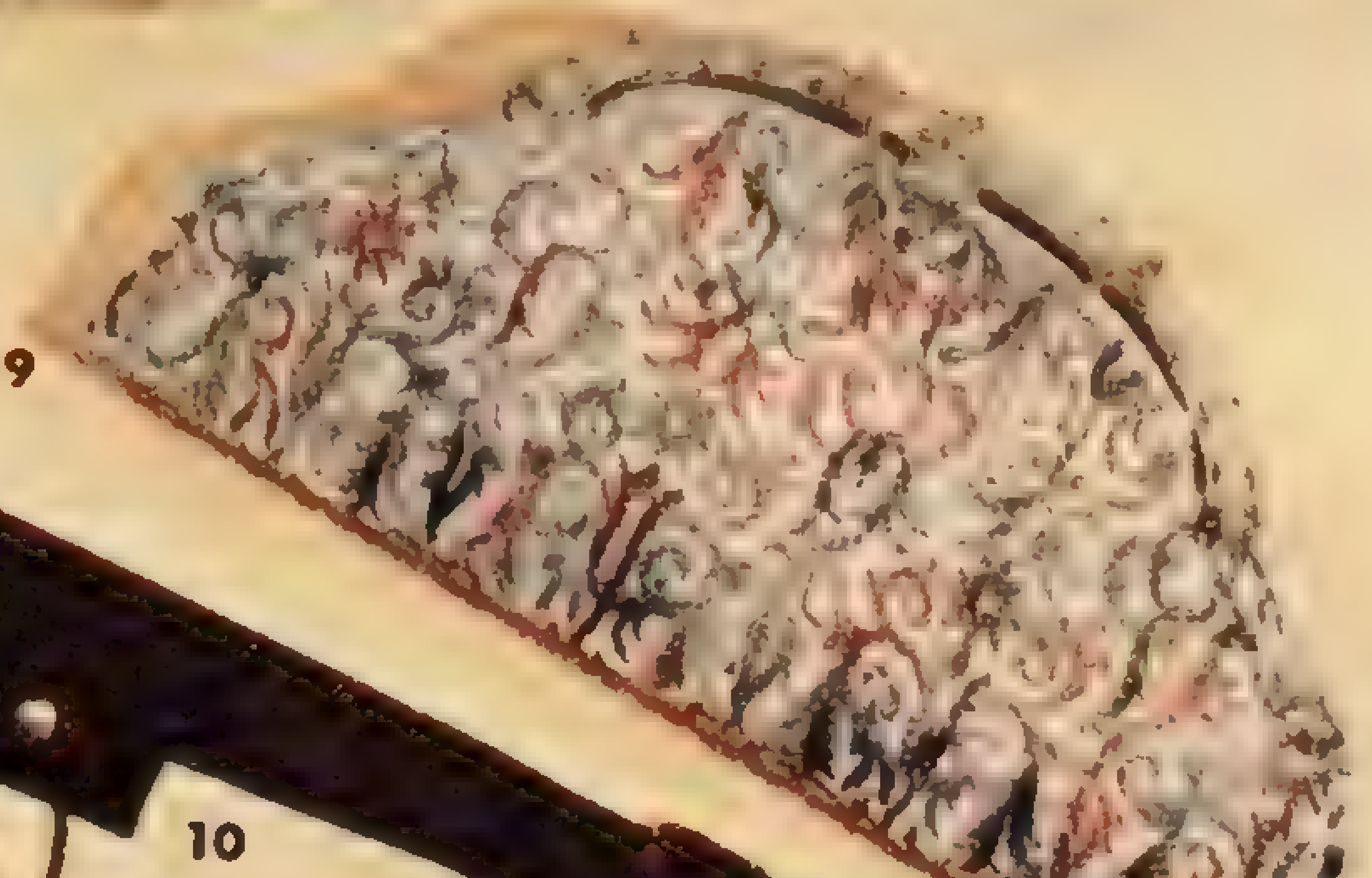
5

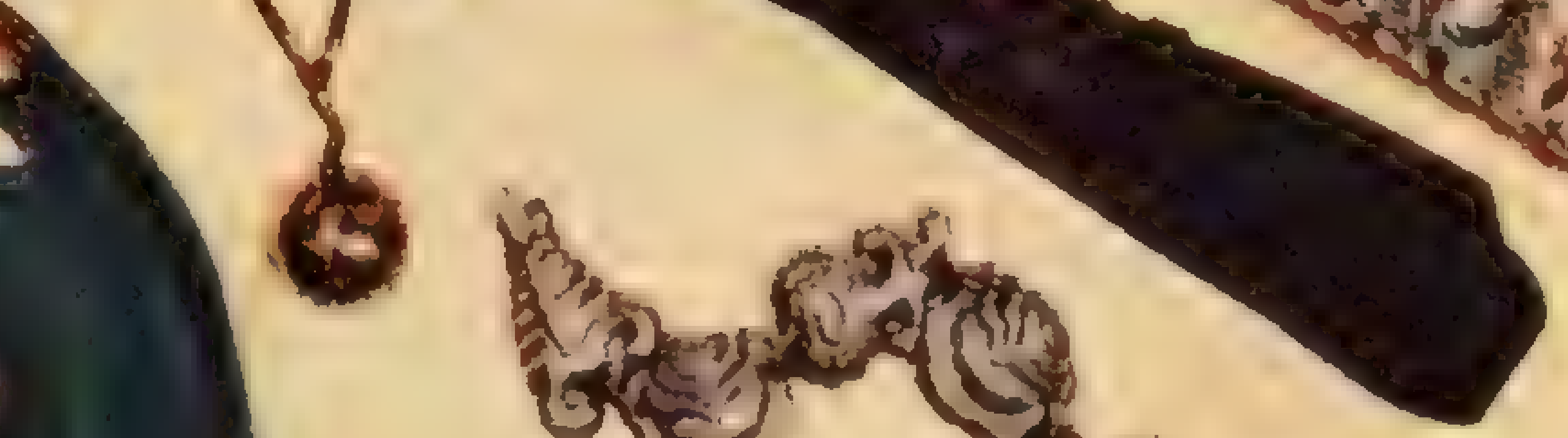
14

8

LOVE ME LONG
6

13


9


10

12

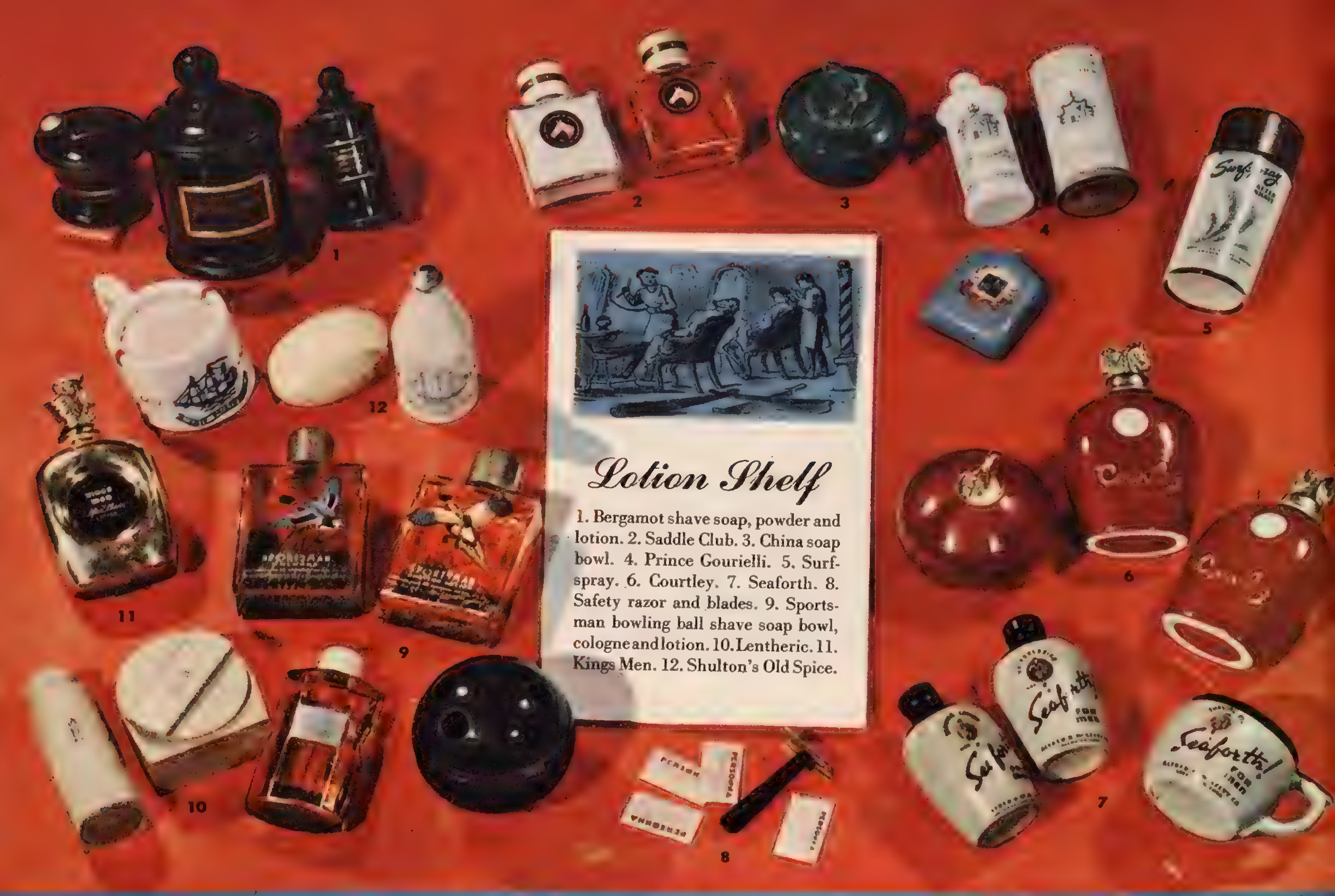
11

7

Tweed
9
8
10
11
12
7
5
13
6
3
4
14
1
2
20
21
17
26
32
23
22
27
15
28
29
16
18
24
31
30
25
19

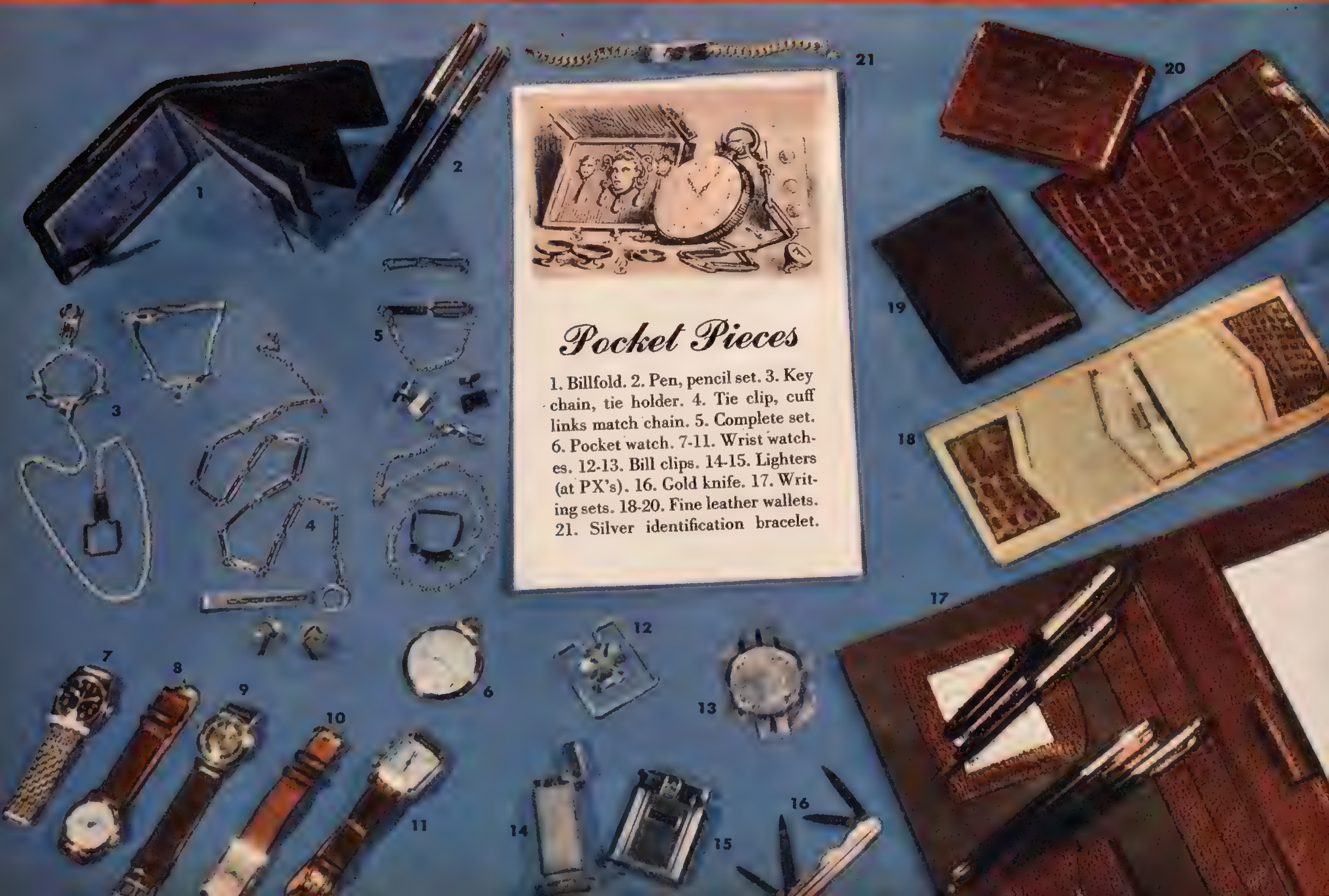
Christmas Belle

1. Je Reviens. 2. Beau Catcher. 3. Tabu. 4. Reflexions. 5. Blue Grass cologne. 6. Risque. 7. Chichi. 8. Perfume bottle. 9. Attar of Petals. 10. Chantilly powder, perfume, toilet water. 11. Sirocco. 12. Tweed face powder and toilet water. 13. Gold Tassels. 14. Coty set. 15. Escape. 16. Stradivari. 17. Replica pearls. 18. Compass pin and earrings. 19. Crown set. 20. Bird pin set. 21. Spray pin. 22. Anticipation. 23. Coin bracelet. 24. Surrey pin. 25. Butterfly pins. 26-29. Wrist watches. 30. Flower pin. 31. Red leather wallet. 32. Leather pull purse.


1
2
3
4
5
12
6
11
9
10
8
7
Surf-spray
Seaforth!
PERSONNA

Lotion Shelf

1. Bergamot shave soap, powder and lotion. 2. Saddle Club. 3. China soap bowl. 4. Prince Gourielli. 5. Surf-spray. 6. Courtley. 7. Seaforth. 8. Safety razor and blades. 9. Sportsman bowling ball shave soap bowl, cologne and lotion. 10. Lentheric. 11. Kings Men. 12. Shulton's Old Spice.


21
20
1
2
19
5
3
18
4
17
7
8
9
10
12
6
13
11
14
15
16

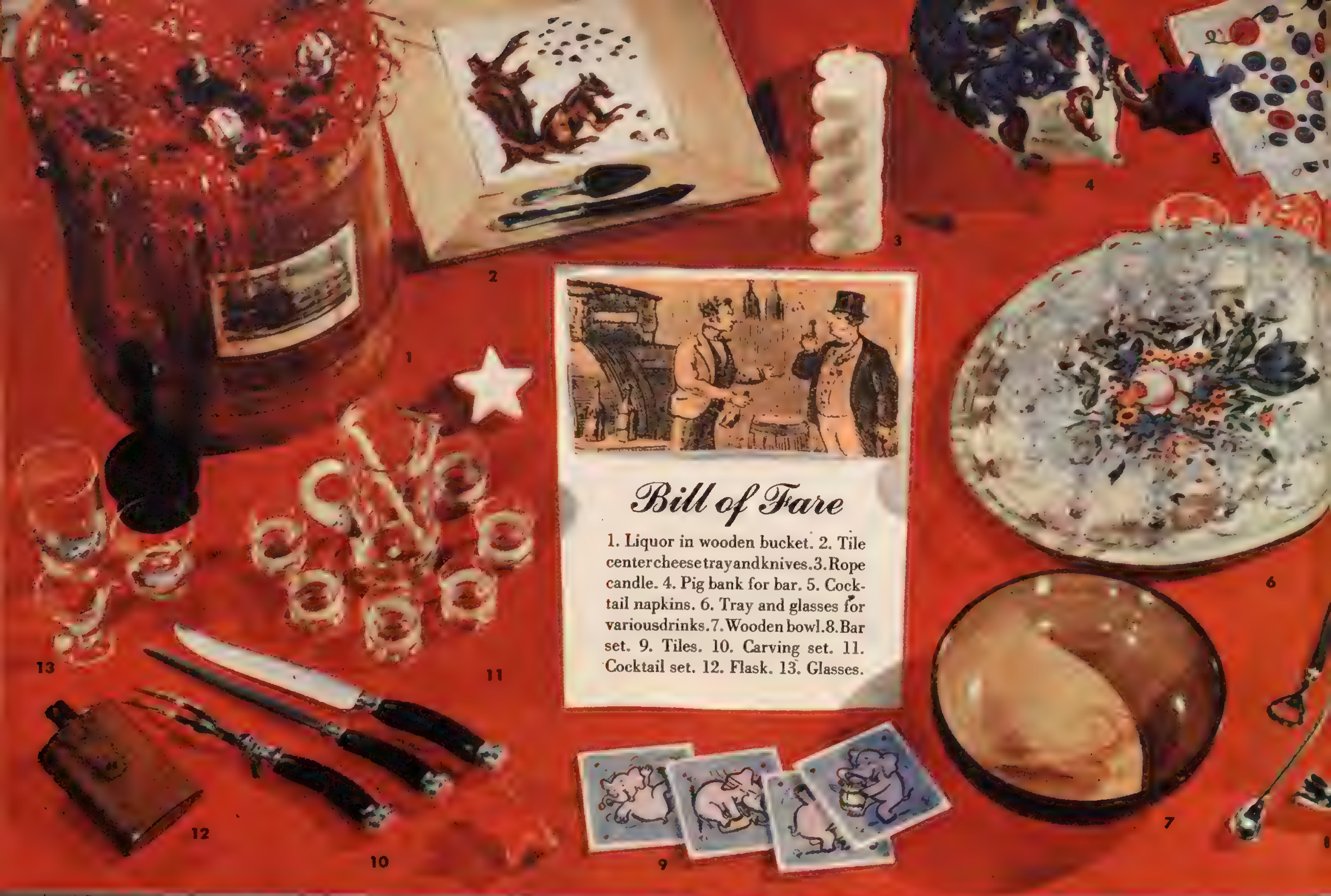
Pocket Pieces

1. Billfold. 2. Pen, pencil set. 3. Key chain, tie holder. 4. Tie clip, cuff links match chain. 5. Complete set. 6. Pocket watch. 7-11. Wrist watches. 12-13. Bill clips. 14-15. Lighters (at PX's). 16. Gold knife. 17. Writing sets. 18-20. Fine leather wallets. 21. Silver identification bracelet.

18
3
FATS WALLER
colum
17
2
1
TIC-TAC DART
16
WING, CLAW AND FANG
15
14
4
13
5
6
7
8
SPARES AND
9
10
11
12

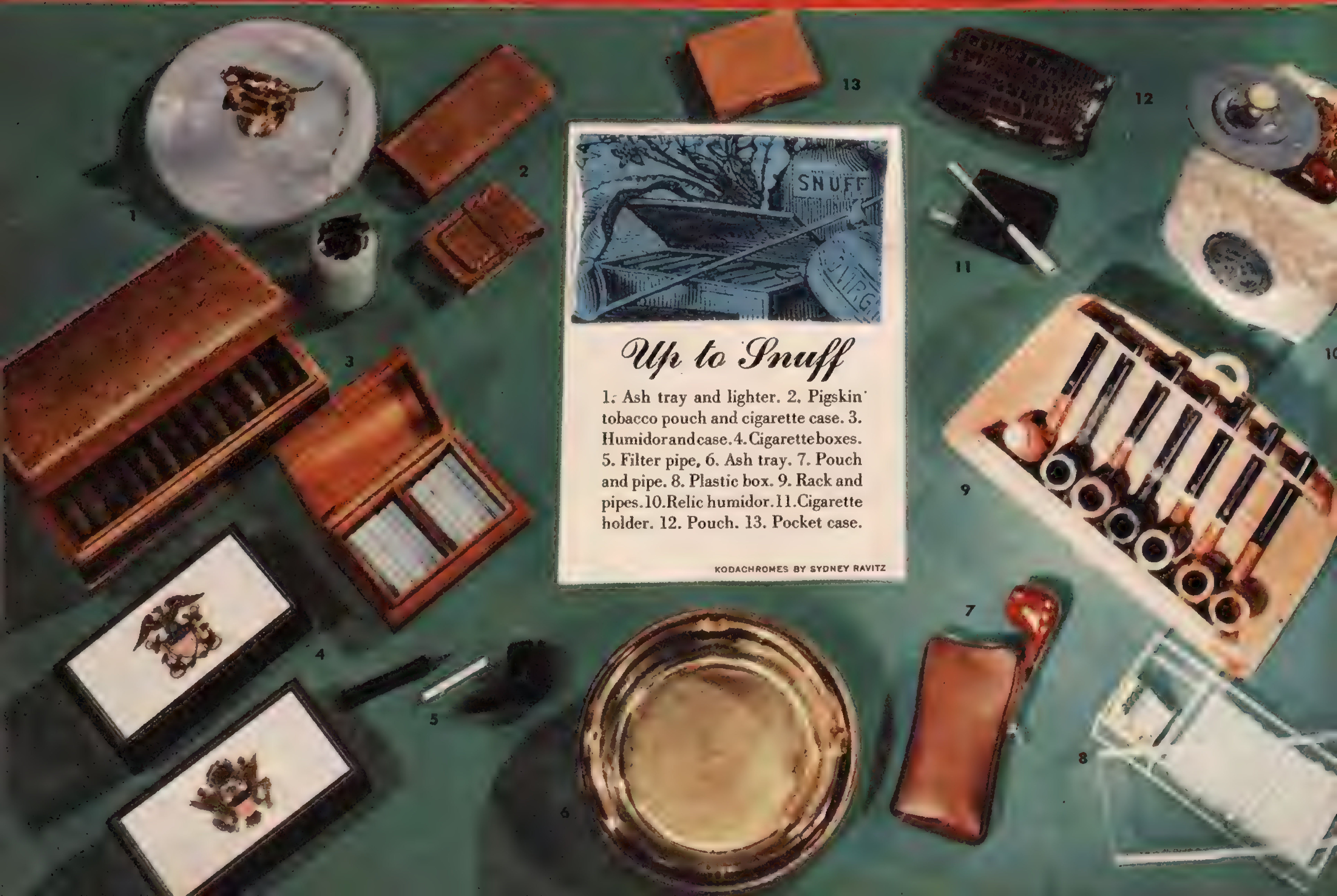
Playtime

1. Life with father clock. 2. Leather suitcase. 3. Choice candy in gay box. 4. Dart board. 5. Flies and wartime fabric creel for trout fishermen. 6. Plastic chessmen in a book case. 7. Ballplayer figurine. 8. Sportsman's knife. 9. Miniature bowling set. 10. Compact tool set in folding leather case. 11. Bamboo picture frame. 12. Traveling chess set. 13. Complete set for various games. 14. Baseball figurine. 15. Movie film. 16. Horse design glass book ends and best-selling books. 17. Cloth covered suitcase. 18. Record albums; symphonic, jazz.



Bill of Fare

1. Liquor in wooden bucket. 2. Tile centercheesetrayandknives. 3. Rope candle. 4. Pig bank for bar. 5. Cocktail napkins. 6. Tray and glasses for variousdrinks. 7. Wooden bowl. 8. Bar set. 9. Tiles. 10. Carving set. 11. Cocktail set. 12. Flask. 13. Glasses.



Up to Snuff

1. Ash tray and lighter. 2. Pigskin tobacco pouch and cigarette case. 3. Humidorandcase. 4. Cigaretteboxes. 5. Filter pipe, 6. Ash tray. 7. Pouch and pipe. 8. Plastic box. 9. Rack and pipes. 10. Relic humidor. 11. Cigarette holder. 12. Pouch. 13. Pocket case.

KODACHROMES BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

Don't Look Now, It's De Wolfe

This "interpreter" has trod the boards from Greenwich Village to Versailles, making women hate themselves cordially

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

• ARTICLE •

BILLY DE WOLFE is probably the best female impersonator of our generation. But he gets very mad when anybody calls him a female impersonator.

The U. S. Navy placed a temporary crimp in De Wolfe's career, but after an honorable discharge he's back in amusement circles. He impersonates all sorts of females—sluts, housewives, chorus girls, debutantes, and so uncannily realistic are his take-offs that women have been known to turn pale and ask to be taken home from a night club when De Wolfe etches in acid on the copperplate of his mobile rectangular face the vanities of their sex. For example, he can make a lady doing up her face with powder and lipstick look so abominably absurd that the lady wants to throw all her cosmetics into the nearest incinerator. Or he can make a bedizened blonde digging gold from a sugar daddy seem so hideous that bedizened blondes watching him from ringside tables (and ringside tables in night clubs are crowded with bedizened blondes) want to rush screaming into the night and walk the paths of righteousness. "That De Wolfe," says one of his few friends, "probably reformed more women than Billy Sunday." Another admirer of the De Wolfe technique says, "He is a one-man road company of *The Women* by Clare Boothe Luce." His *Types of Women You Meet in Cocktail Bars*, or *Types of Girls You See in Small Night Clubs*, are minor masterpieces of the satiric art.

De Wolfe, a thirty-five-year-old, tall, intellectual type, has done well with his lady imitations. In less than twelve months he rose from a starvation salary in a Greenwich Village groggery to a wage of 1,200 dollars per week in such swank night clubs as The Versailles, where all you have to do is a ten-minute stint at midnight and an eight-minute stint at 2:30 a.m., with Mondays off, which is very nice work if you can get it and it is very hard to get. Among De Wolfe's claque of usually blasé admirers is Buddy De Sylva, the eminent producer of light comedy with music for Paramount Pictures, who gave the obscure De Wolfe a starring role in Bing Crosby's film, *Dixie*. De Wolfe almost stole the film from The Great Bing; he is the only actor, in fact, who has ever stolen a scene from the groaner. De Wolfe played Mr. Bones in the picture, a fable about the rise of minstrelsy in the United States, and one might say he played Mr. Bones to the very marrow. He also was the first actor, outside of Bing, to win the hand of Dorothy Lamour in a Crosby-Lamour picture.

De Wolfe is glad he was given a chance to play Mr. Bones. He was afraid he would get an effeminate reputation if the Broadway columnists kept raving about his female impersonations. He is at great pains to point out that he impersonates men as well as women. He also shows you pictures of pretty girls he has loved. "I am a Wolfe," he says, leering, "in more ways than one."

De Wolfe does not like the word "impersonator." "An impersonator," De Wolfe complains, "is a guy who goes around scrunching himself up and making like Lionel Barrymore." De Wolfe, who can impersonate almost anything, thereupon scrunches himself up, furrows his forehead into layers of wrinkles, and drawls after the fashion of Lionel. "I have never done Barrymore professionally," he says, "and I will *never* do Barrymore; neither will I imitate Jimmy Durante, Katharine Hepburn or Mayor La Guardia." De Wolfe insists that he is an Impressionist, and that is the way he used to insist they bill him at theatres or bistros. "Although I am thinking of getting a new word for myself," he says, "because a lot of these canaries that sing with bands always say they are going to give their impression of a song. Maybe I will call myself an Interpreter in the future."

Interpreter De Wolfe is a serious student of the human animal. When he prepares a new sketch, he studies dozens and dozens of models, abstracting a flick of the fingers here, a turn of the eyebrows there, a movement of the torso from a third lady—like the painter Cézanne, who made fifty sketches of fifty yellow apples till he got the essence of the species.

De Wolfe's last sketch, before he put on Navy blue, was a bit called *The Come On*. It was about one of those tired old ladies who sit in Broadway sight-seeing busses and help to decoy customers by making them think that the bus is already filling up and will leave for the tour of Chinatown and the Greenwich Village love-orgies in a few moments when actually it will take two hours for the bus to leave. For several weeks, De Wolfe hung around sight-seeing busses, staring thoughtfully at the old lady decoys. There was one particular bus on West 45th Street, near Broadway, and for several days in a row he went to the corner, propped himself against a store window and watched the lady. She finally became embarrassed and complained to the starter.

The starter said, "Listen, buddy, what's de game?"

De Wolfe suavely shrugged his shoulders and whispered that he was from the F.B.I. "Just looking for spies," he said airily.

"Oh," the starter said.

After all, as Billy explains it, you can't very well say you're an interpreter of human nature out on a field research trip.

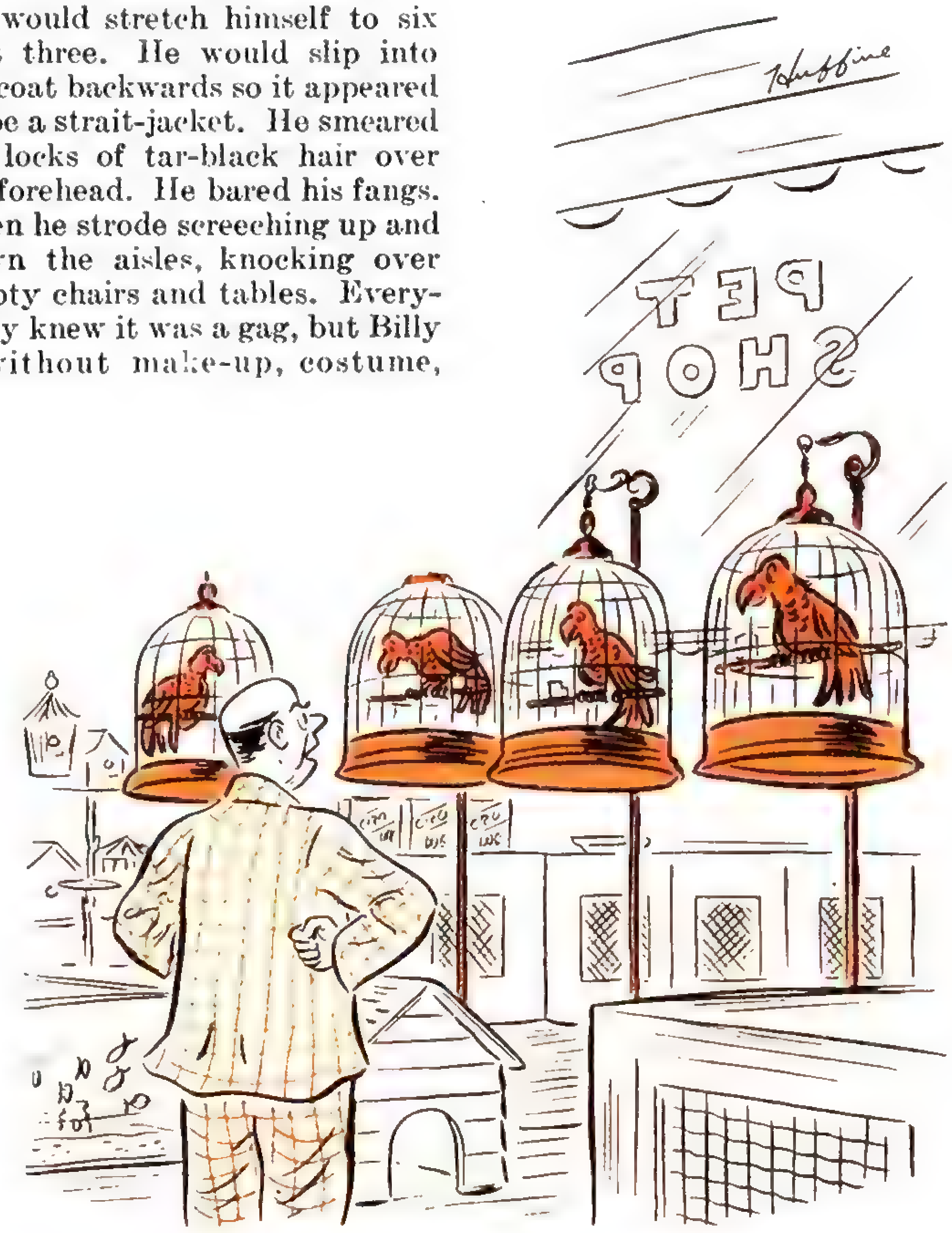
In De Wolfe's repertoire there was an impersonation of Boris Karloff. The lights would dim. De Wolfe, normally five foot eleven, would stretch himself to six foot three. He would slip into his coat backwards so it appeared to be a strait-jacket. He smeared his locks of tar-black hair over his forehead. He bared his fangs. Then he strode screeching up and down the aisles, knocking over empty chairs and tables. Everybody knew it was a gag, but Billy—without make-up, costume, without wax nose or false teeth—can magically become whatever character he throws himself into and so, inexplicably, he would scare the living nightlights out of bored night club audiences.

Once, at the Rainbow Room, a couple sat by the ringside—a tall, dignified man, wearing spectacles, sitting with a gentle lady. De Wolfe is being Karloff—swaggering along between the tables. Next to the gentle lady is an empty table. De Wolfe kicks the table down—it's just part of his act. The lady screams. Then shrieks. The lights go on. The lady turns out to be Mrs. Boris Karloff!

Several credible witnesses, in addition to De Wolfe's press agent, have testified to the authenticity of this perhaps apocryphal tale. De Wolfe apologized and shook hands with Mrs. Karloff. Then he removed his glasses and wiped the nervous sweat from his lenses.

"You are more like Boris Karloff—than—Boris Karloff him-

Continued on page 292



"There'll be no more rumor-spreading in this shop —is that clear?"

The Carpenter Goes Home

Chips mended doors and caulked the deck with practiced skill while he dreamed of owning a small cottage by the River Dee

by **FRANK G. LASKIER**

• FICTION •

R

Of all the good shipmates I ever knew, Chips was the best. A quiet, sturdy man, he went the round of his jobs aboard ship, silent and intent. Every morning with the sounding rod, a piece of chalk behind his ear, he took soundings of the fresh water tanks and the bilges. From the bridge the third mate would call, "Hello, Chips! Caught anything yet?"

Chips always had his pipe. We could tell his state of mind by its angle in his mouth. In his cabin a rack over his bunk was full of pipes, all loaded and ready. As carpenter he had all night in. He had a habit of falling asleep while smoking in his bunk. One of us always had to go into his cabin around six bells, take the glasses off his nose, the book from his lap and the pipe from his mouth, then switch the light off. This cabin of his was full of little gems of his craftsmanship. He had made a model of almost every ship he had sailed in, and these mementos were fastened up around the walls.

We started for Calcutta in strong convoy. When the danger area was passed the *Tribesman* continued alone.

I was carpenter's mate. All day, from six bells in the morning watch to two bells in the first dog watch—that is from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., we had such jobs as doors to mend, fresh water tanks to change over or a stretch of leaky deck to caulk. Chips was a friendly taskmaster. He told me of how, as a boy, he had sailed from Liverpool. His stories spread over days as we worked together. In the middle of a yarn, one bell would be struck—time for lunch in the pantry where the native mess boy had laid the table. We would eat in silence until the coffee was poured, then Chips would light his pipe and continue—"... he was a big fellow, a Swede; he'd done a lot of time in whalers ..." and so on.

Twice in this war Chips had lost his ships. The first time he spent ten days in an open boat off Iceland; the second time the ship was mined two hours from port after a seven months' voyage. "We made Liverpool docks in a lifeboat," he said.

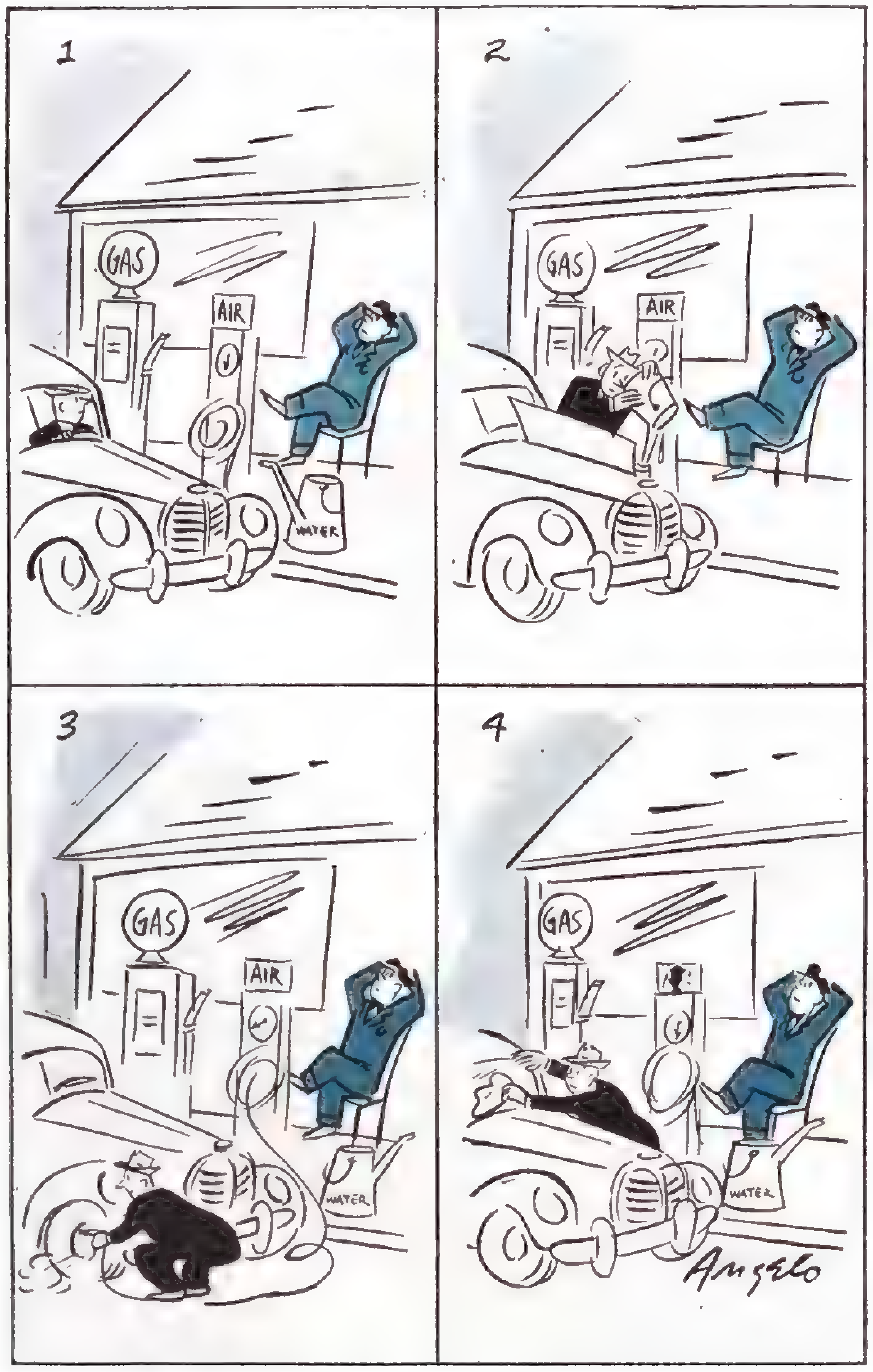
The *Tribesman* stopped only once on the voyage out—at Port Said, for six hours—then continued down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean. The morning we steamed up the broad yellow river and tied up at Calcutta, Chips had already a list of what he was going to buy in the bazaars. I remember that list: "Dungarees, shoes, white duck suit, shirts, socks, shoelaces, slippers, model of Taj Mahal, handkerchiefs, fancy shawl, ivory cigarette box," and—at the bottom—"Beer!"

He came back to the ship rolling along, with no bearers following him with bundles. He insisted on shaking hands with everyone, then turned in all standing. In the morning he said, "Remember the list I made? I must have started it upside down—with the beer!"

All next day Chips and I had work aboard. The monsoon season was about to break and the temperature hung at about one hundred and ten.

That evening we went ashore together. All we wanted was peace and a cool beer. Chips led the way through bazaars and alleys until we came to the Temple Bar. It was a quiet spot that he knew well. The small narrow veranda was up above the crowds. We relaxed and Chips talked of old shipmates, old ships, and then of his one ambition: to buy a little cottage on the banks of the River Dee, and to leave the sea.

He dreamed out loud. "I saw the very place I wanted back in '39. It's on the headland—looks over the sea to Ireland. There's a village below with an old pub, all cool and clean inside. I was all set to buy it when the war started and the company asked me to do one more trip." He sighed. "So I did. The cottage is still there and each time I sail out it hurts a bit more to leave it. I've made all the furniture. I make it aboard ship, crate it, and send it home. All I'll have to do is put it together. My sister's going to keep house for me. I'll have a garden and grow flowers."



We sat in silence, under the soft black of the Indian night sky, while below us, in the market place, a wheeling, gesticulating mob haggled, bought and sold.

Next day alongside the *Tribesman* the usual beggars, curio dealers and fortune tellers were swarming on the dock. There was one fortune teller who managed to get aboard. A tall fellow, wrapped in a sheet, he followed me asking to tell my fortune. "Hear it, Sahib; you are lucky. Let me tell your fortune. I am not as the others who are liars and cheats. I am honest." I told him no and was about to order him ashore when I heard the welcome clang of one bell—lunch.

I walked midships, the fortune teller following me. I got to the alleyway and as I passed Chips' open door, he was sitting on his chair reading a garden catalog. "Here," I said to the native. "Not me; you tell my mate's fortune!" Chips grinned, but the fortune teller chattered, "No, I cannot tell this Sahib his fortune. No, Sahib, I only want to tell your fortune." He backed away. Chips laughed. "That's the first of these birds I've ever seen who has refused to take money. Let's go get some lunch."

In the pantry we heard the news. The skipper had received orders for Capetown. We would have to go around the Cape of Good Hope, then head for Freetown, West Africa, for a convoy. Our voyage home would take easily six weeks longer. I went back to Chips' cabin and there he altered the homecoming date on his calendar from early June to late July.

"Yes." He stuck his pipe in his mouth. "In July I'm taking my discharge book and sticking it in the galley fire. I'm going to quit, son. I'm getting old; it's time I gave you young fellers a chance."

Two days later we cast off. The carpenter settled down to an overhaul. We went over all the boats and even painted the cabins and crew's quarters. "I found her a clean ship—I'll leave her that way," Chips said.

In Colombo we took on a little more cargo, then headed for Durban. We were alone; we remained alone, feeling the strong drive of the Trade Wind in our faces. In ten days we reached Durban and there took on coal. Chips and I were busy at the carpenter's work of getting ready for the gales that sweep the Cape of Good Hope. The anchor cable was coiled down in the huge chain locker below decks in the bows. Chips and I sealed the opening to the locker with oakum and burlap and spread it thick with cement. All boats had been double lashed and all hatches battened down when we steamed out from Durban.

The wind hardened to a head-on gale to be bucked for the three-day trip to Capetown. Chips told me to be thankful for a strong, well-found ship. We took a most violent pounding. Straight from the South Pole came the wind raising a fifty-foot sea. The decks were constantly awash. The ship shuddered under the heavy blows, and green seas swept her from end to end. Seething masses of water buried the winches and overflowed the scuppers, rushing from side to side as the *Tribesman* rolled. The wind all day, all night screamed through the rigging. Yet above this turmoil the sun shone and in the shelter of the bridge, it was quite warm.

Early on the second morning out, Chips left his cabin to take his usual soundings. It was a dangerous job. When he came back he was soaked as if he had been overboard and he had bad news. Under the two-day hammer blows of the sea, the cement with which we had sealed the chain locker had broken and the locker was flooded.

The ship was beginning to feel the added weight forward. Chips and I decided to go on the bow and reseal the hole so the locker could be pumped clear. First we mixed a bucket of cement with water and soda. We rolled up a bundle of oakum and burlap. I could see that Chips didn't like the job, and I know I didn't, but at six bells we were ready and waiting at the lee ladder for a chance to cross the deck in a lull.

"You'll be doing jobs like this on your own after this," said Chips. "But for this trip you're carpenter's mate, so we'll see this through together. When you have to try to patch up a job like this, just think of me in my garden digging a few spuds for my dinner. And when all hands are called at midnight on the Western Ocean, think of me—under my blankets and warm in bed!"

The warm sun was drying the salt water on my back as he spoke. There were grey splotches of the cement on his thick, hairy sunburned forearms.

"Get going, Chips! Now's your chance!" yelled the mate from the bridge. We felt the drag of the ship in a smooth. Grabbing our gear we ran down the ladder. The well deck was sheltered a little from the head wind. As I raced across, the deck was slipping away from beneath my feet as the ship wallowed. Then came the sharp upward slope as she rose to the next wave. We reached the ladder and it was hell when we climbed to the bow. The motion was terrific and the wind drove a battering blast of spray through which we pushed forward to the winch. Chips was forced to flatten himself on the deck to crawl around the anchor cable. I followed, hampered by the bucket of cement, and scrambled under the winch-drum. We stuffed rags and sacks into that gaping hole, then splashed on the cement.

We were almost finished when I felt the bow sink, this time as if she were diving under. Chips thought first of me. "Hang on!" he yelled. And then the green sea boarded us. Mounting high, the solid water rolled over the ship. I was smothered, beaten breathless, my elbow torn as I locked my arms around the cable and my legs dragged away as if my arms would be torn out of their sockets.

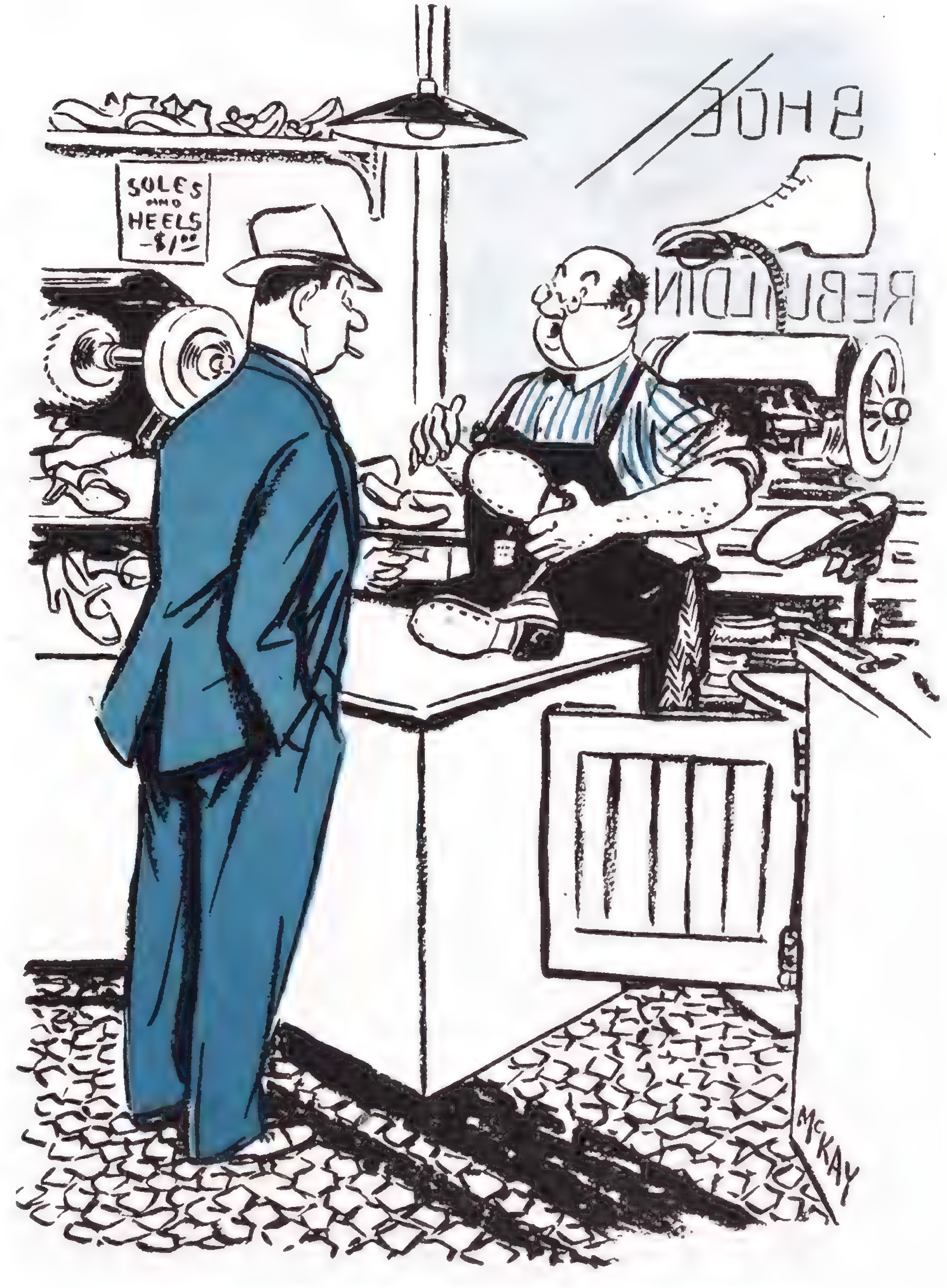
Would the ship never rise? I was drowning but the bow came up at last. I was alone.

Where was Chips?

I stood up hanging onto the winch, the wind pinning me against it. My heart was quivering with the thought, "Chips was washed over the side!" The mate was gesticulating and pointing from the bridge. Then I saw Chips down on deck, lying in the scuppers. With one jump I was sliding down the ladder.

He was hurt and senseless. He was too heavy a man for me to lift and carry so I dragged him by his shoulders, holding him up so that his head, fallen back, would not drag on the deck. Again I felt that same sickening lurch, and heard the crash as the ship took another green sea. High over the bows it came, a mighty roaring hell of water. I threw myself over the carpenter, one hand gripping his belt, the other

Continued on page 294



"Paper got so short, we're making soles out of leather now"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Verbal scrap over comparative merits of football played in various sections by pro, college and high school teams

by **RALPH CANNON & HERB GRAFFIS**

▪ SPORTS ▪

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

(These questions were proposed by Don H. Pierce, Daily Capital, *Topeka, Kansas)*

I.

In which section of the country do you think the best football is played?

Midwest	66.91%
South	19.08%
Far West	9.90%
East	4.11%

II.

Should the colleges adopt the more wide open rules of the pro game? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐
73.62%

III.

Would you favor a plan of reasonable subsidization in college football with a national czar overseeing the game? . . . . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑
50.72%

IV.

From the spectator standpoint would you rather watch college ☐, pro ☐ or high school ☐ football?

College	62.35%
Pro	29.74%
H. S.	7.91%

V.

If you had your choice of three coaches, which three would you select for your staff?

1. Bernie Bierman, Minnesota	45.13%
2. Frank Leahy, Notre Dame	25.40%
3. Paul Brown, Ohio State	19.18%

This football poll was a tough one to arrange so the answers would assure fair decisions. Question II, which is a live one in the central and eastern states, couldn't be answered with much authority by voters in the western states who seldom see pros.

However, the five questions offered by Don H. Pierce of the Topeka (Kansas) *Daily Capital* presented the points frequently brought up in comments from voters in previous polls.

"Take a look at the intersectional games played by southern teams," advised **Leland Childs,** WSFA, Montgomery, Alabama, "and likewise their Bowl games; then take a look at the record. In 1942 there were four southern teams in the four major Bowls, three victories for the South. In 1943 two southern teams were in two major Bowls; two victories for the South." **Floyd Olds,** Omaha *World-Herald*, spoke for the Midwest when he said: "You can't blame the boys in the East, South, Southwest and Far West for sometimes thinking they have football teams, but when they try to take on teams from the Big Ten and the Midwest they realize the truth. And that is that year in and year out the Midwest is the football leader, conclusively."

"In taking the Pacific Coast as the section where the best football is played," wrote **Sgt. John Bartholomew,** sports editor, Fort Jackson, South Carolina, *Journal*, "I figure that football has reached its zenith on the West Coast. It started in the East and has traveled westward."

"Good football is played in all sections of the country," declared **Andy Kerr** of Colgate. "The game has been standardized. The squads in the Middle West likely carry more man power. Their teams may be stronger, but the quality of their football is about the same as in the other sections."

In view of the strong "yes" vote for the "more wide open" rules of professional football, there was vehement expert comment that the pros' wide open game is far more propaganda than fact. **Major Griffith,** the Big Ten commissioner, asserts that the question is unfair. He says:

"The question assumes that the pros play the wide open game which, by implication, is supposed to be very interesting, and the colleges play a line smashing game which, on the other hand, must be uninteresting as compared with the pro game.

"The pros through clever propaganda have sold the American public on the idea that they play a marvelous open game—a game which down in Texas they call 'razzle dazzle' football—and the colleges stick to an old-fashioned line bucking game.

"Some years ago I figured up the average number of points scored per game in ten eastern universities, in the Big Ten, and in the Pacific Coast conference, and compared that average with the average number of points scored by the pros in their games. The pros led by a few points but there was not much difference in the scoring records at that time. I have not attempted to make a comparison since then but the fact that the attendance at college football keeps increasing leads me to think if the game is uninteresting the people who buy tickets to football games have not heard about it.

"As an illustration, in 1932 when we were in the depths of the Depression, the game profit from the ten universities that then constituted this conference amounted to less than one million dollars. Each succeeding year showed an increase until 1942, when the nine universities that were then playing football grossed over two million dollars in game profits.

"Just a word of explanation of what I mean by game profits instead of gate receipts. When Michigan and Ohio play—let us say, at Ann Arbor—Michigan deducts the cost of the officials and a few other minor items connected with the staging of the game, and then splits the balance 50-50 with Ohio. The figures in my office include the game profits from the various games. There would not be a great deal of difference if we figured gate receipts instead of game profits, but I used the latter because I had those figures available.

"College football's side of this question could call attention to the fact that in the last twenty years there have been several hundred college football games, the attendance at which ran from 65,000 to 100,000 spectators. No other sport ever has equaled this."

Supporting the major was **Fritz Crisler,** Michigan's head coach, who observed: "We frequently hear that the pros are more progressive, have a more interesting game and the crowds would rather watch them play. Attendance doesn't seem to bear this out. There have been many 70,000, 80,000, 90,000 crowds at college games. In ordinary times we sell out at Columbus and Minneapolis and have sellouts of 87,000 when they are here. We had a sellout for both Notre Dame games. I still think people believe college football pretty interesting as compared to the pros . . . or maybe we sell out because of the bands!"

"I do not agree altogether," wrote **Fred Digby,** New Orleans *Item*, "with the general trend of thought to the effect that pro football has done much to the game other than take from college football. Most notable change in pro football in the last ten years is the specialization on the forward pass. It took two college men, Baugh and Hutson, to make the pros pass-conscious. Now they're getting far too much credit for making football a better 'spectacle.' "

Said **Ray Morrison,** Temple coach:

"The colleges should go back to the rules which they put into the game and the pros copied." **H. H. Norton,** Texas A & M coach, also thought "the colleges should go back to their original rules, which are pro rules now."

Interesting in the comment on Question III was the extent to which voters regarded collegiate amateur football as a pay-for-play proposition.

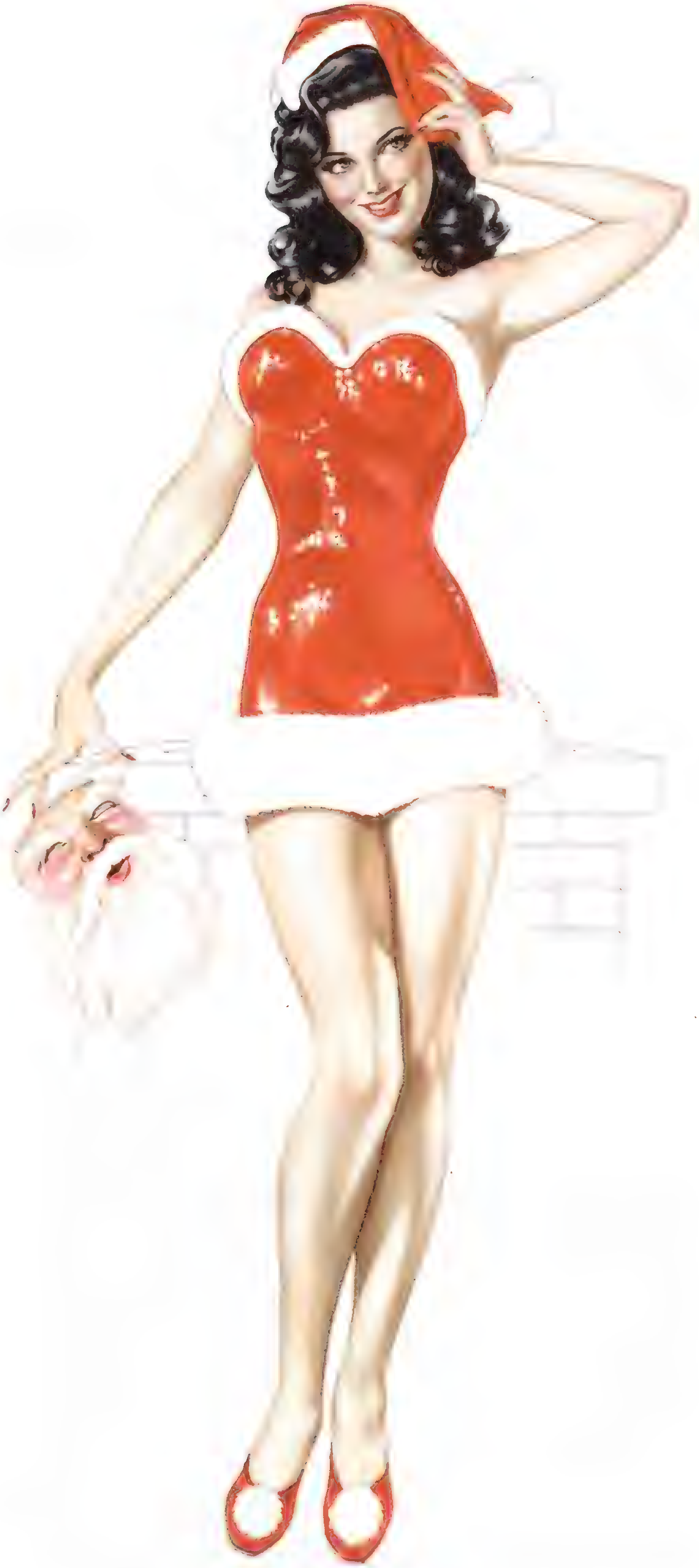
"I have long favored some reasonable payment of college football players," wrote **R. G. Lynch,** Milwaukee *Journal*. "Under present conditions, a man with well-to-do parents gets a break which the son of a poor family does not get unless there is some conniving by alumni. It takes a very unusual student to do justice to a good college course, work his way through school and play football besides. The man who does not have to work can play football; the one who has to work must sacrifice something from his studies or his football or his job. Out of the huge proceeds of football, the man who helps make the money should be paid enough to cover board and room if he needs it, besides tuition. The most honest game I know of is polo. Nobody asks whether a man is an amateur or a professional; they are interested only in whether or not he is a good player and a good sport."

The other side was taken by **Sec Taylor,** Des Moines *Register*, who declared: "As I see it there are three reasons for football:

(1) To provide a fine contact game for the STUDENTS who want to play it.

(2) To provide entertainment for the nonplaying students and to build college spirit. A foot-

Continued on page 210



This is a preview page out of Esquire's 1945 twelve-page Varga Girl Calendar which will be published in full in the January issue. The Calendar will also be available in separately bound form at your newsstand December 6th.

Dec. 6th.
JANUARY
January is a month
Of cold and ice and sleet,
But don't you worry, brother,
We're turning on the heat!
S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31
PAINTINGS BY VARGA
VERSES BY PHIL STACK

BE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND DECEMBER SIXTH FOR THE NEW 1945 VARGA GIRL CALENDAR

Line forms at your nearest newsstand December sixth for the solid new 1945 Varga Girl Calendar. Here's your New Year's inspiration—all wrapped up in twelve pages, with a handy calendar and a brand-new, beautiful Varga girl on every page.

Printed in lifelike color on sturdy stock . . . bound in non-skid plastic . . . and with suitable verses by Phil Stack . . . this Varga Girl Calendar would have everything—if its twelve talented honeys could only cook . . .

But for fetching, eye-catching, crowd-collecting ability, this newest, most knockout Varga Girl Calendar can't be beat. So watch that date: December sixth; and make a path to your newsdealer for your copy. And while you're there . . . knock off a few Varga Calendars to friends. 25¢

Size 8½" x 12"

"I Beat Mickey Walker"

In our sudden wrath we didn't realize this iron-muscled Vernay was just a naïve young peasant, inclined to boast

by **JACK KIRKLAND**

• FICTION •

I HADN'T planned to be in Paris that year. There had been a reason to go to London—a job at one of the picture studios. But Paris just happened. Suddenly there was the bar at the Hotel du Monde and there was I. And at a table across the room was Palo Vernay.

There was no way I could have known anything about Palo and so what happened that night simply began and ended there at the bar.

It was not until several months ago, here in New York at Sardi's, that it was all added up for me by Jess Dickson, who, you will remember, once promoted skating events or prize fights or dog races or anything else in Paris that promised a fair franc.

The crossing to England on the *Lafayette* in the Spring of 1932, true to the period, was very wet. After I reached London and didn't get the job I was looking for I decided to forget about work for awhile. So for a couple of aimless weeks I ruffled around the city.

I remember a room at the old Warwick Hotel late at night under the habitual dim-out furnished by the cute and archaic clusters of low-watt electric globes which may have shone on Lily Langtry or even on Edward VII himself. Despite the spotted gloom, the scene is clear and sharp in memory.

Bill Boehnel was standing at a window overlooking Aldwych; Ben Washer, whose room this was, was pouring drinks; Dick Watts was reading a newspaper; John Cohen was propped up on the bed comfortably, a very attractive English girl was sitting on the edge of a chair, and I stood leaning against a low dresser.

"It's raining again," Bill said presently. "I'd like to go to Paris."

That was how it happened. For two days I had been in Paris and that evening I was at the Hotel du Monde. I was in quite a large salon, done with some effort to be modern, with leather booths along three of the brick walls and a sprinkling of tables in the center of the room. A long, curved bar swept the length of one side and I was sitting on a high stool about the center of the bar. There were people on both sides of John and me. I didn't know them.

"Ben and Dick are in a booth over there," John said. "Ben Washer and Dick Maney. Watts couldn't come."

"Where did we find Maney?"

"We didn't. You and Boehnel did. Last night. Maney's here with his wife. That's she with him."

"Where's Bill?"

"Off somewhere. He wants to see Paris. Somebody's joined them," John said, looking across at the booth. "Let's go on over."

We crossed to the booth. The man who was sitting with Dick and Betty and Ben was a rather short, very stocky young Frenchman with a hammered face. He had a drink in his hand.

"Sit down, you pot-eyed Saracens," Dick said. "Meet Mr. Palo Vernay. He fights."

"Fights who?" John asked.

"Anybody," said Ben.

"Not me."

"I fight anybody," Palo said. "But not you."

Dick told Palo our names. We shook hands. The Frenchman, who spoke English quite well—in preparation for fighting in America, he explained—also had learned, or thought he had, how Americans shake hands. He nearly broke mine. It ached for minutes and it made me a little mad.

"How are you?" I said. "What'll you drink?"

"With Americans I always drink whiskey."

"And you want whiskey now?"

"I drink anything. I drink more than anybody in Paris."

"Good for you," I said and glanced over at John. I could see that he was puzzled, too, whether the man was boasting or simply talking as he thought Americans on a flyer in Paris would want him to talk.

"Palo is the French Mickey Walker," Dick said. "He said so."

"I beat Mickey Walker," said Palo.

"You beat Mickey Walker?" I asked. "When?"

"Some day."

"Oh."

While the drinks were being brought, Palo talked about himself. He had come to Paris from somewhere in the south of France and had had about thirty professional fights. He had two obsessions—to go to America and to beat Mickey Walker. He was very sure he was going to do both.

"I will be the champion in America. I beat Mickey Walker."

"You said that before," John said.

"It is easy, that. It is a cinch."

I didn't like that, and from what began to happen from then on, as several Americans joined together, on cue and without need of a script, in the humorless native game of putting someone on the rib, it was apparent that I wasn't alone in my resentment of the boy's cockiness. I suppose we should have realized that while he was part *bavardeur* and part peasant, he was mostly fresh kid—and a pretty drunk fresh kid at that. Of course, we didn't know how far the thing was going to go, and in our defense it must be remembered that in those days Mickey Walker was anybody's idol. No French punk had any business claiming he was a better man than Mickey Walker.

The waiter brought the drinks and John picked up his glass. "To Mickey Walker," he said and drained it.

The fighter, accepting the challenge, raised his own glass and said, "To Palo Vernay." It was empty when he put it down and he glanced around at us with the peasant's belligerent pride.

"I've seen Walker do that to half a dozen drinks," said Dick.

"What is half a dozen?"

"Six."

"I drink seven like that. I drink more than Mickey Walker."

"I don't know," Ben said. "Mickey's strong. He can take a lot."

"I am strong."

Palo stood up, tightened the biceps of his right arm and passed the arm around the table for us to feel. It was hard as a sledge hammer and half the size of your head. We were impressed and Palo sat back, beaming.

"Did I tell you I am strong?"

"Your arm's all right," Ben said, "but a fighter uses his back muscles. Those are the muscles he hits with."

"Mickey Walker has back muscles that jump," John said.

"My muscles jump." Palo leaped up and was pulling off his coat as the waiter came back.

"Have your drink first," John said.

Palo picked up his glass and looked over at Dick. "Number two," he said. "You count," and drank the whole thing off.

"Another round," John told the waiter.

Palo finished taking off his coat. He pulled his white, tight cotton shirt even tighter across his back by hunching his shoulders up and forward. Under the cloth we could see the muscles grow into bulging rolls and ripple up and

Continued on page 212

"I had to let my husband go—the maid wouldn't stand for his bossy ways"

The Hero's House of Cards

With his propaganda work, one woman to support him and another to inspire him, the oberleutnant had been quite happy

by CURT RIESS

• FICTION •

HERMANN TESKE looked at the alarm clock on the night table. It was almost eight. He decided he might as well get up. He had not been able to sleep at all after the terrific air bombardments.

Slowly he put on his dressing gown. Every bone in his body ached. He went back to the night table, took two tablets from a little box that lay on it, and swallowed them without water. The doctor had told him not to take more than one a day. But he must have been getting too used to the stuff lately, for one tablet no longer seemed to do any good.

Limping slightly, he walked to the window in the living room and put his forehead against the glass. He stood there for quite a while, his eyes closed. He was thinking of Helene. He should have been angry with her, because she had stood him up the night before. He had gone to her little apartment just across the street, but she had not been at home. At least she could have let him know if some urgent business, some family trouble, perhaps, had called her away. But he couldn't be angry with her for very long. He only wanted to be with her. He needed her almost as much as he did the stuff on the night table.

When he opened his eyes again he saw the superintendent of the house, Max Kulicke, crossing the street. His gaze followed the man idly. And then he suddenly looked closer. Kulicke had met a man on the other side of the street. He looked back several times as though to make sure that nobody saw him. Then he began talking to the man hastily.

Teske could not make out the other man very well, but it seemed to him as though he had seen him before. When was it? And where? Had he actually met him, or just seen him around? He tried to think, but got nowhere. He decided to forget all about it. But an uncomfortable feeling still remained in the back of his head. For some vague, indefinable reason he just didn't like the idea of Kulicke talking to this man.

He heard the door open and shut, and turned around to see who had come in. It was his wife, returning from her work in the factory. She was carrying several little packages, a newspaper and a bottle of milk. She looked completely exhausted and worn out. One could hardly believe that not so many years ago she had been a good-looking girl with lively dark eyes and shiny, blonde hair. She looked much older than she should have at twenty-eight.

"Hello, Hermann," she said, putting the packages on the table and turning toward the bedroom.

"Hello, Else. Would you mind fixing some breakfast?"

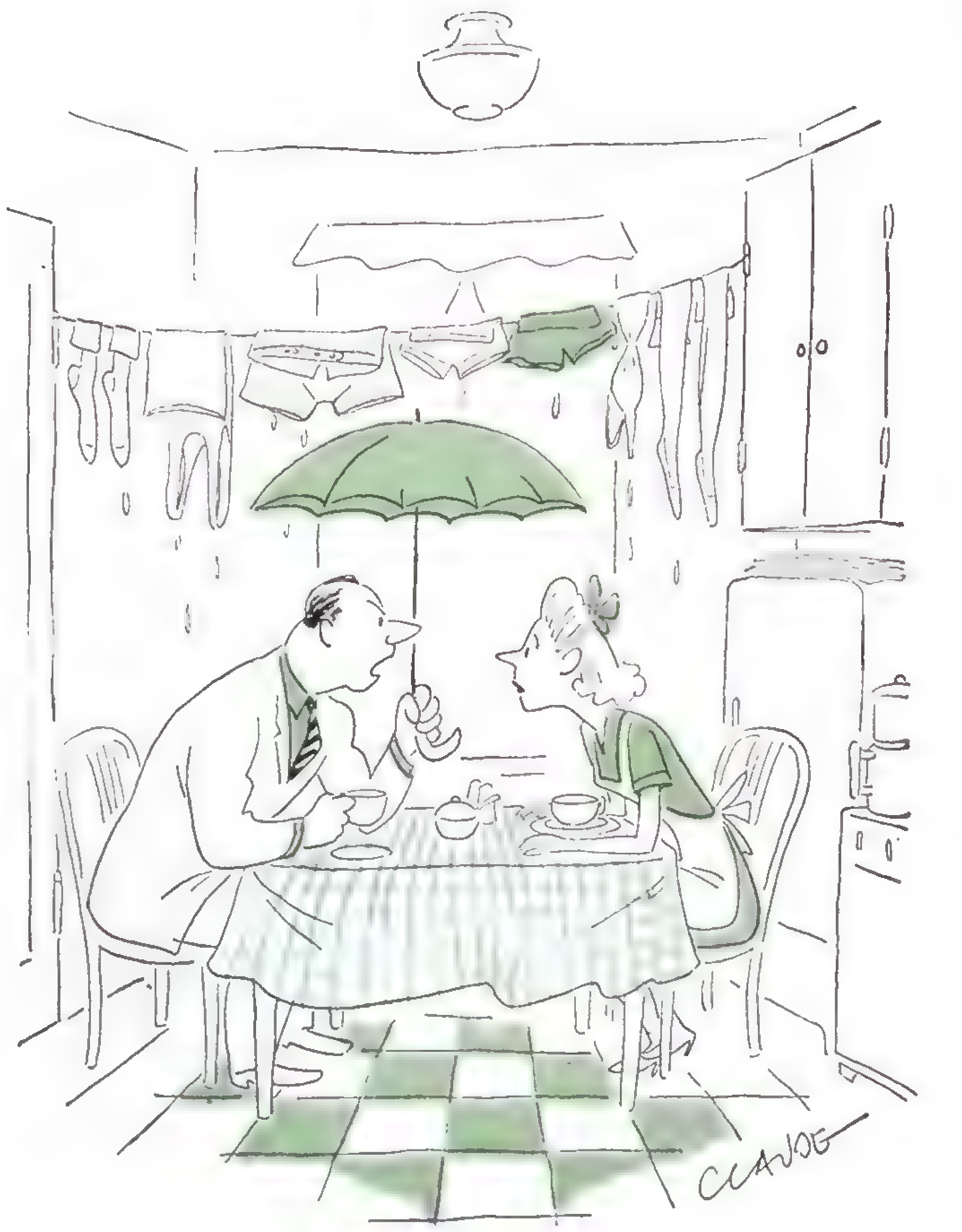
She stood still for a moment, but did not turn around. Finally she spoke: "I am so tired! Why didn't you fix it yourself? You have nothing much to do."

"Nothing much to do! How often must I hear that?" His voice had become hard and, as he took a few steps across the room, his limp became much more noticeable. "Nothing much to do!" he rasped. "Have you forgotten how I fought for the Fatherland . . . ?"

"Very well. Skip it," she murmured wearily and went into the kitchen.

Teske decided he didn't need a shave; blades and soap were scarce in Germany these days anyhow. He made a careful inspection of himself in the mirror, though, and he was pleased with what he saw there. He still looked like the strong, handsome young flier whose pictures had appeared in all the German newspapers during the Russian campaign. Some of these pictures were hanging on the living room wall. No wonder Helene was mad about him.

He chose his dark blue suit because this was his day to broadcast. After he was all dressed he went to the closet, took the numerous decorations and ribbons from his other suit and put them on. Again he looked in the mirror.



"Couldn't you have done the washing after breakfast?"

He suddenly felt hungry. Else should be ready by now. He decided, however, not to complain; she was so difficult these days. He went to the desk and picked up the script which the Propaganda Ministry had sent over yesterday. When Else came in with the breakfast he took the script to the table. "They've given me good things to say this time, about my experiences and the things I have done. Of course, it wasn't quite so in reality, but . . . Do you want me to read it to you?"

She shook her head.

"No, it's always the same anyway." Then after a while, she went on, "If Goebbels thinks you're so wonderful why doesn't he pay you?"

"Since I can't fly any more I can at least do this. It's patriotic. Somebody told me that Dr. Goebbels told him that my broadcasts are good for the people's morale."

"Don't make me laugh, Hermann! Morale? I didn't think anyone was worrying about that any more, with the Allies all over Italy and France."

He looked at her for a moment, but said nothing.

They were eating very dark, moist bread and some kind of marmalade made of indefinable ingredients, with weak ersatz coffee to wash it down.

"I wish you could get us something better to eat," he said. "Other women find ways and means."

"Other husbands make money. If Goebbels paid you, we could get food on the black market, too."

"I wouldn't touch anything that comes from the black market!"

"Everybody else does. Only yesterday Frau Kulicke said to me. . . ."

That reminded him. "I just saw Kulicke. He was talking to a man across the street. There was something . . . well, furtive about it. I wonder who the man was." When she did not answer he went on, "I think I've seen him before. I wonder where."

Else was sipping her coffee. "Kulicke is doing a lot of snooping around. He always seems to be interested in what I . . ."

"He is interested in what you . . . go on."

"Oh, it's nothing."

"You are keeping something from me."

"Don't be ridiculous. I just meant that he is always trying to find out where I am going, what I am doing . . ."

Hermann Teske jumped up so suddenly that his chair crashed to the floor. "So this is what one gets! This! Here we are out on the front fighting the enemy, risking our lives! And our wives are spied on, they are followed by snoopers who are clever enough to arrange it that they need not go to war themselves." He laughed bitterly. "And for this I sacrificed my leg."

She looked at him curiously. "Why are you getting so excited? You are not broadcasting, Hermann."

But he did not hear her. He was talking about the war again and about the daring things he had accomplished and the odds he had faced. He went on in that strain for a while, until he realized that she had left the room and was on her way to the bedroom. "Of course, all this doesn't interest you," he remarked bitterly.

"I am just tired; I must get some sleep. This factory work is killing me. I don't know how I can stand it much longer."

He didn't want her to go to bed and leave him alone. He wanted to go on talking and talking. But she wasn't interested. Helene always listened to him. She could hear the same story over and over again without getting bored. She wouldn't leave him like that.

With a sigh he settled down to reading the radio script again, trying to memorize the words as he did so. But he thought scarcely at all about what the words meant. Again and again he looked at his wrist watch. Perhaps he could rush over to Helene. She might still be home, for her office did not open till 9:30. He left the apartment and started down the stairs when suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks. He saw superintendent Kulicke distributing the mail to the different apartments. The overburdened postman had left it with him. Kulicke kept moving in and out of Teske's range of vision, but there was no doubt that he was taking his time sorting the mail and putting it in front of the doors. Teske wondered if the man was reading the mail, or perhaps even putting aside some letters which looked suspicious to him. And what would he do with them then? Teske went back into the apartment, closed the door softly and waited.

When he heard Kulicke's steps passing by he suddenly opened the door. The superintendent did not seem surprised. "Good morning, Herr Oberleutnant," he said. "I am afraid there is nothing for you today." He was about to go on.

"If you don't mind I'd like to talk to you, Herr Kulicke," Teske said tersely.

"Sure," Kulicke replied and followed him into the apartment.

Hermann Teske leaned against the door so that the other could not leave. "I'll come right to the point. What do you mean by spying on my wife, Herr Kulicke?"

"I, spying on Frau Teske? Surely you are joking," Kulicke said.

"I am not in the habit of joking."

"I don't know what you're talking about. And I haven't any time to waste either. The mail . . ."

"You can fool around with those letters afterwards. You are not leaving until you have answered my question satisfactorily."

Kulicke didn't seem at all disturbed. "Well, I sometimes look out of my window. There is no law that says I can't. And I might have seen your wife when she went out or when she came back. And it may be that once in a while when she went out I had to go out, too. And it may have looked as though I was following her. But that's not my fault. A superintendent sees a lot of things."

Suddenly a very definite suspicion began to grow in Teske's mind. He didn't look at the man. "And what did you see?"

There was an ugly smile on Kulicke's face. "My dear Herr Oberleutnant."

Teske felt that he was going to burst in another minute. "I am not your dear Herr Oberleutnant. I want you to answer me."

"So that's the way you feel about it. Well, well . . ." Kulicke seemed to be enjoying himself. "Why don't you ask her? I am not going to say any more. Anyhow, you should be happy that Frau Teske isn't interested in finding out where *you* are going, Herr Oberleutnant. How would you feel about that?"

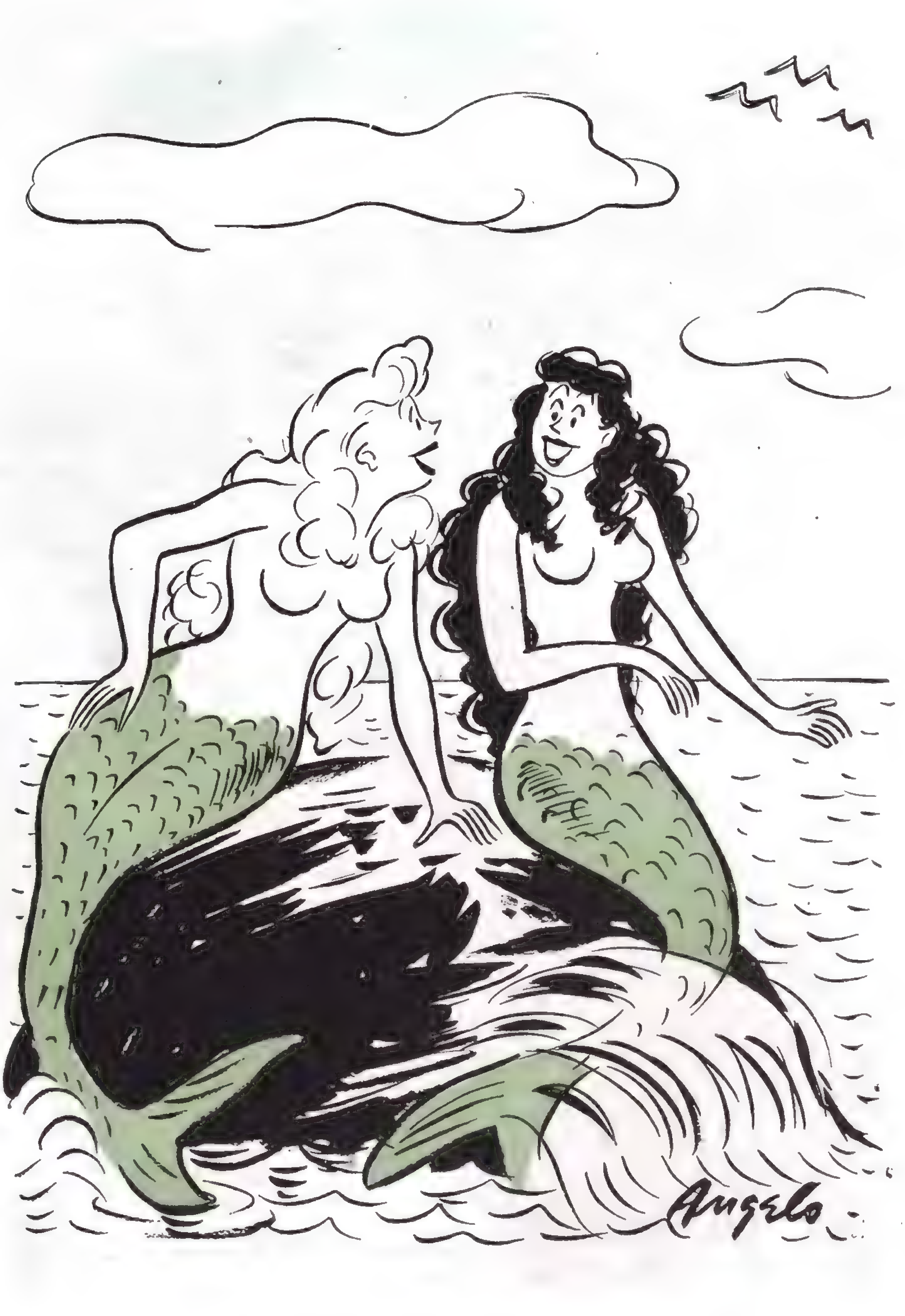
"That's none of your business," Teske snapped.

"Isn't it?" Kulicke asked darkly. "I wonder." He turned and opened the door to go, and Teske did not stop him.

He stood there for a long time without making a move. So Kulicke knew about Helene. So he had found out something. Well, who cared? If the superintendent told Else about it he'd simply deny the whole thing. Else . . . What had the man said? "Why don't you ask her?" Ask what? So he had seen something . . . somebody . . .

With a sudden decision he went

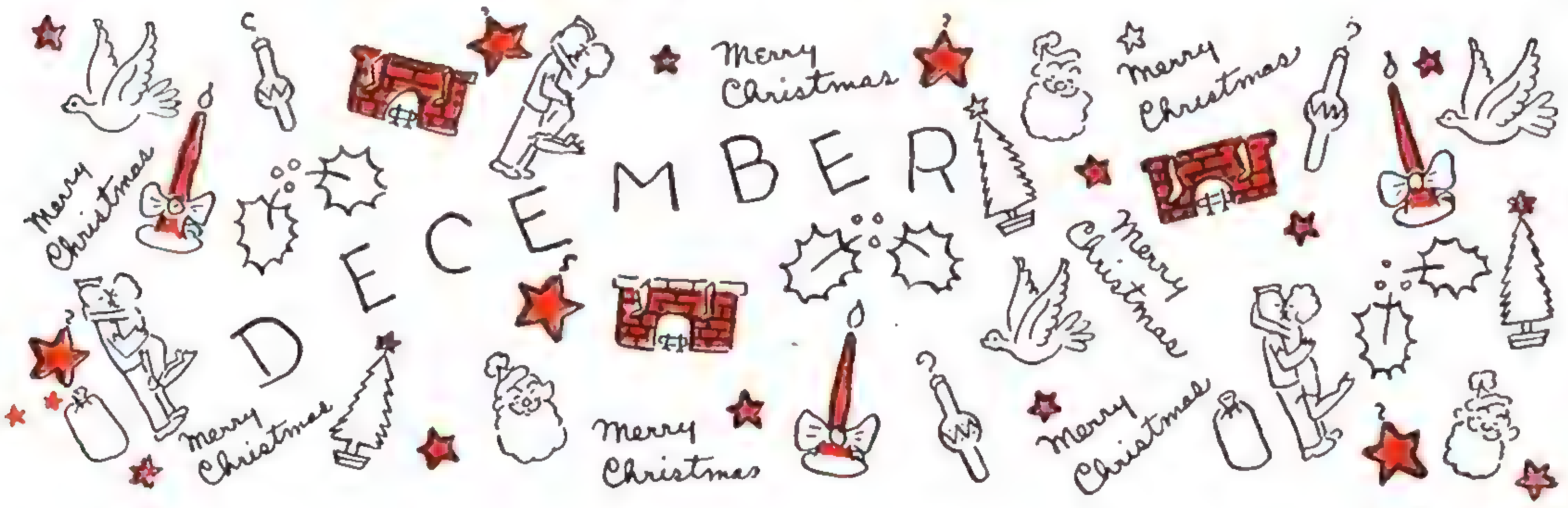
Continued on page 279



"At least we don't have to worry about nylons"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by BRUCE PATTERSON



A city fellow was trying to impress his country cousin, so he said: "Yesterday we taxied to the country club and golfed until dark; then we trolleyed back to town and danced until morn."

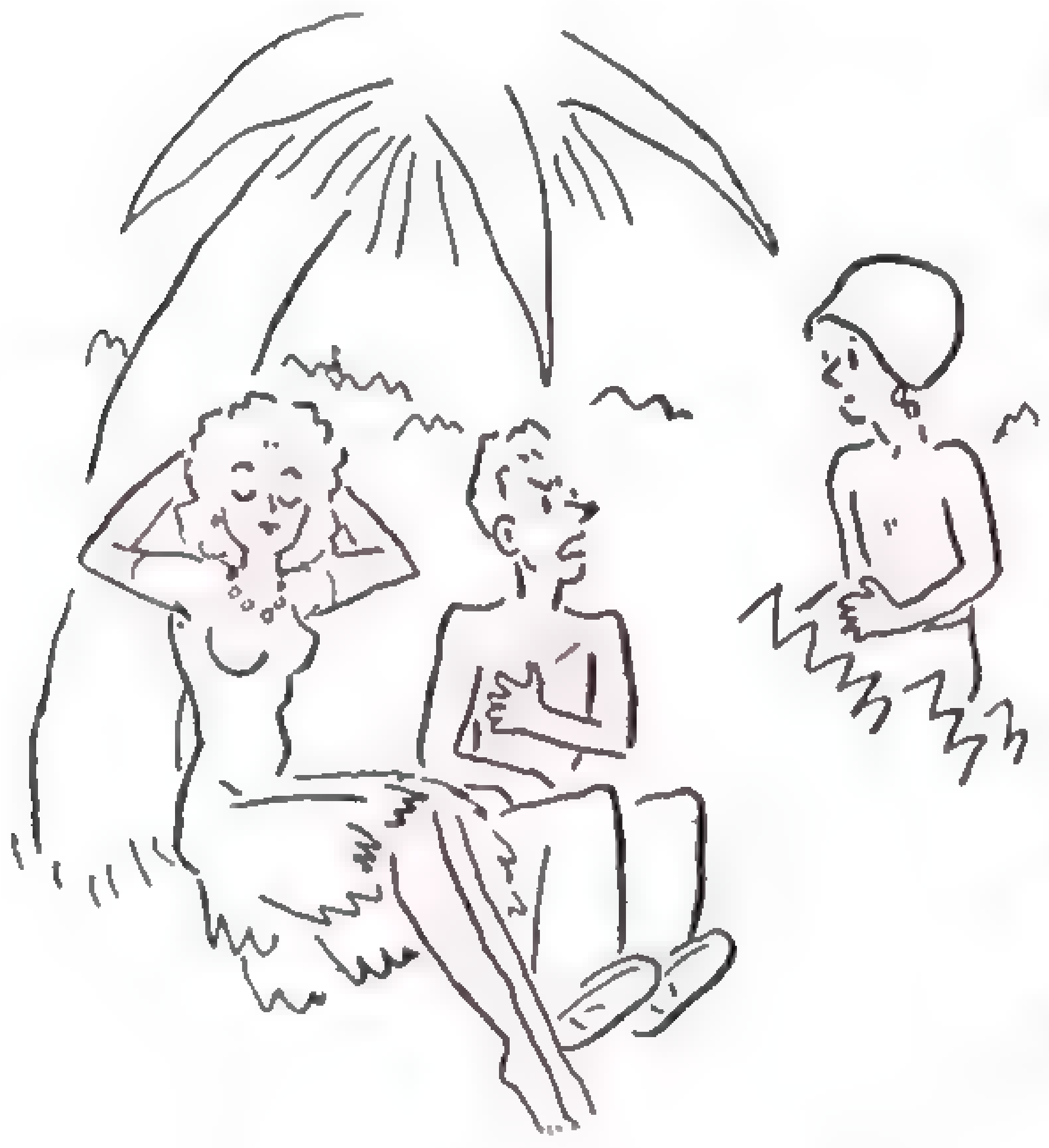
But the farmer, not to be outdone, had his say: "I had a busy day, too. I muled to the corn field and gee-hawed until sundown. Then I suppered till dark and piped until nine. I climbed the stairs and bedsteaded until dawn, then breakfasted until it was time to go muling again."

—*Banana Peelings.*

"Daddy, what is the curse of drink?"

"Being stuck with the check."

—*Sherman Field Bulletin.*



"She can't play the ukulele"

A fellow met his friend on the street all bandaged up and on crutches. "What happened to you?" he asked.

"Well, I had a date with my girl friend last night. We were jitterbugging when her father came in. He is deaf and couldn't hear the music."

—*Ft. Sumner Skyline.*

She: "Your heart is beating like a drum."

Sailor: "Yeah, that's the call to arms."

—*Miami Skywriter.*

(A private in the Army sent this story in a letter from Italy.)

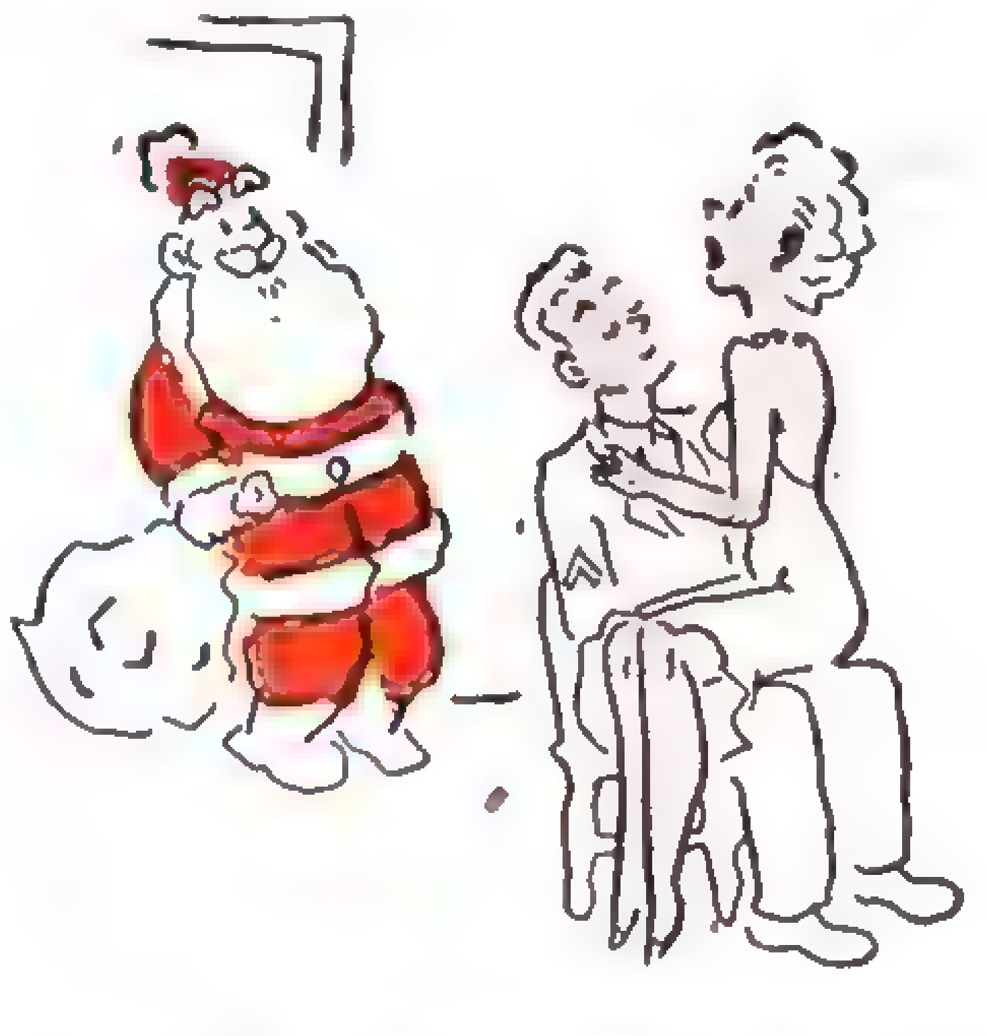
The colonel was outraged here today. He stopped his jeep in the palace gardens at Caserta and pointed to a sign hung round the neck of a statue. "That sign has no business there," he snapped at the M. P.

"Yes, Sir," replied the M. P., removing the sign which read "slippery curves" from around the neck of the marble goddess.

The colonel's jeep roared off down the road and promptly skidded into the ditch.

"Shall I replace the sign?" asked the M.P.

—*Bedside Examiner.*



"You'll have to wait until I finish greeting my serviceman"

"When I get to Tokyo, I'm going to kick the Mikado right in the pants."

"But the Mikado doesn't wear pants."

"All the better."

—*Hutchinson Habit*

Santa Claus is the only fellow who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about.

—*Command Post.*

Visitor: "Don't you cut yourself often with that straight-edged razor?"

Hillbilly: "Naw, I been shaving nigh on to five years and I ain't cut myself either time."

—*Marine Corps Chevron.*

SHE WAS HIS GAL . . .

Joe Armodier requested a pass,
He told his C.O. of his beautiful lass,
Described her in phrases so pert and so neat,
Everyone knew she must be sweet.

"She's the car in my carbine,
She's the jump in my jeep,
She's the can in my canteen,
She can sing me to sleep.

"She's the leg in my legging
She's the tread on my tank,
She's the arm on my armor,
She's the girl for this Yank."

The C.O. said little,
But his thoughts were much freer—
"You stay on the Post—
And I'll go and see her."

—*Camp Bowie Black Cat.*

Sailor (sitting in barber chair): "Cut all three short."

Barber: "Which three?"

Sailor: "Whiskers, hair and chatter."

—*Hutchinson Habit.*

"I'll bet you think twice before you leave your wife alone evenings."

"I'll say. First I have to think up a reason for going out; then I have to think up why she can't go with me."

—*Floyd Bennett Field Skyscraper.*

An autoist was motoring through the mountains of Colorado when he came upon a small village tucked away in a valley. He stopped when he met a native and asked: "I say, have any big men been born in this town?"

"No," answered the hillbilly, "only small babies."

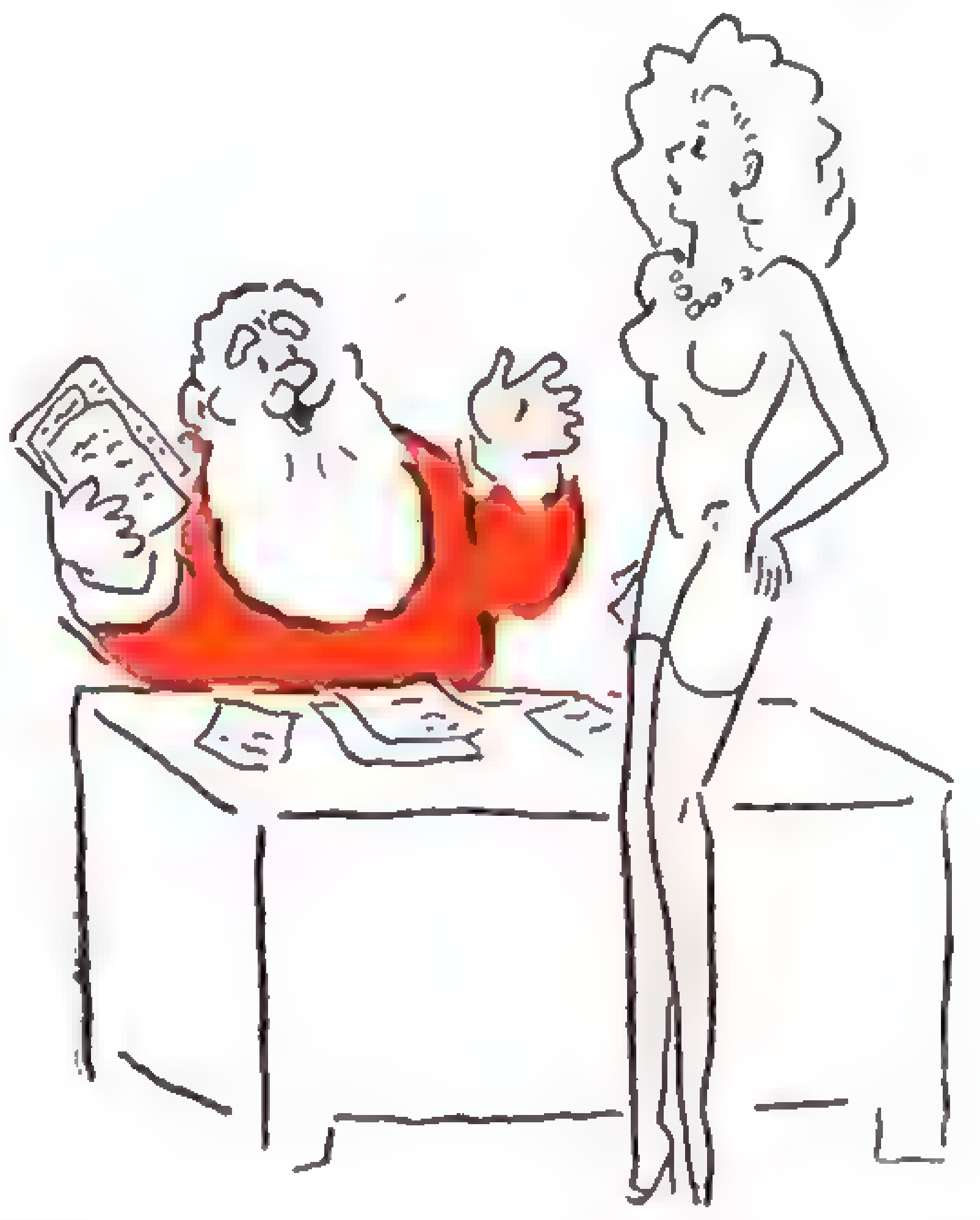
—*Camp Bowie Black Cat.*

Heredity: Something every father believes in until his children begin acting like fools.

—*Camp Howze Howitzer.*

A few words mumbled in church and you're married; a few words mumbled in your sleep and you're divorced.

—*Belvoir Castle.*



"How in hell am I going to give you to nine soldiers, six marines and fourteen sailors?"

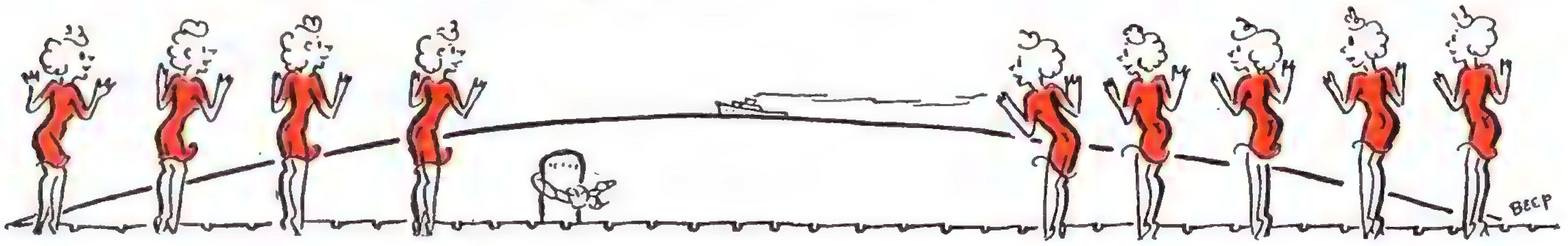
In every barroom in the land,
The experts lend a helping hand
And exercise their mental power
Advising Dwight D. Eisenhower.

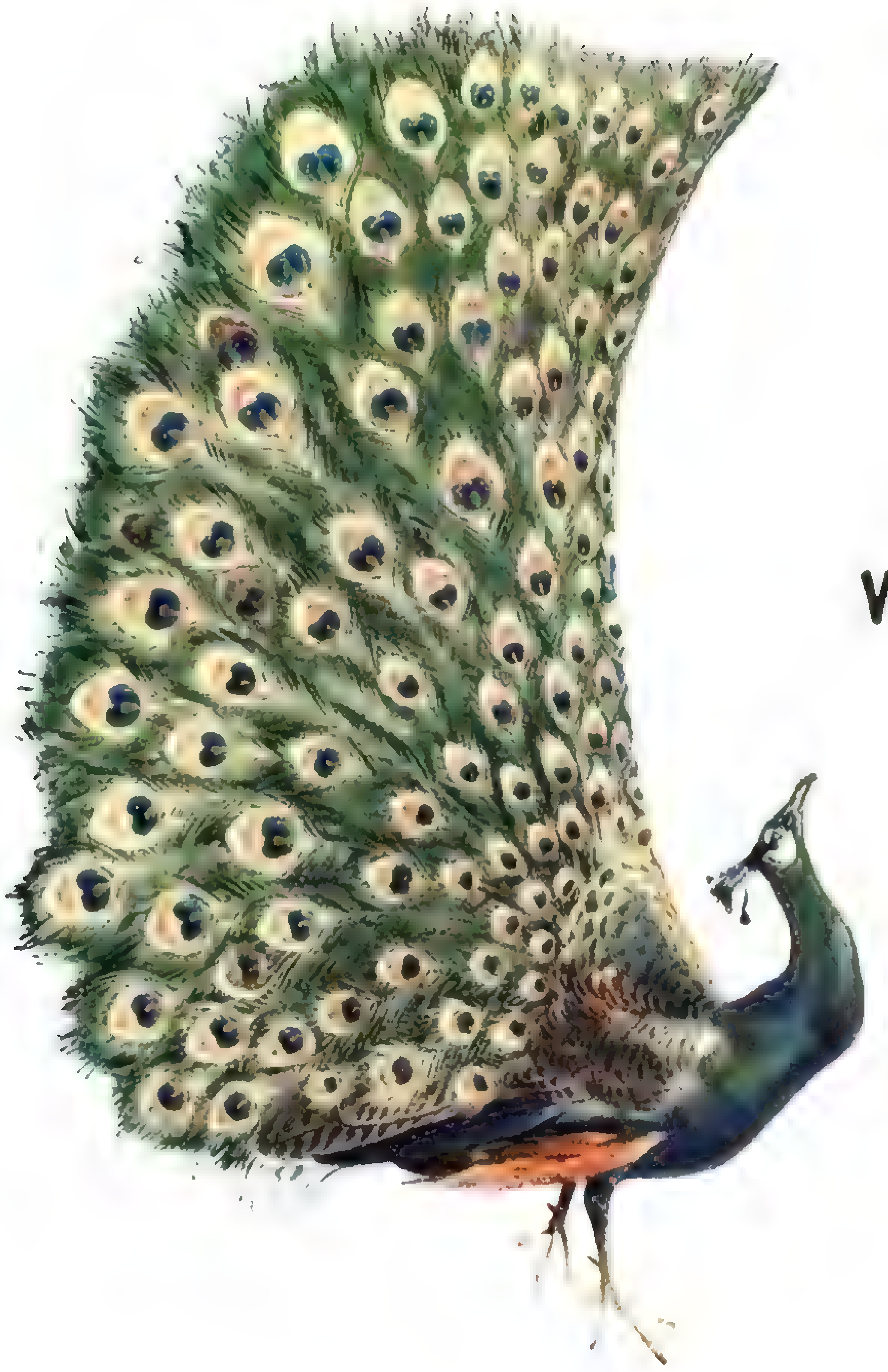
—*Fourth Air Force Clipper.*

Soldier: "All right, run along now, sonny."

Girl's Little Brother: "Sorry, bud, but sis asked me to stay around as part of her defense program."

—*Pocatello Fighter Pilot.*





At last we found some use for this upstage bird

The peacock is in many ways an exasperating bird.

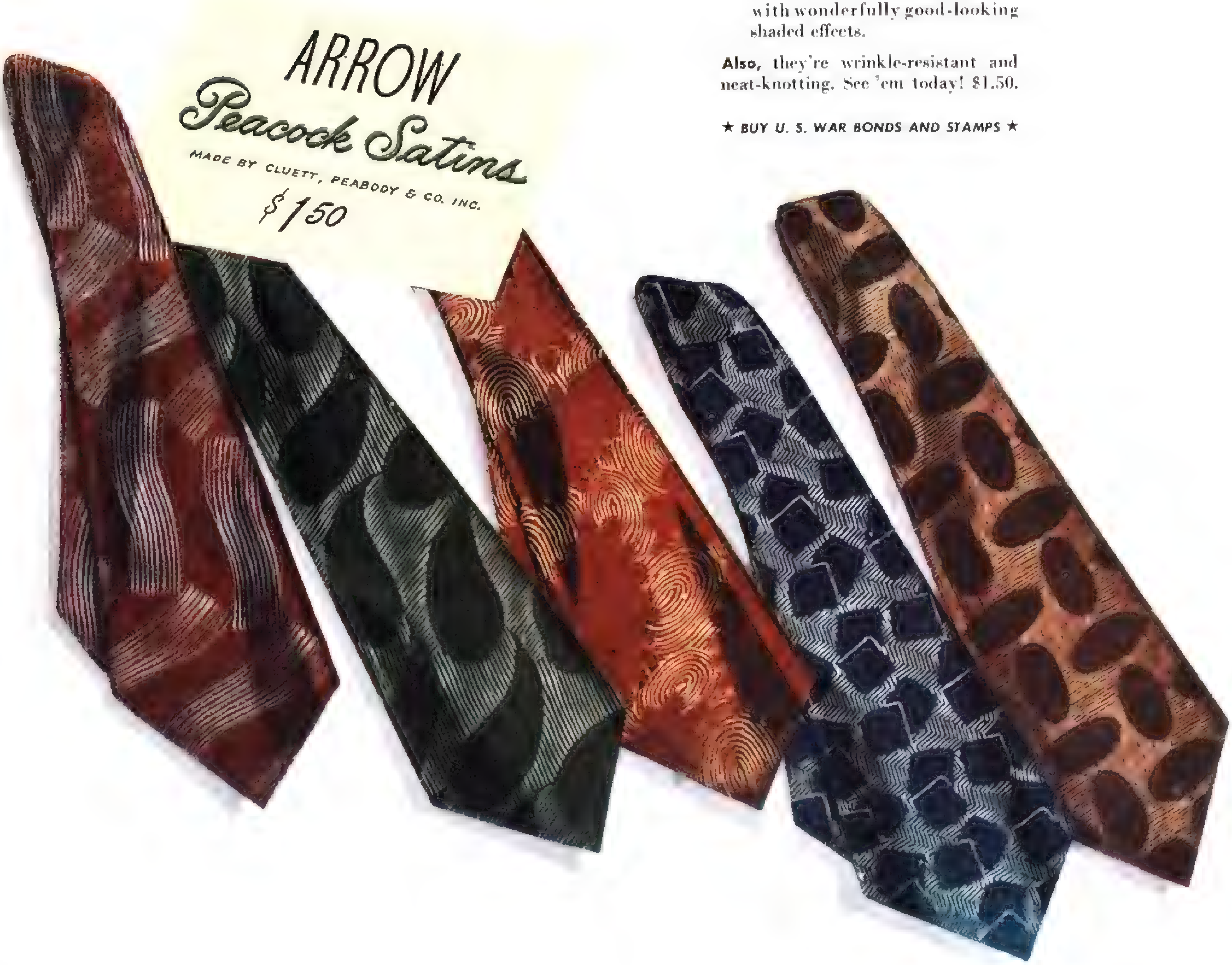
He's terribly stuck on himself. He has a bad temper. Though beautiful, he's nothing but a vain, strutting loafer.

However, we've at last found some use for his beauty. We've discovered that the designs and colors in his plumage are admirably suited to necktie patterns.

The result of this discovery is Arrow's new Peacock Satins. They're in a smooth satin weave, with wonderfully good-looking shaded effects.

Also, they're wrinkle-resistant and neat-knotting. See 'em today! $1.50.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



ARROW

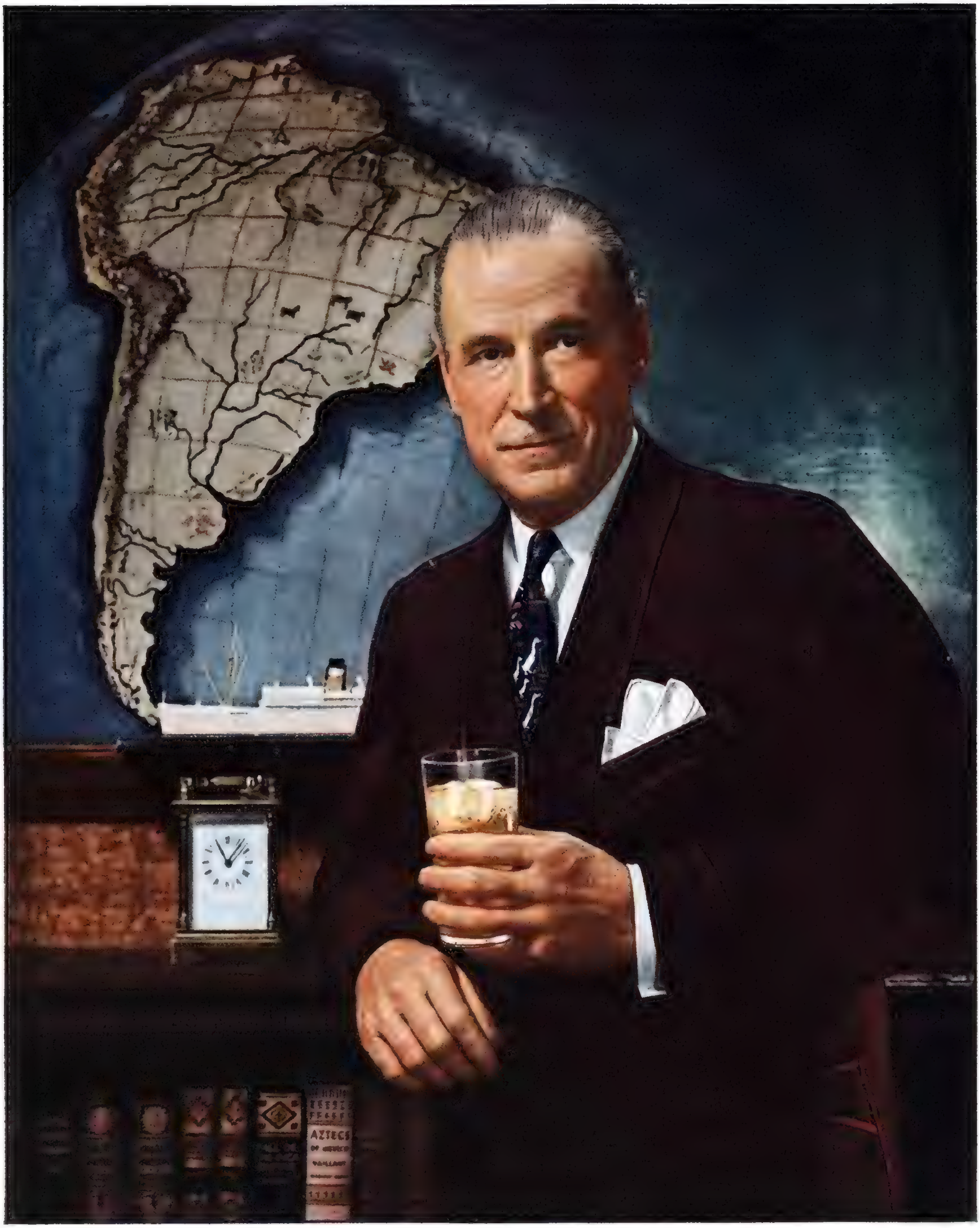
Peacock Satins

MADE BY CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC.

$1.50

For Men of Foresight...
LORD CALVERT

For many years Lord Calvert has been America's most expensive blended whiskey. It is "Custom" Blended for those who can afford the finest. So *rare*...so *smooth*...so *mellow*...it has never been produced except in *limited* quantities. Each bottle is individually numbered and registered at the Calvert distillery.



LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Botany

proves that the fabric is the soul of the clothing

BOTANY "500" OVERCOAT

TAILORED BY DAROFF

Try on a Botany "500" Overcoat. Feel the difference in the luxuriously soft and warm all-worsted fabric...revel in the comfortably generous cut...enjoy the superb Daroff styling and tailoring. You'll agree that, here, at last, is the overcoat for which you have been searching. At leading stores...from coast to coast...$55. Write for name of a dealer near you. (The suit is a Botany "500"...at $45.)

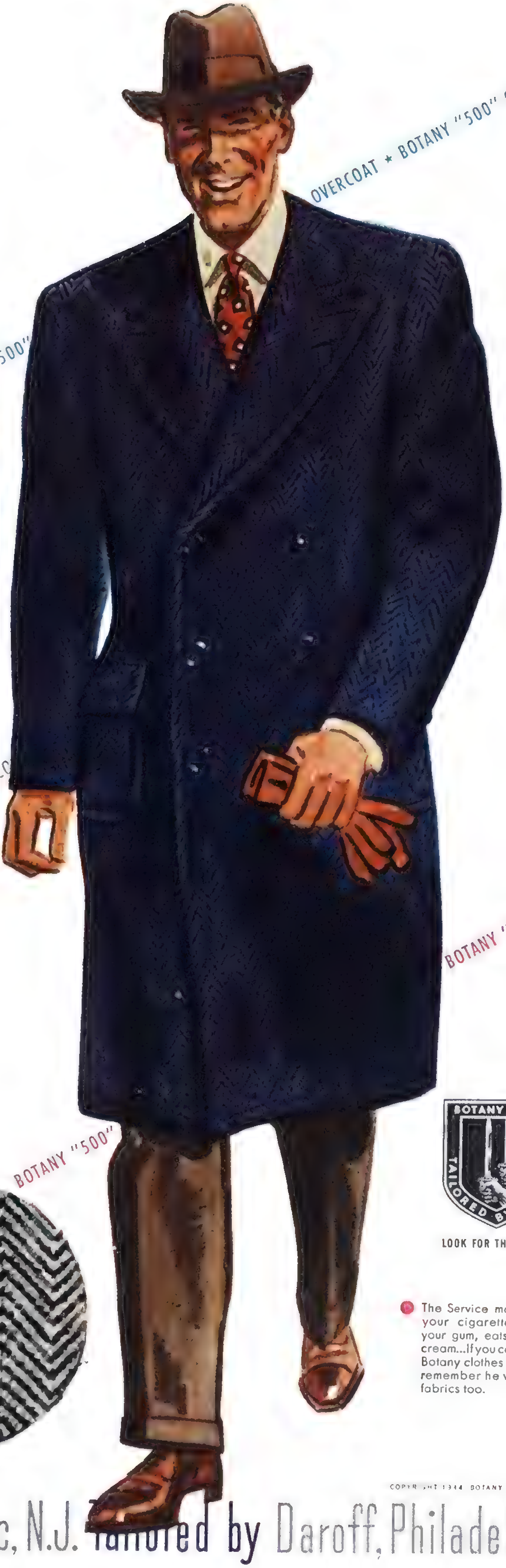
BOTANY "500" TAILORED BY DAROFF

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

● The Service man smokes your cigarettes, chews your gum, eats your ice cream...If you can't get the Botany clothes you want, remember he wears our fabrics too.

COPYRIGHT 1944 BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

Fabric by
Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, N.J. Tailored by Daroff, Philadelphia


OVERCOAT ★ BOTANY "500" OVERCOAT
BOTANY "500"
BOTANY "50
BOTANY "500" OVERCOAT ★ BOTANY "500" OVERCO
BOTANY "500" OVER
BOTANY "500"

Brentwood MIRAPACA

AMERICA'S MOST ADVERTISED SWEATER

YOU'LL LOOK BETTER IN A Brentwood SWEATER

MIRAPACA $6.
SEE OUR AD IN
COLLIERS—NOV. 18th ISSUE
FOR OTHER STYLES

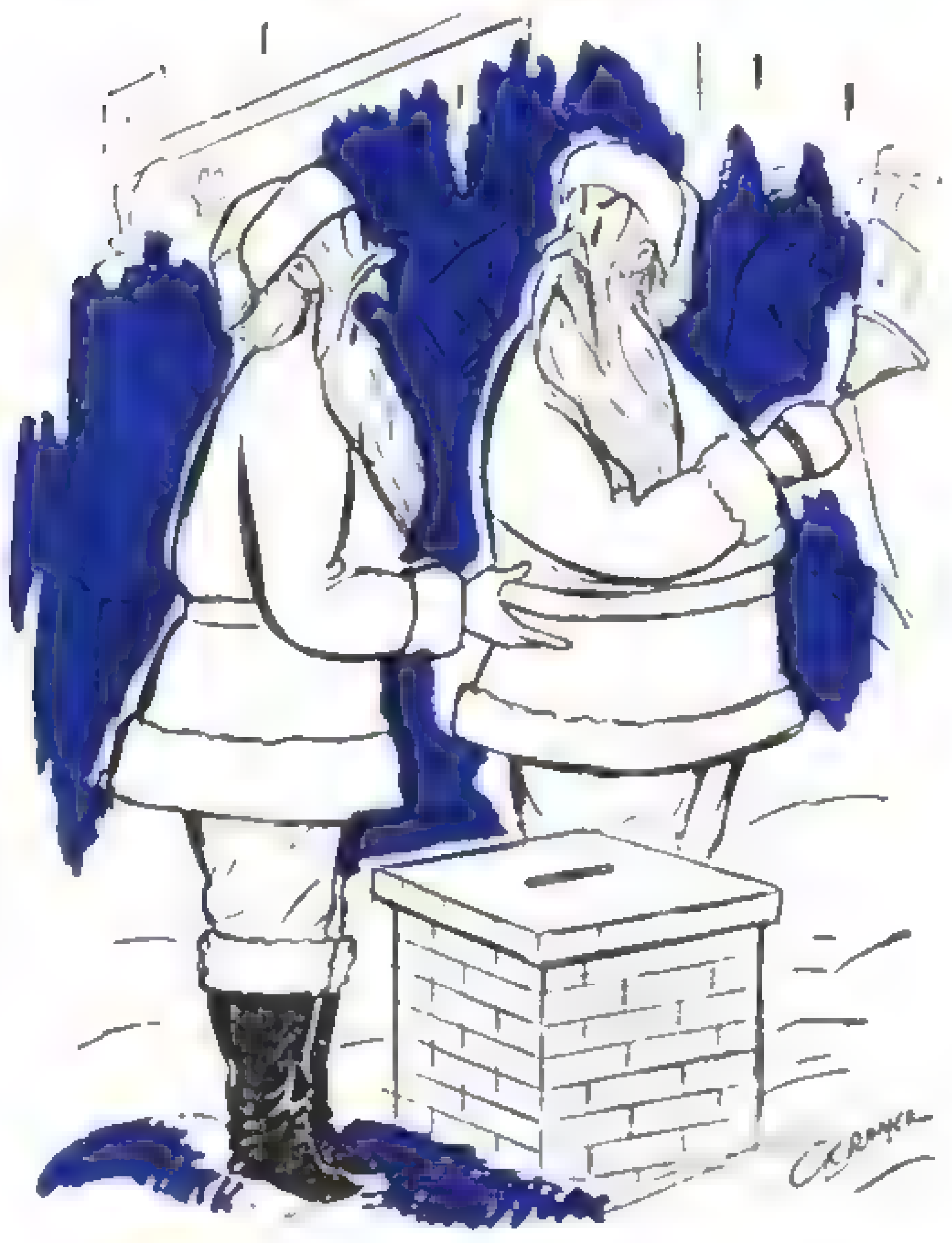
BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

This Man's World

Submitting program notes for "the falling down dance" and one way to educate the Nazis

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •



"What do you mean—union? —I belong to the Actors' Union —ain't that enough?"

Last month's mood of revelation, which led me to confess that I felt no emotion during the gyrations of a ballroom dance team, has brought to mind, and thus to light, further deficiencies in the make-up of my artistic appreciation.

I might as well admit here and now that when brought face to face with a ballet, either the serious kind where the boys and girls run around and fall down to classical and esoteric music, or the less grim variations where the parties run around and fall down to music that is not quite so highbrow, I have not the faintest idea what is going on.

Mind you, I think it is charming when a lady, dressed up in one of those things like they used to put on the end of lamb chops before the paper shortage, skates about the stage on her toes in time to the music, or when whole clouds of them sail out from the wings waving their arms. It is only when there seems to be some kind of story connected with it that I fall hopelessly behind and glance humbly at my right and left neighbors who quite obviously, from their ecstasies and expressions, understand every moment of it.

I mean I get it all right when there aren't more than two or three of them, a gal and a guy and another gal, and you can tell from the way they behave what is up with them. The guy is stuck on the number one gal, the dark one, but she isn't having any of him and keeps beating it and ducking under his arm when he gets close enough to make a pass at her, the way Benny Leonard used to do with those stiff punchers who thought they could nail the old master.

And the other gal, the blonde one, she is stuck on the guy and is chasing him, only *he* isn't having any of *her*, so he can't stay too long in one spot trying to promote the dark gal because as soon as he does the blonde one sidles over with that look on her face and the guy has to pretend he was only looking for a dime he dropped and get out of range.

This is all reasonably clear. They have to keep on the move and never let themselves get caught until the music is over, when they all can chase each other right out into the wings, because if any one of them ever catches the person he or she is chasing, that will leave one of them left over standing around with nothing to do, which is a hell of a way to end a ballet, if you ask me.

Well, as I say, I don't get into any trouble with that one, because it is a simple triangle just like *The Voice of the Turtle* and you can even turn around and remark to your neighbor, "Life is like that," with safety.

It's when they bring on the others, the guy with the long beard and the funny hat, three dames in pink, the feller with a mask over his puss, the dark gal in the black tights with the star in her hair and what seems to be a mashie-niblick in her hand, and a handful of unidentified characters wearing odd clothes, and they all start maneuvering for position that I sit back in my orchestra seat and give up.

It isn't even any use for me to read the synopsis in the program which advises, "Vaselina, the beautiful daughter of Vassily the caviar counter, is enamored of Igor the bow oar of the Volga Boatmen. But the wicked Shashlik, daughter of Nichevo, the borscht strainer, is likewise in love with Igor and, determined to have him for her very own, is adamant to the fervent pleas of Petrov, the Moujik. Petrov presses his suit, but Shashlik, who is tone deaf and doesn't like Moujik, plans to ensnare Igor, not knowing that Igor is actually in love with Irina, the beautiful dancer, who in turn is eager to wed Mischa, son of Sascha and uncle to Yascha.

"Despairing, Vaselina stabs Shashlik. Igor strangles Vassily and is in turn smothered by Nichevo. Petrov kills Irina, who is

Continued on page 170

Our drinks are coming... Hear the sparkle

NO MISTAKING the sound of drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water . . . they're so full of sparkle. "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" . . . millions of tinier bubbles . . . insures lasting liveliness.

Canada Dry Water—the world's most popular club soda—is preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. Serve Canada Dry Water in your home . . . it costs no more than ordinary mixers.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales—If you prefer a mixer with a fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

The Life of the Drink

WINTHROP SLIP-ONS
FOR GIFTED GIVING

Whether he's eighteen or eighty, he's in the market for the luxury of a pair of "wear-anywhere" Winthrops. Treat him to year 'round slipper-comfort indoors...shoe protection outdoors.

$5.50 to $9.50
(SOME HIGHER)
WINTHROP JRS. for boys $4.50 to $5.50
WRITE FOR FREE STYLE BOOKLET

SNOOZER
LOUNGER

The Style Endures
WINTHROP SHOES
Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • Saint Louis

This Man's World

Continued from page 169

avenged when Nichevo drowns Petrov. In bitter disappointment, Mischa murders Nichevo only to be choked to death by Sascha. In a fit of remorse, Yascha slays Sascha, opens his veins and dies in great agony."

This is all reasonably clear until the characters start milling about on the stage and I lose track. From then on I am baffled by the proceedings.

However, I can find an excuse for myself by admitting that this is art and maybe I am just a lowbrow. What really worries me is when I find myself equally confused by the big ballet number in the musical comedy, which is supposed to be directed to my level of intelligence.

This is the one where the participants are either carrying one another around or falling down and getting up again.

You have seen it in various forms and apparently appear to understand and enjoy it. A girl comes out on the stage dressed for warm weather. A guy in tights comes on from the opposite side, runs over, picks her up and lugs her to the far corner of the stage, when it is fairly obvious that she has a healthy pair of gams and could get there under her own power. As soon as he sets her on her feet they both fall down.

Then about a dozen gals come on dressed in something loose, sticking out their stomachs and waving their arms as though they were trying to ward off mosquitoes. They take one turn around the track and fall down.

No sooner do they hit the deck than another gang appears from another quarter doing the same thing and maybe a bunch of the boys also appear, take one look at the situation and *they* fall down, too.

By this time the guy and the gal are up and the guy is wrestling with her, apparently in a futile attempt to get her to stand on her own feet, but all she wants to do is lie down and the moment he lets her go she makes a dive for the floor and rolls around there, threshing and running her fingers through her hair.

Now another guy appears in a different kind of skintight suit, and he hits the first guy across the kisser with a flower or a paper knife or something and they both fall down. By this time the girl is up and trying to make a getaway, but quick as a flash the guys are up and grab her and just hand her back and forth to one another like she was too hot to hold for very long, which could very well be the case.

In the meantime, the other kids have been getting up and falling down all by themselves in various corners of the stage while the music gets excited. Just about that time, a whole mess of dames with black veils over their heads come sneaking on like they were trying to get away from the sheriff, form a ring-around-the-rosy with the two guys and the dame in the middle playing living statues, while the cuties do setting-up exercises. As soon as the gals with the veils finish their exercises, they fall down. They don't ever get up. They simply stay there.

The climax is a clean sweep. *Everybody* is on the down, with apparently a couple of guys stationed in the wings with rifles with orders to shoot the first one who lifts his or her noggin to take a peek. By this time the stage has become so jammed with performers that there isn't room on the floor for all of them, so some of them are draped over scenery or hanging into the orchestra pit, or piled up on top of one another three deep while the curtain comes down to thunderous applause.

I have been seeing this falling down dance for years. It always has a different name. Sometimes it is called *Ballet Mécanique* or *Love's Disillusionment* or *A Night in the Ford Assembly Plant* or *Prometheus and the Lion* or *The Spirit of 1963* or maybe *Vive la France*, but no matter what it is called, it is always the same thing, and I simply don't get it. I just don't know what the hell they are driving at. Do you?

Anecdote

I heard this in New York, from a little man in a Bar and Grill, where the discussion seemed to be centering around Germans and how thickheaded they were and hard to convince.

The little man who had a cockney accent, which I shall not try to reproduce, said that all Krauts he had ever met had heads like concrete, but that it was possible for them to get the hang of an idea once in a while, and gave as an instance the time the chief steward of the *S.S. Queen Elizabeth*, with whom he seemed to be personally acquainted, had become mildly irritated.

It seems that a long while ago when Rommel's Afrika Korps had folded up, the *Elizabeth* went around and collected three or four thousand prisoners to take them on a journey they had expected to make in a different manner.

Well, the Nazis came on board. They were then still a cocky and arrogant lot and refused to believe they were on the *Queen Elizabeth*. They said it was impossible that it was the *Elizabeth*, because the *Elizabeth* had been sunk. Their officers had told them so.

There was one particular Nazi, a nasty bit of work, who kept insisting the whole thing was British propaganda. The Germans had sunk the *Elizabeth* and the British had built another ship just like it.

The chief, who was a mild-mannered man, tried to point out that it was impossible to build a ship of that size in a year, but the Heinie kept on saying, "Lies... all lies. We know she is sunk!"

It began to work on the chief, who loved his ship with a passion

Continued on page 172

save your breath, young man
RBW

say NOEL, NOEL with beautifully packaged

COSMETICS and PERFUME by Germaine Monteil

When friends get together over the holidays
—you'll be seeing us.
Cordially yours,
Nuyens
NUYENS
CREME DE CACAO CHUAO
NUYENS APRICOT Liqueur
NUYENS Triple Sec
Curacao Triple Orange
NUYENS Creme de Menthe

Creme de Cacao—60 proof

Apricot—60 proof

NUYENS
Liqueurs

... blended in America to treasured French formulae for perfection in flavor, body and aroma.

Triple Sec—80 proof

Creme de Menthe 60 proof

Distributed exclusively by
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

This Man's World

Continued from pages 169-170

that only sailors can understand, and after a while he found himself growing edgy. He was English and sporting and all that, but this bloody thick Nazi insisting that his ship no longer existed began keeping him awake nights.

So after a while he got an idea. In the great main hall of the *Elizabeth* there is a staging at one end and into it has been worked a gigantic replica of the coat of arms of Her Majesty, Elizabeth, Queen of England.

The next work party that was formed saw the loud-mouthed Nazi and his most vociferous supporters put to work cleaning that coat of arms. They cleaned it from morning to night. They cleaned it for days, inch by inch, until they must have seen it in their dreams. They crawled up to the top and down the sides and when it was gleaming and spotless, they did it all over again.

Many days later, the chief casually asked the Nazi to tell him the story of the sinking of the *Queen Elizabeth* again.

"You go to the devil," the Kraut snarled, "We'll sink you yet . . ."

The chief slept that night.

Author

Noel Busch, the *Life* correspondent, better known as the rich man's Ernie Pyle, has written a book of considerable charm entitled *My Unconsidered Judgment*, which is a record of his wartime wanderings written in the manner of a sophisticated and faintly weary Princetonite who does not propose to have you catch him being agog at any of the material encountered in his travels through Africa and the South Pacific. I recommend it as a considerable relief from the bombs-to-the-left-of-us-bombs-to-the-right-of-us style of war books.

I knew Mr. Busch when. In the dear departed days when I was sports editor of the *Daily News* I hired him as a sports writer. His tenure was fraught with considerable unease, but much joy and fine, original writing.

There was, for instance, the time I sent him up to New Haven to cover football practice at Yale and he described the aspiring members of the team as appearing to him like a group of amiable thugs. I was forced to print the piece because of its merits, but subsequent reporters I sent to New Haven found themselves barred from the campus. It seems the Yale men were sensitive.

The weariness of Mr. Busch is not a pose. He was born relaxed. He is a long, thin drink of water who moves about in a kind of dream world and in constant conflict against yielding to the poetry that animates his mind. His favorite attitude is to be collapsed limply in sections in a deep chair with his feet up on something, and his reply when requested to undertake an assignment invariably is a sigh of deep exhaustion followed by, "Well, gah dam it, maybe that makes some sense . . ."

The last physical report I had from my former employe came from another ex-hired hand, Lieutenant Jack Miley of the Navy who used to write boxing for me and is now stationed on an island somewhere in the South Pacific.

Miley reported that Busch had come slouching into his station wearing a pair of old pants, sneakers and an ancient shirt open at the neck. He had no credentials, having lost all his papers enroute somewhere. He wasn't perturbed. He merely said, "Gah dam it, Jack, *you* know me. What more do you want?"

Busch was trying to get on up to the front. Miley introduced him to a captain who was taking a ship up in that direction. The captain took one look at Noel, shook his head sadly and said, "He'll never make it . . ."

Busch's first assignment in our sports department was to fly from New York to Atlanta with Willie Stribling, the prize fighter-pilot, in Willie's crate, and describe his experiences, should he survive. Willie was light heavyweight contender at the time and prone to do weird things with planes.

Noel, already a boy of intrepid courage, completed the assignment and upon his return handed in an expense account that included railroad fare, meals on train, porter tips and sundries of travel from New York to Atlanta.

I said, "Look, Noel, we expect some small chiseling on the swindle sheet, but for heaven's sake bring some imagination to it. We have just printed a story describing your airplane flight with Young Stribling and then you turn in an expense sheet calling for train fare. You'll never get by Iron Mike the auditor with that one."

He studied the sheet and drawled, "Gah dam it, I guess that makes sense. When we got to Atlanta, I sent my suit out to be pressed. When it came back all my dough was gone out of the pockets. I thought I ought to get it back some way . . ."

And then there was the time I sent him to the six-day bike races at Madison Square Garden to write a descriptive piece about what the place was like during the wee small hours between five a.m. and eight. He turned in one of the best pieces of sports prose ever published. Rumor reached me that he had never been near the Garden, but had remained holed up in a near-by speak-easy during those early morning hours.

When I asked him whether it were true he said, "Well, gah dam it, yes! The idea for the piece was such a good one it seemed a shame to take a chance on lousing it up with facts . . ."

He was my favorite sports writer.

Yuletide Greeting

Merry Christmas, kids. ##

Elastic's back in Santa's pack

Santa's showing off his new ALL ELASTIC Paris Garters and Suspenders and to be doubly secure—a fine leather Paris Belt. Be a happy Santa, too. Head your shopping list with Paris Garters, Suspenders, Belts. Remember—Paris is Tops in style . . quality . . value. Say Merry Christmas with Paris. A Stein & Company, Chicago · New York · Los Angeles · Toronto.

PARIS GARTERS • SUSPENDERS • BELTS

Mysticum
PERFUME
The Mystery of Flowers
MYSTICUM
Scherk

...most famous of Scherk creations... truly a masterpiece of the perfumer's art... a skillful blend of twenty-eight precious flower oils... producing a rare fragrance that is strangely different on every woman.

$20. to $1.25.

SCHERK
NEW YORK

RENAISSANCE Perfume ✣ ARABIAN NIGHTS Perfume

Perspective on Popularity

Taking the long view of such popular amusement as picture magazines, swing, movies, radio

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

"Mr. Jones, I want you to meet Miss Smith—my wife's best friend"

According to present plans, a theatrical entertainment called *The Seven Lively Arts* will be presented in New York by Billy Rose at the time this report is printed. No less than five separate individuals have asked me whether I "get anything out of it" since the title is an invention of my own; and two or three citizens want to know whether I have anything to do with it. The answer is that Mr. Rose has once or twice told me what he intended to do, once asked my advice, but I don't imagine he's taken it (still he had no pantomimists in his first lineup, and now has announced the Hartmans, so I have not lived in vain). Although there is no copyright in titles, Mr. Rose is not a pirate; the use of the title is with my consent.

So, having friendly feelings, but no engrossing interest in the business, I find this an enviable opportunity for looking back not on a book, but on an idea or two; and looking forward, with interest that is undiluted, to what the popular arts of the post-war world will be.

From the testimony of soldiers, I can assure you that swing is going to be the master art, or craze, or dominant after the war; and from the testimony of young people under military age, I foresee ballet as a remarkably fruitful and popular field, also a fashionable one, I am afraid. Let me tell you a little more about soldiers and swing.

You may have noticed that right after the first push of the Normandy invasion, there was a lull.

This worried the military analysts, but it didn't worry me; I knew why the American Army had slowed up. It was because every single soldier and noncom was writing me a furious letter about my mild little piece on swing. Sometimes I was called pretty dirty names; the consensus was, as one lad expressed it, that I would do well to keep my classical nose out of what I didn't know anything about. Incidentally, I didn't, and don't, and won't say that all swing sounds alike. I said that a vast lot of improvisation has no relation to the starting point and that all but the top men repeat themselves and imitate one another.

And all the specialists in hot music who revere the old days say exactly the same: to them the twenties were terrific: the forties are old and sad and only a few great men are left. I think this running down of the present, this hunting out of old records, this constant assumption that the moment a man becomes popular he's bad—I think that's bunk, too.

Now to draw a circle around the next bit and approach the subject of popularity from another side, I want to mutter a grim warning that I'm not taking any sass from anyone about what I said in the twenties about Whiteman being the best of the jazz bandmen.

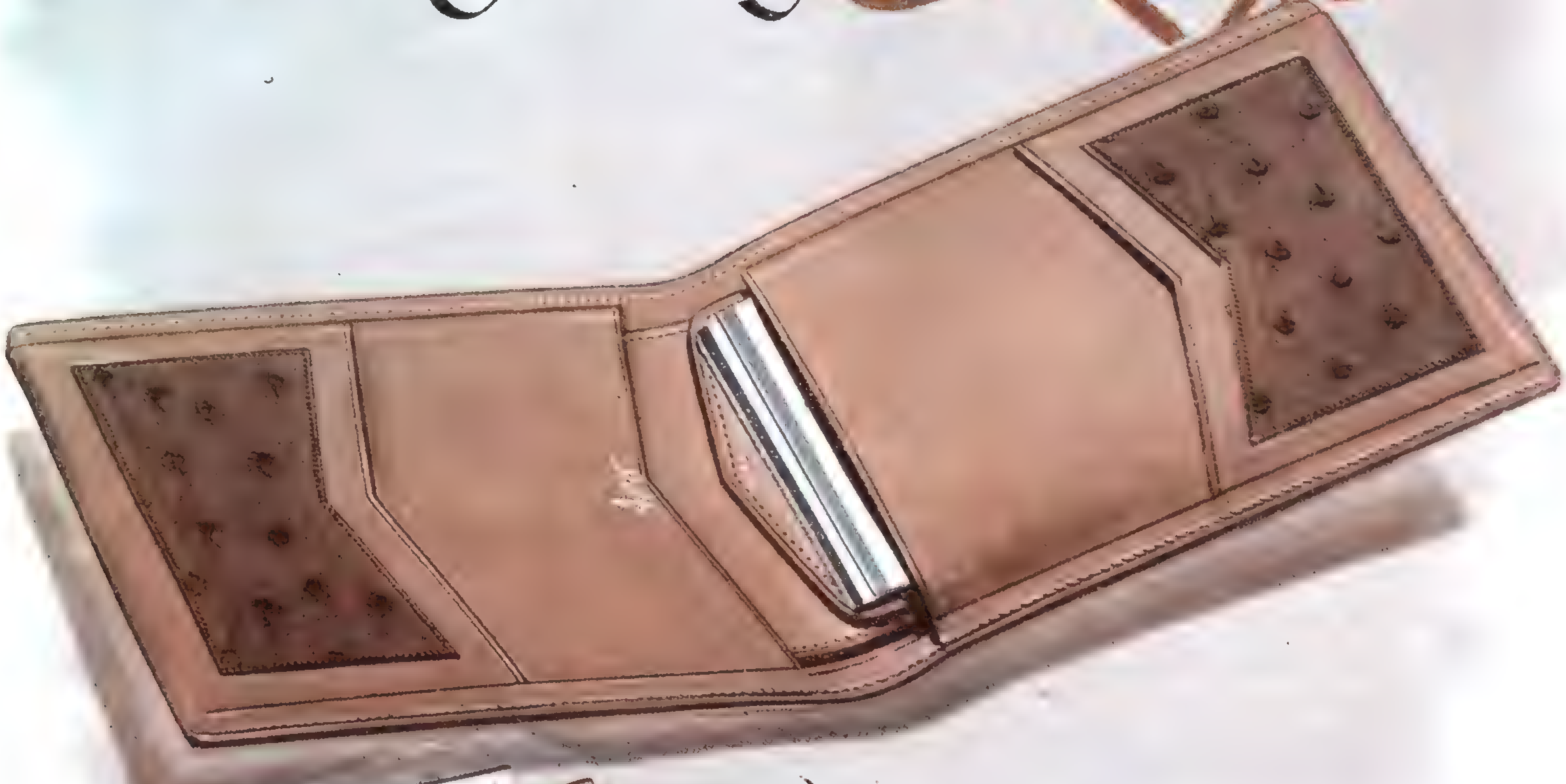
Paul Eduard Miller has given me hell in these very pages because in 1923 I said: "nowhere is the failure of the Negro to exploit his gifts more obvious than in the use he has made of the jazz orchestra." And he says that this was at the time when such Negroes as King Oliver, Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds were making some of the finest recordings in jazz history, and men like Erskine Tate and Doc Cooke were "leading large orchestras which boasted some of the greatest soloists of the day." I had said that "no Negro has yet come up to the level of the best white ones."

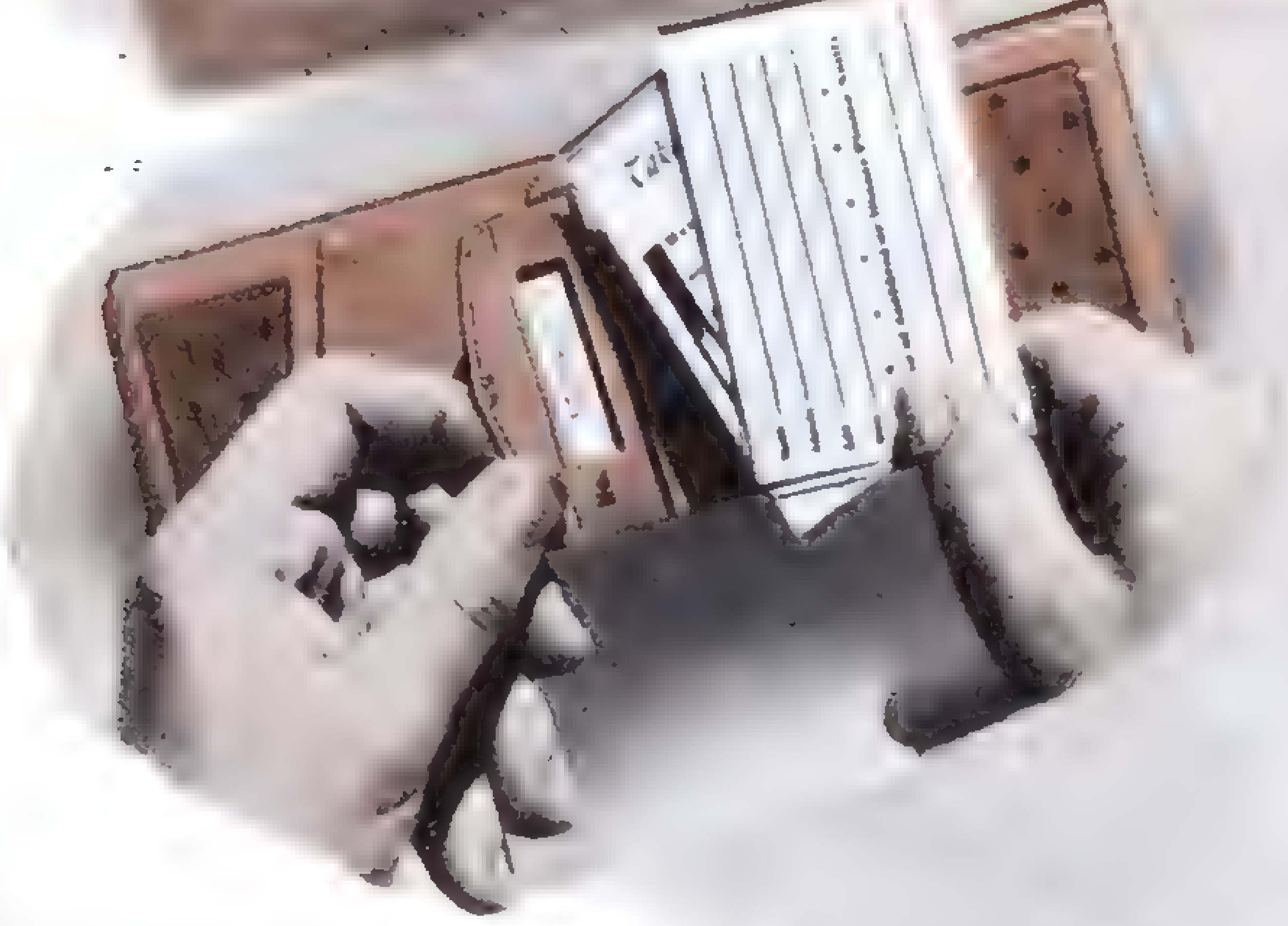
My friends, according to the history books (and articles in Esquire), the *middle* of the 1920's was when Chicago underwent a "gigantic upheaval of musical lava"—it was then that Armstrong and Oliver and Bix Beider-

Continued on page 176

For the man who appreciates the finer things in life . . . .

. . . a billfold by Rolfs





With the Rolfs "Director" Multiple Pass Case feature, there's no need to hand over your entire billfold when presenting identification.

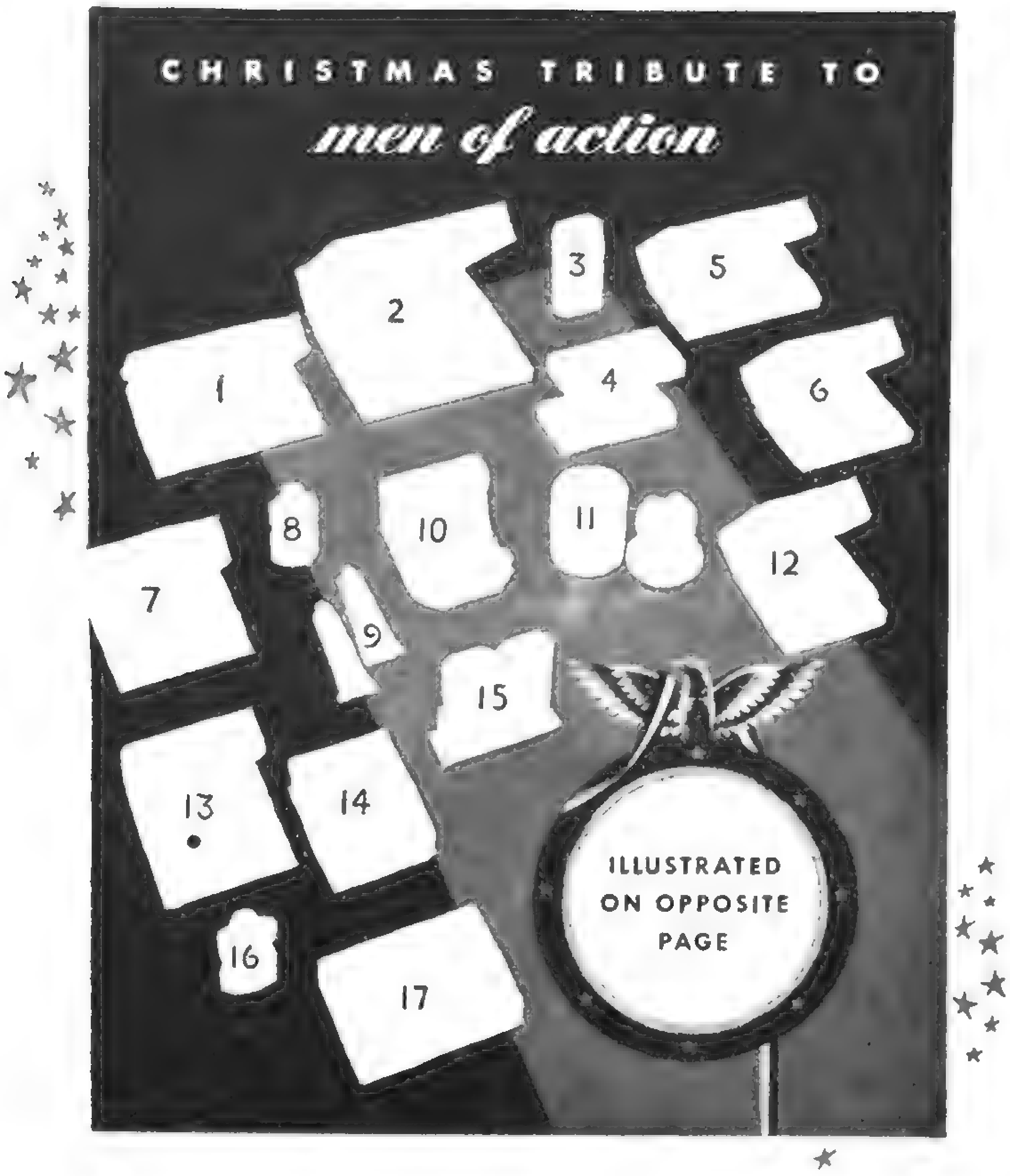
Rolfs "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD

One of the most distinguished examples of the billfold craftsman's art, the Rolfs "Director" combines the supple beauty of truly fine leather with eight practical features. Shining examples of those features: Secret Currency Pocket, Spare Key Holders, Sliding Card Pocket for Multiple Pass Cases. In a variety of fine leathers, from $3.50 to $25.00, plus tax.

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES BY . . . Rolfs

WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE NAME IS ROLFS . . . AT BETTER SHOPS FROM COAST TO COAST



1. *Present Perfect:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Shaving Stick and After-Shave Powder	$2.65
2. *Master Gift Set:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, Scalp Stimulant, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and After-Shave Powder	$4.85
3. *Eau de Cologne,* decanter	$2.50 and $4.00
4. *Men's Soap:* De Luxe box of three cakes	75c
5. *Gift Package:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Men's Soap and After-Shave Powder	$2.25
6. *Partners:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and Shaving Bowl	$2.00
7. *Shaving Duet:* Shaving Bowl and After-Shave Powder	$2.20
8. *Lenthéric Men's Shampoo:*	80c
9. *Lenthéric Shaving Cream,* Lather or Brushless, each	50c
10. *"Overnight" Kit:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne and After-Shave Powder	$1.50
11. *"The Three Musketeers":* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne and After-Shave Powder	$1.95
12. *Shaving Surprise:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and After-Shave Powder	$2.00
13. *Gift Box:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion and Shaving Stick	$1.65
14. *Gift Presentation* (closed)	
15. *Two Decanter Set:* After-Shave Lotion and "Tanbark" Cologne	$5.00
16. *Eau de Cologne,* flacon	80c
17. *Travel Kit* in genuine leather, black or brown: Fitted with Shaving Stick, After-Shave Powder and After-Shave Lotion	$3.10

All Shaving Soap, After-Shave Powder and Shaving Sticks in wood containers.

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

Gifts FOR MEN IN EVERY SERVICE

LENTHÉRIC

Perspective on Popularity

Continued from page 174

becke were heard. If Morton and Zutty Singleton were making the night beautiful in distant places before 1923, certainly only a few explorers had heard of them. And I was writing about bands that were *enormously popular* in 1922 and '23. (As for Negroes, I also was paying my respects to Jimmy Johnston and Jim Europe and *Shuffle Along* and *Runnin' Wild*.)

The odd thing is that the enthusiasts for swing today are just as obtuse to the base idea as the enemies of jazz were in the '20's. It was popularity that I was analyzing; to find an obscure trumpeter better than a famous one, to find a saxophonist who would become popular ten years after, was no more my job than to "discover" that T. S. Eliot was more profound than Eddie Guest. I did, I confess, write a lot about the popular artists whom I enjoyed the most; but it was still their popularity, not my liking, that made them important.

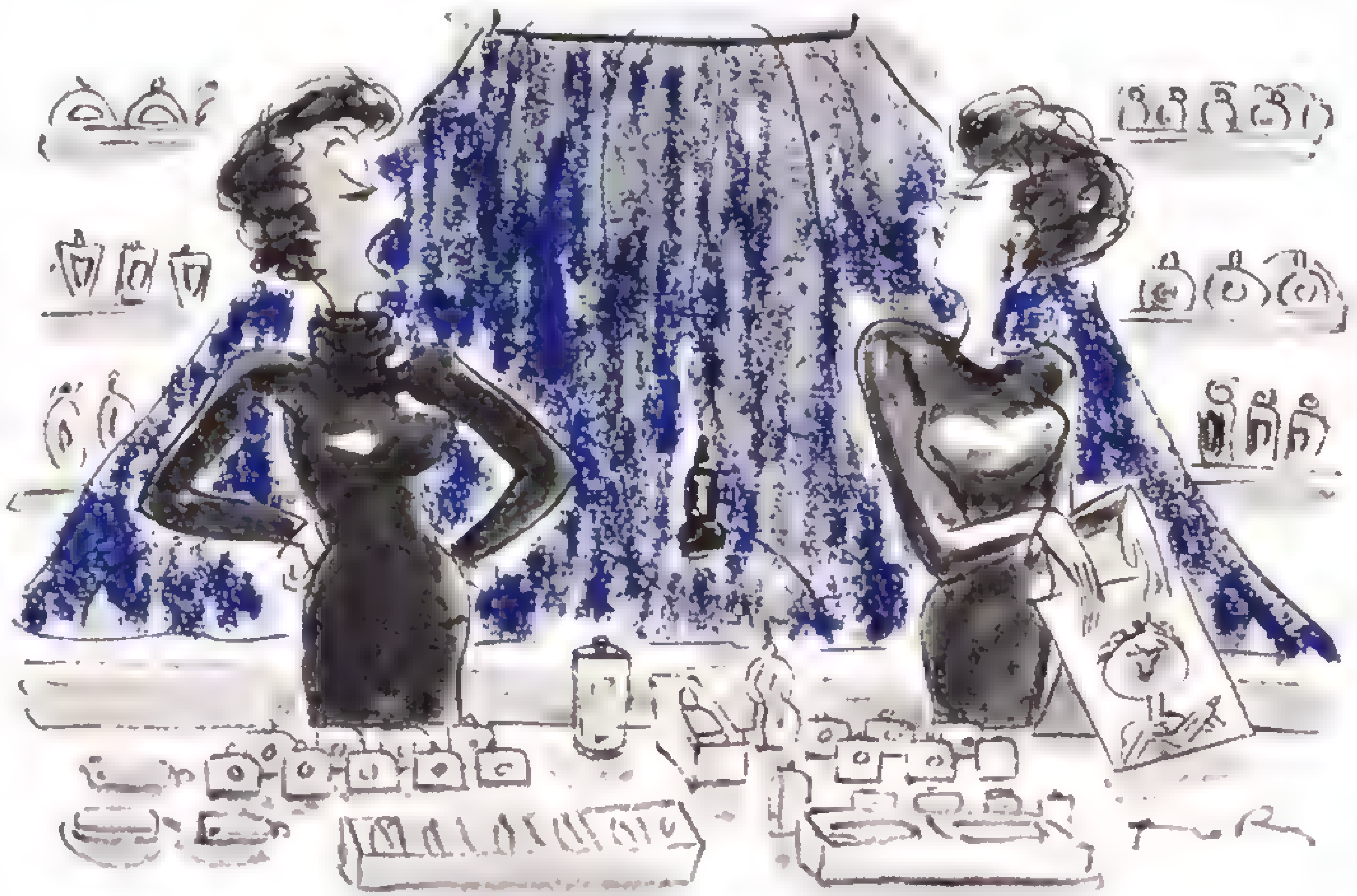
Now, looking back on it, I think there's a vast work to be done; I'm aware of everything I left out. (Some of the omissions I've made up, I hope, in Esquire.) I seemed brash and boastful about the enchanting people I represented, but actually I was timid. It never occurred to me that the popular arts were supremely important; I didn't foresee that when the next war came (and I didn't foresee the war, either) the popular forms of entertainment would be our surest communication to people. I thought the movies were wonderful; I didn't understand that a civilization would be based on them. And (let the swingsters munch on this) in 1922 I wasn't aware of the radio.

I find now that most intellectuals are indulgent to the popular arts; they admit that they go to see a movie occasionally; they still prefer sententious and foreign films; they still think of entertainment as delicate, intellectual, noble (although why they do, after they have lived through the theatre of today, is a mystery). They are discovering the possibilities of radio, usually concentrating on the exceptions and the ideologists, forgetting the Allens and Bennys and Brices.

And, on the other side, the popular artists have become a tiny bit self-conscious; not enough to do much harm, enough to make them critical of themselves. A lot —maybe too much—popular art is mixed up with billions of dollars (even a good musical show costs a lot of money, and you can't be prankish with movie or radio budgets). This makes for a high degree of proficiency; watch Kostelanetz rehearsing a new number for his radio show and you see an utter perfectionist; look at the setup of lighting for a single movie shot, and while you may think its technology runs amuck, the results will be right.

Gradually the scope of popular interest increases. It is popular for a popular medium to move entirely into another field, as the illustrated magazine or picture paper has done; for these began in the 1860's as tremendously popular and (as they said in England about Northcliffe's *Mirror*) for those who couldn't read; they ran through several phases until now your basic picture magazines like *Look* and *Life* are handling serious problems, using cheesecake to draw attention to higher mathematics. The use of radio for holding general morale at a good level has been successful because all the methods of suspense and shock have been put to the service of information and appeal.

The Army and, I believe, the Navy, too, have developed new ways of teaching. Immediate, if superficial, awareness was what was needed: the basic hundred words, the path through this jungle—not the literature or the geography of a continent. These new methods of quicker comprehension may in turn teach us something about popularity. For it is possible that here, too, we have just begun to fight. It is possible that more things are popular than were ever dreamed of, even in my philosophy. #

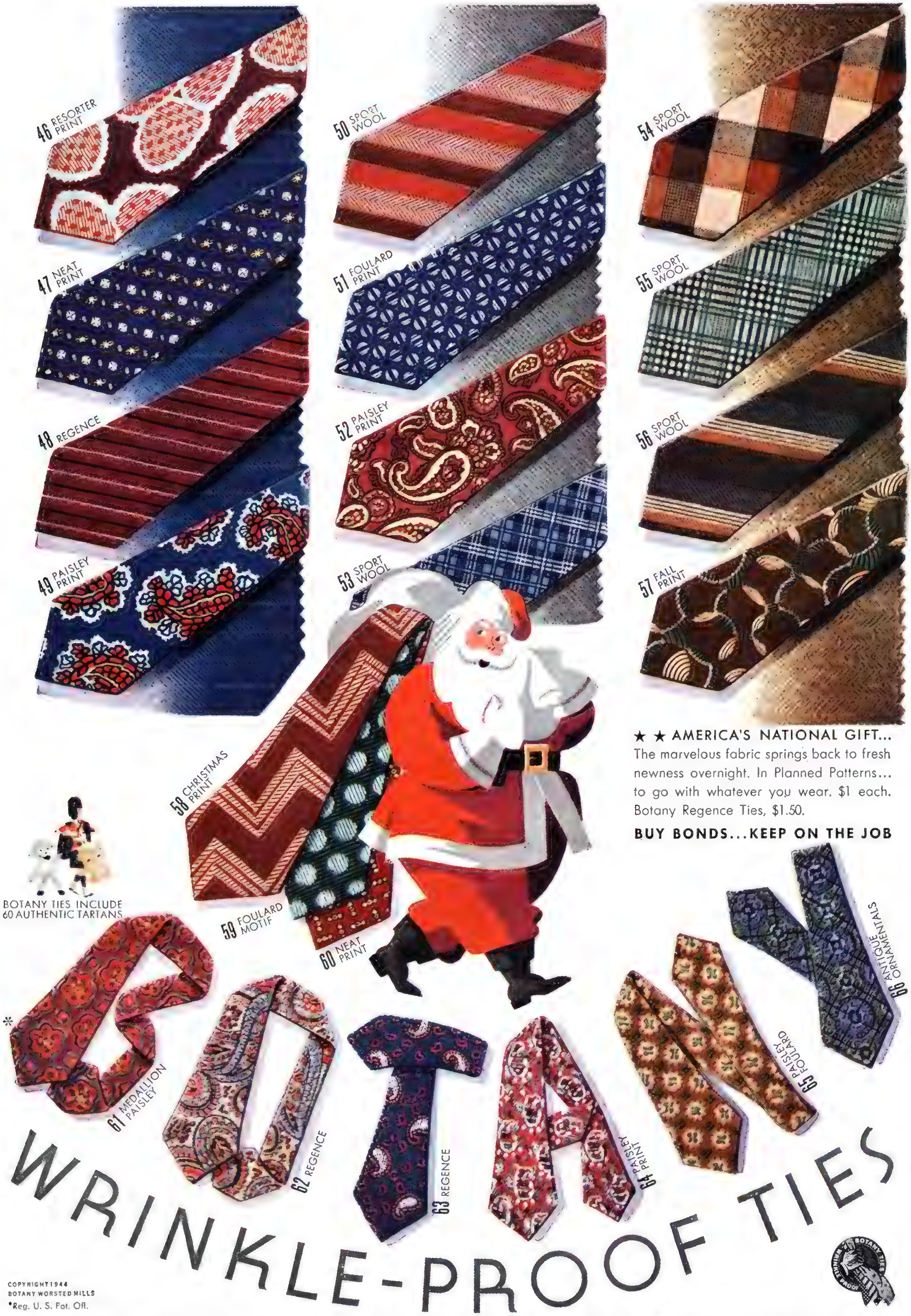


"Say, to whom do you think you are speaking— a customer?"

CHRISTMAS TRIBUTE TO

men of action

LENTHERIC BRUSHLESS CREAM
LENTHERIC LATHER CREAM
MEN'S LOTION
Gifts
FOR MEN IN EVERY SERVICE
LENTHÉRIC


46 RESORTER PRINT
47 NEAT PRINT
48 REGENCE
49 PAISLEY PRINT
50 SPORT WOOL
51 FOULARD PRINT
52 PAISLEY PRINT
53 SPORT WOOL
54 SPORT WOOL
55 SPORT WOOL
56 SPORT WOOL
57 FALL PRINT
58 CHRISTMAS PRINT
59 FOULARD MOTIF
60 NEAT PRINT
BOTANY TIES INCLUDE 60 AUTHENTIC TARTANS
*
BOTANY
61 MEDALLION PAISLEY
62 REGENCE
63 REGENCE
64 PAISLEY PRINT
65 PAISLEY FOULARD
66 ANTIQUE ORNAMENTALS
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
BOTANY TIES WRINKLE PROOF

★ ★ AMERICA'S NATIONAL GIFT... The marvelous fabric springs back to fresh newness overnight. In Planned Patterns... to go with whatever you wear. $1 each. Botany Regence Ties, $1.50.

BUY BONDS...KEEP ON THE JOB

COPYRIGHT 1944
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, Passaic, N. J. • Ties • No-Dye-Lot Yarns • Robes • Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics • "500" Suit • Lanolin Cosmetics • Certified Fabrics

Mexican War heroes gave Mallory's furry beaver their vote.

In 1865 returning soldiers blossomed up into this new Mallory.

After they defeated the Sioux, Mallory's slouch welcomed our returning heroes.

Quite the mode after the Spanish-American War was Mallory's derby.

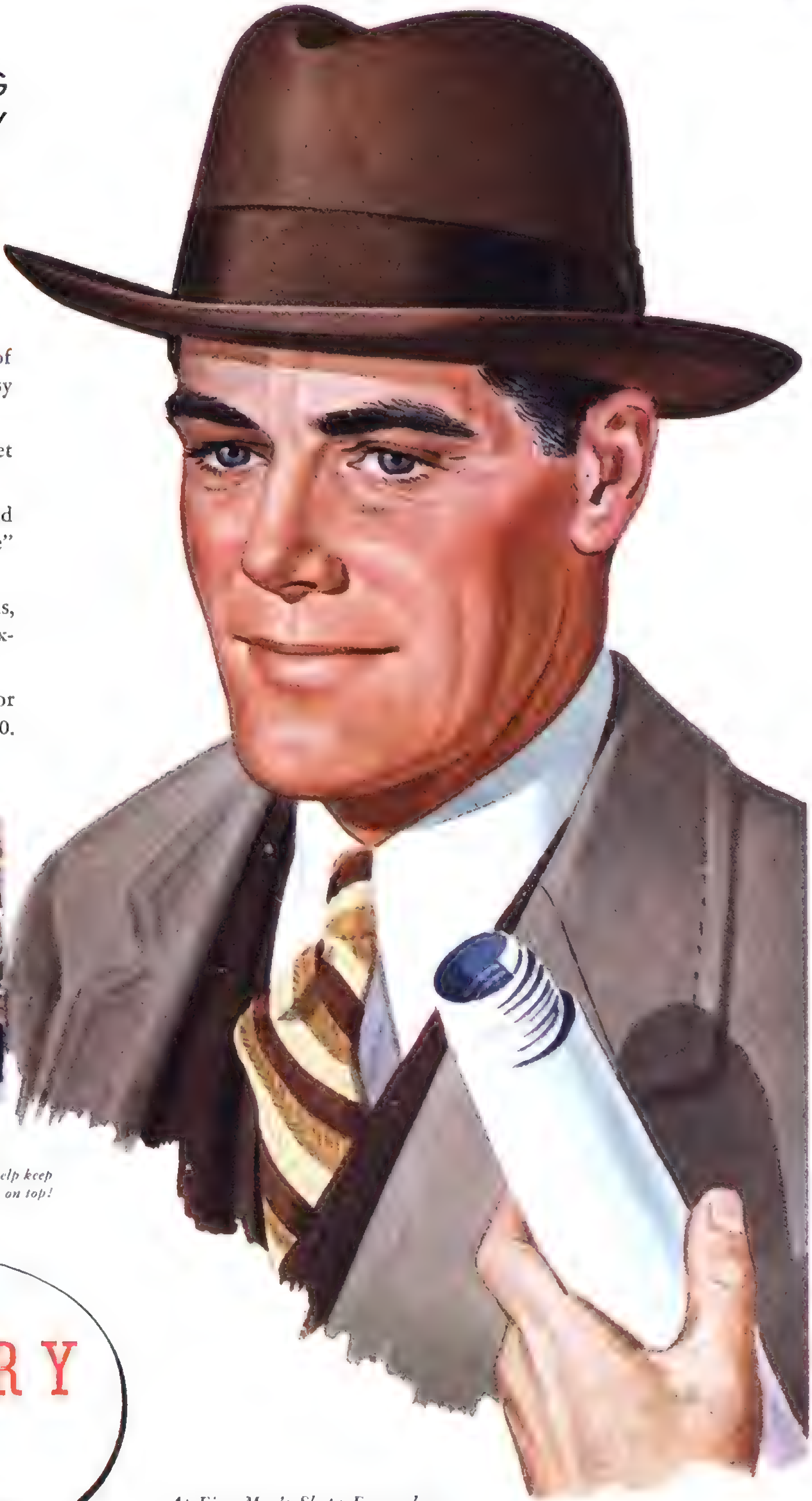
In 1918 when victorious Yanks marched home, this Mallory made the headlines.

FIRST THING THEY DO AFTER VICTORY– *Since 1823*

FOR MEN PRODUCING THE GOODS FOR VICTORY

THE MALLORY

Executive



One most important factor of success is the *look* of success. That's why men producing the goods – busy executives – choose this smart, new Mallory.

You'll *like it for the way it looks* – its smart yet conservative lines, its easy dignity.

You'll *like it for the way it fits* – so pliable and perfectly proportioned you'll "feel right at home" even the first day.

You'll *like it for its lasting smartness.* Soft as chamois, result of Mallory's Pliafelt process, it has that luxurious resilience of costly pre-war imports.

Tailored bound-edged brim may be worn up or snapped. Choice of newest Mallory Fall colors. $10.

Other Mallory Styles up to Fifteen Dollars.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place . . . on top!

MALLORY *hats*

STYLE LEADERS FOR 121 YEARS

At Fine Men's Shops Everywhere

Wherever smart accessories are seen...

Remember always to ask for "ELGIN AMERICAN" when you want the finest in compacts, cigarette cases, dresser sets. Featured by leading department and jewelry stores everywhere.

ELGIN AMERICAN . . . ELGIN, ILLINOIS

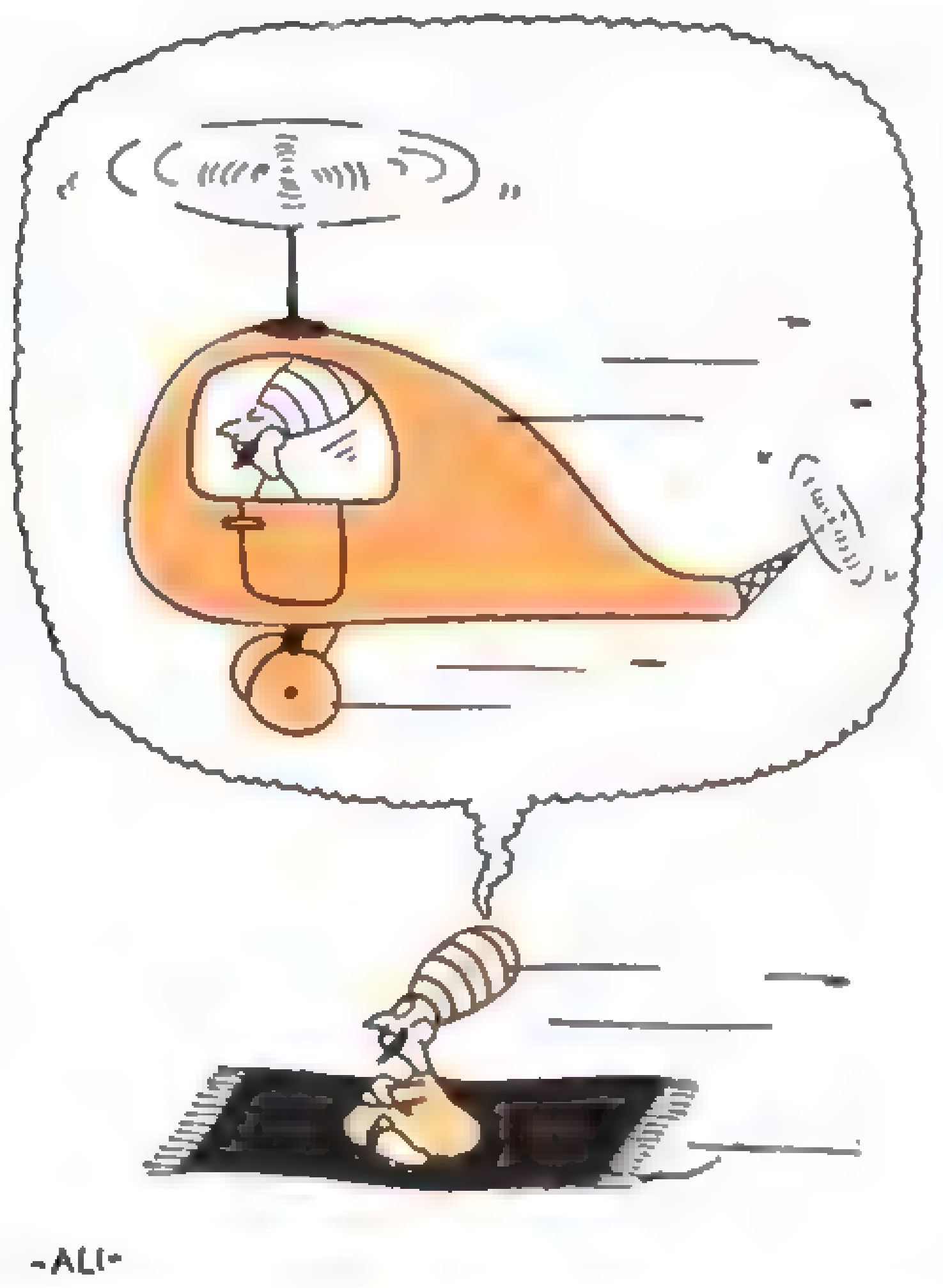
Elgin American COMPACTS

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Recalling such immortal hams as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Anna Held and the Cherry Sisters

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •



THE history of the American stage includes a ripe number of performers who have achieved eminence through relatively the same means as have served champion pie eaters, flagpole sitters and long-distance spitters. This should not, however, be regarded as given to too much aspersion, since say what you will it also takes talent, of a sort, to negotiate several gross of pies, especially such as are inoculated with aniseed and coconut; to squat atop a wooden pole for a month, when everyone appreciates the discomfort of sitting on a baseball bleachers for a mere hour without getting up to stretch; or to master the art of expectoration to the point where one can hit a spittoon or Prohibition candidate for Congress in the next lot.

The fact albeit remains that, talent aside, the players in question have acquired for themselves a species of enduring, if peculiar, fame which has been withheld from any number of their colleagues admittedly far more gifted and that they probably will be remembered, particularly in the barrooms and other such haunts of mankind *in nubibus*, long after their aforesaid colleagues are forgotten.

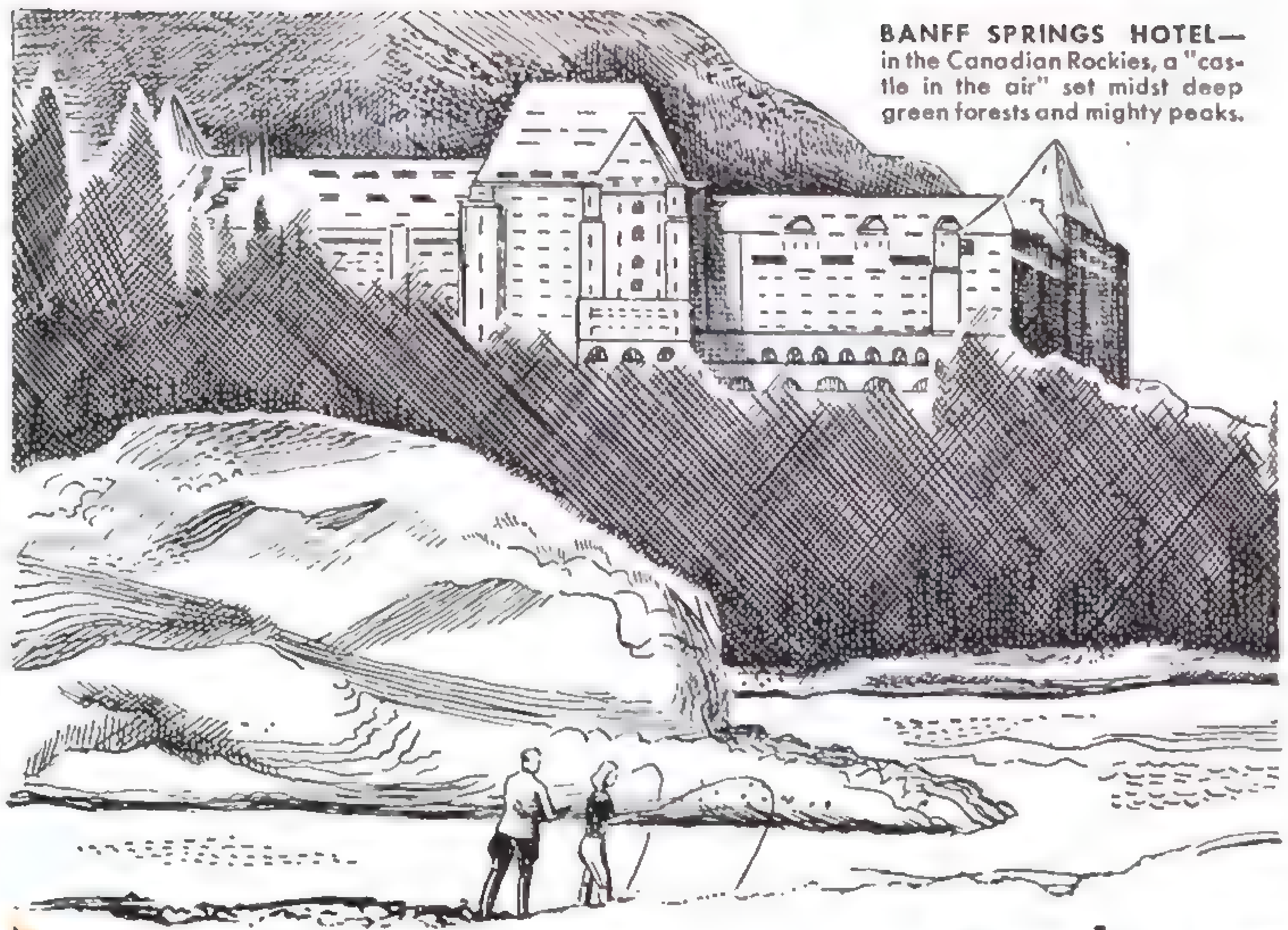
Even old-timers who today cannot for the life of them remember such actresses as, say, Nellie McHenry, Kate McLaurin and Effie Germon, haven't the slightest difficulty in recalling, for example, the Cherry Sisters. And if either talent or beauty were the issue, the offspring of M. and Mme. Cherry, in comparison with even the actresses named, would be something of a piece with not overly burnished battle-axes. But nonetheless, though they were so bad in every way that parents used to take their more delinquent children to see them by way of punishment, they are recollected with a wayward relish, to such a degree, indeed, that they have become one of the apparently deathless legends of our theatre.

There perhaps never was allowed at large a more inept star Shakespearean ham than John McCullough, who flourished back in the days before most of us still living were born. Yet though his roar and rant were of such proportions that, when he was in good form, audiences had to strap themselves into their seats lest they be knocked out of them and projected against the auditorium's walls, and though at times the more refined taste made it incumbent upon the poor fellow to play behind a net, he is vividly remembered at this late day even by men and women otherwise so feeble that they can no longer climb into bed and have to sleep on the floor.

Anna Held, at a somewhat later period, was another curio. With negligible genius beyond the ability to make what in the lingo of her time were known as bedroom eyes and to wink seductively through a pair of ditties called *Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me* and *I Joost Can't Make My Eyes Behave*, she contrived nevertheless to establish herself not only as a diseuse of considerable artistic bulk but as the meridian of Gallic sex appeal. And it wasn't long before the Archie Gunn chromos of her, displaying her come-hither look and a timid segment of undraped fundament, swept the adoring countryside and she became the favorite pin-up girl of the Teddy Roosevelt era.

Then there was Henry E. Dixey, who rose to a celebrity that endures to this hour hardly on the strength of his acting, which was of the species presently encountered in the small side street theatres with wooden benches, but rather solely on the score of a shapely figure. When that figure was first disclosed to the public in tights in a play called *Adonis*, Henry's niche was carved out for him, and for many years he occupied the place in the affections of the ladies and their serving

Continued on page 182



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL—in the Canadian Rockies, a "castle in the air" set midst deep green forests and mighty peaks.

Luggage That Distinguished People Take to Distinguished Places

In leading hotels, luxury trains and crack airliners, the mark of a discriminating traveller is the quality of his luggage. That is why for nearly half a century people accustomed to the finest, insist on the faithful companionship of Oshkosh Luggage.

In the Oshkosh designing rooms, there is one specification for every piece we make . . . "the materials must be the *very essence of quality*, worthy of the high order of Oshkosh craftsmanship."

For the duration Oshkosh facilities are devoted largely to the production of luggage for our armed forces. Soon—all Oshkosh craftsmen will resume the building of luggage that travels everywhere—proudly.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS & LUGGAGE • OSHKOSH, WIS.

"The Chief"
The famous Oshkosh Set that will be available immediately after the war.

OSHKOSH Luggage

THERE IS NONE FINER

*B.V.D. PAJAMAS

make night-time, style-time with

AMERITEX* FABRICS

sanforized shrunk†

Curfew Tones

When the curfew chimes, slip into a luxurious new pair of B.V.D.* "Curfew Tones" pajamas. Made from color-fast AMERITEX* fabrics that will meet your highest standards of quality—with the B.V.D. tailoring details that will meet all of your demands for comfort. Four-star feature at better retail stores.

About $3.50

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
†Residual Shrinkage 1%

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 181

maids that was later to be occupied on the part of the latter alone by Chauncey Olcott and Andrew Mack. And the memory of Henry as a matinee idol *par excellence* persists, even in the case of countless persons who never saw him.

It similarly takes a theatre lover stricken with amnesia not to recognize the name of Rose Melville, who in her time enchanted the nation in the role of Sis Hopkins. She was one of the biggest sensations of her period, though her acting ability consisted for the most part in wearing pigtails, standing with her feet wide apart and pulling furiously at a white stocking that was ever on the point of falling down, always with her mouth idiotically open. Just what it was that constituted Rose such a furor isn't easy for the historian to deduce, unless it was the open-and-shut hokum nature of the Sis Hopkins character. But even that seemingly obvious explanation doesn't entirely hold water, since her personal pull was so great that theatregoers flocked to see her dozens of times, collected her photographs (and she was not overly blessed with looks) as they later collected those of the stage's prime beauties, and rushed to read everything printed about her, especially in the road towns.

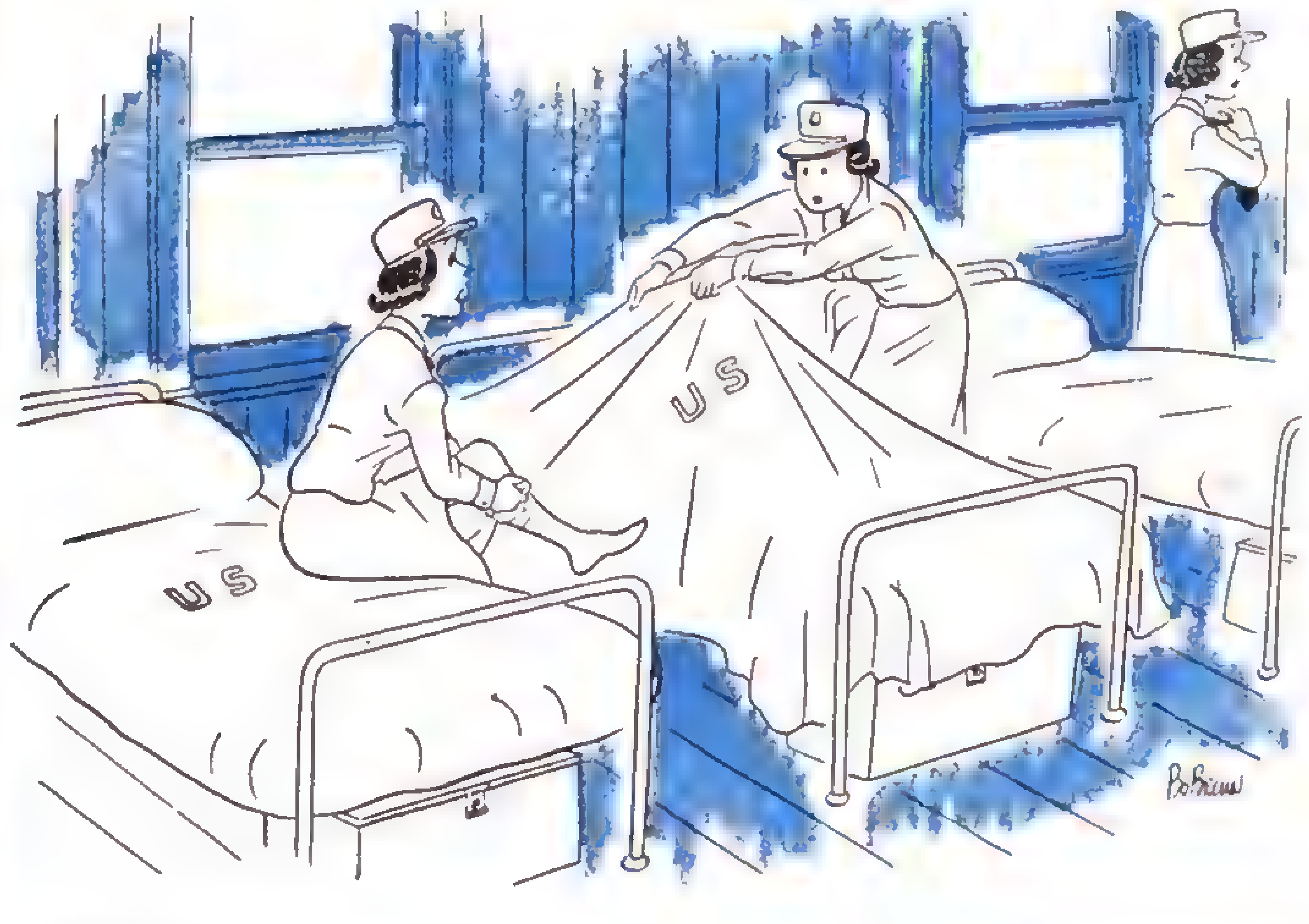
Cléo de Mérode and the girls known as Polaire and Corinne are further testimonials to our thesis. None had the slightest endowment, though Corinne could occasionally sing a song on key and, if provided with enough froufrou white petticoats, could give the effect of dancing, yet all made an impression which is still imbedded in recollection. Both Cléo and Polaire were purely the offspring of shrewd press-agentry. The former was a fairly good-looking woman with deep, dark eyes who wore her hair plastered down over her ears and who was elevated into the public's thirst through a cagey dissemination of the fable that she wore it that way because both her ears had been cut off by a jealous lover, of whom the tale went on to say that she had at least fifty.

Polaire, on the other hand, while she shared the Mlle. Mérode's deficiency in any discernible theatre gifts, hardly shared in her hypothetical abundance of frenzied anatomical admirers, but was contrariwise promoted into the public's rapt interest through the communiqué that she was the homeliest woman in the world, albeit one possessed of the smallest waist. The communiqué, while faulty on both counts, was swallowed whole by the proletariat, who, in the idiosyncrasy native to it, substituted a paradoxical admiration for what more naturally might have been expected to be a ribald unconcern. Polaire was in reality not any homelier than two dozen women on the stage at the time; as a matter of fact, she was perceptibly better looking than a number of such actresses as, say, Lorena Atwood, Sadie Harris, Belle Blanche, May Vokes and Ida Hawley. And while her waist was factually very small, it was no smaller than those of several other stage girls of the era, if we are to trust such able research students of the day as the late Jim Huneker, Charles Frederic Nirdlinger and Larry Elkins.

As for Corinne, whose full name, restricted to family use, was Corinne Belle De Briou, she enjoyed the hearty favor of the public for many years, winning its enthusiastic applause in everything from operetta to musical comedy and revue. She had no beauty to sell; she had nothing of what is known as sex attraction; and her stage qualifications were minute. Yet she, too, has left her slipper-prints in the sands of time.

There were many others. Long before, the celebrated Adah Isaacs Menken, a distinctly minor actress, became the rage and lasted as the rage for years for having appeared, in a melodrama called *Mazeppa*, in what at the time was regarded as scant clothing but in what today would be looked upon,

Continued on page 184



"I had the craziest dream last night—I was being chased around the barracks by a pair of nylon stockings!"

BERGAMOT
Men's Bath Talc

"Your Bergamot, Sir"

BERGAMOT..for generations the choice of gentlemen..for its exhilarating herby tang, superb masculinity, supreme good taste. Now in fine toiletries for modern men who make an art of good grooming and good living.. who believe in catering to fastidious skins. You'll re-use and treasure the Old Apothecary type Jars* years after the priceless contents are gone.

IN LARGE APOTHECARY JARS	
Men's Bath Talc	$2.50
Brushless Shaving Cream	2.50
Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment	5.00
IN MORTAR AND PESTLE JARS	
Shaving Soap	1.25
Men's Cream Deodorant	1.25
Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment	1.75

BERGAMOT
gentlemen's toiletries
BY ORLOFF

IN APOTHECARY BOTTLES	
Men's Cologne	$1.25
Alcohol After-Shave Lotion	1.25
Men's Hair Dressing	1.25
Men's Liquid Deodorant	1.25
After-Shave Cream Lotion	1.25
IN SHAKER APOTHECARY BOTTLES	
Men's Face Talc	1.00

(all prices plus Federal tax)

JEAN VIVAUDOU CO., INC., 10 W. 33 ST., N. Y. 1

*"Old Apothecary" Jars inspired by priceless antiques in the historic Mercer Apothecary Shop, now a national shrine at Fredericksburg, Va.

These were the Pipes of Yesteryear in
CHINA
AUSTRALIA
BURMA
GREENLAND
SOLOMON ISLANDS
ALGIERS

Today, these are the pipes you see the world over

LHS
STERNCREST
STERLING
Model No. 6
Dublin Shape
Antique Finish
at $5
Model No. 19
Billiard Shape
Smooth Finish
at $7.50
LHS
STERNCREST
14K

For decades the sign of a perfect pipe
LHS

Wherever our boys are posted, on the far-flung battle fields and bases of the globe, there you will find the famous LHS trade-mark on many of the pipes our servicemen smoke.

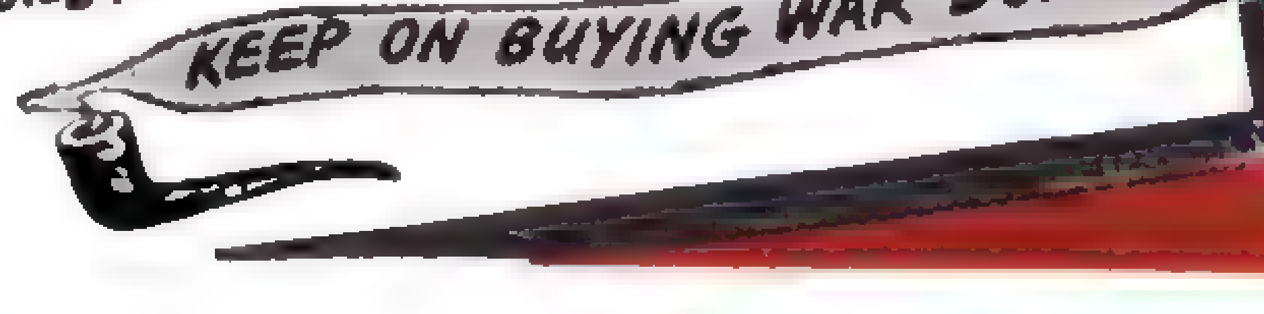
Thousands and thousands of these fine pipes have been made by us for Uncle Sam's forces—in fact, that's why you may not always be able to find just the shape, style or brand you want at *your* dealer's shop. But you can be sure that no matter what pipe you select, if it's an LHS, it's the finest pipe in its price class that money can buy—made by skilled LHS craftsmen, of the finest materials and with the "know how" of a maker nearly 50 years in business.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are dozens and dozens of handsome Sterncrest Sterlings and 14Ks in smooth and antique finish. Other LHS pipes range from the de luxe LHS Ultra Fine with genuine block meerschaum and solid gold 14K band at $10, the LHS Certified Purex at $3.50, to the LHS Sculptured and Superfine Purex at $1.50.

Every LHS Pipe, from $3.50, is made of genuine
IMPORTED BRIAR

Have you a copy of the new LHS booklet, of pipe lore, "Pointers on Pipes?" It's yours for the asking, FREE. Drop a card to
L & H STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., Dept. B, 56 Pearl Street, Brooklyn 1. N.Y.


KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 181-182

in the phrase of a lesser Franco-American scholar of my acquaintance, as the "whole *tout ensemble*." Books have been written about her. Maggie Mitchell, a likable but indifferent actress of the persistent ingénue type whose histrionic virtuosity consisted largely in comporting herself as if she had just got up from sitting on an electric fan, became a public pet of such proportions that the stage doors of the theatres in which she appeared took on the aspect of the Haymarket riots. And Charlotte Crabtree, famous to the theatre as Lotta, with a talent not materially much more handsome, remains to this day and hour a symbol of her own period's pride and joy.

Sadie Martinot, who was not a French importation as most persons believed and still believe but who was born in New York in the second year of the Civil War, Mrs. James Brown Potter (Cora Urquhart) and Mrs. Leslie Carter were three other ewes who achieved high recognition for reasons that baffle critical inquiry. Sadie, who appeared on both the musical and the dramatic stages, was at one time the toast of the town, though she was assuredly no glamor girl, had a figure that the late William Winter could look at with no danger to his puritanical conscience and libido, and purveyed a species of singing and acting that may generously be described as so-so. Mrs. Potter, the description of whose acting calls for an even greater generosity mixed perhaps with the politesse of a headwaiter, was, however, something of a beauty, had a wardrobe of uncommon elegance and was married to the scion of a socially prominent and wealthy metropolitan family. These latter attributes lifted her high into the American audience esteem and even into some critical regard both here and in England, and for years the pictures of her, her long autumnal hair tumbled down over her shoulders and her eyes as soulful as a hungry Sealyham's, adorned the temples of dramatic art right next to those of Duse and Bernhardt. She is another who remains a legend.

Mrs. Carter, whose acting probably needs no description since it has been experienced by many who compose the present-day audience, was an amateur propelled into the public consciousness through the combined agency of a sensational divorce case and that canny showman, David Belasco. By means of such hocus-pocus as made even Hermann the Great blush, Belasco contrived not only to put the lady over on the public but to have her accepted as an artiste of such virtuosity as had seldom been excelled within the memory of the oldest Greek. And to this moment there are many who still accept his coggery at its face value.

What all this has been slowly and tantalizingly leading up to is, as you may have guessed, the later-day phenomenon, Miss Mae West, the Valeska Suratt of the Walter Lippmann era. Valeska, you will recall, since she bloomed not so very long ago as the cock crows, was one who got where she did by following the principle that masculine nitwits will inevitably mistake affectedly half-closed eyes, provided only they be accompanied by the wriggle of a hip encased in a tightly fitting gown, for overwhelming sex appeal, and their chauffeuse for a delightfully naughty baby. Mae, whose most recent appearance in the theatre has been in an exhibit of her own concoction called *Catherine Was Great*, has followed Valeska right down the alley. She has, in point of fact, whether in the theatre or the moving pictures, followed Valeska down the alley ever since she showed up on the New York stage in April of 1926 in a stint also of her own authorship called *Sex*.

Miss Mae's acting technique is patterned after that of the chatelaine of an old-time *maison de joie*, which is to say the presentation of alumna sex elaborately pretending, with a measure of aberrant self-conviction, to be still one of the girls. And, despite its long employment, it is almost as effective today as it was when first she executed it. Mae West, in short, has made a name for herself largely through combining the Anna Held ocular technique with the bustle undulations of Corinne, adding to them a drawling nasal speech that suggests an Elsie Janis imitation of Ethel Barrymore and fitting them all into the aloof indifference of the aforesaid Suratt. And that name has become as familiar to the masses as the names of Sherlock Holmes, Charlie Chaplin and Elsie the Cow.

The great lady has, however, now made what seems to be the mistake of her life and it may conceivably in the end cost her her previous favor with the public. Aspiring to higher things, she has sought to establish herself as a more or less serious actress and has been rewarded with sighs of deep concern on the part of her erstwhile devout congregation. Her *Catherine Was Great* amounts to nothing more than a dirty-minded little schoolgirl's essay on the celebrated Russian empress, and her performance of the stellar role to little more than the kind of thing that used to be merchanted by third-rate road actresses in such overstuffed junk as *In the Palace of the King*, *The Helmet of Navarre* and *Under the Red Robe*, plus a lot of hip-wriggles, caboose oscillations and assorted leers. Our Mae has done herself and us wrong. And that way, for all some evidence of recalcitrantly remaining interest, lies eventual forgetfulness and the graveyard. #

Fast Becoming an American Favorite from Coast to Coast

SWANEE PRIDE
Liqueur
THE TOAST OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY
Delicious . . . STRAIGHT OR MIXED

MILD . . . YET MANLY! IT'S 100 PROOF

There are countless delightful ways in which to enjoy delicious SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR . . . here are a few

Swanee Pride Mint Julep
Crush 4 sprigs fresh mint in little water. Fill with cracked ice. Add 2 oz. glass Swanee Pride. Shake or stir rapidly to frost glass. Add plenty of ice. Garnish with mint and cherry. Serve with straws. No sugar.

Swanee Pride New England Cocktail
½ oz. Swanee Pride.
½ unsweetened grape juice.
Ice, shake, and serve in cold cocktail glass. No sugar.

Swanee Pride Collins
1 jigger Swanee Pride.
Juice ½ lime.
Fill with ice, level with soda. Add cherry and orange. No sugar.

Swanee Pride Old Fashioned
1 jigger Swanee Pride.
Dash bitters, ice cubes; stir. Add orange, cherry, pineapple, twist lemon rind. No sugar.

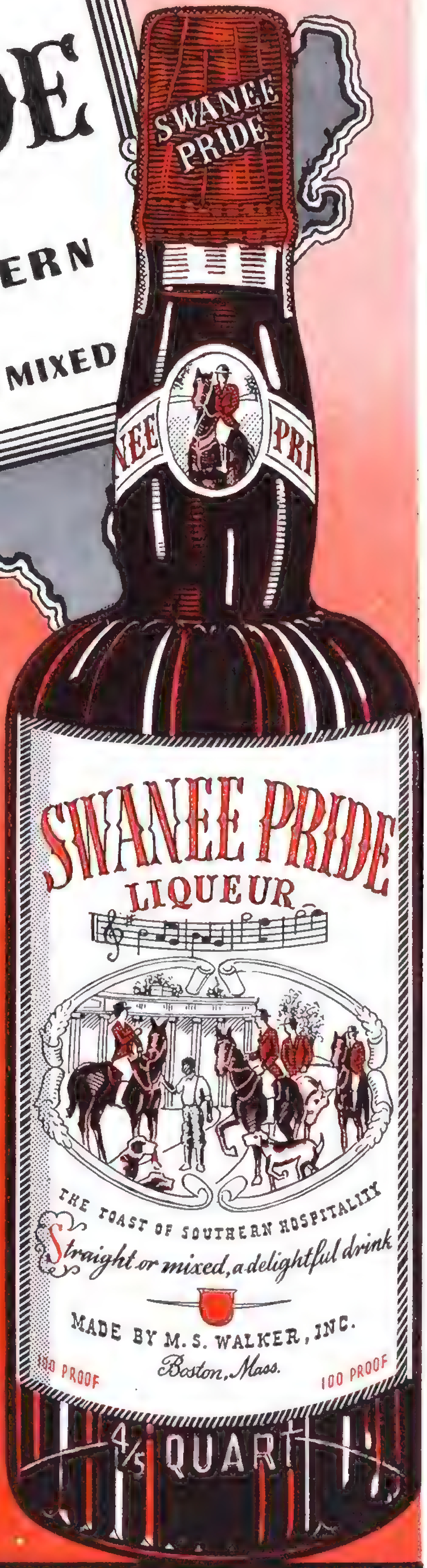
Swanee Pride Manhattan
50% Swanee Pride.
50% Dry Vermouth.
Dash bitters, ice, shake, and strain.

Swanee Pride Victory Toast
2 oz. Swanee Pride.
Fill glass with cracked ice. Shake vigorously. Serve. No sugar.

Swanee Pride Cocktail
Juice of ½ lime.
2 oz. Swanee Pride.
Add cracked ice and pour into cocktail glass. No sugar.

Swanee Pride Cola
1½ oz. Swanee Pride.
2 cubes ice. Fill with your favorite cola. Stir. No sugar.

Swanee Pride Thunderbolt
(Don't try it!)
⅓ Swanee Pride..
⅓ Medford Rum.
⅓ Brandy.
Serve chilled.


SWANEE PRIDE
NEE
PRI
SWANEE PRIDE
LIQUEUR
THE TOAST OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY
Straight or mixed, a delightful drink
MADE BY M. S. WALKER, INC.
Boston, Mass.
100 PROOF
100 PROOF
4/5 QUART

M. S. WALKER, *Inc.*, BOSTON, MASS. MAKERS OF FAMOUS OLD MELODY LIQUEURS

BRUGAL RUM
The RUM with the RICHER FLAVOR
BRUGAL SINCE 1888
SPECIAL FOR HIGHBALLS GOLD LABEL DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
BRUGAL
Brugal Rum
GOLD LABEL
SUPERIOR
PUERTO RICAN RUM
ONE QUART DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY 86 PROOF
BRUGAL & CO. C. por A.
RIO PIEDRAS, P.R. BRUGAL WEST INDIES
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES
[illegible] & WHITE LABEL 86 Proof
BRUGAL - Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

Matchless! .. because its *richer* flavor is a treasured tradition...a Brugal *family* tradition that means every bottle is offered with pride. You'll find eloquent evidence of this great heritage in every sip. Its *richer* flavor comes through in *any* drink—making it a taste treat to delight both you and your guests!

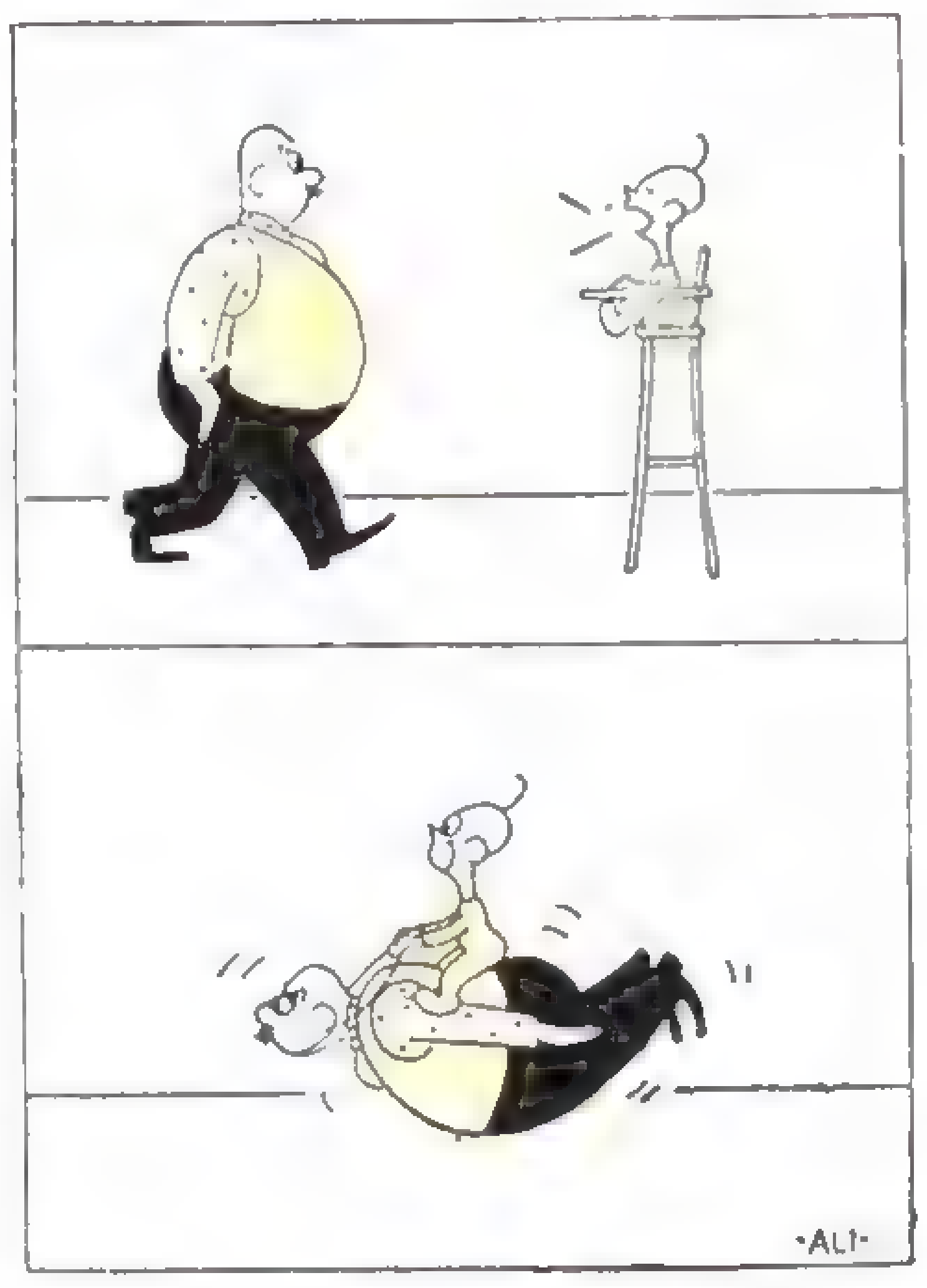
In addition to the usual rum drinks, Brugal is without superior in a highball, Old Fashioned, or a straight drink.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

The Holiday Wassail

Thanks to a wave of optimism among erstwhile hoarders, we can toast St. Nick with zest

by **LAWTON MACKALL**
• POTABLES •



The Stocking-filler Interests, presided over by K. Kringle, affectionately known as "the old boy who brings the bottles," predict that the impending Cheer Conference will be redolent with achievement—will prove a revelation to those who never suspected that a tinseled tree, a tasseled stalk of corn and a beavered spike of rye so much as knew each other. "They're a gleesome threesome and *then* some!" chuckles Mr. K.

Prospects wouldn't be so auspicious if it hadn't been for the quiet, patient accomplishments of Charred Oaks. Staves. Old English minstrels used to troll them, modern American distillers toast them—one side only. Hooped together and filled with raw, colorless whiskey just out of the still—these doughty disciplinarians do a general break-in job and then settle down to hue-building and the promotion of matrimony between higher alcohols and acids, resulting in esters, the biggies of the flavor and aroma business.

Barrels of aging whiskey are treated considerately; each slumbers birdlike on its private perch. Ventilation is choice. Temperature is warm but not oppressive. Theme song is *As Time Goes By*.

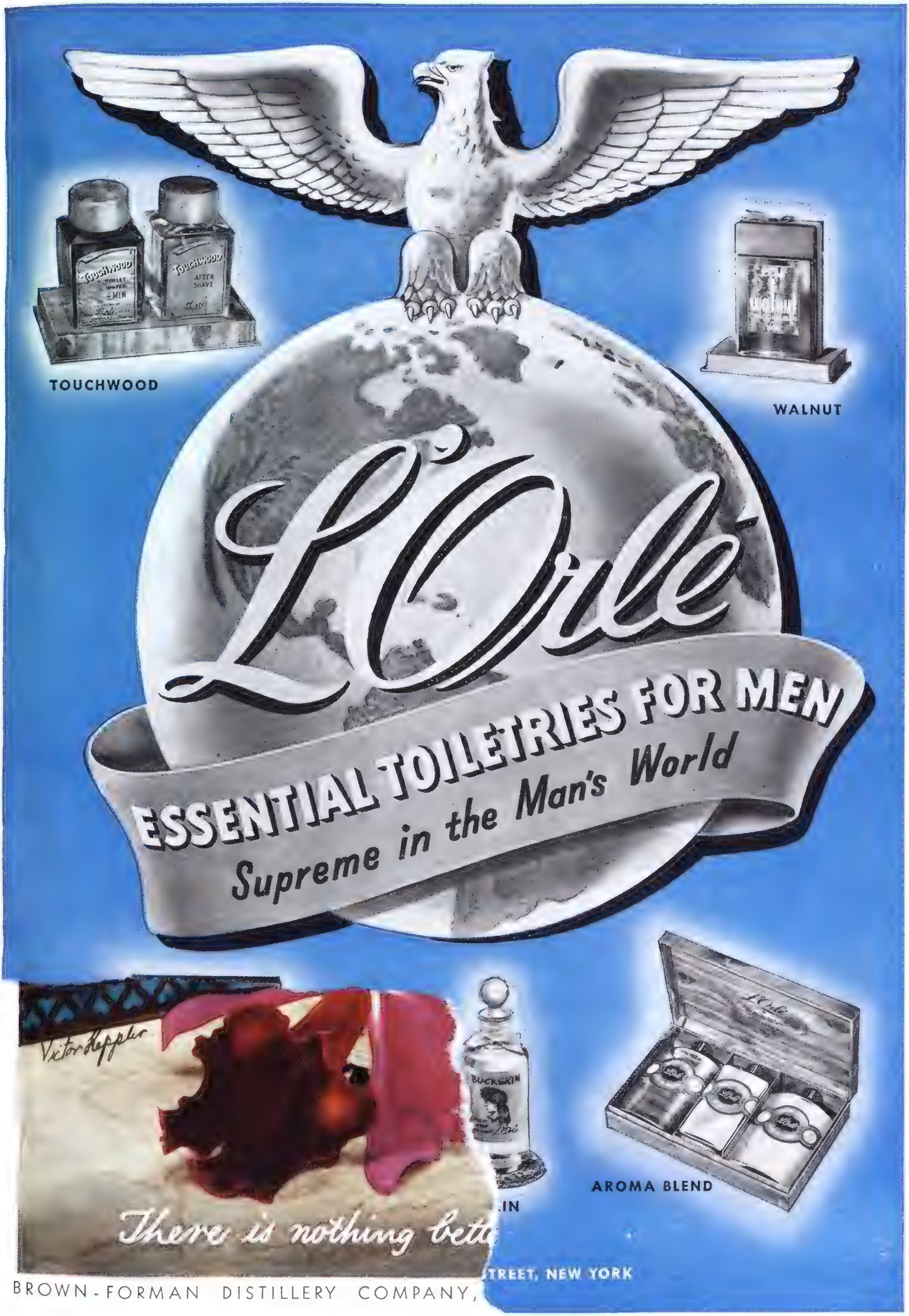
Unlike the smoky whusky casks of Scotland, which are uncharred old pensioners gathered from the Port, Sherry and Madeira trade, these barrels are single-timers, broken up, like the mold of perfection, when the whiskey they have reared quits them for bottles and the great wide world. I don't know whether it's a hammer or whether it's emotion at desertion, that breaks them up. If the former, then I have a suggestion to offer the distillers: instead of destroying these faithful cylinders of slats in which crudity has grown great, why not send them to consumers as objects of art and sentiment? Think what it would mean to possess in one's living room, at one's yule-logged fireside, the rotund receptacle in which the old twinkler one is serving was cradled.

By and large, build-up in barrel is lengthier than formerly—much lengthier than was feasible in Repeal's pioneer days when "Make it snappy on that McCoy!" was the consumer cry. Memories of bootleggers' cutwares caused shyness in many quarters as regards anything labeled "blend." Hence a big play for straight whiskies. As against this demand, well-aged stocks of straights, consisting of whiskies distilled during Prohibition under medicinal permits, plus acquisitions from Canada, were by no means inexpensive. To take care of John Q. Thirster who wanted straight but found the price of bonded too rich for his blood, the only discernible recourse was to let loose some youngies made since Repeal. Accordingly, quite a quantity of immaturity was allowed out and was snapped up with seeming delight. But its releasers felt relieved when conditions enabled them to let linger longer in oak. For cutting the soot in the human chimney this Christmastide there isn't a drop of whiskey less than twenty-six months old. General average is around twice that.

No infiltrations from that recent "vacation" or whatever it was? ("Holiday" the distillers called it, taking no bows on their tremendous contribution to the war effort without which hardly a plane, truck or jeep would have had tires to roll on. The Drys in terming it a "furlough" were singularly correct.)

No, as far as new whiskies were concerned, operations in August leapfrogged Christmas, 1944. The calendar area aimed at was 1947-1950. If you can't be bothered waiting that long, you won't have to, for there'll be good whiskies available meanwhile because of the fact that these not-yet-drink-

Continued on page 183


L'Orlé
ESSENTIAL TOILETRIES FOR MEN
Supreme in the Man's World
TOUCHWOOD
TOUCHWOOD TOILET WATER L'ORLÉ MEN
TOUCHWOOD AFTER SHAVE
WALNUT
BUCKSKIN
IN
AROMA BLEND
Victor Keppler
There is nothing bett
TREET, NEW YORK
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY,

Shakespeare... How Could You?
Reg. Trade Mark
A.
B.
C.
D.
Removable Secret Pocket
Removable Pass Case
Style King Custom Made
SOCIAL SECURITY
IDENTIFICATION
MEMOS

When you said: "Who steals my purse steals trash . . .", surely you had not viewed the fine craftsmanship of the new

Style King WALLETS

(A) Fine top grain leather billfold with full length zipper currency compartment plus regular currency compartment. Has transparent window identification card pocket and additional card pocket with removable transparent window; also stamp and memo pocket. Pass case with four double transparent card and photo pockets is removable. Roomy gusseted side coin pocket with snap fastener. Colors: Black or Suntan. No. 1112 . . . . $5

(C) Levant grain Ramskin Billfold. Spacious currency compartment, roomy pass section with four double windows, snap fastener coin purse. Available in Black or Brown. No. 1081 . . . . $2

(B) Style King Billfold of soft, supple full grain genuine leather in California Saddle Finish. Has spacious currency compartment—secret bill pocket, roomy pass section with two double windows, and two card pockets. Secret pocket and transparent pass section can be removed for use as compact separate dress billfold. Colors: Golden Tan or Black. No. 1072 . . . . $3

(D) A deluxe wallet fashioned from soft, pliable, genuine leather in California saddle finish. Detachable pass case can be used separately. Has 4 transparent double card and photo compartments. Wallet has roomy currency compartment with divider and two extra card pockets. Colors: Golden Tan or Black. No. 1070 . . . . $5

DEALERS: *Get in touch with our New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or Honolulu offices. Stocks on hand.*

S. Buchsbaum & Co.

MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 · CHICAGO

The Holiday Wassail

Continued from page 186

ables have been produced. The mere advance announcement sent shivers through the black market, shaking cases of much-desireds out of hiding. Individual hoarders quit. Scare buyers cooled off. The distillers, beholding barrels rolling into their warehouses for the first time since October 8, 1942, felt a surge of that old normal-timesiness and tilted the outgo. They were like the fellow who has money in the bank but hasn't been on a pay roll in quite some while and is watching every nickel, and then suddenly lands a job. He hasn't yet seen the color of a pay check, hasn't even started in, but what does he do? Plunks down five bucks on a new refrigerator and brings home a box of candy and a bottle of his favorite.

All that we consumers ask is that they keep that mood. Their optimism and their enthusiasm in gathering bouquets from tiny grains of the field and great white oaks of the forest are precious to us. But we note furrows on their brows, plowed by the corn situation. Normally seven out of ten gallons of whiskey produced in America are made from corn, and for the August "holiday" the War Food Administration wouldn't permit the use of a single kernel. Livestock feed situation too crucial.

So all right, they made rye whiskey—both the "pure rye" type, from rye and rye malt and nothing else, for the "rye at its ryest" set, and the barley-malted composite-mash rye that is more customary nowadays, with wheat pinch-hitting for the corn. They also made gin—enough to rout the ragtag crew of off-tasters that scarcity had spawned. And, as the biggest gallonage of all, they turned out grain neutral spirits for the light-bodied whiskies that some people denounce on principle, intimating that a nation that drinks such whiskey is lost.

Well, the Scots don't seem a particularly lost or mislaid folk, and *they* originated the spirit-blend whiskey idea; *all* the classic brands of Scotch are thus constructed and bear on their bosoms the discouraging word "blended," yet never is heard a crack at them. To draw upon oneself the slings and arrows of outraged theory, one has to score a huge success with an American blended, of about the same body-delicacy as Scotch, but speaking its piece in rye and/or bourbon tones, dulcet yet devastating. If the best of these whiskies are esthetic errors, I hope some kind friend will shield me from knowing it. My swallowing department has been so happy in its illusions.

Getting back to worries and Kentucky-style kernels, the unblinkable fact is that whichever party, Dems or Reps, is in power in 1948, it will run out of liquor or have to put up with terrible—and you know how parties die under such circumstances—unless these earnest kettlers are granted further "holidays" soon, or the right-along use of a portion of their facilities, but this time turning them loose in the corn patch.

In the October Esquire, alluding to corn needed for whiskey, I reported that the distillers craved one-seventh of one per cent of this year's crop, which is bumper, and that they would hand back one-fourth of that tiny share as feed for livestock and poultry. Corrected figures show I was making greedies of them. Actually, all they are asking, or might be prevailed upon to accept, is *one-tenth* of one per cent; and by new efficiencies, such as they're always coming up with, they'll salvage 65 per cent of the protein. Which brings the issue down to a simplicity convenient for pasting in one's hat. Are we Americans (Russia has had a huge grain crop in the Ukraine; North Africa has done well, and so have other liberateds) prepared to deprive hogs, cattle and chickens (all of them much fewer than last year) of roughly one-thirtieth of one per cent of their corn corner?

To rob that barnyard is a bold undertaking, but there's bourbon at stake. So avaunt, grunts! Make way for snort progress! ⌗

heme song is *As Time Goes By.*

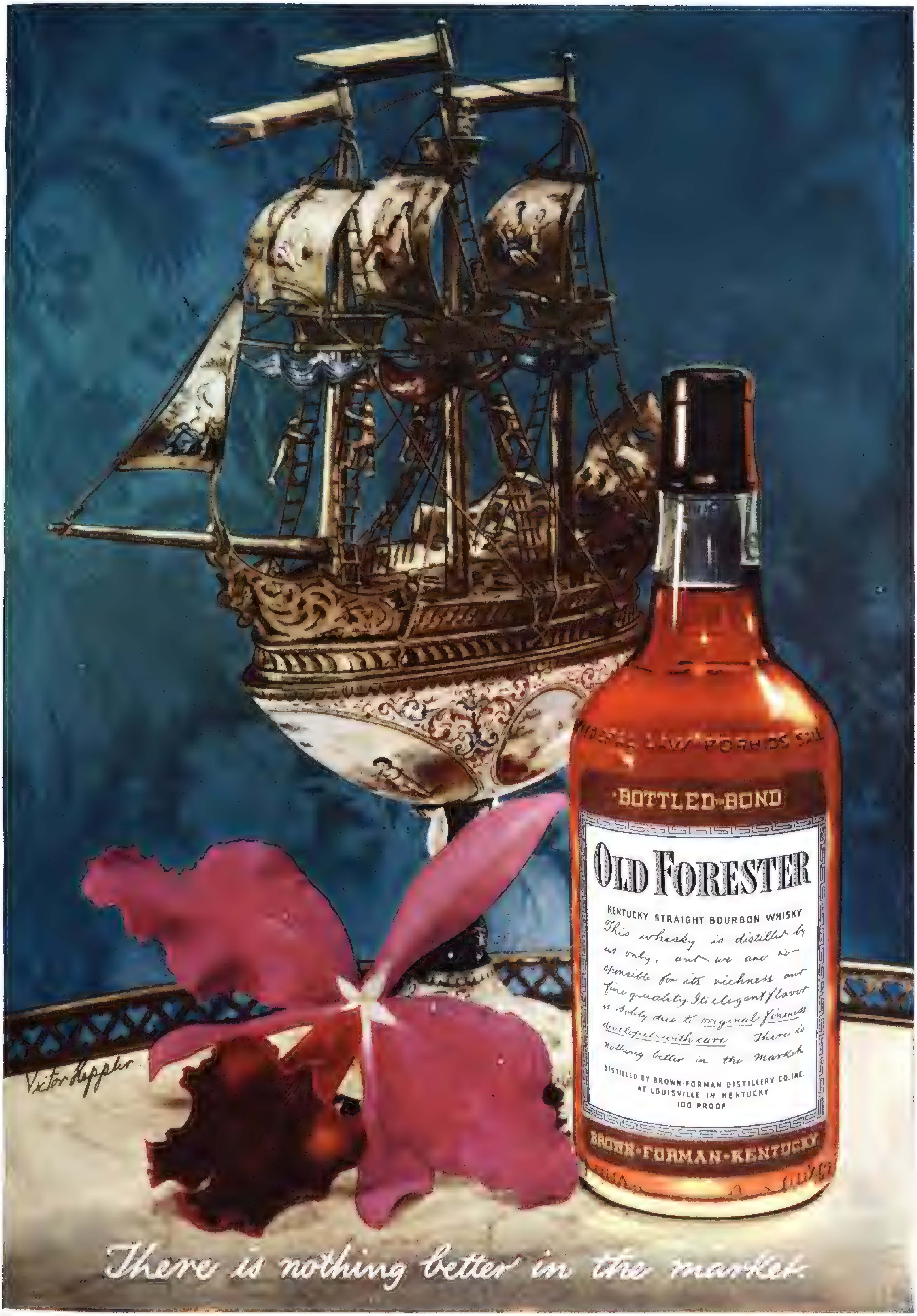
Unlike the smoky whusky casks of Scotland, which are uncharred old pensioners gathered from the Port, Sherry and Madeira trade, these barrels are single-timers, broken up, like the mold of perfection, when the whiskey they have reared quits them for bottles and the great wide world. I don't know whether it's a hammer or whether it's emotion at desertion, that breaks them up. If the former, then I have a suggestion to offer the distillers: instead of destroying these faithful cylinders of slats in which crudity has grown great, why not send them to consumers as objects of art and sentiment? Think what it would mean to possess in one's living

isn't a drop of w [illegible] twenty-six months old. General average is around twice that.

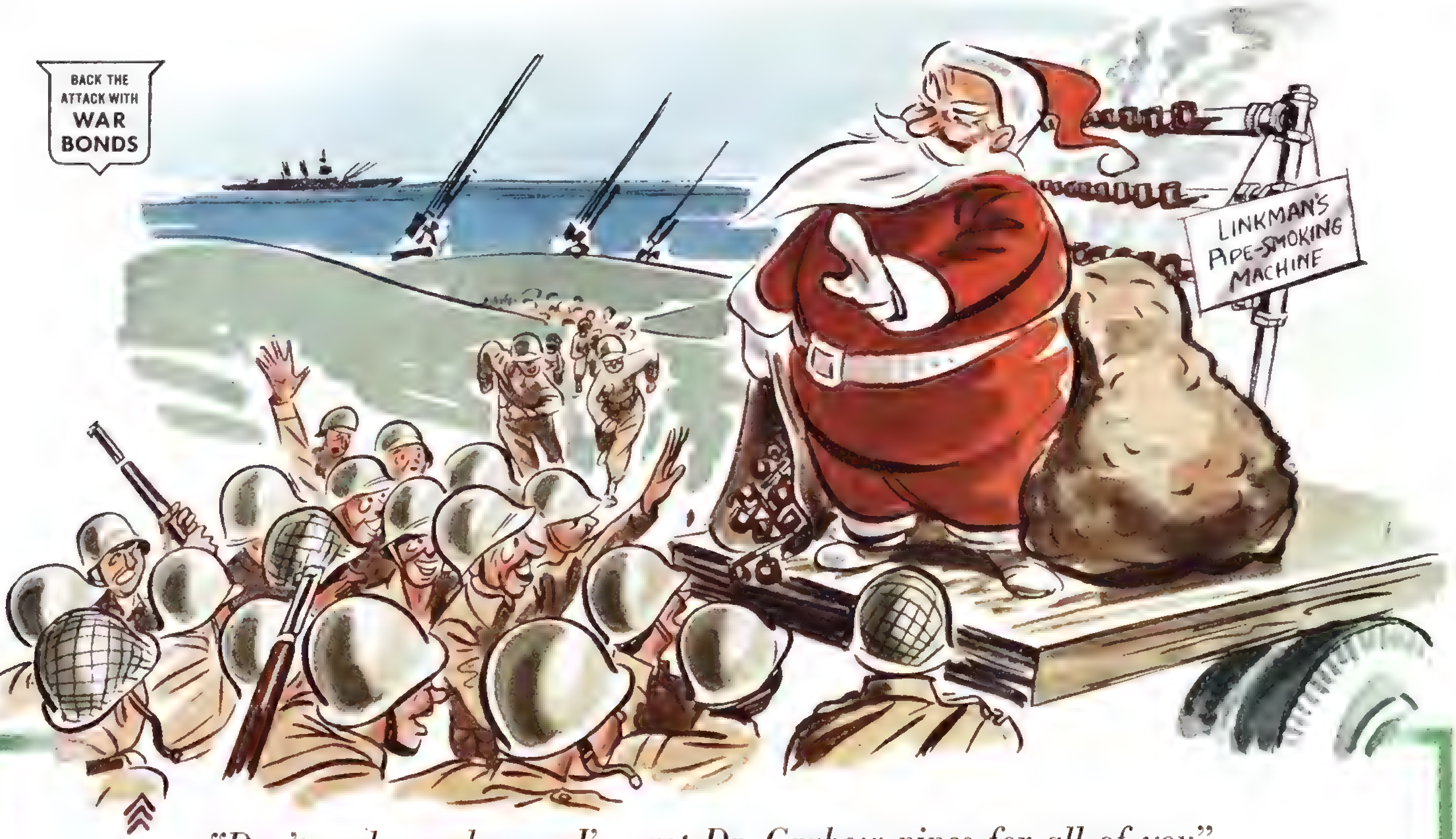
No infiltrations from that recent "vacation" or whatever it was? ("Holiday" the distillers called it, taking no bows on their tremendous contribution to the war effort without which hardly a plane, truck or jeep would have had tires to roll on. The Drys in terming it a "furlough" were singularly correct.)

No, as far as new whiskies were concerned, operations in August leapfrogged Christmas, 1944. The calendar area aimed at was 1947-1950. If you can't be bothered waiting that long, you won't have to, for there'll be good whiskies available meanwhile because of the fact that these not-yet-drink-

Continued on page 183


Victor Keppler
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY


BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS
LINKMAN'S PIPE-SMOKING MACHINE

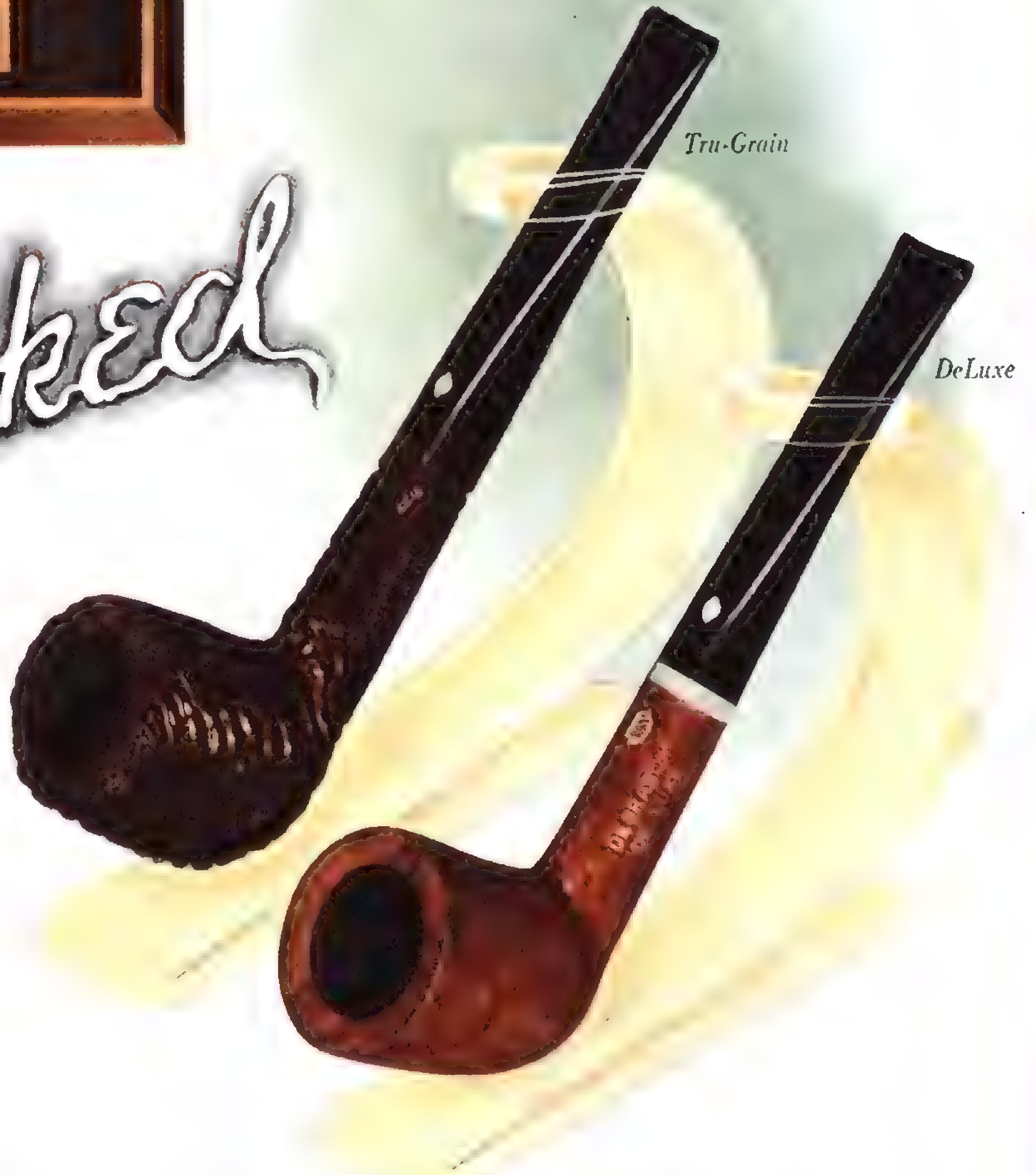
"Don't rush me, boys—I've got Dr. Grabow pipes for all of you"

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

America's ONE and ONLY
Pre-Smoked
REG. U. S. PAT OFF
PIPE

They're amazingly sweeter from the very first puff because Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine smokes every DR. GRABOW pipe...Yes...*Pre-Smoked*...with Edgeworth tobacco...there's no bite, no bitter taste, no breaking in. If your dealer cannot supply you, remember that right now a large percentage of DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes go to service men overseas.

Fashioned by M. Linkman & Co.
Chicago 14, Illinois


Tru-Grain
DeLuxe

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* DE LUXE . $1.50 DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* SUPREME . $2.00
DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* TRU-GRAIN $3.50

THE **Hollycourt** PIPE (WITH PATENTED GROOVE) HAS GONE TO WAR

Mary Dunhill
escape

Escape
-the perfume that unlocks the heart

Escape Perfume . . . $32.50, $18, $10, $6
Escape Toilet Water . . . $5. Each plus tax

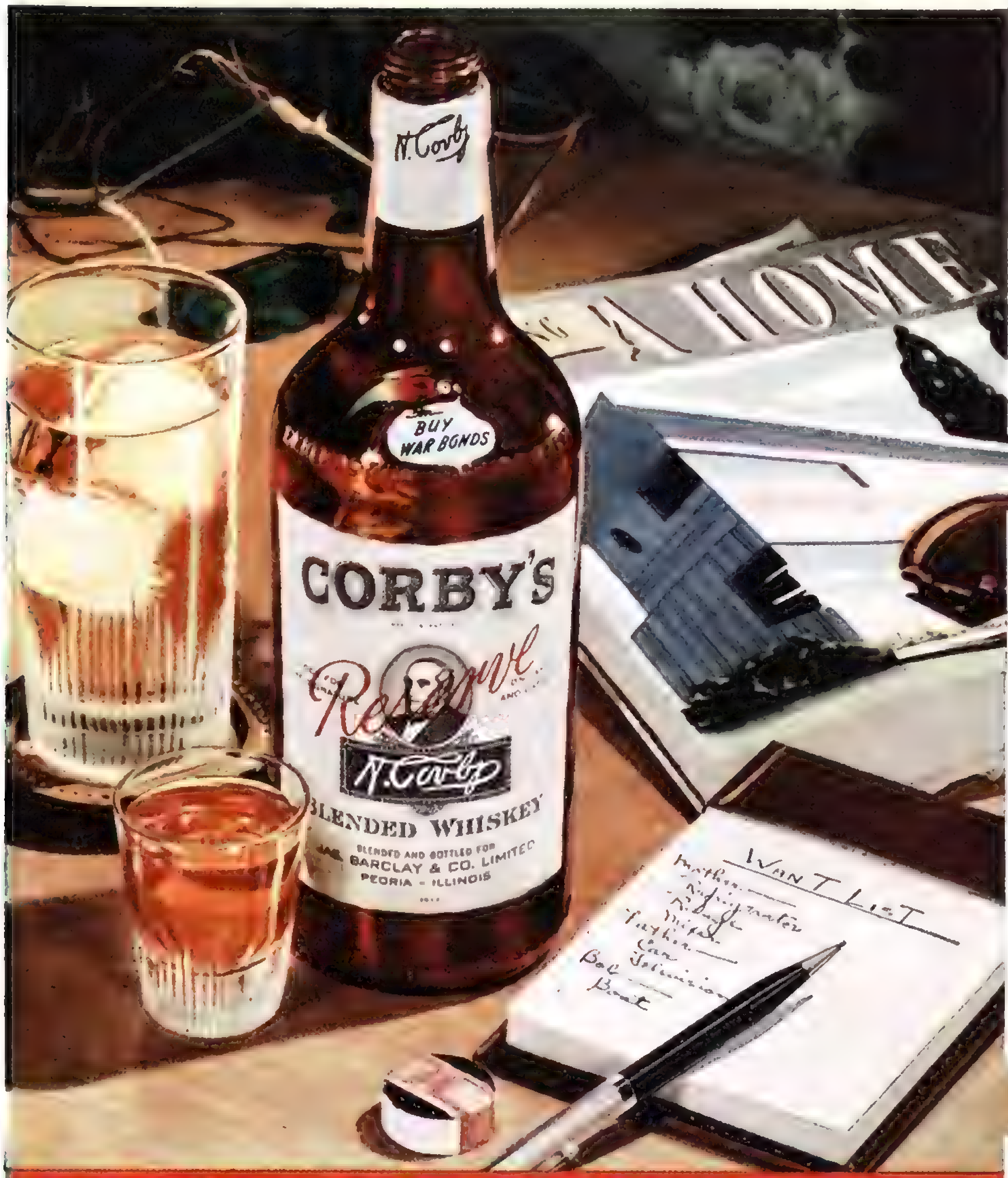
Mary Dunhill
Fifth Avenue, New York

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

Buy for Victory now

Salt Away War Bonds

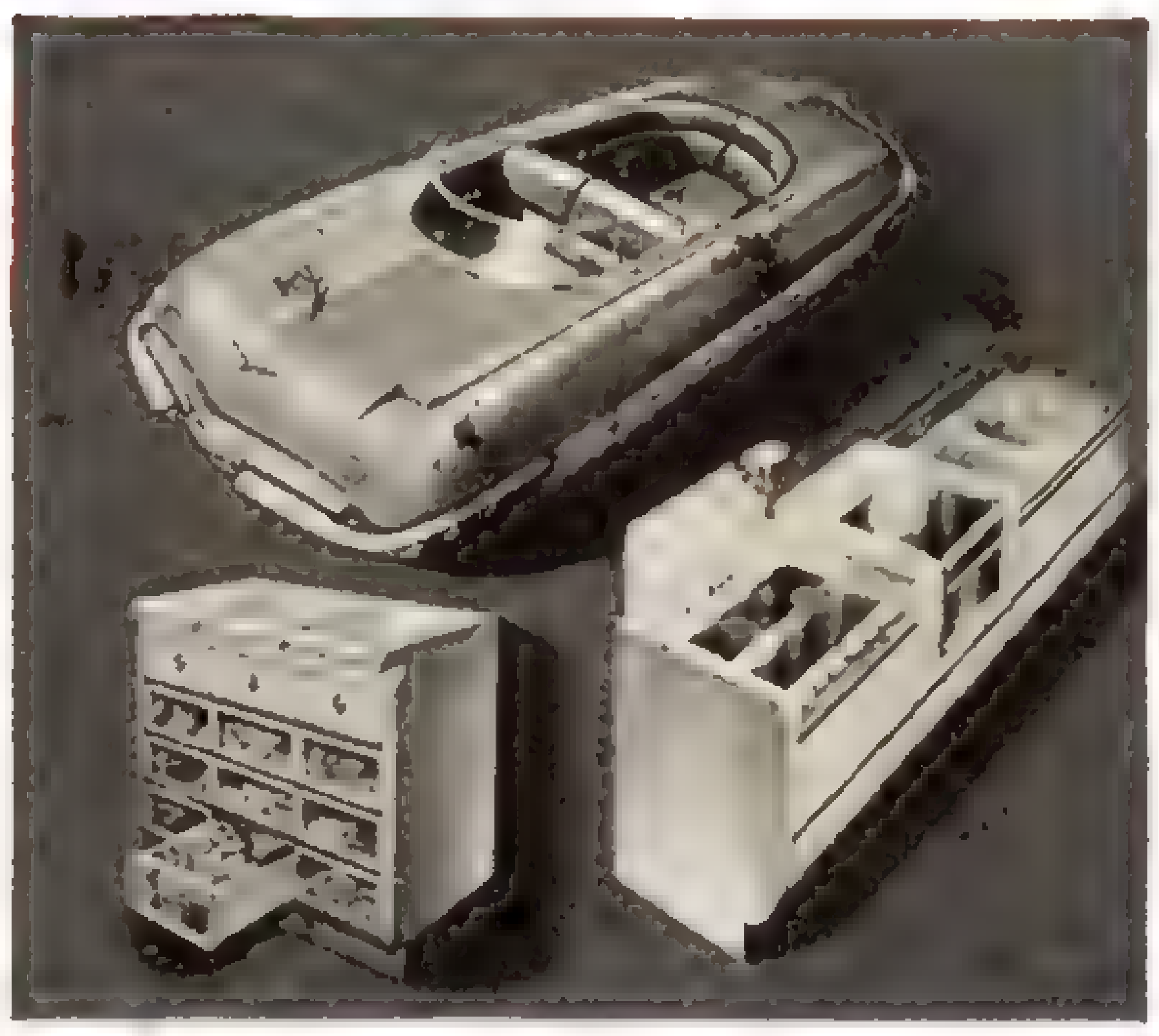
for a rainy day


N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS
A HOME
WANT LIST
Car
Boat

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1869 "BLACK FRIDAY" in New York when an inflation bubble burst and the cry was "Gold!" Ready cash and sound bonds saved many in this crisis which came during Corby's 11th year of great whiskey tradition in Canada.

1920 MANY FAMILIES bought their first automobile with money saved in Liberty Bonds, the War Bonds of World War I. Thrilling new conveniences . . . cars, electric refrigerators, automatic heat . . . came along to make life better in Corby's 62nd year of whiskey fame.



CAR . . . FROZEN FOOD CABINET . . . ELECTRIC RANGE

1944 YOU CAN WIN your own peace in the days to come by buying War Bonds now. Savings in Bonds will give you cash for the new comforts and new ways of living that are being planned in this, Corby's 86th year.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

BUY WAR BONDS

Every dollar you put into War Bonds helps win the fight overseas, and helps assure that you will have money to enjoy the marvels of our postwar America. It's smart to save, buy all the Bonds you can afford. After that you may want to buy an occasional bottle of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. *We believe an occasional trial of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after Victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Of P. G. Wodehouse's decline and fall and the delightful *Cluny Brown* by Margery Sharp

by **BENNETT CERF**

BOOKS

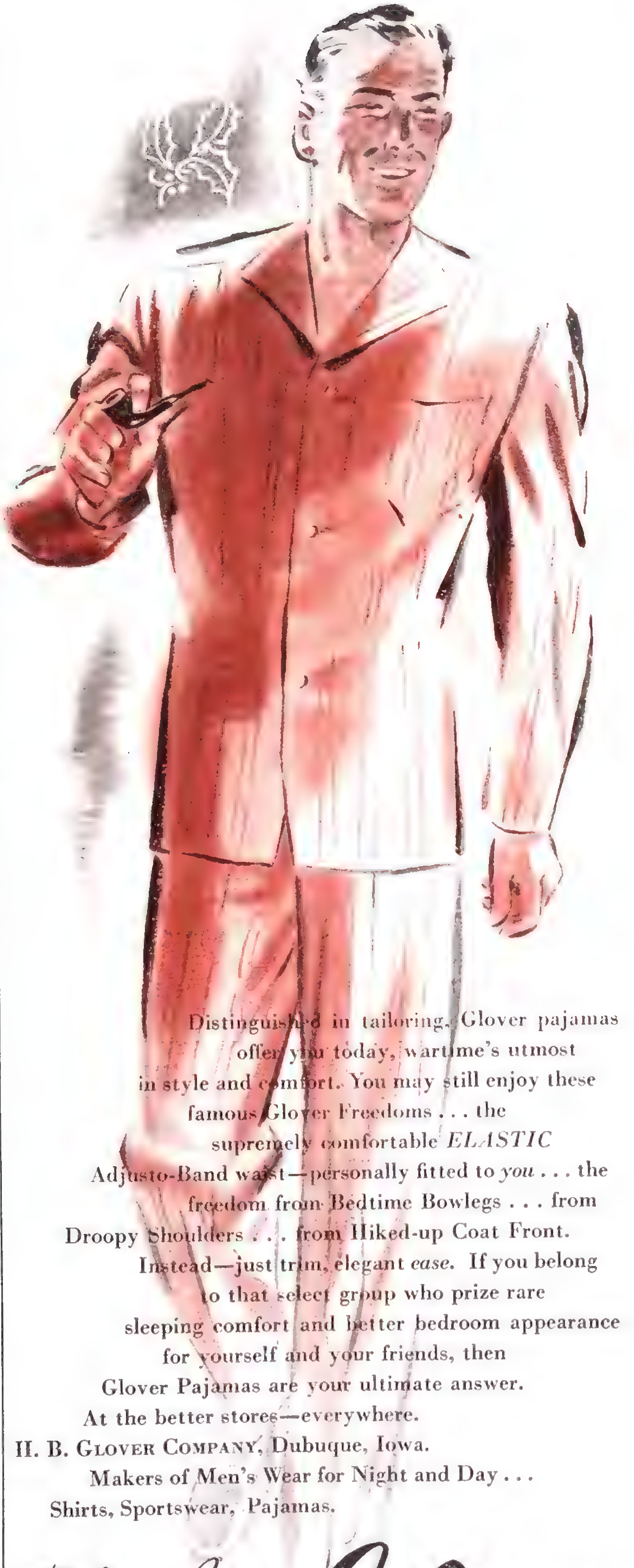
THE general public suffers under the understandable delusion that the fellows who write our funniest books and plays, in company with the mad wags who make us laugh loudest in the theatre, are the same sources of constant merriment in their private lives—optimistic, even tempered and an inspiration to less gifted contemporaries. But a more consistently sour and tormented lot of grouch-pots than our professional humorists would be difficult to find.

One nationally known wit stays for months in places he cannot abide because he lives in mortal terror of traveling in automobiles and railroad trains. Another has practically holed himself up in his suburban retreat because he has sold himself the notion that every neighbor within a radius of twelve miles sits up nights thinking of ways to injure and humiliate him. Franklin P. Adams, George Kaufman, Oscar Levant, S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash often look so savage and depressed that friends shrink into doorways and alleys to keep out of their way. Dorothy Parker bursts into tears at the drop of a hat. The author of some of our most brilliant drawing room comedies works himself into such a state in the final weeks of rehearsal that his wife refuses to live with him and takes a suite at the Waldorf until the reviews have appeared. Bob Hope's day can be ruined completely by an eight on a three par hole. Ed Wynn is haunted by the fear that his next audience is going to be the one that doesn't crack a single smile at his inspired nonsense. Bobby Clark is in constant terror of having his props stolen. He whittles those inevitable canes of his himself; they must be just the right size and weight for him to twirl them with the proper abandon. Backstage, he clutches them frantically to his bosom when strangers enter his dressing room.

It's distressing enough to discover that your favorite humorist is a harassed fellow who worries as much or more than you do. When, in addition, he turns out to be something of an all-around heel, the shock is enough to rob every line he has written of some of its luster and brilliance. Your knowledge of his private life creeps like a deep shadow over the pages of his books.

I have been brooding over the case of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Not so very long ago he was my favorite humorous writer in all the world. I remember reading one of his Blandings Castle series coming down from Boston on the Merchant's Limited. Every time I laughed aloud, the dignified, grey-haired gentlemen in the car would look up from their stock market reports and stare disapprovingly at me. The man in the next chair finally leaned over and said, "What *are* you laughing at so immoderately?" I showed him the paragraph wherein a great publishing tycoon (known to his intimates as "Stinky Pike") fired one of those fatuous young asses that popped up in every Wodehouse novel. "I have only two things to say," was the dismissed minion's reaction. "One of them is that you'll regret this for the rest of your life. The other is pip-pip." "I don't think that's very funny," said the man in the next chair, returning to his analysis of American Power and Light. That's the way I myself now feel about everything by Wodehouse. For first, you will remember, he left America, after making a fortune here, without clearing his accounts with the income tax bureau. If he ever sets foot on these shores again, there's a little matter of 21,328 dollars in back taxes, plus penalties and interest of some 17,000 dollars he'll be asked to put on the line. Infinitely worse, Wodehouse was taken prisoner by the Nazis when they overran Le Touquet, France, in that terrible Spring of 1940, and after a taste of life in an internment camp,

Continued on page 194



Distinguished in tailoring, Glover pajamas offer you today, wartime's utmost in style and comfort. You may still enjoy these famous Glover Freedoms . . . the supremely comfortable *ELASTIC* Adjusto-Band waist—personally fitted to *you* . . . the freedom from Bedtime Bowlegs . . . from Droopy Shoulders . . . from Hiked-up Coat Front. Instead—just trim, elegant *ease*. If you belong to that select group who prize rare sleeping comfort and better bedroom appearance for yourself and your friends, then Glover Pajamas are your ultimate answer.

At the better stores—everywhere.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY, Dubuque, Iowa.

Makers of Men's Wear for Night and Day . . .

Shirts, Sportswear, Pajamas.

Tailored Man Pajamas by Glover

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 193

struck a bargain with his captors. In exchange for a suite in Berlin's once impeccable Adlon Hotel, and restricted liberty within the confines of the Reich, Wodehouse apparently consented to appear on a weekly radio program under the sponsorship of the Nazi propaganda agency and tell his countrymen that Hitler and his gang weren't such a bad lot after all. It was all very well for him to try to salve his conscience with an apologetic "There will be no more politics. . . . I never have been able to work up a belligerent feeling. Just as I am about to feel belligerent about some country, I meet some nice fellow from it and lose all my belligerency." It is inconceivable that even a man completely disinterested in politics, a man whose comment when he heard that Hemingway had written a book about the Spanish Civil War was, "I can't imagine a duller subject," could have failed to realize that the only effect his broadcasts possibly could achieve was a blow against the war spirit of his countrymen.

Mr. Wodehouse's defendants point out that he is a comparatively old man (over sixty) who couldn't stand the rigors of a Nazi prison camp, that he ceased broadcasting for the Germans not long after Pearl Harbor and at last reports was living quietly in Paris and that, finally, how do any of us know how we might have reacted in the same situation. I am not attempting here to pass judgment on the man; I am simply saying that I no longer relish his stories as I once did. It left a gap in my reading. I never expected that another author would come along who could not only match Wodehouse at his own game, but add a charm and brilliance of characterization of her own. Then I read Margery Sharp's *Cluny Brown.* This book is funny, tender, understanding and original—that one novel in a season that makes you start cheering and buying a dozen extra copies to send your friends.

The utterly captivating Cluny Brown is the orphaned niece of a deserving and unimaginative plumber named Porritt. She is tall, good-tempered and though admittedly not "a Lovely," has an undeniable air that puzzles her equals in the social scale but intrigues her superiors. London's Number One Glamor Girl, Betty Cream, puts her finger on it when she concludes that no catalogue of attributes can explain Cluny's chief and rare quality: "She looks like someone." Mr. Porritt sees it differently. To him Cluny is a girl who "don't seem to know her place." How else could a poor plumber describe a niece who traipsed off by herself for tea at the Ritz—no less—to see what it was like, and stayed in bed a whole day eating oranges because she read somewhere that it rested the nerves and toned the system?

Mr. Porritt concludes that what Cluny needs is to go into service in a fine manor house under the stern eye of an experienced housekeeper, and that's how Cluny finds herself out of London for the first time and waiting on table at Friars Carmel, ready to take in her stride a series of remarkable adventures.

The Carmel family is completely delightful. Lady Carmel spends most of her time in the flower gardens, but misses surprisingly few tricks for all that in the other parts of the house. Sir Henry is an avid correspondent. He's too old for hunting, and he never knew much about anything else, so now he has taken to writing very long, very dull letters to friends of his youth in Rhodesia, Tanganyika, India, New Zealand and the Bermudas. He considers it beneath him to write to anybody closer at hand. His letters take a long time to get there and the replies even longer to get back, so all the news in them is stale indeed. "This gave his correspondence," says Miss Sharp, "a peculiar timeless quality which was very soothing."

The only son of this serene and untroubled couple is the attractive Andrew, who introduces into the household a Polish intellectual, vaguely hiding from the Gestapo, and the beautiful Betty Cream, who bathes in the nude and makes Mr. Belinski's Polish blood race too hotly in his veins. Mr. Belinski is a man, however, who can take a rebuff with a smile. Besides, his American publishers want him to come to New York for a personal appearance tour. And there's always Cluny on the floor above, ready and eager for whatever life may bring her. (Cluny never forgot her late aunt's injunction: always have your underclothes nice, in case you get run over by a bus.)

Cluny Brown is distinguished, among other things, for the fact that everybody in the book gets just what he wants—even the American publisher! True, the local apothecary loses Cluny, but it's all too evident that he wouldn't have known what to do with her anyhow. Twentieth-Century Fox has bought the film rights for the largest sum it ever paid for a novel—a sound investment that will pay enormous dividends. Esquire's nomination for the part

Continued on page 196

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES KNOW THIS ONE IS SUPERIOR—

PHILIP MORRIS

Scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid *proof* that this finer-tasting cigarette is *less irritating* to the nose and throat!

PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC.
PHILIP MORRIS

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

ELGINS..BORN OF A FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP NEEDED ELSEWHERE TODAY

Naturally, Elgin . . . with its craftsmen long experienced in the making of precision timepieces . . . with a factory that's the largest fine watch factory in the world . . . was early called upon for service in America's war effort.

Elgin skills and equipment could produce many types of timing devices and precision instruments needed by our fighting forces on land, on sea and in the air. Elgin scientists could help.

Devoting itself wholeheartedly to its special tasks of war, Elgin has been unable to replenish its jeweler-friends' stocks of these fine American-made watches for men and women.

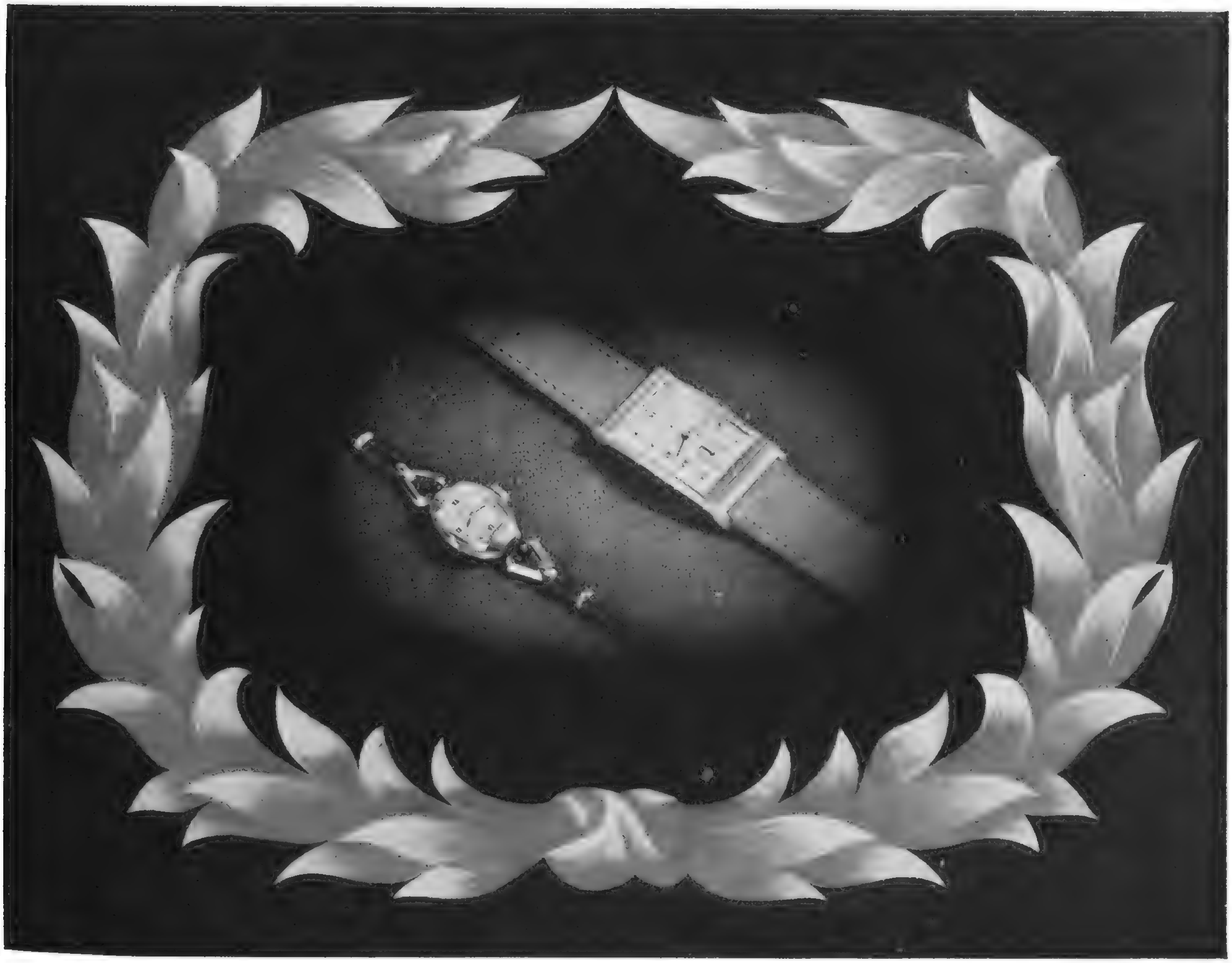
You'll see plenty of foreign-made watches trying to take the place of the Elgins whose reputation you know and respect. But hold fast to your desire for a truly superb watch. There are still *some* Elgins available and you may have the good fortune to find the one you want.

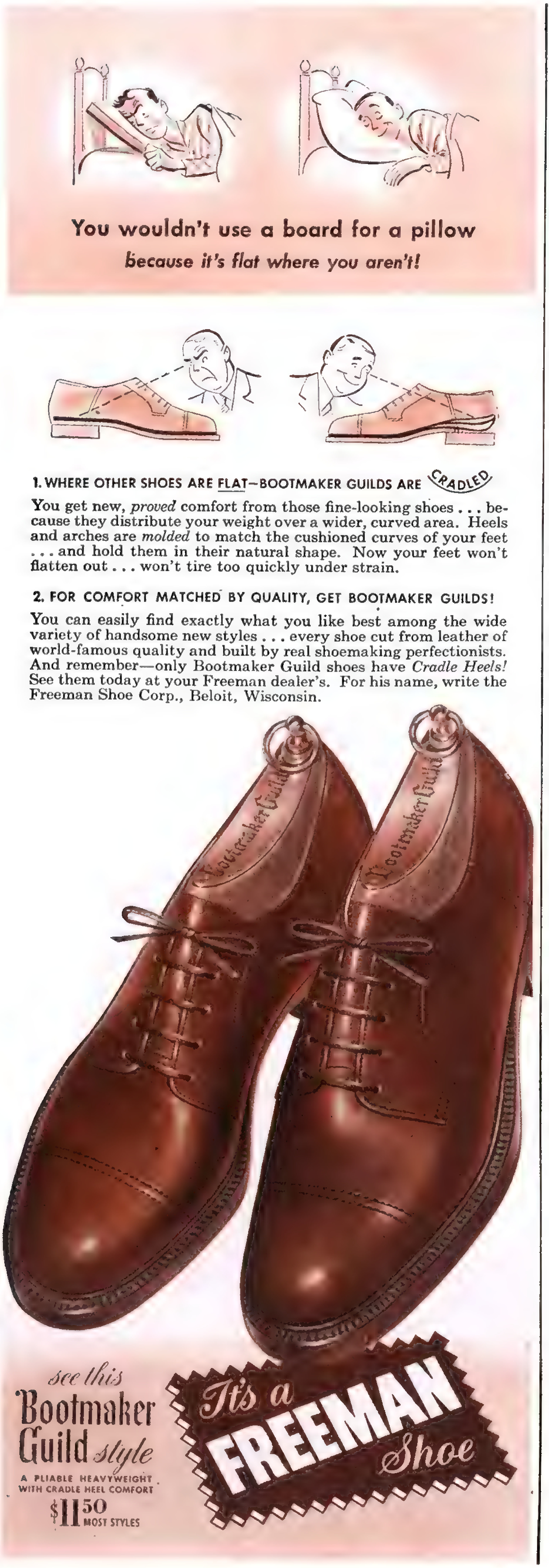
If you can't, remember this: When victory is won, Elgin craftsmen will again apply their skills to the creation of watches distinctively styled and certain to advance the Elgin tradition for precision accuracy. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois.

New radio show—"Keep Up With the World With Elgin"—Sunday nights, 10:30 EWT—the Blue Network, coast to coast.

ELGIN

America's own Distinctive Watch Word since 1865




You wouldn't use a board for a pillow
because it's flat where you aren't!

1. WHERE OTHER SHOES ARE FLAT—BOOTMAKER GUILDS ARE CRADLED

You get new, *proved* comfort from those fine-looking shoes . . . because they distribute your weight over a wider, curved area. Heels and arches are *molded* to match the cushioned curves of your feet . . . and hold them in their natural shape. Now your feet won't flatten out . . . won't tire too quickly under strain.

2. FOR COMFORT MATCHED BY QUALITY, GET BOOTMAKER GUILDS!

You can easily find exactly what you like best among the wide variety of handsome new styles . . . every shoe cut from leather of world-famous quality and built by real shoemaking perfectionists. And remember—only Bootmaker Guild shoes have *Cradle Heels!* See them today at your Freeman dealer's. For his name, write the Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wisconsin.

see this
Bootmaker Guild style
A PLIABLE HEAVYWEIGHT WITH CRADLE HEEL COMFORT
$11.50 MOST STYLES

It's a FREEMAN Shoe

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 193-194

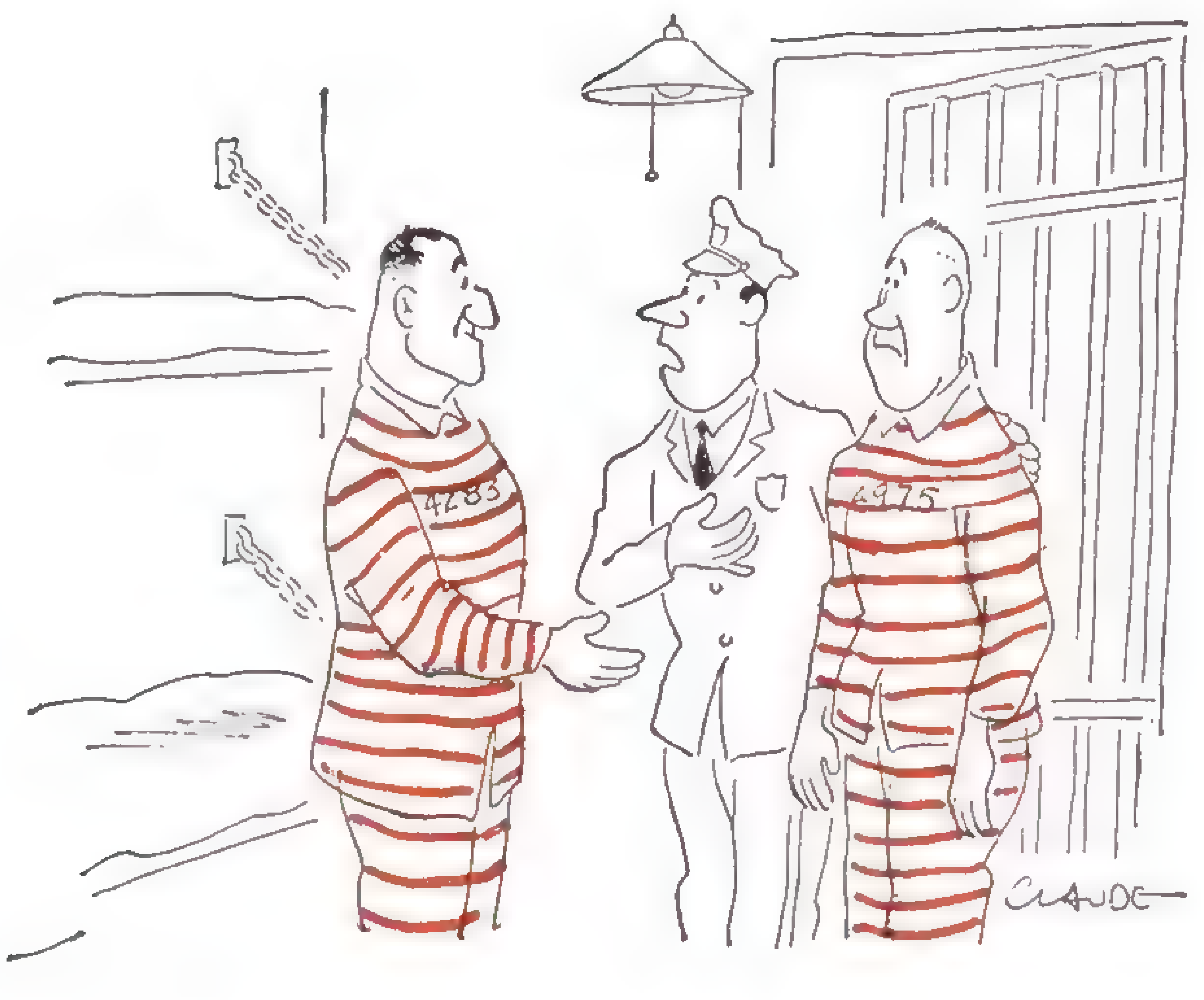
of Cluny Brown: Rosalind Russell. For Lady Carmel: Dame Whitty (of course!). For Belinski: Charles Boyer—and hang the expense.

Subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month Club received *Cluny Brown* as part of a dual selection with a novel called *Pastoral* by the Nevil Shute who wrote the memorable *Pied Piper*. In point of time, *Pastoral* practically takes up at the precise point where *Cluny Brown* leaves off; the Peter Marshall who flies a bomber for the R.A.F. might well be a picture of what the charming and carefree Andrew Carmel of Miss Sharp's country estate approximated after sufficient training and toughening up. *Pastoral*, however, lacks the charm of the Sharp novel. It is competently written and pleasant enough, but its story of air combat and romance at the base has been told a dozen times before and with more verve and suspense, too. The heroine of *Pastoral*, Gervase, is not exactly the impetuous type. There were two or three points in the narrative when I felt like nudging her in the ribs and urging, "Oh, get on with it." Why the Book Club judges fastened on two such undistinguished, if adequate, stories about the Royal Air Force as *Pastoral* and *Fair Stood the Wind for France* and passed up, at the same time, the superb American *A Walk in the Sun* and *A Bell for Adano* is something that I never, never will understand.

Drew Pearson has nothing on Vicki Baum when it comes to prediction. Miss Baum's slick and streamlined *Hotel Berlin '43* centers around just such a conspiracy of Junker generals against Hitler as actually came to pass several months after the book was published. Her General Arnim von Dahnwitz was nabbed by the Gestapo and liquidated in precisely the same fashion that actual marshals, just as stoically brave and just as old-fashioned in their philosophy, met their deaths in August, 1944. Von Dahnwitz, to pilfer a mot of S. N. Behrman, had "one of the best minds of the fifteenth century." In his philosophy, a world without warfare was too absurd for consideration; when the present war was hopelessly lost, the smart thing was to go underground, save as much as possible from the wreckage and start planning a third world war at once.

Against this bird of evil omen, Miss Baum has cast Martin Richter, a hero of the underground and apostle of the pitiful handful of Germans who still believe their country can exist in a peaceful and harmonious world. Both men fall in love with the same beautiful actress, and their destinies are plotted with the same skill and blueprint efficiency of the author's previous success, *Grand Hotel*. By using the identical background for her two books, Miss Baum has ingeniously high lighted the decay and dissolution that destroyed everybody and everything in Germany that fell under the Hitler blight. She shows the first Ratzis deserting the sinking ship as far back as the beginning of 1943—disgusting but farseeing scoundrels who realized even then that neither Gott nor Himmler could save them from the wrath of an outraged world.

And one of the guests of this Hotel Berlin, by an odd coincidence, was an English author who saved his skin by broadcasting lies to the outside world. This purely fictional character, however, ended his life in a blaze of glory when he suddenly threw down a prepared script and shouted into the microphone, "This is a sinking ship! It's going down! Keep flying, keep coming, keep hammering at them! They're almost finished. A few more blows and we've won!" By this time the outraged Nazis are at his throat, but as he loses consciousness, he feels that he has embarked upon a triumphant return to a long deserted home.... Fiction, it seems, is still often stranger than the truth! #



"Mr. 4283, may I present Mr. 4975?"

Give These *Esky* Christmas Treats

1945 Esquire Date Book
Civilian and G.I. Edition

THE 1945 ESQUIRE DATE BOOK . . . Civilian Edition 50¢

Dish a special kick to your civvie friends with this handy desk edition of the Esquire Date Book. Here in 106 pleasant plastic-bound pages are a 54-page calendar for day-by-day appointments; an 8-page address section; birthday, gift, and card reminders; PLUS 6 terrific page-size Varga Girl drawings in color, and 26 knockout photos by America's top glamor photographers. Size 5″ x 7″.

"B" Deck
"A" Deck

Varga Girl Playing Cards

THE 1945 ESQUIRE DATE BOOK . . . G. I. Edition 50¢

For would-be wolves in G.I.—and civilian—clothing, here's an amusing and amazing handbook. In its 106 plastic-bound pages are entertaining stories, jokes, and do's and don't's for daters; a 36-page calendar and diary; an 8-page address section; helpful memo pages; and 6 full-color Varga Girl drawings and 26 glamor photos that'll knock their eyes out. Size 5″ x 7″.

VARGA GIRL PLAYING CARDS . . . $1 a deck

Put a hunk of glamor in their card games with these two gorgeous new decks of Varga Girl Playing Cards. Printed on sturdy, cellulose-coated two-ply stock, Varga Girl Cards are cleanable with the twist of a damp cloth. With every pair of decks, we'll send free the 68-page Esquire Joker Book . . . containing Gin Rummy rules, a scorepad, and directions for 30 bar tricks.

Esky Post Cards

ESKY POST CARDS . . . . 25¢ for a set of 6 or $1 for your choice of any five sets

Here are the post cards that'll make a sensation in any man's mail: giant-sized, full-color Esky-cards. Choose from the famous Varga, Hurrell, and Waxman glamor girl series, distinctive Waxman dog photos; satirical caricatures by Szyk; beautiful Bohl nature water colors; and sparkling Esquire cartoons—all packaged in the sets of six listed to the right. Size 4½″ x 7″.

ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

please send me:

______1945 Esquire Date Books, Civilian Edition, at 50c each;
______1945 Esquire Date Books, G.I. Edition, at 50c each.

I enclose $____________, payment in full.
U. S. orders only. No stamps please.

name ______________________
please print

address ______________________

city____________**zone**______**state**______

● ●

ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

please send me:

______pairs of Varga Playing Cards, at $2.00 per pair;
______"A" decks of Varga Playing Cards, at $1.00 a deck;
______"B" decks of Varga Playing Cards, at $1.00 a deck.

I understand that with every pair of decks, you will enclose, absolutely free, the 68-page Esquire Joker Book.

I enclose $____________, payment in full.
U. S. orders only. No stamps please.

name ______________________
please print

address ______________________

city____________**zone**______**state**______

● ●

ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

please send me the sets of Esky-cards checked below, at 25c per set, or $1 for any five sets:

- ☐ set of 6 1943 Varga Girl drawings (set No. 1)
- ☐ set of 6 Bohl nature studies (set No. 2)
- ☐ set of 6 1943 Hurrell Girl photos (set No. 3)
- ☐ set of 6 Esquire cartoons (set No. 4)
- ☐ set of 6 Waxman dog photos (set No. 5)
- ☐ set of 6 Szyk caricatures (set No. 6)
- ☐ set of 6 new Varga Girl drawings (set No. 7)
- ☐ set of 6 new Hurrell Girl photos (set No. 8)
- ☐ set of 6 new Waxman girl photos (set No. 9)

I enclose $____________, payment in full.
U. S. orders only. No stamps please.

name ______________________
please print

address ______________________

city____________**zone**______**state**______

● ●

It had to be better

to enjoy such universal preference for **317** years! Nothing takes the place of satisfaction!

HAIG & HAIG
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Blended Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

Haig & Haig

The **OLDEST** name in Scotch

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

Man the Kitchenette

Of merrier Christmases at Delmonico's and dishes for this circumscribed holiday

by **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •

PROF EMILE AND HIS PETS

THE modern kitchenette at Christmas time is unattractive compared to the nostalgic charm of the spacious kitchens of a bygone era. Back in the good old days, every single person became a Gargantua, at least for the duration of the holidays. Today the tendency is to eat moderately, not only for one's health's sake, but also because no one can abandon himself wholeheartedly to gourmandizing when the earth is atremble and pots and pans swing crazily on the walls. As to the future, people will probably be so steeped in health fads that they'll honor the Anniversary of the Infant—such a good cause for joyous celebration—with a saucerful of cottage cheese, a few leaves of salad and a vitamin pill. Shame on them . . .

It was different in the good old days.

For example, officers of the visiting Russian fleet ate a pre-Christmas dinner at Delmonico's in 1863 and the meal consisted of seventy dishes! Then Rear-Admiral Lyesovski, commanding flagship *Alexander Nevski*, (fifty-one guns), being a little worried that the illustrious company might not have had enough to eat, invited the guests for a midnight snack aboard the Frigate *Peresvat* (forty-eight guns), Captain Kopytov commanding.

I have the menu of that Delmonico dinner before me as I write, and although I would like to share the mouth-watering and eye-popping experience I am having with you, it would be impossible to tell you in detail about the seventy dishes. It might interest you, however, to know that the *pièce de résistance* was not turkey. The accent was on game, which was liked so much by men of the old school, and there were snipe, pheasants, plovers, wild duck, grouse and venison on the menu. For dessert there was Peter the Great, Alexander II, Washington, Lincoln, Columbus, an enormous American eagle and a battleship—fashioned out of marzipan, chocolate and the various ingredients used by pastry-cook artists. All these famous personages, together with the eagle and the ship, were cheerfully eaten by those present.

Men were proud to be fat and women to be plump in those days. After Christmas they needed a couple of weeks to get back to normal, and therefore would eat a more modest dinner like: oysters, spaghetti, broiled *pompano*, hashed turkey *à la crême*, lamb chops *à la Masséna*, French peas with lettuce, okra *sautée à la Créole*, roast quails, mixed salad and pudding *à la U. S. Grant* (filled with candied fruits and anointed with a warm fruit sauce).

Of course, this is also a Delmonico menu, from their after-Christmas-fare files. Even in that happy epoch when servant problems had not yet arisen, I doubt if Americans in their homes—no matter how infused with the Christmas spirit—could prepare such elaborate dinners. I rather think that if they had the money and were bent on celebrating the year's most wonderful holiday, they went to Delmonico's, the Café Martin, the old Plaza and Mr. Astor's Knickerbocker. It was at such grand eating places that one could expect the plum pudding to come to the table burning with the festive brandy flame, a kind of sacrificial offering to gastronomy. There were few good restaurants then in New York. Later the Ritz-Carlton was added to the short list, still later the Colony and, later yet, the Stork Club.

These last two places, so much in clover now, experienced troubled Christmases the year they were born—you could have fired a twelve-gauge shotgun across the rooms and not hit anybody.

Monsieur Achille Borgo, who is the pearl and *doyen* of all major-domos, and who was headwaiter of the Colony when it opened about a quarter century ago, was called to the phone at midday on the twenty-fourth of December. A well-known society matron was on the wire. "Borgo," she said, "I am sort of undecided as to where to take my party tonight. I thought of the Plaza, but if you can promise me a good crowd at your new place, we'll come there." Borgo answered the way any good headwaiter would have: that most of the tables were reserved already, but for *Madame, c'est une chose différente*. Well, the lady and her six guests ate practically alone that Christmas Eve at the Colony. Borgo tried his best to hide, but at the end of the evening he was called over to the matron's table and was duly reproached for his duplicity. "Please don't be angry with me, Madame," he apologized, "this is the festivity of truth, love and forgiveness. So I must admit that the other eight or nine diners you see here I also got to come on false pretenses. And to commemorate my falsehood, allow me to send you a magnum of Roederer Extra Dry . . ."

Some years later when the Stork Club opened, Sherman Billingsley, when he saw no customers coming in on the first Christmas Eve, treated the waiters and all the other help to the most magnificent dinner they had ever had, champagne flowed and presents were passed around. But soon these places were "discovered." Mr. Billingsley's Stork Club has never seen a quiet night since, and just try to get a table at the Colony around Christmas time.

Not long ago I got one. I had luncheon there with an English friend of mine, who was once incarcerated for a short period in a London prison. My friend—now a Commando and veteran of many bloody encounters—told me that although food was atrocious in English prisons, inmates got roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and plum pudding on Christmas. "But what is plum pudding without liberty?" mused my friend, and added that he would have foresworn the famous pudding for the rest of his life if he could have had a glimpse of a tree trunk (he could spy some branches towering taller than the prison walls), a five minute walk on Bond Street or a draw on a cigarette. You see, there are worse things than soldiering (fetters being one of them) and better things than plum pudding.

I think this plum pudding adoration is a bit exaggerated; at any rate, I gave you the recipe for it years ago, so now I intend to offer recipes for a Christmas dinner containing nothing you have ever tasted before. If you wish to gourmandize seriously at Christmas you'll have to wait a little longer for the *primeurs*, the giant Italian chestnuts with which to fill your turkey, the fat-chested little partridges from Central Europe, the *foie gras* from Strasbourg, the mustard from Dijon, the marzipan from Dresden, fresh caviar from Astrakhan, honey from Athens, chocolate from Vevey, and the myriad other tidbits which used to come from over there. It won't be long now before foreign delicacies again find their way to the United States.

While you are waiting for the eminent European edibles and my unusual Christmas recipes, let me tell you about Charlie, the colored man my friend, Mr. de Bessenyey, employs as *Mädchen für Alles*. Last Christmas morning Charlie awoke my friend as he came to work earlier than usual. "Merry Christmas to you, boss," jingled the good-natured Charlie. But for once Charlie's good humor couldn't permeate de Bessenyey; he declared that he wasn't at all satisfied with this particular Christmas. "Boss," Charlie reproached him, "it's a grand Christmas. God kept me out of jail, kept me out of the electric chair, so everything's wonderful. There's no call to kick against this Christmas!"

It isn't quite Christmas yet, as I write this article in a forest of young pine, scented with the loveliest evergreen odors. The stalwart trees will eat rays of sunshine, drink some rain water for a few more weeks, and then will be cut down to become Christmas trees in our homes. So what's the use of Spartan living and dieting? We never know when our number is up, and we should eat what our hearts desire and the best our pocketbook can afford while we are here. To blazes with cottage cheese and salad and vitamin pills! "Some white meat?" "With pleasure." "A little dark meat?" "With pleasure." But turkey can be boring, too, and I think the main dish offered below will intrigue you.

The Soup

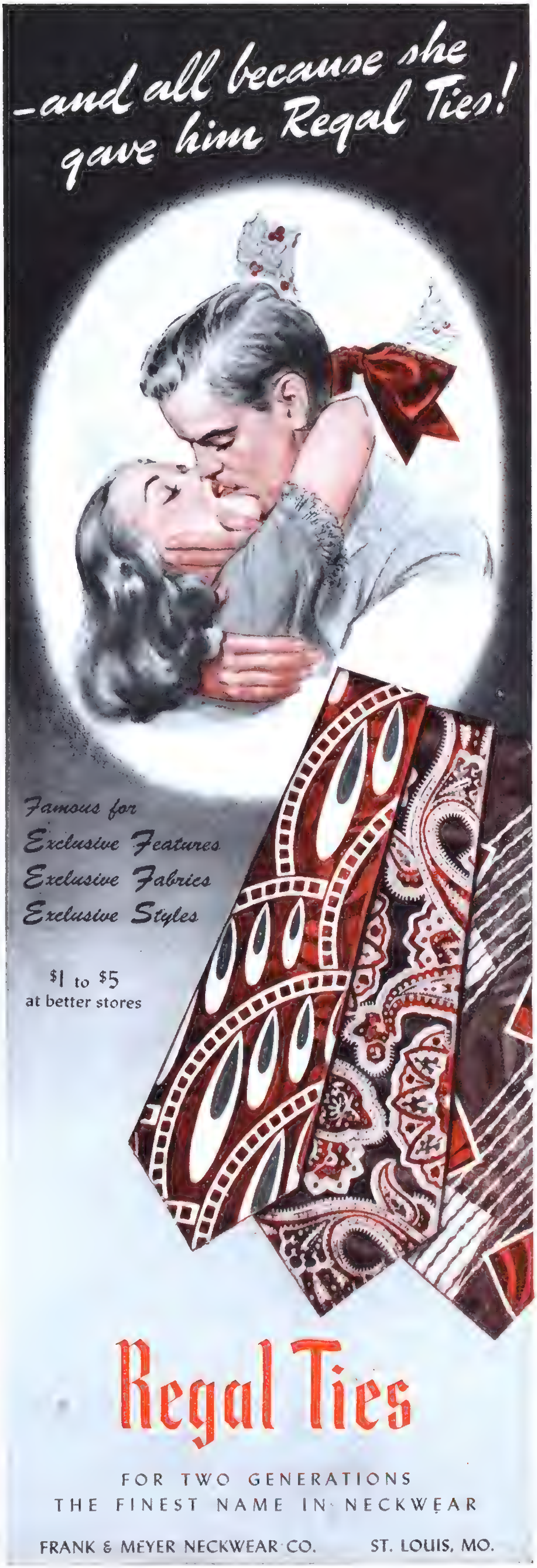
Clean thoroughly (or let the poultry man do it for you) the neck, feet and gizzard of a fairly large chicken and cook in water (adding salt and pepper) until tender. Slice the meat off the bones, throw the bones away and save the meat. In the meantime, sauté in butter some very finely sliced carrots, sliced celery, chopped parsley and finely sliced mushrooms. When this is already sautéed, sprinkle with a little flour, add some more chopped parsley, a little chopped chives and if possible some tarragon and continue heating in the pan till it acquires a yellowish brownish color. Now add some of the liquid from the soup, let it come to a boil, pour it in the large pan where the soup cooked and add the meat you have saved. Season with a little lemon juice and a pint of cream.

The Main Dish

Dig many holes in a leg of lamb, and fill the holes alternately with a little smoked bacon, ham, hard-boiled egg pieces and capers. Salt according to taste, place in the roasting pan, anoint it with melted butter and two glasses of white wine. Grate the peel of a small orange, and add to the gravy together with the juice of an orange and some finely chopped mushrooms. Baste the leg of lamb often with the gravy. When the meat is done, add a pint of cream into which you have previously stirred the yolks of three eggs, mix and let it come to a boil. Serve with mashed potatoes and Brussels sprouts (but don't overcook the latter!).

The Dessert

Mix very well a quarter pound of sugar with a quarter pound of butter, and add the yolks of six eggs, mixing vigorously all the while. You must go on mixing the concoction as you are adding a quarter pound of melted chocolate, two ounces of flour, and the well-whipped whites of the six eggs. Bake in a buttered cake-form over a low temperature. Finally pour melted chocolate over it, and let this settle, so the cake will have a chocolate coating. This is that fine Sacher *Torte* as they used to make it in Mme. Sacher's famous hotel in Vienna. ###



AFTER SHAVE
Courtley

The holiday gift for men who know

A fragrance preferred by men experienced in better things—blended from the finest essences of Cognac, Cedarwood, Russian Leather and the Great Outdoors.

Courtley

SHAVING SOAP...AFTER SHAVE LOTION...HAND SOAP...POWDER...COLOGNE
HAIR DRESSING...DEODORANT...INDIVIDUALLY OR IN SETS $1.00 TO $7.50

COURTLEY LTD. • LOS ANGELES
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Iowa Champettes

Coached by Leo Schultz, stenos from the tall corn state played brilliant amateur basketball

by **JOHN O'DONNELL**

• SPORTS •

LOCAL DRAFT BOARD 75
FOR SALE CHEAP
DESKS
CHAIRS
FILING CABINETS
BARREL
TYPEWRITERS
ETC.
-ALI-

MINIMUM age 16, maximum age 20, average age 17½ years. The girls all came from within 200 miles of Davenport, Iowa, mostly from small towns with an average population of 700. The national A.A.U. champion girls' basketball team has been in existence only six years. Only two girls have played on the team three years; five have played but two seasons; all others have played but one year. In other words, the prairie girls must be naturals.

Coach Leo Schultz was put in charge of the girl basketball squad at the American Institute of Commerce at Davenport in 1937. (He is now coaching in another state.) He had behind him a brief experience of coaching high school male teams. He could barely remember having seen a girl basketball game once, under high school rules. He took an A.A.U. girls' rule book and went ahead. Four years later, 1941-42, the Stenos won the national championship at St. Joseph. In 1942-43 they repeated.

There were only fifty girls in the school. Fifteen girls reported for practice in Schultz's first year. "We never had a 'traveling athlete,' " he says. "Our players are all home talent, genuine students and genuine amateurs."

Team statistics show that these basketball playing girls from where the tall corn grows had an average height of five feet six inches, with one girl six feet tall and one five feet eleven. Average weight was 130 pounds. They were predominantly brunette, with three redheads and one blonde.

For the first two years it seemed as if the bashful girls from the rustling prairies would never get over their stage fright and paralysis before crowds. "It is mighty hard to get our girls to come out for competition after they have finished high school," Schultz says. "They are self-conscious; they think they will not make the right impression on the public; they want to be ladies."

But at the end of the 1938-39 season their graceful passing and smooth teamwork took the consolation championship at Wichita, Kansas. In 1939-40 Schultz took them to Pennsylvania, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas. They were getting used to traveling, admiration and applause, and went to the quarter-finals at St. Joe. In 1940-41 they got to the semifinals.

First big thrill for the Stenos came in Toronto, Canada, when they played the Simpson Volunteers under boys' rules before a crowd of 10,000, winning 39 to 29. They came to the finals in the season's championship, 1941-42, and faced the Little Rock Flyers who had Hazel Walker, six straight years All-American. Final score, A.I.C., 42—Little Rock, 25. In the 1942-43 season they traveled 10,000 miles, including 14 states, Canada and Mexico, before coming back to win the title again.

Schultz has fixed principles in teaching. "We have the girls such a short time that we have to start right and stay right," he says. "First thing is to gain their respect and hold it. They are idealists.

"Girls have to be taught finesse and balance on the athletic floor. A girl may be graceful in dancing but she must be taught to be graceful on the basketball court. Their self-consciousness has to be eliminated. They must be taught to play before a crowd without becoming part of the crowd and without being affected by noises.

"They know that we are thinking of their future careers. We stress the point that they are going to school and that playing basketball is incidental. Only one player continued in basketball after leaving school."

The system at A.I.C. has produced seven All-American players: Monica Ward, Ruth Campbell, Viola Meyer, Margaret Macomber, Helen Joura (All-American captain), Frances Stansberry and Charlotte Weltha.

Frances Stansberry left the Farson, Iowa, high school (less than 200 students) in the spring term to join the A.I.C. team. Schultz had two weeks to get her ready. He had the five feet eight inch, 125-pound girl in four games, winding up with the national championship in which she scored 21 points. Some coaching, yes, but Iowa produces some girls. #

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
RESERVE
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

Yours to enjoy
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST

With its rare basic whiskies* drawn from precious pre-war stocks, Three Feathers is skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers, at its pre-war best, is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies"!

FEATHER YOUR NEST...HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 12½% straight whiskey 5 years old, 12½% straight whiskey 6 years old, 15% straight whiskey 7 years old.

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen

CIRO
CIRO
CIRO
REFLEXIONS
SURRENDER
DANGER
CIRO
new Horizons

REFLEXIONS	SURRENDER	DANGER	NEW HORIZONS
$35. 18. 12. 5.	$32. 17.50 10. 5.	$27.50	$27.50 10.50 6.25 (plus taxes)

Four ways to say "Remember Me!"

And remember to buy War Bonds regularly

© 1943

Design for Giving

Men appreciate Manhattan gifts. Because they're useful, beautifully styled, and bear a famous quality label. They're truly *designed for giving!*

Manhattan shirts are Size-fixt, Man-formed, and Collar-perfect; the ties are pleasing originations; the sportswear, pajamas and handkerchiefs are all in good taste, and of superb quality.

Make him happy on Christmas morning with *a quality gift by Manhattan!*

Manhattan

SHIRTS • TIES • SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS • HANDKERCHIEFS

High above the blue Caribbean we discovered this famous Puerto Rican "mountain rum"

OLD SENTRY BOX dating back to the 16th century, at El Morro Fortress, Puerto Rico

It's *mountain distilling* that produces this finer rum

There is a *difference* in Ron Merito which your palate will instantly recognize and relish—a flavor captured thousands of feet above sea level, in a little Puerto Rican mountain valley where soil, sun, weather and water are ideal for distilling perfect rum. Enjoy this difference in your next rum drink. Ask for Ron Merito by name the next time you order rum.

And, by the way, have you discovered how versatile a good rum can be? In addition to the better known, strictly "rum" drinks, like the Daiquiri, Cuba Libre and Rum Collins, try Ron Merito in a Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Sour. *Any* way you drink it, you will agree that this Puerto Rican mountain rum deserves the favor it enjoys all over America.

Ron MERITO
WHITE LABEL
Ron MERITO
PUERTO RICAN
RUM

Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

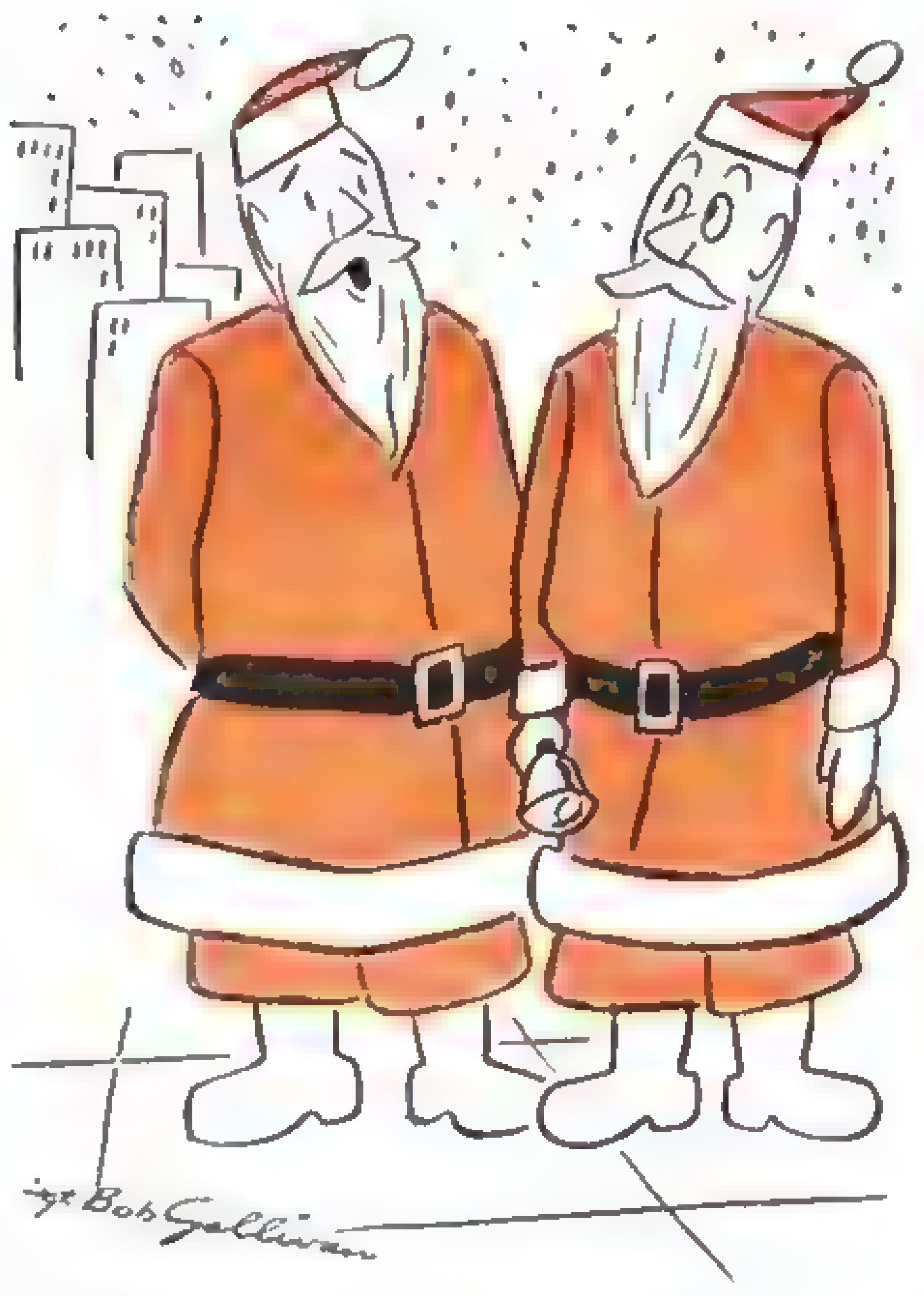
Available in Gold Label & White Label, 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. E15, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., New York

The Sporting Scene

Leathernecks assign sports scribes to record history's headlines from battle zones

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS



"I'd better go now, Gus—we shouldn't be seen together"

AMONG the Marine Corps' 150 combat correspondents, photographers and artists there are some who must almost bust out crying in emotion unbecoming a leatherneck as they think what a beautiful morning they had before the war. They are former sports writers.

Now they're still doing sports among other assignments. But after a fellow has had as his press coops the beaches and the jungles of Guadalcanal, Munda, Bougainville, Tarawa, Namur, Saipan, Guam and points east, north and south, the routine of sitting at ringsides, the 50-yard lines and the observation posts back of home plates of Marine base sports events are bittersweet reminders of distant gladsome days bygone.

Then a guy could roll over in the cozy sack at 10:30 a. m., consult the telephone directory at the side of the bed to learn what city he was in and by mustering gigantic willpower get himself out of bed to proceed to the day's labors.

After stepping gingerly over cigarette butts, glasses and bottles, he traveled to the bathroom to shave his tongue and face. The next move was to take a shower and by falling asleep against the cold water valve accidentally awaken himself with a shock. Thus brought to life, our hero would go down to the lobby and buy the papers from a young lady who viewed him as a fugitive from a slab in the morgue. She would stare at him in rebuke and make tart comment on his etiquette the prior evening with her girl friend who was "a lady not used to that kind of conduct."

With his spirits as low as his breath was high, our man would blink at the occupants of the lobby, wondering if he could trade stomachs and heads, sight unseen, with any of them.

Advancing to the coffee shop he would join his colleagues and a few ballplayers engrossed in diagnosis of their double-exposure recollections of the night before.

Our man then would have his convalescent breakfast, consisting of a few dashes of bourbon and three aspirins on thin toast, two pots of coffee and six cigarettes. Thus revived he would be in condition for his toil, which would consist of sitting in the shade and fresh air during an hour and a half of a ballgame and pecking words onto paper which was handed to a telegraph operator.

Of course, all of the lads didn't follow such a schedule. Some of them had ulcers. Others were geniuses and would get up early or stay up writing after the others had fallen onto their couches. Lardner was one of those who worked on magazine pieces while the sounds of the patois were still keen in his ears. And Gallico would leave a party to sweat out on paper an idea that had marketable artistic possibilities.

Others who regarded the whole business as something like laying bricks except that the callouses were acquired in different places, looked in, saw the same people doing the same thing, then eased out to go to a movie or a fanning session in the lobby, or so to bed.

But now former sports writers who are young and rugged enough to qualify as Marine combat correspondents cover the Big Game entirely without those sweet comforts of the good old days.

Coming ashore under fire and loaded down like a pack mule with photographic impedimenta makes a fellow vulnerable as a target. However, the newspaper photographer whose screwy and valiant performance in a pinch never has been given merited ballyhoo, as a Marine still isn't a guy to worry about getting home to dinner. Two of the Marines' combat photographers were casualties at Tarawa in making an epochal pictorial record of battle. The news photogs, like the Marines, have traditional ruggedness, and the Grim Reaper is just another hard mug one is liable to tangle with on an assignment.

So, after another island is safe in hand, the combat photographers and reporters may find the next job on the beat trying to get a story and pictures out of a Ma-

Continued on page 206

23
RAINFAIR storm coats
showerproof

"What a wonderful gift a RAINFAIR would make! It's the smartest raincoat you see, here at the RITZ"

says attractive Miss Kay Monroe, check-room girl at New York's exclusive Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Every man needs a coat that can take all kinds of weather. That's why Rainfair is a gift that's sure to please. Rainfairs are showerproofed for rainy-day protection. What's more ...thanks to their trim lines, careful tailoring and soft, top-quality fabrics... they're coats to wear proudly and comfortably after the sun comes out. It may be that your dealer still has a small, selected stock. If so, put "Rainfair" at the top of your gift list.

Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear
RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin
Also manufacturers of Rainfair Vulcanized Work-Wear and Smartair Sportswear

Grafton... $11.50 Outstanding Balmacaan-type coat in fine gabardine...showerproofed against the rain. Beautifully tailored shoulders, seams, fly front. Three smart colors; fawn, light olive, taupe.

Free Booklet... how to make your raincoat last... Our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the latest Rainfair styles. Write for it...and for the name of your nearest dealer...today! **buy war bonds first**

RAINFAIR storm coats showerproof

smart as a topcoat...and ready for rain

traditional for very special occasions

CHATEAU MARTIN Brand

AMERICAN Champagne and Sparkling WINES

EASTERN WINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 205

rines' horseshoe pitching championship at Samoa or a fight card at Guadalcanal. Battle and sports are the two chief items on the Marine combat press crews' assignment sheet.

Battle means battle to these men. They've been trained and toughened for combat at Parris Island and San Diego, after which they are sent to the Division of Public Relations Headquarters at Washington for indoctrination in Marine Corps coverage. They are instructed to help civilian correspondents as much as practicable in covering their "beats." The Marines are ordered to get stories about the experiences of individual Marines. The combat word and picture men go onto an island with the first waves of Marines. The typewriters chatter and lenses click under the roar of battle.

Sports never provided news like these men have been covering. Dempsey and Firpo had what passed for a fight in the old days, but when a fellow at the Marine ringside has to grab his carbine, a sidearm or a grenade, get into the show with a machine gun or as a member of a depleted gun crew, he becomes a headliner in the main event himself.

Among the former sports writers who now are Marine combat correspondents are Ralph Peck of the Cincinnati *Post*, Eugene L. Ward, Jr., of the New York *Daily News*, Hyman Hurwitz of the Boston *Post*, William Burnett of the Washington *Post*, William Goodrich of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, George Morgenstern of the Chicago *Tribune*, Frederick L. Dashiell of Associated Press, Harold T. Boian of the Dayton *Daily News*, Claude R. Canup of the Anderson *Daily Mail*, and Robert Burrill of the *Golfer and Sportsman*, Minneapolis. Morgenstern is a captain. The others are sergeants.

The men signed up for general duty. No Marine has any assurance that he won't be among those who are first to fight somewhere. Even with the Marines' heavy accent on physical conditioning, the star athletes who may be detailed to the job of toughening up the corps prior to combat aren't kept around for window trimming. If they're of recent enough vintage or durable enough to stand combat conditions, combat is what they get as soon as they are considered fit to be on the varsity.

Because of that policy the Marine combat correspondents, photographers, radiomen and artists could pack any sports section or radio program with stories and art of All-Americans in action. The First Marine Division, a veteran unit of Guadalcanal and New

No better way to say "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

Giving a whole box of Dutch Masters as a gift may not be possible, since these fine cigars are not so plentiful these days. But why not pass out a single Dutch Masters to a friend here and there? There's no better way of saying "Merry Christmas!"

DUTCH MASTERS

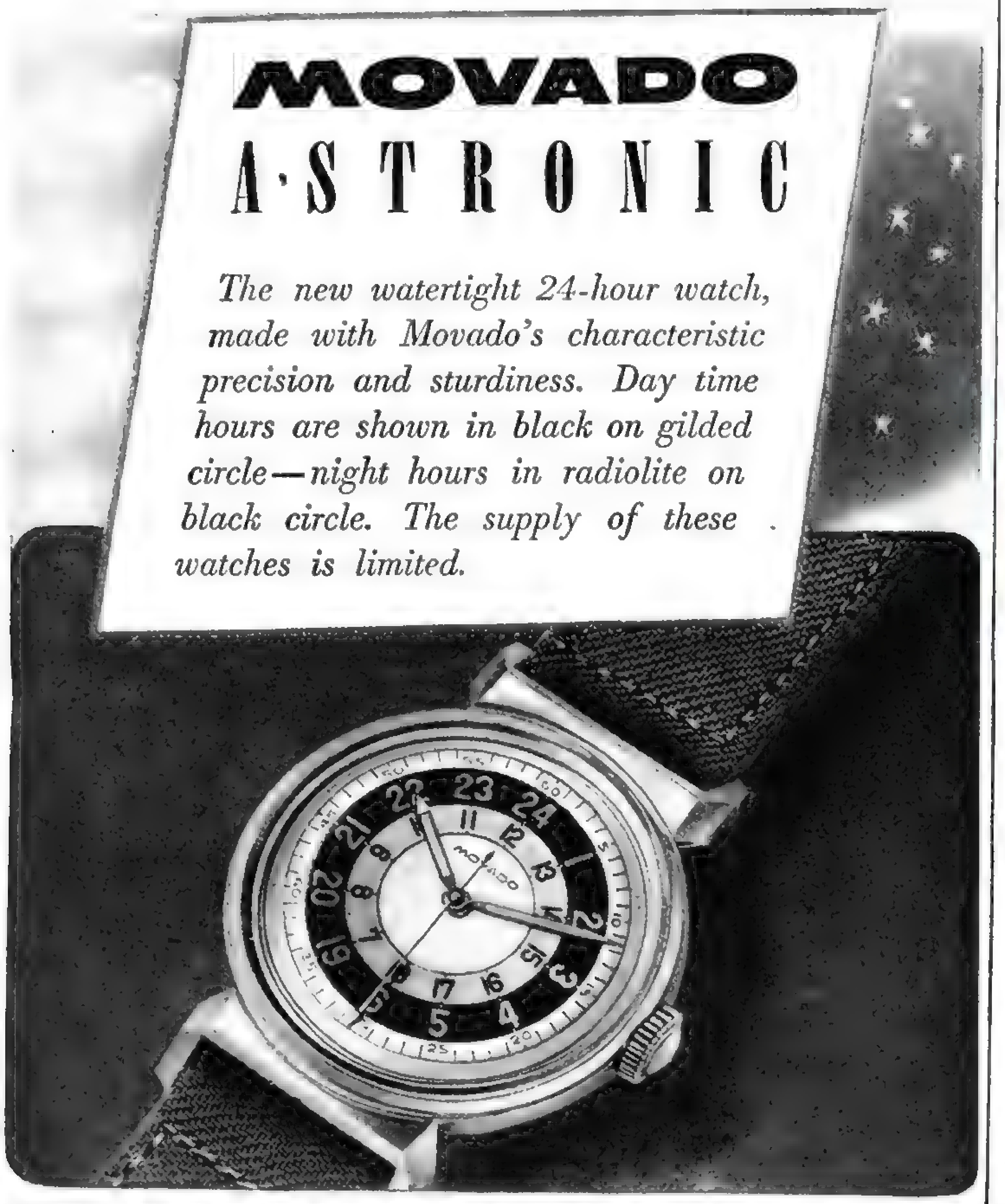
Britain, had reason for its confidence that it could assemble a football team that could hold its own with any club back home. Maybe the opinion reflected Marine Corps cockiness more than the cold judgment of gridiron authorities, and the Marines reached rather far back in considering men for the football line-up.

But when the Marine ex-sports writers had chances to look over their companion combatants they saw pigskin talent that would be tough in anybody's league.

In viewing Marine sports luminaries in combat the corps' correspondent saw Col. Frank B. Goettge, a Marine since 1917. He had coached and played on Marine teams that beat Army and Navy teams in 1925 and 1926 for the President's cup. He had been known as the Marine's "greatest athlete." He was killed on Guadalcanal. At Tarawa the CC's saw Joseph M. Price, of Rice University's 1939, '40 and '41 varsity squads, and Lt. Col. Herbert Amey, once a lineman of one of Quantico's capable teams. Amey and Price died bucking the Jap line.

The correspondents saw Major Henry G. Totzke of the University of Michigan back in the twenties, and Capt. Leonard A. Migliore of Columbia, both wounded at Guadalcanal. Bill Cohern, who'd captained a Mississippi State College football team was wounded in the New Britain campaign. The combat correspondents learned at the ringside that Bill treated his wounds and stayed in battle. The parade of the Marines' ex-gridiron champions plunged on at Bougainville, where Lt. Jack West, an All-Big Six tackle at Iowa State, was wounded. Lt. Joe Barr of Notre Dame and Cpl. Marty Christiansen, Minnesota fullback, were among the wounded at Tarawa. Lt. Col. Harold W. (Joe) Bauer, once a Navy back and missing after action over Guadalcanal, had been written about by the CC's for his performance in a job that was a spectacularly successful exhibition of scoring in the skies. On one run he knocked down four Zeros and

Continued on page 208



MOVADO
A·STRONIC

The new watertight 24-hour watch, made with Movado's characteristic precision and sturdiness. Day time hours are shown in black on gilded circle—night hours in radiolite on black circle. The supply of these watches is limited.

MOVADO
Winners of 165 Observatory Awards
Sold and Serviced by Leading Jewelers All Over the World
Copr. 1944, Movado Watch Agency, Inc. 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Buy A War Bond First!
Strong enough to stand on

Samsonite
Streamlite Luggage

You'll be proud to carry this smart luggage! It's built to keep its good looks through years of rugged service! For America on the move it's more than a convenience—it's a necessity! No wonder SAMSONITE is America's most popular luggage—for him—for her. SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE is available at better stores everywhere, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work.

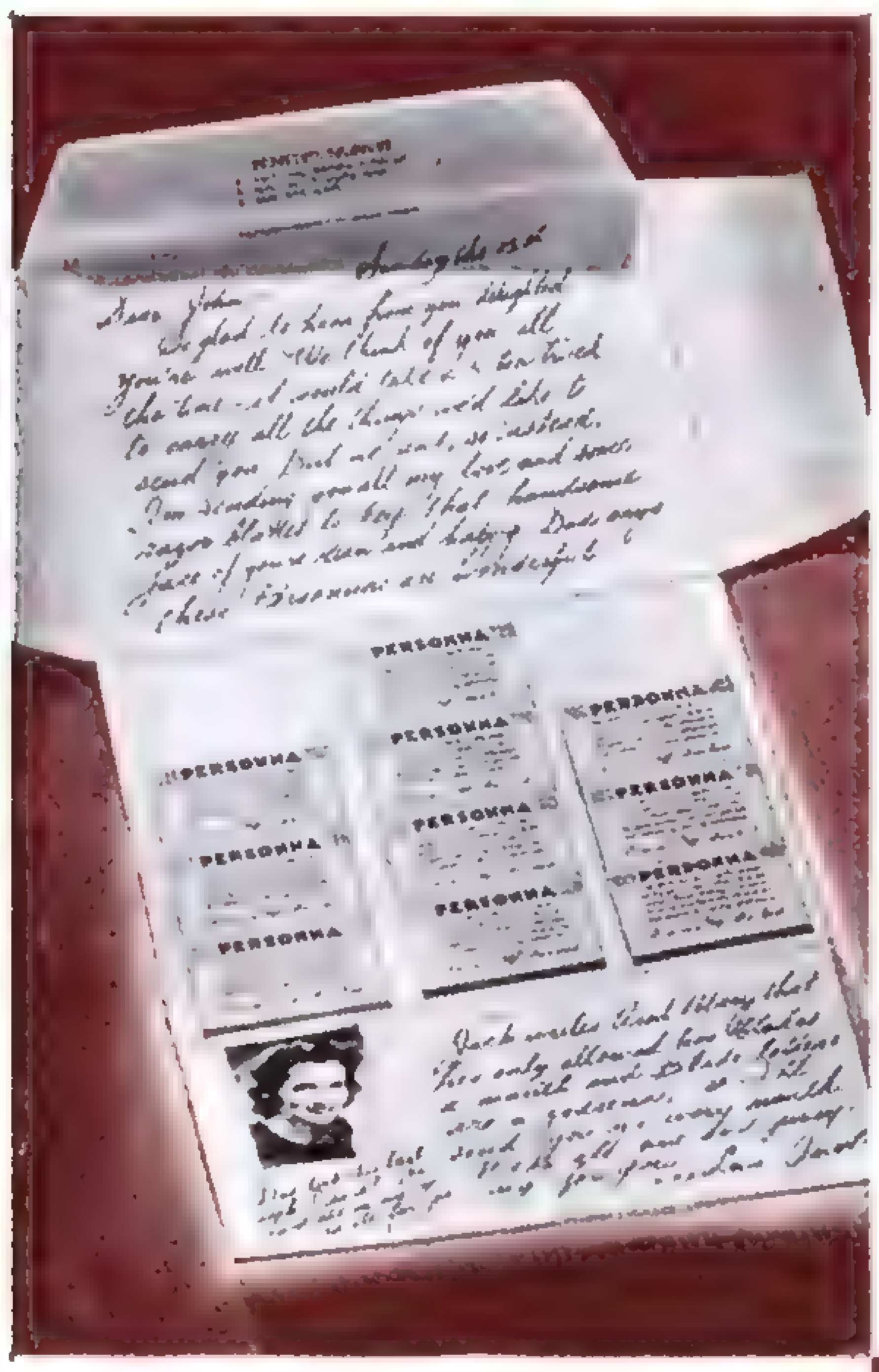
★ ★ ★

SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE has all these extra value features:
Streamlined styling—*easier to carry and pack*
Precision binding—*keeps packed clothes clean*
Washable finish—*resists water, stains and dirt*
Draw bolt locks—*double catch—extra safety*

Denver • SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • Detroit

MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES AND FOLDING CHAIRS

Give him a cheerful year-ful of
BETTER SHAVING



50 Personna Precision Blades **$5**

High on every man's Christmas want list are fine razor blades. He knows Personna is as much better than ordinary blades as Christmas is better than other days. Here are 50, in a de luxe gift box.

Personna Blade Letter **$1**

Send this to your Soldier! This is the "letter perfect" gift. He gets Personna Blades—in a folder that looks like a V-letter, and which has plenty of space for you to write your personal letter to him. Space even for your snapshot. You seal it like a letter. 6¢ postage speeds it *anywhere, any time.* (No request needed.)

10 Personna Blades **$1**

There are two ways of making blades—in fast mass-production or with slow craftsmanship. Personna are made *twice* as slowly as ordinary blades—and inspected 17 times. Personna are *hollow ground* and *leather stropped.* Then each blade is triple wrapped to protect the keen edge.

PERSONNA
PERSONNA Precision Blades
PERSONNA HOLLOW GROUND

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to Personna, 597 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 205-207

shot another one limping for home.

Former varsity letter winners who have been awarded decorations for superlative achievement in deadly competition have accounted for hundreds of Marine combat newsmen's dispatches and pictures.

Included in such a roster would be Lt. Col. Odell M. Coneley, Texas A. & M. All-American guard; Capt. Lawrence P. Harris of Virginia; Col. Julian N. Frisbie of Illinois State College; Capt. Robert M. Port, who had been a Pitt eleven's captain; Cpl. Thomas E. Barber, All-Dixie lineman from Chattanooga University; Lt. Col. Henry (Jim) Crow, Quantico guard; Capt. Robert F. O'Brien, an All-Eastern tackle from Dartmouth; Lt. Col. Louis B. Robertshaw, Navy All-American center; Capt. Dave Rankin, Purdue All-American end; Lt. Col. Rivers Morrell, Navy back and captain; Col. Frank G. Dailey, Nebraska back; Capt. Francis C. Pope, Franklin-Marshall fullback; Lt. Wayne C. Gher, Illinois back and wrestler; Col. Edward L. Pugh, Maryland University back, and Lt. Col. Paul (Pat) Moret, Navy lineman and boxer. Moret was killed in a Pacific plane crash.

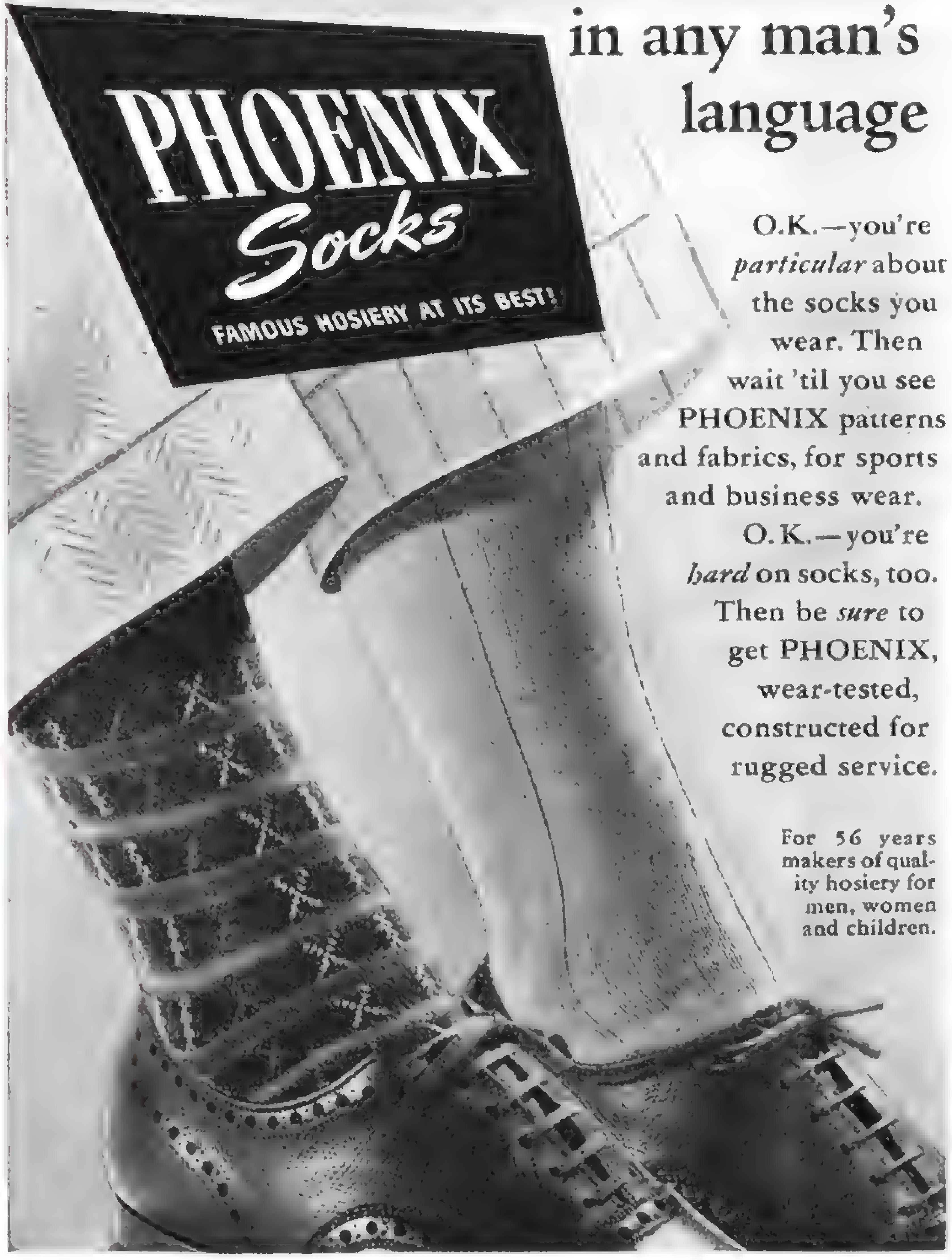
Football, basketball, baseball, boxing, wrestling, track and swimming notables who now have but one vigorous specialty, war, make the combat zones part of the sports beat of the Marine Corps correspondents. Everything is strictly World Series when a fellow far from the cheering masses either has to kill or be killed.

Under such conditions the sports writers and photographers and the city room and editorial and studio guys have been qualifying with the Marines as All-American material themselves.

The Army adopted the Marine Corps idea of combat correspondents after the leathernecks' CC's in their debut in the Solomons and later demonstrated that the sports pages idea of going with the players into the dugouts and dressing rooms and getting them for personal play-by-play accounts was a policy that should be applied to official reporting of a war.

Brig. Gen. Robert L. Denig, Director of the Marine Corps Division of Public Relations and his executive officer Lieut. Col. George T. Van der Hoef established combat correspondence after the Wake Island exploit had disclosed need of a public information service far more comprehensive and close up than the concise and often cryptic official statements. The CC's job demonstrated that the sports page style of coverage of war, the big-

PHOENIX socks are a walkaway in any man's language



O.K.—you're *particular* about the socks you wear. Then wait 'til you see PHOENIX patterns and fabrics, for sports and business wear.

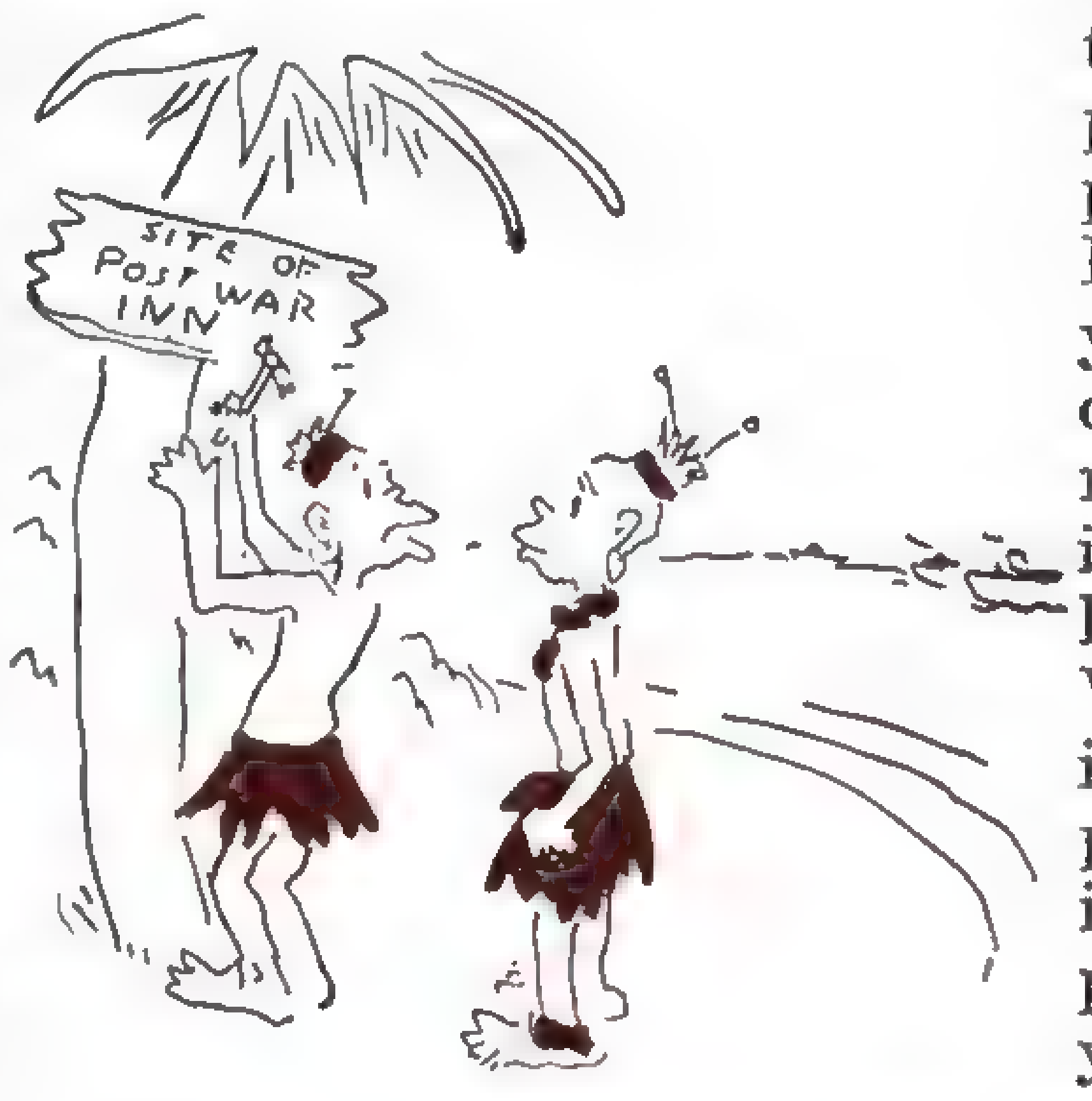
O.K.—you're *hard* on socks, too. Then be *sure* to get PHOENIX, wear-tested, constructed for rugged service.

For 56 years makers of quality hosiery for men, women and children.

gest, bloodiest championship game of them all, might well develop a vivid and accurate recording of this war for the pages of histories to be printed far in the future.

The fighter-writers of past wars have authored fictional works with the verisimilitude of battle. But this time the fighter-writers have official status and report play-by-play, stroke-by-stroke because that's their job after performing their main duty of being a Marine.

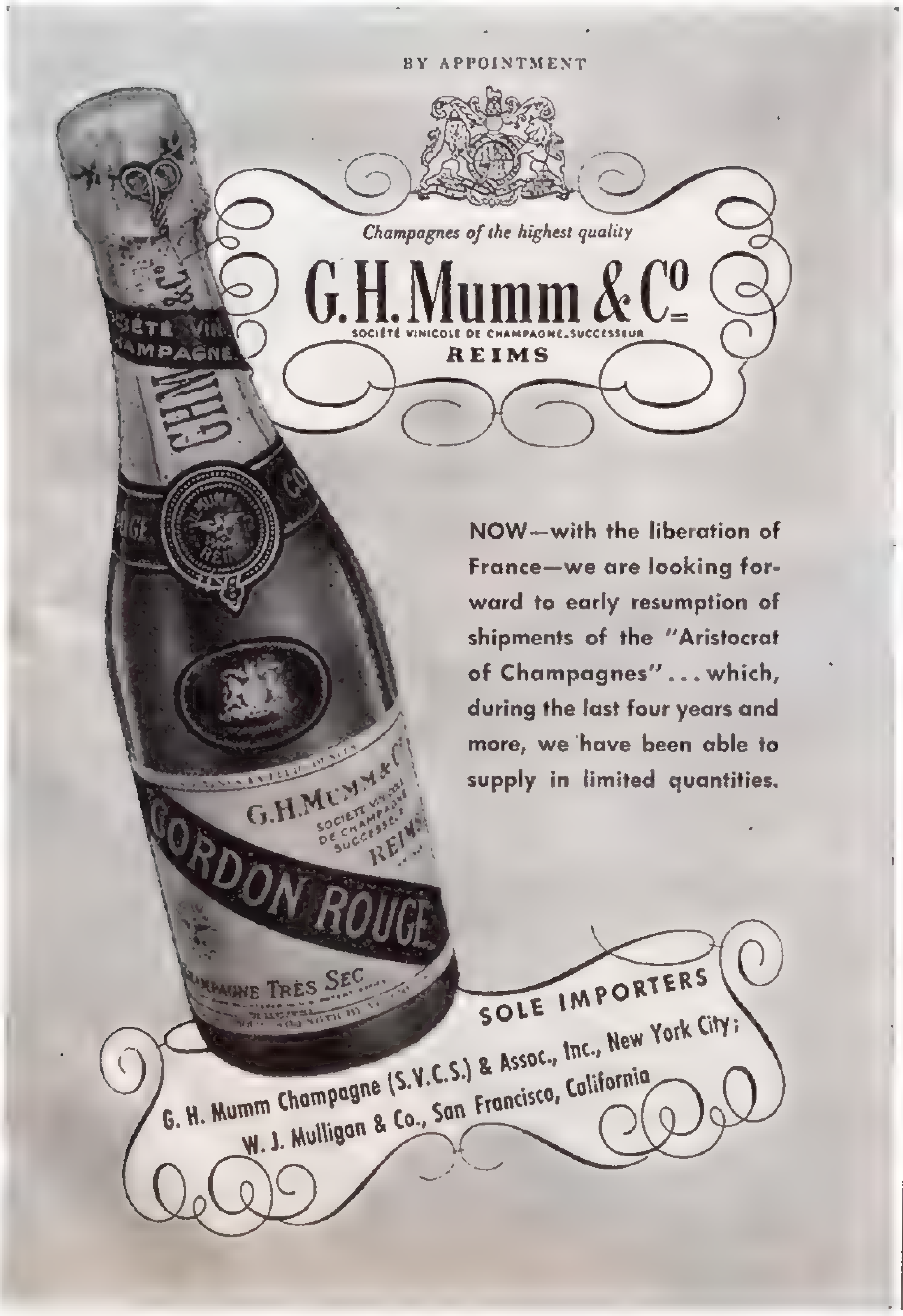
The noncombatant public for many generations has been puzzled by the thin and sketchy narratives of feats related by heroes of combat. Whether the paucity of detail, the paleness of color and the absence of vicarious thrill in such narratives is due to modesty or a blackout of relief, the civilian never has been able to determine. The interviewed hero says he was too busy or too scared to remember much more than the highlights.


SITE OF POST WAR INN

"I figure all those GI's will come back for a visit and bring their wives"

The sports writer has been trained in filling that void. He's heard the conquering gladiators broadcast, "Hello, Maw; hello, Paw. It was a good fight and he was a good boy. See you soon." The sports scribe knows that's about all the fighter remembers. In the dressing room later, the contestants will unscramble a few details from hazy memories. The football players—bright kids often—are almost as vague in their recollections of the late fracas. And the same about basketball players. Players in the noncontact sports such as baseball, golf and tennis can remember minute details. War is the contact competition that is played for keeps. If you stay alive you are not inclined to spend much time trying to remember how you did it. What part was instinct, what part was training and what part was luck you don't know.

Who won a Bowl game, the World Series or the middleweight title six years ago is memorabilia of mere entertainment, but how Tarawa was taken is part of the saga that must glow to preserve the nation. Sports may be proud that the Tarawa story and others like it were made and preserved by men sports trained. #



BY APPOINTMENT

Champagnes of the highest quality
G.H. Mumm & Co
SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCESSEUR
REIMS

NOW—with the liberation of France—we are looking forward to early resumption of shipments of the "Aristocrat of Champagnes" . . . which, during the last four years and more, we have been able to supply in limited quantities.

SOLE IMPORTERS
G. H. Mumm Champagne (S.V.C.S.) & Assoc., Inc., New York City;
W. J. Mulligan & Co., San Francisco, California

PLEASE CARRY YOUR PACKAGES
$1.00 up
$1.50 up

Action-point comfort

FOR A CHRISTMAS TRUCK-HORSE

Maybe this new war-time "bundling" will teach you a lesson, my lad . . . smarten you up to those old-fashioned suspenders and belts that don't give a darn or an inch when the going gets tough. Maybe give you an idea to give the little woman about a pair of EXPANSO* SUSPENDERS or an EXPANSO BELT. Either is the super Christmas present—the gift with give in it . . . plus a mile of style that comes through like a thoroughbred in the s-t-r-e-t-c-h.

"Give EXPANSO—The Gift With *Give* In It!"

It's Smart to Wear
EXPANSO*
for ACTION POINT Comfort

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 357542, Pat. No. 2137796

EMPEROR
WORLD'S CHOICEST BRIAR

LIFETIME INVESTMENT

Emperor

AMERICA KNOWS NO FINER PIPE

Choice Imported Briar

Today, after three years of war, there still exists a vintage collection of choicest imported briar from which to carve a limited number of Emperors.

Nature took centuries to perfect these treasured burls. Skilled craftsmen who sculpture each Emperor know this—striving to reveal all the unique beauty with which Nature endowed the costly briar.

For symmetry, for rugged strength, for beauty of the grain—here is true perfection.

Your Emperor will grow more priceless to you as the years pass by. America knows no finer pipe!

$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

EMPEROR PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
Eighty York St., Brooklyn 1, New York

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 158

ball team is something the school can tie to.

(3) To provide funds for maintaining the nonpaying sports to help finance intramurals and to build golf courses, skating rinks, etc.

"There is no excuse for a college to pay athletes."

Concerning a national czar, **Clyde E. McBride,** Kansas City *Star*, commented: "No Landis ever could rule a nationwide realm of college football. Such a monarchy would take away the governing rights of the school. University presidents would lose all touch on the reins. Rather let the school presidents get together and really run college football the way they believe that it should be run, alumni to the contrary, etc."

"A good choice for czar," suggested **William J. Moeller,** Hamilton, Ohio, *Journal News*, "would be Jock Sutherland, who was able to attend dental college only because he was a football player and received financial help. He can appreciate both sides of the question and he is known for his fairness." **Jess C. Neely,** Rice coach, said: "Football needs some supervision but a national czar is not the answer." **Pete Cawthon,** coach of the Brooklyn Dodgers, voted a straight "no" on this one.

Compare the 62.35 per cent vote for college football and the 29.74 per cent vote for pro football in question IV, with the heavy preference for the open game of the pros, as registered in Question II.

"I prefer to watch college football," wrote **Bernie Kooser,** Ames, Iowa, *Daily Tribune*. "It is 'America on a Saturday Afternoon'. It has something pro ball never will capture." **Ben Greenstein,** Wilmington, Delaware, *Journal*, reported: "I see private schools play on Thursday, high schools on Friday, colleges on Saturday and pros on Sunday, and for me the real, the biggest thrills still lie with the colleges, especially in those truly traditional games." **Raymond Johnson,** Nashville *Tennessean*, follows much the same sequence and says he likes the "finesse and spectacular play of the pros." **Bob Bryne,** Anderson, Indiana, *Herald*, said: "High school football without a doubt. High school football is played by a bunch of boys who will fight to the last minute. To them it is almost sacred. The real fighting spirit of the game is born in a high school game." In agreement with him was **Porter Wittich,** Joplin, Missouri, *Globe*, who related: "It may sound funny, but I attended Notre Dame (1923-26) with the

JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
JUVENIA
accuracy and elegance since 1860

Juvenia Watches, 604 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Four Horsemen, and still have more fun at a high school game."

To get the three coaches who led in the voting you'd have to wait until they're mustered out of service. Bierman, Brown and Leahy all are in uniform now.

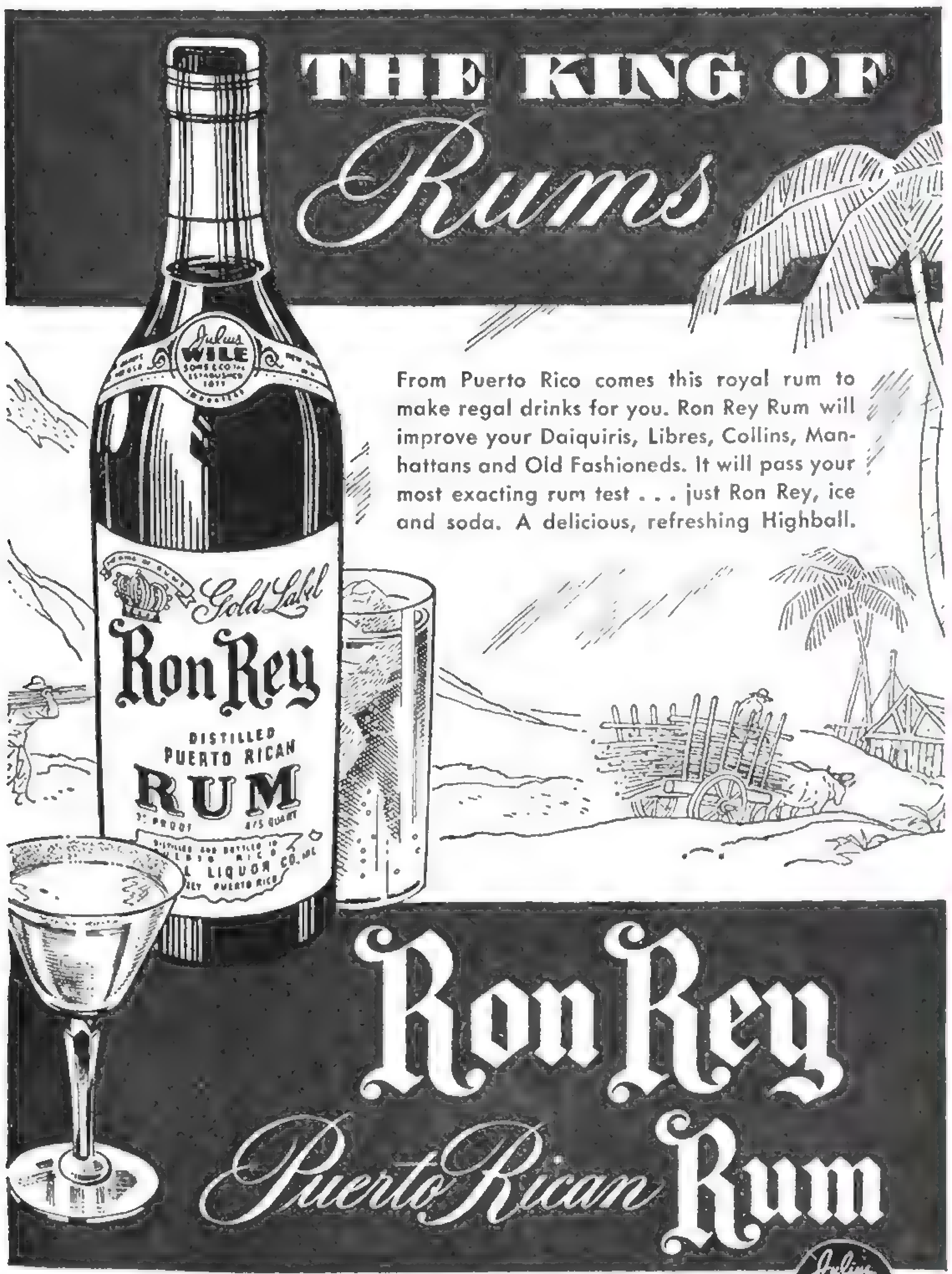
Trailing the three leaders, Clark Shaughnessy was named on 17.02 per cent of the ballots; Fritz Crisler on 14.86 per cent; Dana Bible on 14.59 per cent; A. A. Stagg on 13.78 per cent and Lou Little on 11.89 per cent.

John V. Mara, president of the New York Giants, specified Steve Owen, Richard Smith and Tuffy Leemans. **Billy Pierce,** Endicott, New York, *Bulletin*, said: "Andy Kerr would be my first choice because he is a master of razzle dazzle and the unexpected, and also knows how to get his boys in shape. I believe that there are fewer major injuries on Colgate teams than on those of any other school." **Bob Higgins,** Penn State coach, named Joe Bedenk, Earl Edwards and Al Michaels, "the three I have." **George Munger** of Pennsylvania took a bye on this one. **E. E. Mylin,** Lafayette coach, listed Dick Harlow, Tad Wieman and Bill Alexander. **Wilbur F. Henry,** W. and J. coach, liked Paul Brown, Fritz Crisler and Clark Shaughnessy. **George Preston Marshall,** the owner of the Washington Redskins, also liked his boys, Shaughnessy and Dud De Groot.

Another booster for Shaughnessy was **Harry Keck,** Pittsburgh *Sun Telegraph*, who wrote: "Clark Shaughnessy, head coach; Buff Donelli, backfield coach, and Hunk Anderson, line coach. Shaughnessy is the keenest student of the game in the country. Donelli is the best of the younger offense-minded coaches. Anderson is a great line coach."

Ralph Welch, University of Washington coach, voted for Jim Phelan, Dana Bible and Paul Brown. **Frank Howard,** Clemson coach, had a solid South lineup in Wallace Wade, Major Bob Neyland and Bill Alexander. **Lester Jordan,** Southern Methodist coach, listed Matty Bell, Clark Shaughnessy and Bernie Bierman. **Wallace Butts,** Georgia coach, gave the nod to Frank Leahy, Carl Snavely and Frank Thomas. **Charlie Bachman,** Michigan State coach, loyally named his own assistants: Al Kawal, Joe Halsinger and Karl Schlademan. **Jim Phelan,** St. Mary's coach, voted for Dana Bible, Bill Alexander and Dick Harlow.

F. K. Schuler, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, *News*, cast a vote for his local prep coach, J. Harold Weigle, commenting: "I list 'Duke' Weigle, McKeesport high school coach. Don't forget that name; by 1945 he'll be coaching in college; by 1950 he'll have his team in the Rose Bowl." ⧺



From Puerto Rico comes this royal rum to make regal drinks for you. Ron Rey Rum will improve your Daiquiris, Libres, Collins, Manhattans and Old Fashioneds. It will pass your most exacting rum test . . . just Ron Rey, ice and soda. A delicious, refreshing Highball.

Gold & White Label 86 Proof • Sole Agents for the U. S. A. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

"Tailored Arlingcrest" by RABHOR

Arlingcrest Flannel

100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

Years of good loafing, good looks, complete comfort! Warmth, richness of color and sturdiness of Arlingcrest Wool Worsted Flannel, smartly styled and superbly tailored by Rabhor. It's about the grandest gift you can give any man. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. . Maroon, Deep Red and Navy . . . About $15.00.

For sale by these and other leading stores:

New York	Franklin Simon & Co.	Columbus	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Boston	Jordan, Marsh Co.	Kansas City	Rothschild & Sons, Inc.
Philadelphia	N. Snellenburg & Co.	Pittsburgh	Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.	Los Angeles	Broadway Dept. Store
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.	San Francisco	O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.
Detroit	Ernst Kern Co.	Portland, Ore.	Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
Minneapolis	Dayton Co.	Atlanta	Rich's, Inc.

Salt Lake City . . . . Zion's Mercantile Institution

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.

FRONTIER PRINTS

Here is a colorful subject in colorful ties. Patterns of the old Frontier with its rugged, masculine beauty . . . Covered Wagon, Iron Horse, Spurs, Wagon Wheel, Longhorn, Ten Gallon Hat & Lariat. Like all Manhattan ties, Frontier Prints are well made and of assured quality.

Manhattan Ties

BY THE MAKERS OF MANHATTAN SHIRTS

Buy More U. S. War Bonds!

"I Beat Mickey Walker"

Continued from page 161

down the sides of the spine and under the shoulders as he moved his arms forward and backward. Palo turned around.

"They jump, yes?"

"They jump," Dick said, "a little."

John pushed one of our untouched drinks in front of Palo. He raised his own.

"To Mickey Walker," he said and drank some of it.

Palo's eyes flashed. He picked up the glass in front of him. "To Palo Vernay," he said.

"Let's get out of here. Let's go somewhere else," Betty Maney said.

Ben was making circles on the table top with his glass. "Back muscles are all right, but they don't really prove anything," he said. "Any gymnast has them."

"They certainly don't make a fighter out of you," I agreed. "It's Mickey's hands that really do the trick."

"Of course. Mickey's are like hunks of iron."

"He hardens them in brine," Dick said.

Palo was staring at his own hands, spread out, knuckles up, on the table. The waiter came back. John pushed one of the drinks in front of Palo.

"Have a drink, Palo."

"I have hands," said Palo. "I have hands the hardest in France." He stood up, clinched both fists and pushed them in front of each of us to feel.

"Not bad," Dick said. "But of course Mickey's—"

"These hands kill Mickey Walker." Palo remained standing in his position at the open side of the booth and glared at us. John ignored him and turned to me.

"Remember LaHiff's Tavern on 48th Street where Mickey and Doc Kearns hang out? Remember the brick walls?"

"The brick walls? Oh, yes, sure."

"One night Mickey got sore at Doc. Mickey swung at him and Kearns ducked. Mickey's hand hit the wall and cracked two bricks."

"Sure, I heard about that."

"He didn't even break the skin."

"He hardens them in brine," Dick said.

We were pretending to ignore Palo, but we were watching him nevertheless. He had moved away from our booth into the next one, which was empty. He was within striking distance of the wall—a real brick wall, not the imitation brick of LaHiff's place. He was weaving drunkenly.

"I show you. I break bricks, too."

Betty tried to push back the table and stand up, but she was jammed against the wall. She let out a little cry.

"Stop him, Ben. That's enough," Dick said.

Ben was nearest to Palo and tried to reach him. But it isn't easy getting to your feet in a booth with the table sitting in your lap. Ben half jumped, half rolled out and grabbed for the arm which was back and set to punch. He missed by inches and Palo's right fist, driven by all the strength of those arm, shoulder and back muscles, crashed into the wall. There was a curious absence of sound. Only a slight crunch as the bones broke.

Now the left fist ripped forward and smashed the wall. Sobs broke from Palo, not of pain but of fury.

"I show you! I show you! I kill Mickey Walker!"

In quick, one-two timing, the broken, bloody fists hammered on the bricks. Ben tried again and reached one arm as it was cocked back. He might as well have tried to hold the driving piston of a locomotive. He was thrown off balance and nearly fell. We were all standing now, or trying to. Betty was crying.

"Get me out of here. Please get me out."

The barman, Georges, was there an instant later. He grabbed Palo around the neck from behind and twisted him so that the fighter fell against the booth table, his clenched fists beating foolishly against the air. Georges saw them and took them in his.

"Your hands, Palo, you've broken your hands!"

Palo was blubbering like a child now.

"I did not break the bricks!" he cried. "The bricks are not broken."

I don't remember the names of the other places we went to that night. The next day I went to the south of France and stayed until fall, and then came back to America. After a while I forgot about the French rummy who thought he could beat Mickey Walker and broke his hands on a brick wall, and he might have stayed forgotten if I hadn't happened to run into Jess Dickson a few weeks ago at Sardi's.

For a minute I didn't recognize Jess when he came up to my table. He sat down and talked about Paris and how he got out just before the Nazis came in. He began telling about some of the last fights he staged there and suddenly I remembered Palo.

"Jess, do you remember back about ten years ago in Paris a French fighter by the name of Palo Vernay? A middleweight, I should say."

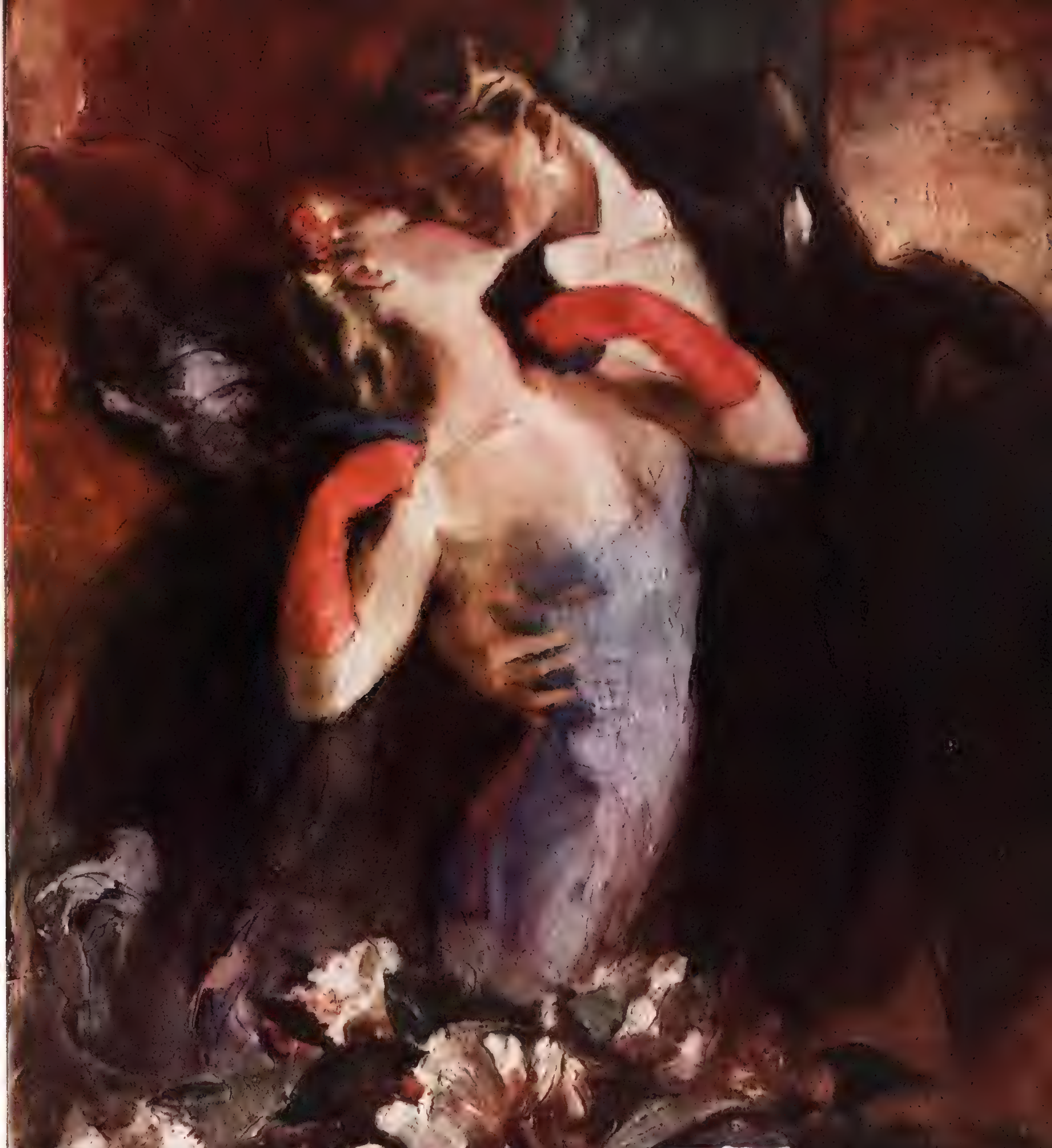
"Palo Vernay," he repeated. "Palo Vernay. Why, yes, I think so. Sure, I remember him. A good boy. Why?"

"I was just thinking. What happened to him?"

"Broke his hands, I believe. Did you know him?"

"In a way. Just how good was he?"

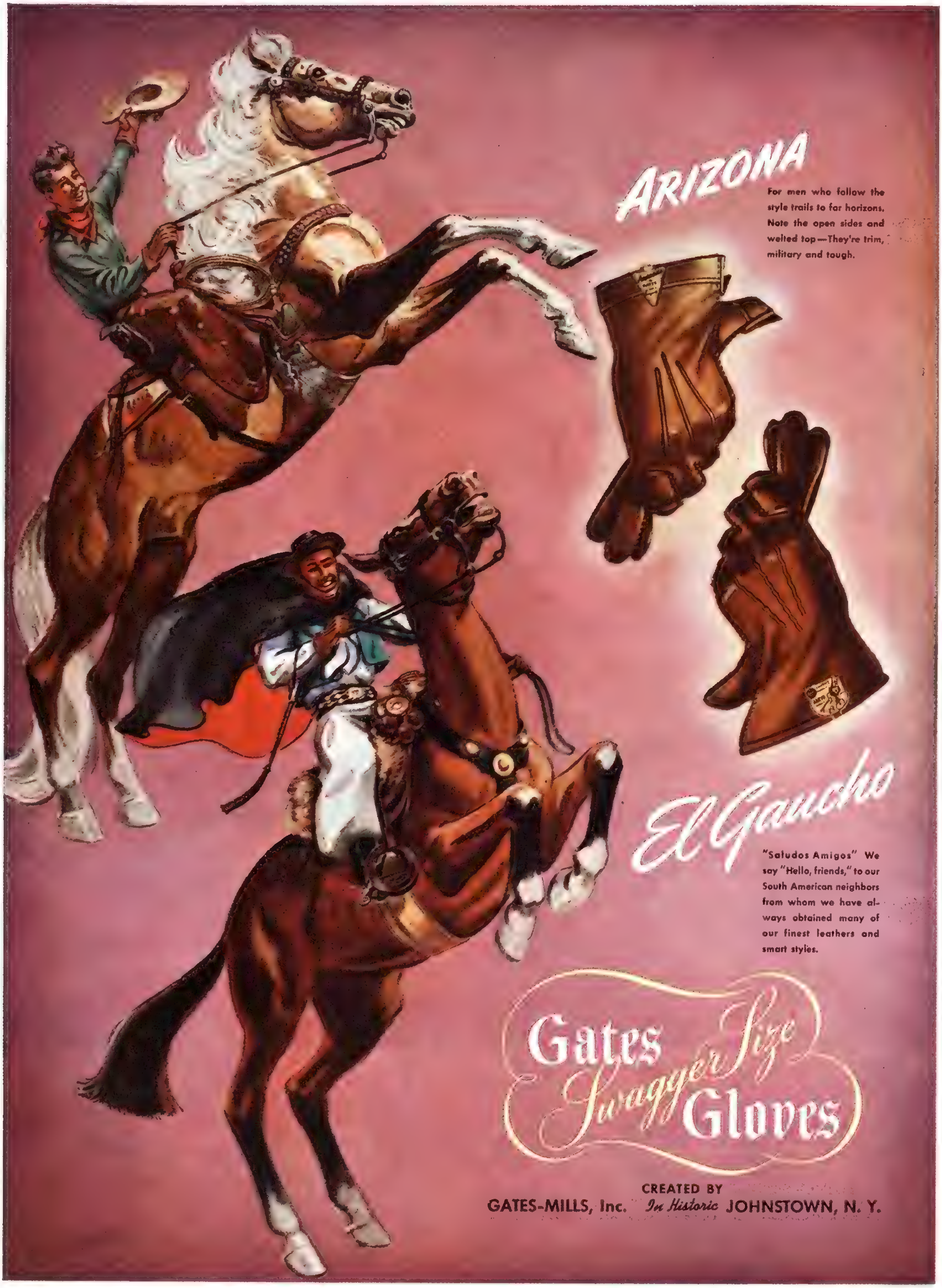
"Very good." Jess broke off a piece of roll and nibbled at it. "Yes, very good. You know, I think he could have beaten Mickey Walker." ⧺



TABU the "forbidden" perfume

Few women have ever worn it without discovering the full truth of its name.

Dana © Dana Perfumes, Sole Licensees for U. S. A., Hubbard at Dearborn, Chicago. Other Dana Licensees: Paris • London • Buenos Aires • Mexico City • Havana



ARIZONA

For men who follow the style trails to far horizons. Note the open sides and welted top—They're trim, military and tough.

El Gaucho

"Saludos Amigos" We say "Hello, friends," to our South American neighbors from whom we have always obtained many of our finest leathers and smart styles.

Gates Swagger Size Gloves

CREATED BY
GATES-MILLS, Inc. *In Historic* JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

A Gentleman is known by the Leather he keeps

Gates-Mills, Inc., will furnish reprints upon request

BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W.HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY

. . . may I urge you to hold on to all the War Bonds you buy.

I.W. Harper

Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

it's always a pleasure

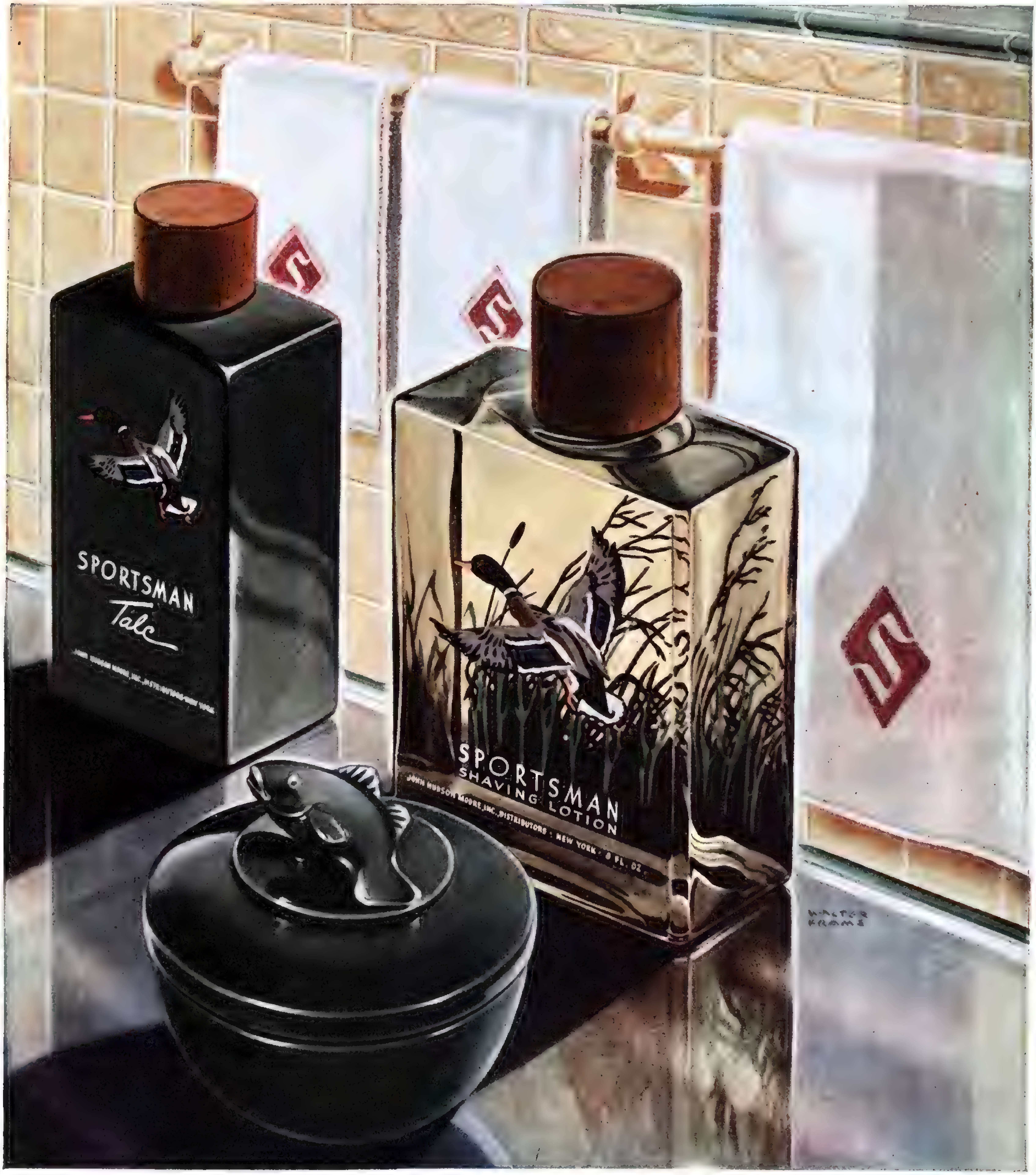
I. W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

For the Best Sport You Know


SPORTSMAN
Talc
SPORTSMAN
SHAVING LOTION
JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC., DISTRIBUTORS · NEW YORK · 8 FL. OZ.
WALTER FRAMS

Sportsman

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Distinctly Masculine • *Decidedly* Correct

In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists. Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, 4 oz., $1.50; 8 oz., $2.50 • Sportsman Talc 75¢, $1.00 • Shaving Bowls $1.50 and $2.50 • Sportsman Gift Packages $1.50 to $10.00

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC. • 663 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

A Knave of Parts

The pranks of Peter Grimes were exceedingly practical, and he traveled fast and far

by **BENNETT L. WILLIAMS**

•ARTICLE•

MEN'S CLOTHING
MEN IN UNIFORM
BUY YOUR SUITS NOW AND AVOID THE RUSH
Matt Curzon

PETER A. GORDON GRIMES was a bright boy and always ranked near the head of his class in school. A little mischievous perhaps; but on the whole one of those who inspire this time-honored offering on graduation day: "As I look out upon this sea of youthful, upturned faces, I may well be gazing into the face of one who is destined to become President of these United States some day. Ah, indeed! I . . ."

Peter commenced by taking a whirl at the newspaper game in Pittsburgh. He worked as a reporter for a year or so, looked over his left shoulder one evening at the sunset—and the next morning took passage west. This was in 1910. When in sight of the Los Angeles depot, he tipped the porter to slick him up, stepped off the train and entered the city in a big way.

He was good looking, a splendid physical specimen of six feet, a most likable fellow, a ready talker and engaging companion. He seems to have had some inkling of these facts, because he promptly entered a line of endeavor where his talents would be readily usable. He became a promoter, took up quarters at a fashionable hotel, put himself on exhibit—and presently a wealthy widow was letting him admire her valuable jewelry. He pawned the jewels when her back was turned, and then went and made a down payment on a string of polo ponies. The lady got mad and talked earnestly to a policeman. But before legal chastisement could overtake him, Grimes abandoned the ponies to their own devices and fled to San Francisco, where he took the first steamer to the Orient.

Grimes didn't like it over there very well—the smell and one thing or another—so he decided to return to America and lead a better life. Purchase of the ticket to San Francisco left him short of spending money, so right away he began pacing the deck, puzzling how to remedy the deficit. His timing, eyesight and approach were good, and very soon he was in pleasant conversation with a charming American girl who was returning to her home in Ohio.

It didn't take Grimes long to learn that she had earned a good salary for several years as confidential secretary to the head of a large commercial firm in Tokyo, that she had saved her money—and that she was footloose and fancy-free.

Things began happening right away. Only two days later she was calling him Peter, within the week they were married on the high seas. A fortnight thereafter she paid a 125-dollar honeymoon bill Peter had contracted (the payment being a condition precedent to continuing harmonious relations with the ship's purser). And a week or so still later she paid a sizable bill hubby had run up at a San Francisco hotel. Then the lady went on home alone, in high dudgeon.

Grimes changed his name to James H. "Jimmy" Rogers, went up to Seattle, misdemeanored himself into jail and got out—all within the space of a few weeks—returned to San Francisco and, finding the pickings rather scarce, wandered down into the beautiful Santa Clara Valley (it being blossom time down there then), posed as a big horse and cow buyer, issued several spurious checks and then sought to run away from the legal consequences of trifling with somebody else's money.

The sheriff gave prompt pursuit in an exciting automobile race through the countryside. He caught up with Grimes—but only after the engine in the fugitive's car had spluttered and died.

Grimes was standing beside the wrecker of his hopes as the sheriff chugged to a stop in a cloud of dust.

"I hold nothing against you personally, Mr. Sheriff, for coming upon me this way," Grimes said with a smile and a bow. And then he added, with a touch of solemnity: "But the banks have made a most serious mistake."

The sheriff, however, clamped on the handcuffs, led Grimes back to jail and a few weeks later took him into court, where he was tried,

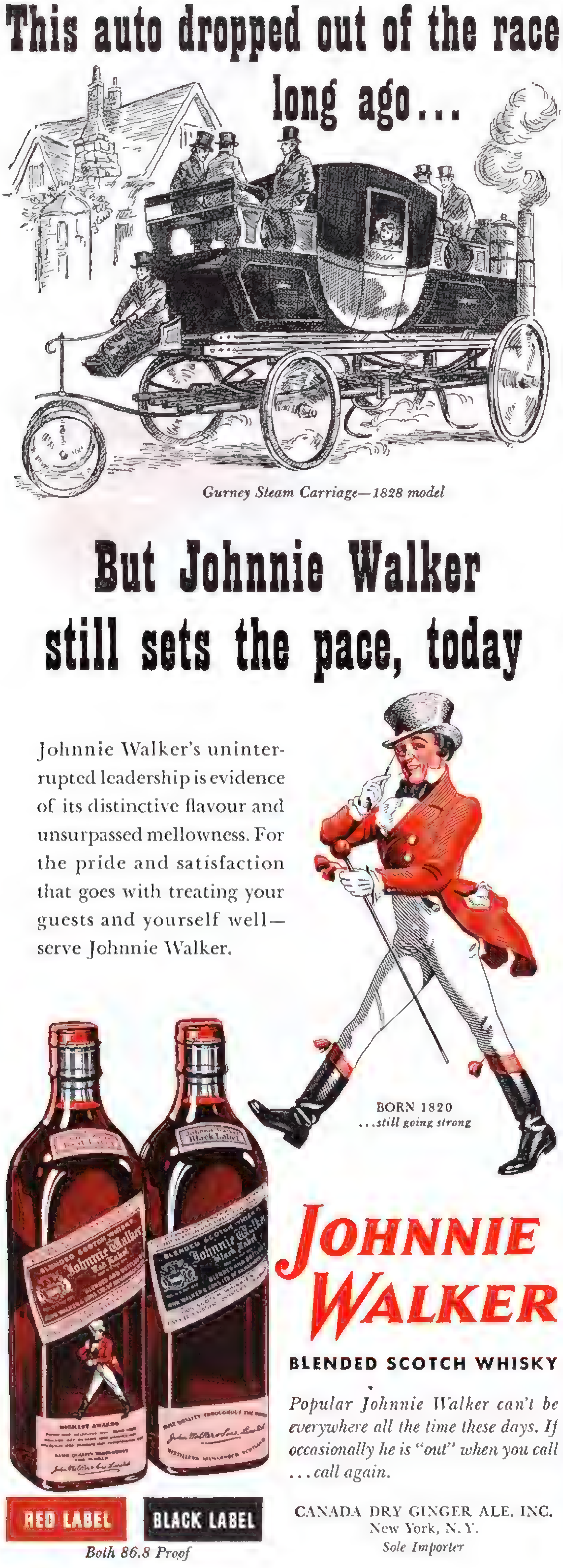
Continued on page 218

Smart... Dependable Rainwear!

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

Traditional good taste—superb styling—impeccable tailoring—have made Alligator Rainwear America's favorite! And Alligator's fine fabrics, dependably processed for maximum water repellent protection, keep you warm and dry on windy, rainy, damp, chill days! The most versatile coat you can own! See your dealer's selection today, in a wide range of popular prices. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



This auto dropped out of the race long ago...

Gurney Steam Carriage—1828 model

But Johnnie Walker still sets the pace, today

Johnnie Walker's uninterrupted leadership is evidence of its distinctive flavour and unsurpassed mellowness. For the pride and satisfaction that goes with treating your guests and yourself well—serve Johnnie Walker.

BORN 1820
...still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call ... call again.

RED LABEL BLACK LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A Knave of Parts

Continued from page 217

convicted and sentenced to San Quentin.

Grimes was received into the Big House in July, 1912. He was outstanding, among the cons, in charming personality, good looks, youth, "repentance" for his wrongdoing, and a certain wan wistfulness. He was made chauffeur to the warden and won the helpful interest of all persons he met—one of these being the late Robert Dollar, shipping magnate. One month later, in August, 1913, Peter A. Gordon Grimes, alias James H. "Jimmy" Rogers, was released from prison on parole to the magnate, taken to Shanghai and there installed in a good position in the offices of the steamship company.

Grimes behaved himself for a while, until an expansive mood came upon him and he began posing as the magnate's son—and, with only slight misgivings as to the ultimate consequences, forged the magnate's name to several checks, which were readily cashed up and down the China coast.

He had fully intended to flee before the checks could bounce back on him, but tarried too long, was arrested, tried and convicted in the United States Treaty Port Court in Shanghai, and on March 9, 1914, a three-year prison term was meted out to him.

The Federal Government and the State of California had an agreement at that time providing for incarceration of treaty port prisoners in San Quentin and the judge accordingly ordered Grimes transferred there. The court designated the Army transport *Sheridan* as the carrier and directed that Grimes be held in jail until it was time for him to be taken to Nagasaki, the nearest port to Shanghai the transport would visit, in the latter half of May.

The guard who had been charged with the duty of delivering Grimes safely to Captain J. P. Spurr, master of the *Sheridan*, brought the prisoner to Nagasaki in plenty of time for the delivery. He doubtless found Grimes a very engaging companion, there being no evidence of the official relationship between the two as they went the rounds of saloons, arm in arm, the handcuffs safely stowed away.

But Grimes didn't want to be returned to the homeland under such manifest compulsion. The aversion grew in him, with no way out appearing, until, in one of the waterfront saloons, he happened to look into a face that intrigued him very much. It was an open countenance, bespeaking a trusting disposition—and an

for gifts that say "I understand"

4711

PERFUMES AND TOILETRIES in delightful gift packages

The perfect gift is the gift which says "I understand... I know the things you cherish... I appreciate your standards of taste." 4711 Gift Packages, whether they enclose a precious fragrance, such as L'OFFRANDE, or an array of refreshing 4711 Eau de Cologne bath toiletries, convey just such a message.

entire absence of sophistication. The fellow seemed to be looking for something, possibly adventure, Grimes reasoned. The date was May 20, 1914.

Grimes stepped up to him, spoke pleasantly and offered him the hand of goodfellowship—after the best manner of one Occidental meeting another deep in the Orient.

The show of friendliness pleased the fellow, although it immediately developed that he couldn't understand Grimes' pure English, nor Grimes his pure Norwegian. This misfit in language didn't set Grimes back at all. Indeed, up to this point he was just casting about hopefully, but with no definite strategy in mind. But now a bright idea lit up his face. While enlarging upon it he pantomimed an invitation to the fellow to come have a drink on him. He accepted. Grimes soon learned that his name was Albert Johansen.

Grimes fell to with a will, and it wasn't long until he had both Johansen and the guard thoroughly softened by blandishments and befuddled by strong drink. Then he changed clothes with Johansen, handcuffed him, and the hour arriving, put him aboard the transport. Grimes presented the commitment papers, flashed the badge he had lifted from the pifflicated guard, paid his respects to Captain Spurr and bowed himself away from there.

"Meet my walkie-talkie"

Johansen was too drunk to realize what was going on, and when he did wake up and protest that a terrible mistake had been made, the transport was well out to sea. But that didn't matter much either, because no one on board understood his Norwegian pleas and imprecations—just as Grimes had hoped.

Grimes, feeling secure, made no move to flee Nagasaki. Week followed week until nearly a month and a half had gone by, when two Japanese policemen nudged him politely and said come along.

It developed that Johansen had

Continued on page 220

CISCO
MUFFLERS AND WOOL GLOVES
O. FREUND.

CISCO INC. Makers of Sportville MEN'S WEAR
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd. Inc.
WAR BONDS

With pleasures fewer, "keen-up" your smoking! . . *Add new zest, creamy richness, with smooth, distinguished MARLBOROS. Blended of superbly pleasurable tobaccos.* **Yet merely a penny or two more!**

For Him or Her { PLAIN ENDS, IVORY TIPS

Specially for Her { BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

PIONEER
BELTS and BRACES
SPECIALLY WELCOME
GIFTS

Compliment him . . . and your own good judgment too . . . by giving Pioneer accessories, styled with a true distinction that only fine craftsmanship can impart. Pioneer Braces and Belts are obtainable at most quality men's wear counters.

Crowned all pigskin belt, in rich hazel tone. $2.50

Tubular ribbon braces. Pigskin ends. Elastic back. $1.50

PIONEER

"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • WALLETS

PHILADELPHIA

A Knave of Parts

Continued from pages 217-219

been carried to San Francisco, ferried across the bay to San Quentin prison and there thrown into a cell under the name Peter A. Gordon Grimes, alias James H. "Jimmy" Rogers. He protested every step of the way, but without avail until the second day of his imprisonment, when he happened to overhear two other prisoners talking Norwegian.

Johansen rushed to them and began telling his troubles. At first they felt sorry for their compatriot, thinking he had been delivered to the wrong kind of a state institution. But Johansen persisted, and John W. Preston, then United States Attorney (of Northern District of California) and later a justice of the California Supreme Court, was called into the case. He in turn called in Attorney J. E. White to represent Johansen, and with the aid of Washington and Tokyo, Johansen was released and an order issued for the arrest of Grimes.

Grimes expressed surprise at his arrest, authorized the Japanese newspapers to say that a grave injustice was being done him and denied everything.

A few days later, thanks to the complications of international law and one thing or another, Grimes was turned loose, thereby enabling him to achieve some sort of a record.

That is, he not only side-stepped San Quentin, where he was under solemn sentence to serve three years (the court imposing the sentence having due provocation therefor and possessing competent and undisputed jurisdiction), but was not held for kidnaping Johansen, the very crime he had committed in defying the court and in becoming a fugitive from justice.

A few months after the Nagasaki episode, a distinguished-looking young man began traveling up and down the China coast. He represented himself as a wealthy Englishman. He was reserved, but more inclined to the affable than to the haughty.

Mystery shrouded his particular business in China, except that he was supposed to be engaged in a delicate and confidential mission for the home office. Some thought this home office was a vital part of the Imperial British Government, while others assumed it might be the head office of a very large, although unnamed, commercial house in London.

He traveled widely and expensively until one day, several months later, a hand tapped him on the shoulder and a voice asked, politely but evenly: "Your name's

SOMETHING **SPECIAL** FOR THE BOYS

Fine
Soft
Mellow

LAMB KNIT *Sweaters*

You get that "Something Special" you want in the fine, soft, mellow qualities of a Lamb Knit Sweater. Boys in service, on the production front, or boys too young to serve, find lasting satisfaction in a Lamb Knit garment of 100% pure wool yarn. It's smartly styled and beautifully tailored into a comfortable, shape-retaining fit. At the finest men's shops everywhere.

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS COMPANY
COLON★ MICHIGAN

Grimes, isn't it? Peter A. Gordon Grimes, alias James H. 'Jimmy' Rogers, ex-con?"

"Why, no! Indeed not! Blair's the name, James M. Blair," the fellow replied easily. "Here's my card."

"Yes, I've seen that before," the officer replied. "In fact I've been following the trail of those cards, together with the bum checks that you've been scattering around."

It was indeed Grimes, and he was lodged in jail and confronted with a batch of checks of pronounced rebound proclivities he had cashed in several Chinese cities. He couldn't explain them away nor make them good, so he was again brought into the United States Treaty Port Court at Shanghai, tried, found guilty and again sentenced. It was decreed that he should serve three years in Bilibid Prison, Manila, its closer location to the court involving less hazards in getting the prisoner there. The record reveals that Grimes was delivered all right, that he served his term, less credits for good behavior, and that he was released in 1918. Grimes returned to San Francisco in 1926 via Paris and way points, declared he had severed all connections with the past and his evil tendencies, that he had learned his lesson finally, and was fully persuaded that "crime does not pay," and, in consequence, was resolved to lead the better life thenceforward.

And in line with this announcement he added a prefix to his name, instead of another alias, becoming the "Reverend" Peter A. Gordon Grimes.

He hadn't gone very far on the narrow path, however, until a high priest of a new religious order came and poured a lament into the ears of Inspectors Tom Reagan, Harry Cook, Charles Iredale and Morris Harris, members of the bunko detail of the San Francisco police. He told them singly and in various groupings how a penitent had recently joined the fold, rose rapidly in the ranks and was entrusted with the deli-

"Will you ask the trumpet player to blow reveille, please?"

Continued on page 222

A Rum so Fine YOU CAN SIP IT STRAIGHT

LIKE A LIQUEUR WITH YOUR COFFEE

GOLD LABEL
Riondo
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Riondo PUERTO RICO'S FINEST RUM
GOLD LABEL & WHITE LABEL

86 PROOF · SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

PIONEER WALLETS
BEST FOR YOUR GIFT MONEY

Every man on your list will welcome a handsome Pioneer Wallet. It's a gift to be carried with pride of possession all year. You'll recognize the "difference" the moment you see them on most men's wear counters. Priced from $1 to $5.

Tri-tone India goatskin. Hand-grained. A real beauty. $5.00 plus tax

PIONEER
"For Men Who Care What They Wear"
BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS · WALLETS
PHILADELPHIA

Treasured Fragrances for Someone Lovely

Lilianelle
Perfume
From $2.50 to $15.00

Playtime
Perfume
From $4.50 to $16.00

My Obsession
Perfume
From $3.50 to $9.00

Apple Blossom
Perfume
From $1.00 to $6.00

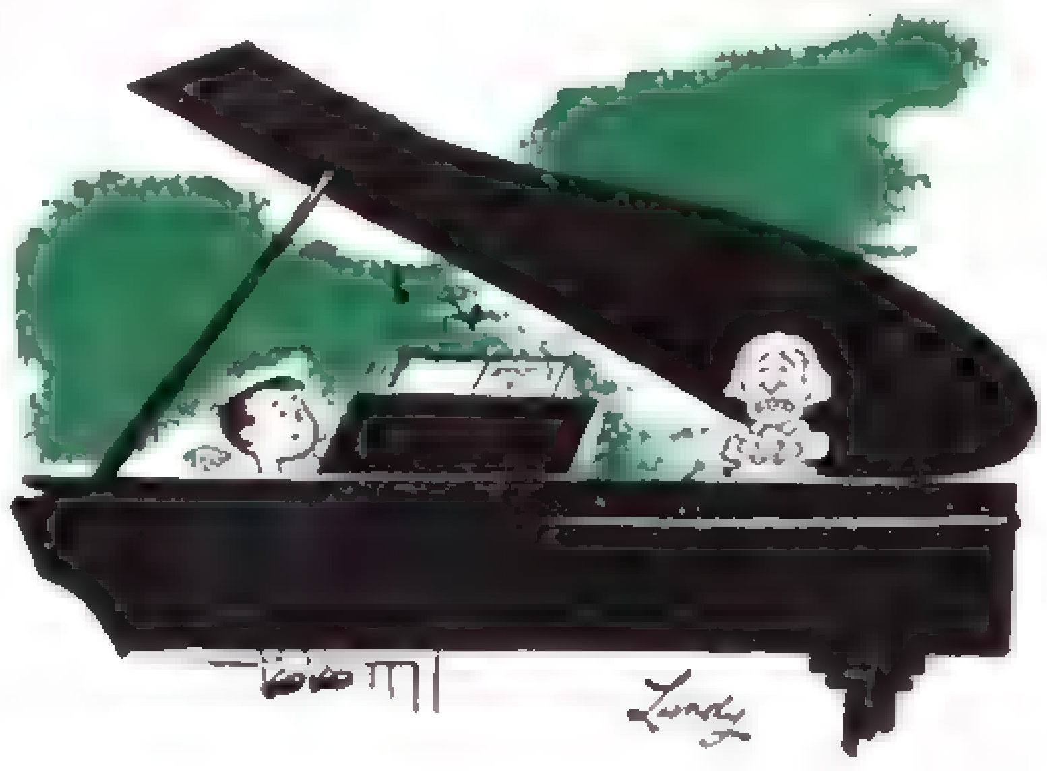
PINAUD
Parfumeurs
SINCE 1810
PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

A Knave of Parts

Continued from pages 217-219-221

cate and vitally important task of raising money for the order.

The campaign put on by the "Reverend" was a whirlwind affair, the high priest assured the inspectors, and much cash was raised, but somehow the bank balance of the order was not increased thereby—either commensurately, relatively, or at all.



After a brief period in which Grimes apparently trod the path of rectitude, his name in consequence being concurrently absent from police annals, he began falling by the wayside again. He engaged in assorted rackets and early in 1931 opened a palatial office in the financial district of San Francisco, under the name Pierre d'A. Philippo. He was now "a Belgian gentleman and a scientist," who had devised a way to manufacture sugar, by a "secret process," from grapes and other fruits, some vegetables and many, many other things.

The police bunko squad, learning that Mr. Philippo was their old friend Grimes, hastened to the office and found everything in place, except Mr. Philippo. He had taken it on the lam a few steps ahead of the inspectors.

Six weeks later the San Francisco police learned where Grimes had gone and what he'd been doing. A telegram from the sheriff at Stockton declared that Grimes had come there, took approximately 150,000 dollars from the community in fraudulent stock sales and then vanished.

Early in 1934 Grimes was arrested in New York, brought back to California, lodged in the Stockton jail and tried for the 150,000 dollars fraud. A parade of persons victimized by Grimes testified against him and the jury found him guilty. Superior Judge Miller adjudged Grimes an habitual criminal and sentenced him to lifelong imprisonment in Folsom penitentiary.

Grimes didn't like that note of finality and appealed to the State Supreme Court.

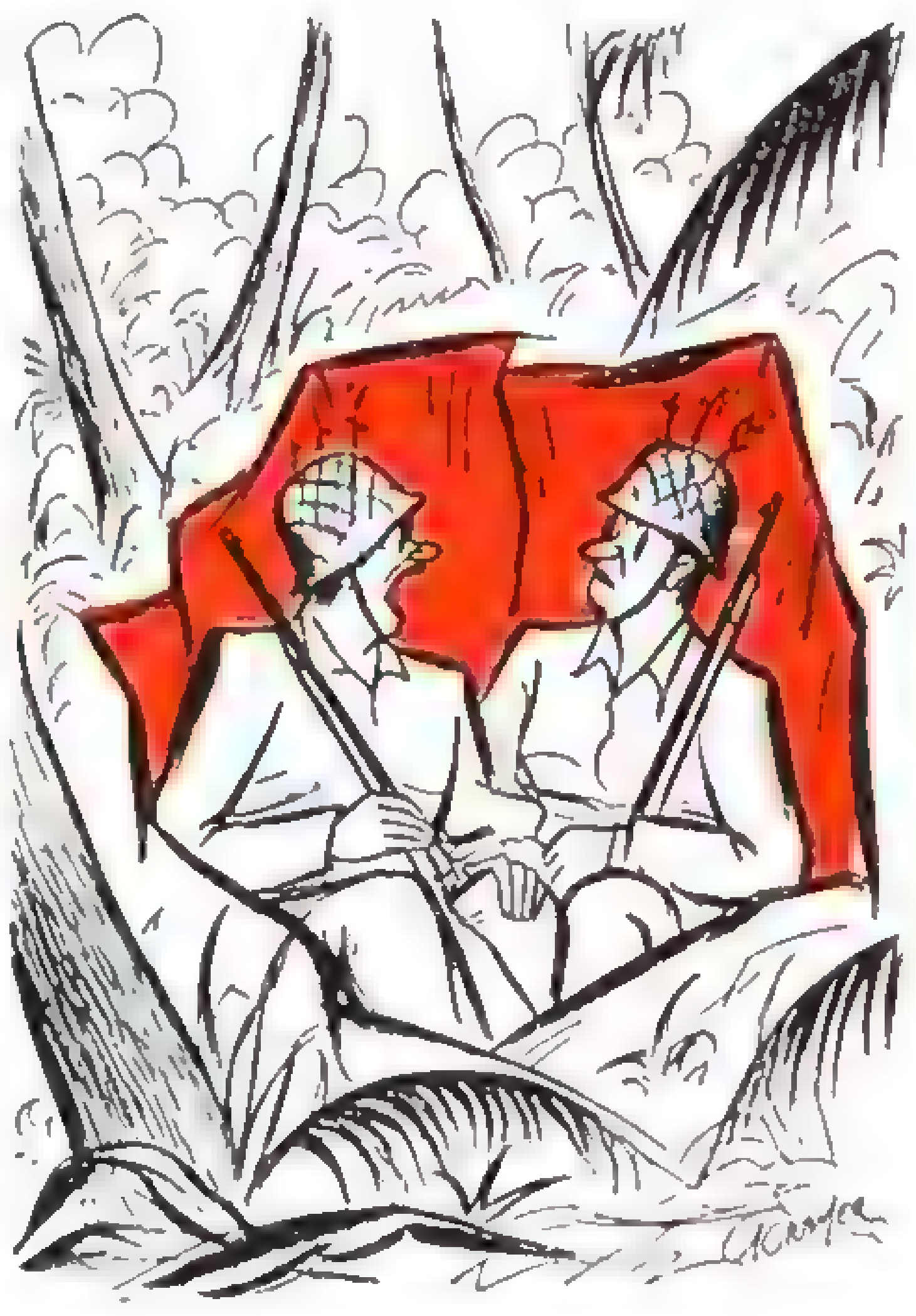
The judges looked into the case carefully, made a pointed reference to Article 1, Section 9, Clause 3 of the Constitution of the United States, remarked something about the sun shining upon the just and

GILBERT
Chocolates

There are no finer chocolates than Gilbert's. Highest quality, of course. The delicious taste, that lingers, calls for more and more and more.

JOHN O. GILBERT CHOCOLATE COMPANY • JACKSON, MICHIGAN

unjust alike, and then proceeded to reverse the lower court. The decision was based on the fact that the section of the California habitual criminal law applicable to Grimes did not become a law until August 19, 1931, whereas Grimes had committed his thefts in and about Stockton some months earlier—thus being able to claim sanctuary under the *ex post facto* provision of the Constitution.



"You know, after 18 months in this womanless hole, a guy begins to understand Tommy Manville"

The decision of the high court was written by Justice John W. Preston, who as Federal District Attorney had helped to free Johansen after Grimes had hog-tied him. Grimes was therefore re-sentenced under the indeterminate sentence law and it was just recently that he was paroled from Folsom.

Inspector Daniel O'Neill of the Bureau of Identification of the San Francisco police has "collected" two expressive pictures of Grimes. One is a photograph, a rogues' gallery exhibit. But you would never guess that from the picture itself. Grimes appears to be earnestly posing before some renowned artist who had selected him as the embodiment of noble aspirations, the exemplar of right conduct and the model for the rising generation to gaze upon fondly, and then, being all full of inspiration, to rush eagerly forth into the cold, cruel world and do valiant battle against the forces of iniquity, chicanery, double dealing, fraud, thievery and miscellaneous skulduggery.

The other is a sketch done in words immediately following his last alias: "Moderate, even talker. . . . Very convincing talker. Good storyteller."

While he was in a cell in Folsom prison, the voice of Peter A. Gordon Grimes, alias James H. "Jimmy" Rogers, alias James M. Blair, alias P. A. D. Philippo, alias Pierre d'A. Philippo, could be heard droning along in its even tenor, convincingly and entertainingly, but without profit to himself or harm to another. #

"TRAVELO"

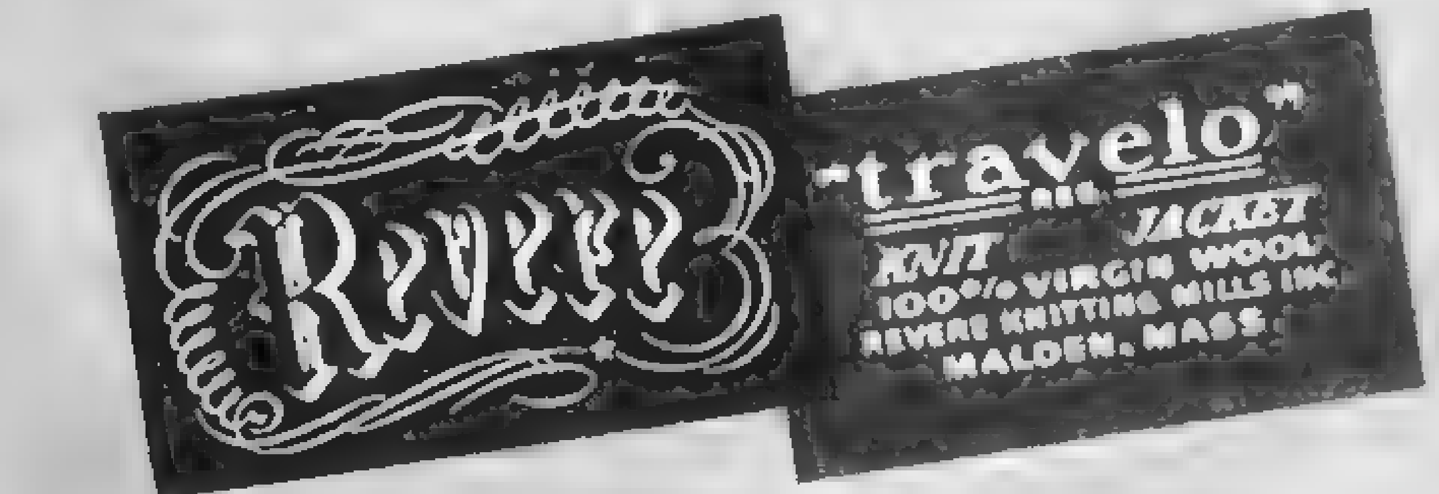
BY Revere

Saying "Travelo" is America's way of saying "warmth without bulk... smartness without sacrifice of solid comfort." For war work or your necessary leisure and play, "Travelo" is ideal.

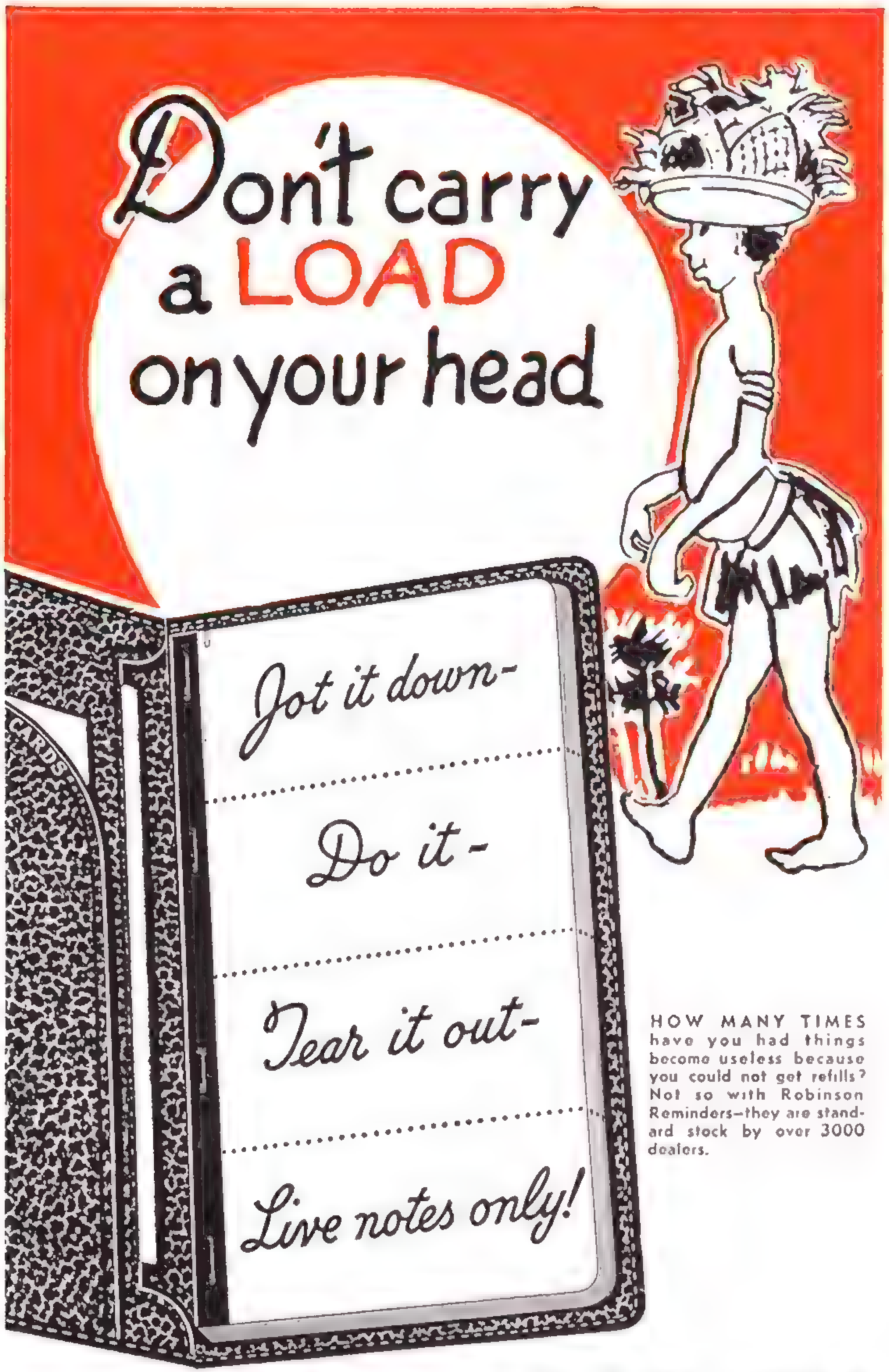
This "Travelo" jacket is all pure wool worsted, reinforced throughout and cut full to fit. Comes in the popular rib-stitch in navy, military, dark brown heather, dark oxford—or in a special inter-lock stitch which holds its shape because it's *locked* ... in navy, dark brown heather, and dark oxford.

Rib stitch No. 489
small, medium, large . $6.50
Inter-lock stitch No. 1029
small, medium, large . $9.50

Better Department Stores and Men's Shops everywhere feature these two famous labels



REVERE KNITTING MILLS, INC.
Malden, Mass. • 302 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 833 Merchandise Mart, Chicago



HOW MANY TIMES have you had things become useless because you could not get refills? Not so with Robinson Reminders—they are standard stock by over 3000 dealers.

Here's a MEMORY SYSTEM that NEVER FORGETS

NO ... you wouldn't carry a load of groceries on your head, but ... are you loading your mind with a clutter of daily details? If you are, you should read the new booklet, "How to Remember by Forgetting," that dramatizes the Robinson Reminder System with cartoons and a sizzling story. It's FREE, write today to Dept. E-2. Perforated Coupons—each memo separate—Tear out when attended to. $1 to $10 at stationery, department and leather stores.

RR

BILLMINDERS
and
MISS GADABOUT

Jot it down-
Do it-
Tear it out-
Live notes only

ROBINSON
REMINDERS
WESTFIELD, MASS.

For the Man in your life
SHIRTS AND SPORT SHIRTS...BY
New Era

Sure to be a favorite gift . . . the New Era shirts you select for his comfort, fit and style. Whatever his needs, New Era shirts are designed to fit not only *him*, but his actions, too. For sports, for leisure, for dress . . . he'll look the way you like "the man in your life" to look. Available at better stores everywhere in many styles and fabrics.

If casual shirts are on his list, select this two-button cuff novelty shirt, tailored of soft-hued rayon fabric.

For the man who prefers to be more dressy . . . add one of New Era's smartly tailored general-wear broadcloth shirts to your Christmas list.

For something different in his shirt wardrobe, make his gift a two-toned sport shirt. Fashioned of rayons, fine cottons, wools and wool blends.

For his outdoor life, choose this New Era novelty shirt. Rayon, wools and wool blends in many soft-toned colors. Tailored with smart, three-button cuffs.

NEW ERA SHIRT CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

No Kidding

We must face what Jimmie Durante calls "the conditions that prevail." Here it is Christmas (so far as this department is concerned) and you cannot buy, borrow or steal nine tenths of the records you want. Most aren't being made, the new songs are fitfully recorded (except by Decca and the smaller outfits), and talk of materials prevents the printing of many old ones.

On the bright side, a lot of trash is going without a hitch into oblivion; time will sift out the good ones and they will be recorded ten years from now when they return as theme songs of retrospective movies. Also, the chorus people are making hay, and skillful leaders like Shaw and Murray are getting fine effects; and quartets like the Golden Gate lose nothing.

Very few novel combinations have been made to circumvent the ban on orchestral recordings. I note that Victor has issued a Bach Double Concerto (D Minor) for two violins—and with Yehudi Menuhin and George Enesco it has a slow, significant beauty. Also—a little complex for the nonmusical mind to follow—Bach's *Partita No. 3* "for unaccompanied violin"—but "arranged for piano" and played on the piano by Rachmaninoff. This is a sort of solo-combination, with the violin silent.

But one would think that bazooka and oboe and guitar, or something lush like that, would have come into being to prove (a) that we all are the slaves of economic forces or (b) that American ingenuity triumphs over all. It hasn't happened.

There are very few new good records to note. Anyhow this is the time for Christmas buying, and the traditional names are best. Still leading the list, if you can find it, is:

Adeste Fideles *Silent Night* (Decca—Bing Crosby)	This private passion doesn't mean that a more reverential presentation, in more exquisite voices, can't be had. There are dozens of them—some on each company's list. And, as recommended here a year ago, the various Christmas carols depending on your taste. But you may have other plans for yourself and for friends, and may want to give non-Christmas records for Christmas. Here are some, new or newly come to me:

Some Orchestras

Going Out the Back Way *Passion Flower* (Bluebird—Johnny Hodges)	This orchestra is called "an Ellington unit" (which I either never heard of or have forgotten) and has the Duke at the piano. And interesting, too, although the melodies aren't wonderful.
Fry Me Cookie with a Can of Lard *Request for a Rumba* (Columbia—Will Bradley)	These titles get sillier and sillier and the music doesn't get any fresher. But the playing is forceful; the Rumba piece is amusing.
Dance with a Dolly (With a Hole in Her Stocking) (Bluebird—Tony Pastor)	See above as to titles, etc.

Some Songs

Chinese Lullaby *I'm Glad There's You* (Victor—Ginny Simms) *Together* *I Learned a Lesson* (Victor—Dinah Shore)	Miss Simms has an orchestra behind her, Miss Shore a mixed chorus. I won't express a preference, because neither recording is as good as many others by the same artists.
Inka Dinka Doo *Hot Patatta* (Columbia—J. Durante)	As predicted here, Jimmie stuck his neck out—resulting in bad fading at the mike in the Inka number. You miss some of the best asides. But the Hot Patatta is James at his best, in person. Decca announced—but hasn't delivered to me—a Durante record.

Two or More Voices

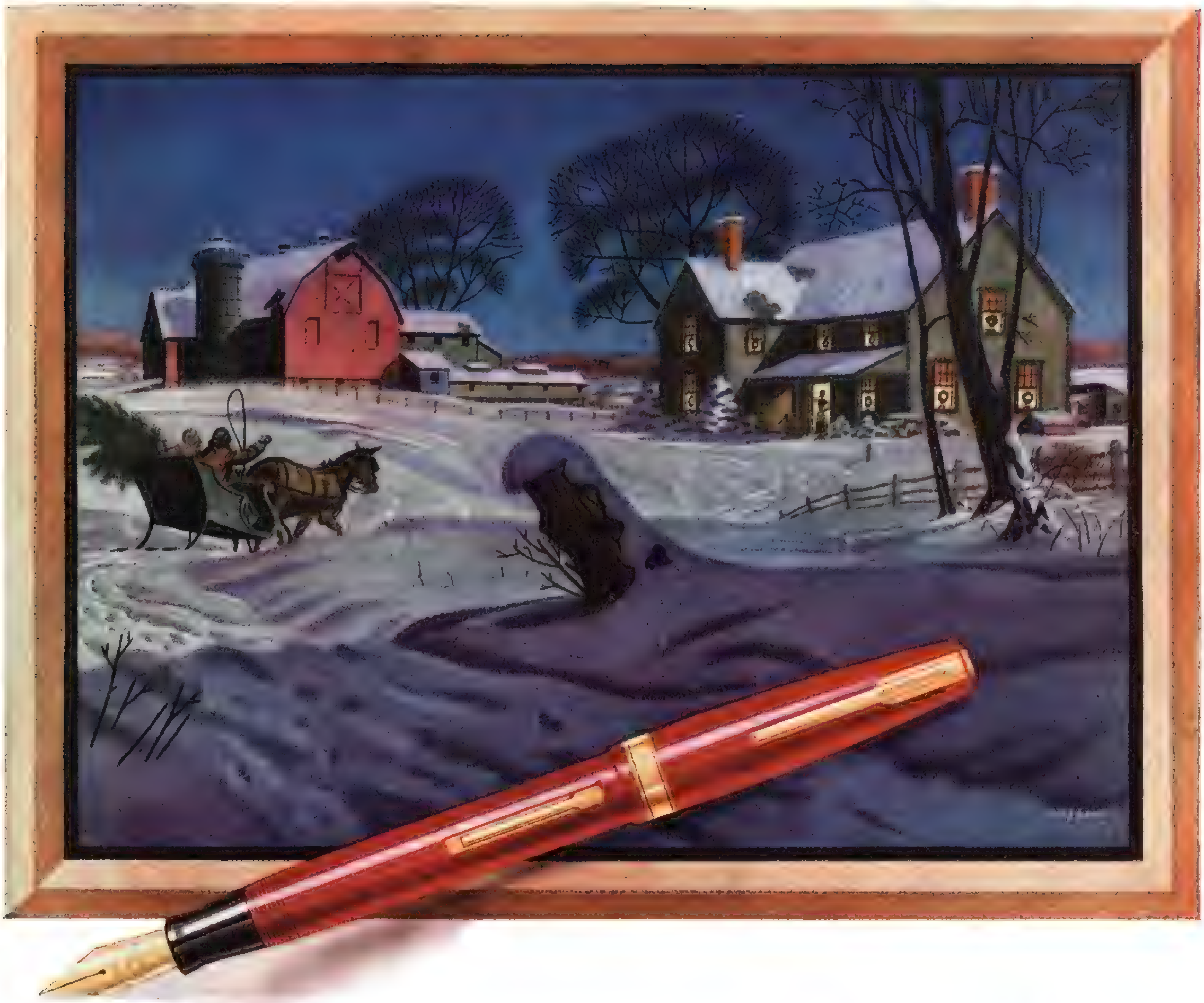
Sylvia (Columbia—The Charioteers)	Not *Who Is Sylvia*, but a good choral number.

Two Albums

Nine Chorale Preludes—Bach (Musicraft—Weinrich)	Organ work, to be sampled, not played through, unless you are a musicologist. Maybe this is your Christmas gift.
Operetta Pot Pourri (Columbia—Marek Weber)	In the Viennese tradition, with orchestral work from *The Student Prince*, *Countess Maritza*, and *Gypsy Baron*. Reminders of some of the less familiar.

Real Hot Music

	(Look elsewhere in this magazine for the right dope. Nothing I received in the past month is worth bothering you about.)



A **Waterman's** *belongs in this Picture*

Yes! . . . for many and many a Christmas the gift of a Waterman's pen has been as much a part of the picture as holly and mistletoe and lights on the tree.

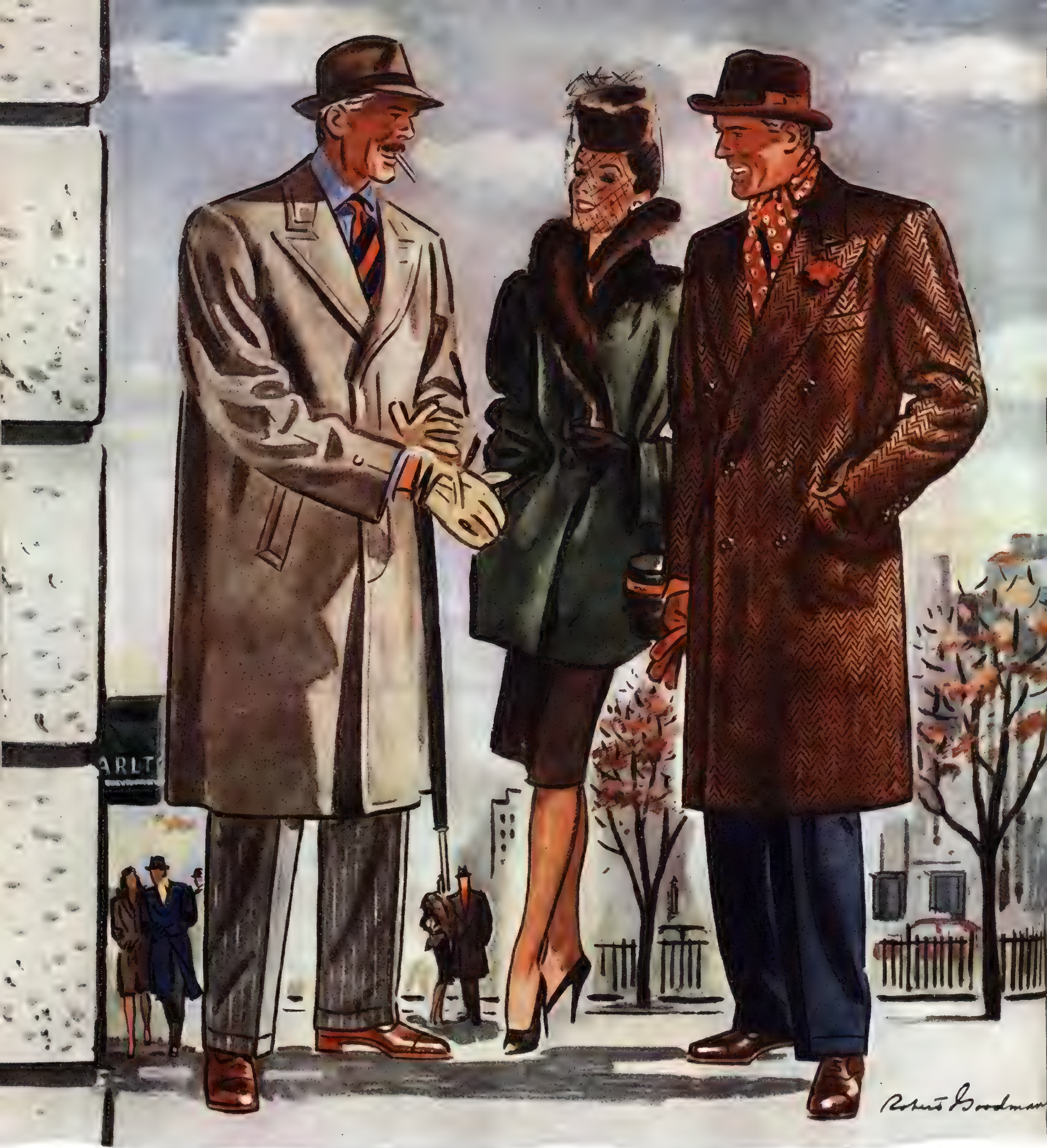
This year . . . more than ever before . . . Waterman's belongs on your gift list. No *other* pen combines the beauty . . . writing pleasure . . . and convenience we've built into these new Waterman's. Each point, for example, is 14 kt. gold, hand-ground to give you a new conception of writing smoothness. The Inkquaduct feed is designed for instant writing, any time, any place. The One-Stroke Filler saves time, saves trouble. And all these—plus a host of *other* Waterman's features are yours to enjoy—or give—from the moment your Waterman's is first used.

You'd be wise to shop early for your Waterman's. Frankly we haven't been able to give our dealers *all* the Waterman's you'll want to buy. If your dealer hasn't the exact style or color you wanted—such as the 100-Year Pen above—take one of those he has. For you can count on this: *all* Waterman's, from $5 up, are made with the same quality of workmanship and materials.

L. E. Waterman Co., New York 13, N. Y.

UNION MADE

Just look for the name **Waterman's**



It's a Kuppenheimer

On the civilian front as well as the military, the Kuppenheimer insignia in your topcoat or overcoat* gives you high rank among men whose appearance and judgment command a salute.

Wartime conditions have not in any way limited our ambition to excel in styling, fit, fabric—and enduring value. In support of our sixty-eight-year reputation as one of America's truly great names in clothing—Kuppenheimer topcoats and overcoats are today finer than ever! *An ideal Christmas gift

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

»MARXMAN→

FOR YEARS OF PIPE-PLEASURE

Men of discernment look for the MARXMAN name on the pipes they buy. This name spells mellowness, sweetness, fine and rare smoking qualities. It spells pipes designed by skilled craftsmen from selected, aged briar roots . . . into distinctive shapes, possible only when mass production methods are avoided, when each pipe is individually cut, rubbed, and polished.

LOOK FOR »MARXMAN» ON THE NEXT PIPE YOU BUY

① **THE MEL-O-BRIAR** is a great favorite with thousands of pipe-wise men. Bench-made and sculptured by craftsmen faithful to a fine tradition, this famous pipe is mellow and cool. Fashioned of thoroughly-aged, carefully selected briar. Available in varied shapes of rich, umber tones. **$3.50**

② **THE SUPER-BRIAR** is a pipe of rare distinction because each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . the grain heightened to enamel-like smoothness and brilliance by careful hand rubbing and polishing. Available in your favorite shape. **$5.00**

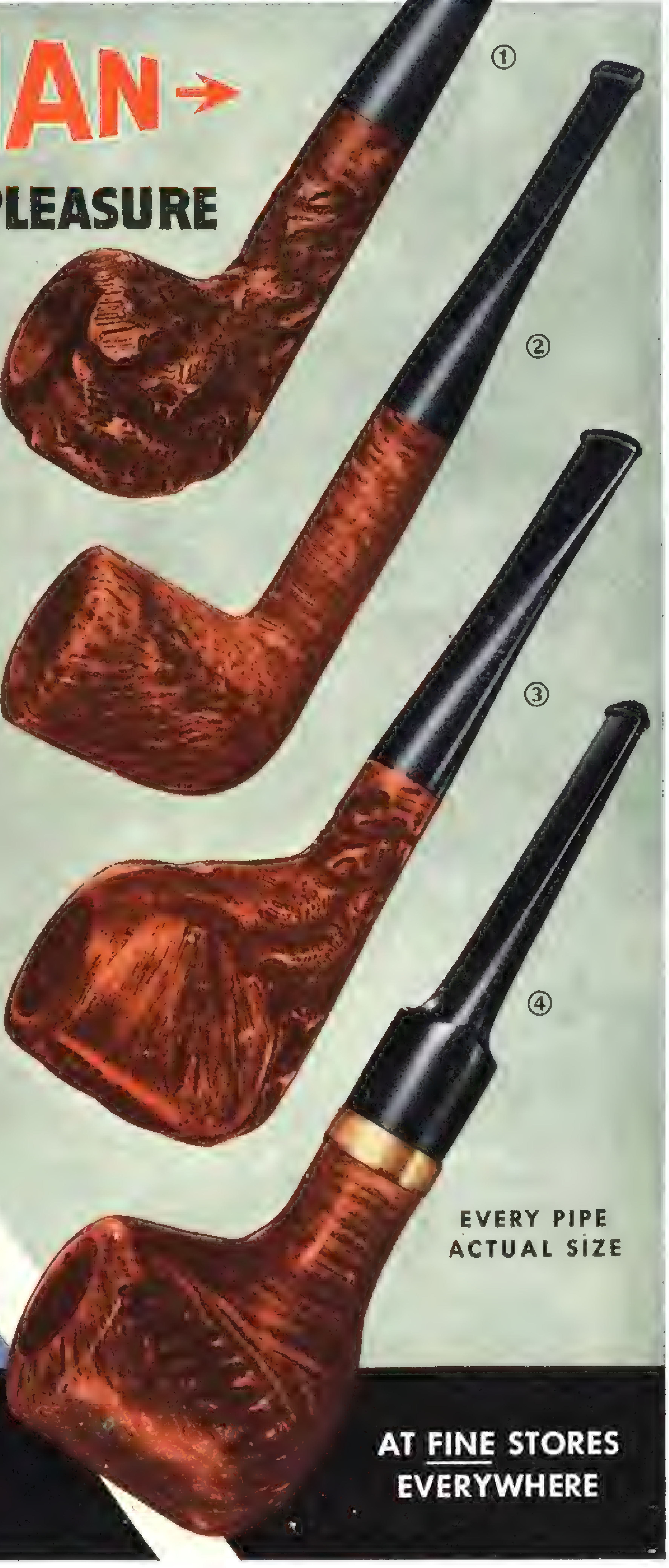
③ **THE JUMBO** is distinguished by a solid, carved bowl, in perfect balance for easy, cool smoking. The finest, rarest briars are selected and fashioned into truly elegant pipes of exclusive design. Each pipe is an individual creation.

Priced according to size.	$5.00	$7.50	$10.00
	Regular	Large	Massive

④ **THE FOUR HUNDRED** is the only pipe of its kind! Hand made from huge imported rare-grain briars. No two pipes are alike. The colossal shape is in perfect balance. Mounting is 14-carat gold. Comes with personal Certificate of Registry and Lifetime Service Guarantee. Each pipe individually numbered, owner's name recorded in Marxman's "Blue Book." **$25.00**

LOOK FOR

ON THE NEXT PIPE YOU BUY



EVERY PIPE
ACTUAL SIZE

»MARXMAN→

MARXMAN PIPES, 27 W. 24TH STREET
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

AT FINE STORES
EVERYWHERE

HEUBLEIN'S
SINCE 1875
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

In two shakes of a lamb's tail!

YOU CAN GET a marvelous Dry Martini in less time than it takes to say *"Heublein of Hartford."* Made from genuine pot-stilled MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth*, they're at your local liquor store, ready mixed and handily bottled. Just add ice and serve!

THERE ARE FIVE HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Dry Martini, *71 Proof* • Side Car, *60 Proof*
Manhattan, *65 Proof* • Daiquiri, *70 Proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 Proof*

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS

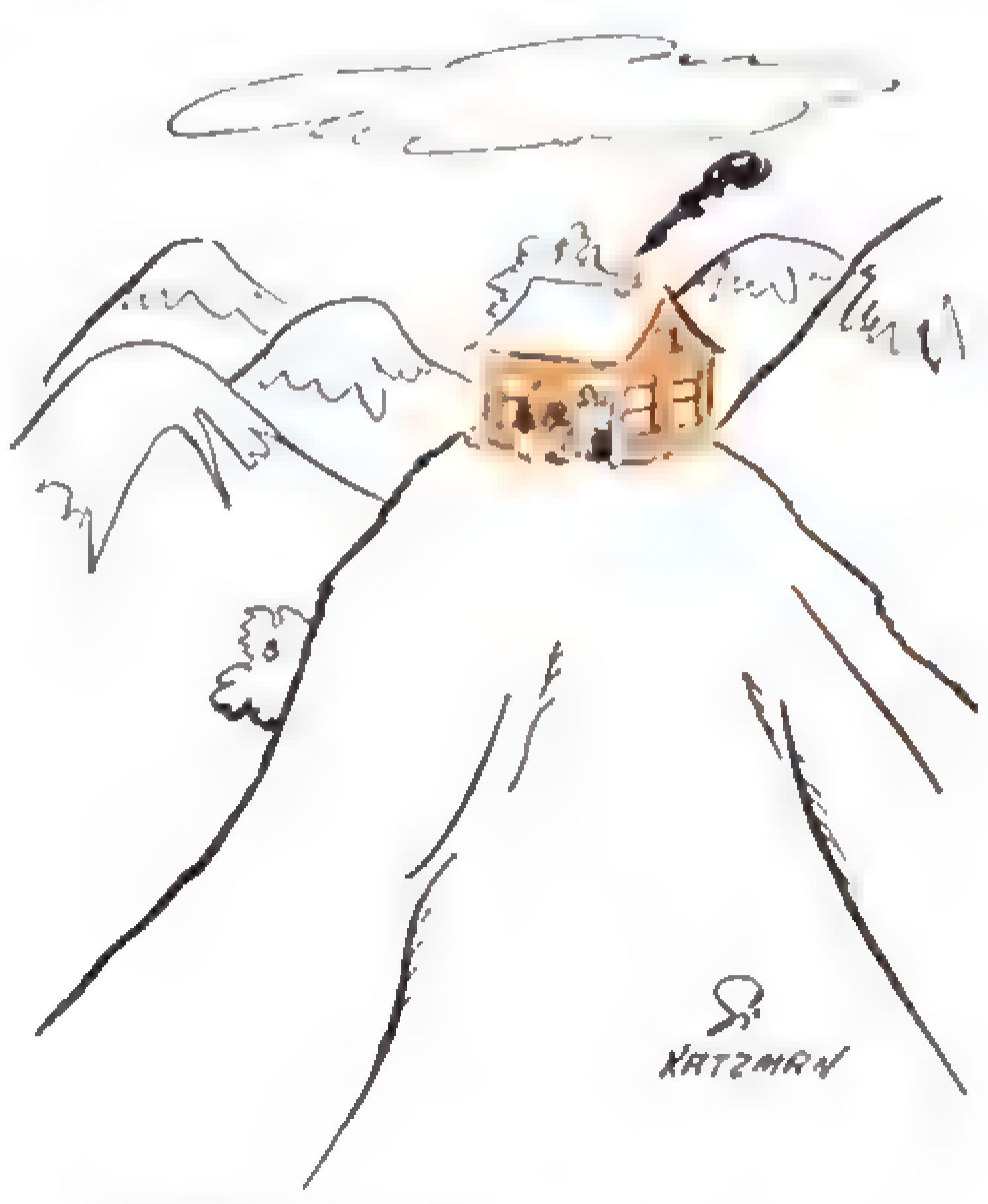
Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Forward as at Waterloo

Continued from page 137

not as fantastic as you made it, it should interest you nevertheless. Let me see your composition." He crossed out the Eight and wrote in a handsome Six.

That stung, as it put me four points behind in the competition for the history prize. But it had compensations: I was given the freedom of the 1870 shelf. There were enormous tomes with maps that unfolded to cover a whole table. There were little booklets, printed by regiments, in which separate casualties were named. Battles were divided into zones, sectors, split into minutes. The books referred to one another constantly, and research was more fun than a rebus or a puzzle. I had qualms that I had ever contradicted my professor, who probably knew all of this by heart.



"We just happened to be passing by"

The Seventh had been at Metz, that was true. But it had done some fine fighting of its own. I never imagined that Monsieur Chaumais had lied, I believed he was mistaken. He was old, over seventy, and I had heard that old people sometimes lost memory. And I was elated, because my old friend and I would have some fine points to discuss.

I could hardly wait until the following Thursday. Vacation was already in the air, so we got through our war early, eager for the lemonade. Chaumais greeted us as cordially as ever. Soon the small boys were off playing and it was time for the charge of Reichshoffen. I was avid to show off, aware of all the details and improvements I had to supply. When the old gentleman reached: "Forward, as at Waterloo!", I swung into action immediately.

"It wasn't a colonel who said that, Chaumais. It started with Gen. Michel, who came up to the heavy cavalry and said: 'Comrades, we are needed. We are about to charge the enemy. This is the moment to show who we are and what we can do.' Then it was that

Continued on page 230

How to be popular on Christmas morn! Give California-styled

Catalina
SWEATERS

"CABLE"—man's: 100% wool. Beige, brown, wine, powder blue $7.50
sleeveless $5

"ROSE"—ladies': black with red-green; white with red-green; red with white-green $9

At better stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest store.

CATALINA KNITTING MILLS
443 South San Pedro Street
Los Angeles 13, California

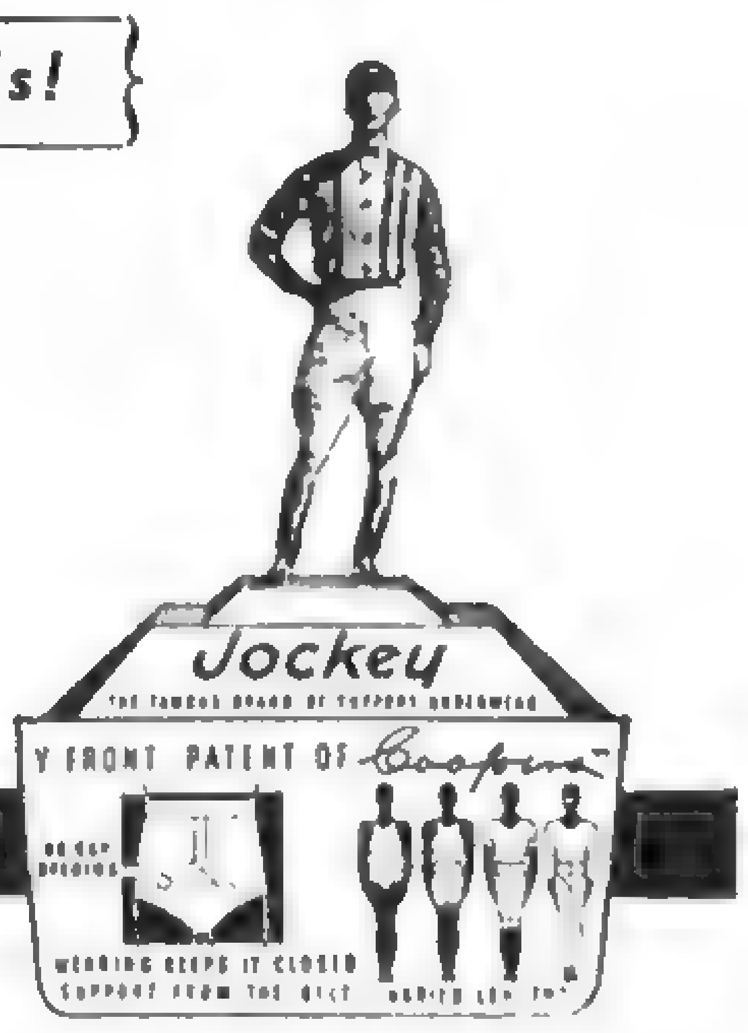
When you're outdoors you need protection
-and Jockey Longs are just perfection

Buy what you need
but no more

If you're occasionally exposed to cold for hours at a time, if you must guard your health carefully or if your job keeps you out in the weather, then put Jockey Longs on your shopping list! In addition to warmth, they'll give you the same firm, unfailing support that you enjoy in all Jockey Underwear, because they have the same patented Y-front construction. Remember, however, that others want Jockey Longs, too. They'll have a better chance of getting their share if you don't buy more than you actually need.

Go Long on War Bonds!

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.


Jockey
Y FRONT PATENT OF Coopers

The Only Shockproof Watch with a Flexible Balance Wheel
For Service Wear... Everywhere
Wyler
incaflex

WYLER WATCHES ARE:
- SUBMERSION TESTED—100% WATERPROOF
- PATENTED INCAFLEX SHOCK ABSORBER
- 17 JEWEL, ANTI-MAGNETIC MOVEMENT
- PRECISION TESTED FOR ACCURACY

At Better Jewelers Everywhere

WYLER WATCH AGENCY · ROCKEFELLER CENTER · NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Forward as at Waterloo

Continued from pages 137-229

Gen. Lartigue said: 'Go after them, as at Waterloo!'"

"Never heard of either one of them," M. Chaumais stated. "Anyway, in the Cuirassiers, we never listened to any officers but our own." He appeared determined, and I allowed him to go on, until he said: "There were fifty thousand Prussians before us—"

"Nine thousand," I corrected.

"Fifty thousand."

"The books say nine thousand."

"What do they know about it? I was there."

"Well, Monsieur, maybe you couldn't count them. There probably seemed a lot of them, because you were excited—"

"Excited?" he wondered. "What about?"

"About charging and maybe getting killed."

"We didn't worry about that in the Cuirassiers." But he reflected a moment, fussed with his pipe. "As I was saying, there were over fifty thousand Prussians between us and the village of Reichshoffen—"

"Morsbronn," I suggested.

"What?"

"The name of the village was Morsbronn, Monsieur Chaumais. The books all explained that popular belief is wrong, that the charge was into Morsbronn."

He ignored my interruption.

"We galloped through the hop fields, and the needle guns started popping. And shells, hundreds of shells. You could hear the bullets plopping on our helmets and plates like hail. Our big horses stretched out like racing deer, and we scouched forward, blades level. Just then, as we were nearing the Prussian squares, a shell takes off our colonel's head. Zit—and there was no head, no helmet. But did he fall? No—"

"That wasn't the same charge, Monsieur. It was another charge later that day. The colonel whose head was taken off by a shell was de Lacarre. The same shell killed his trumpeter and wounded a captain—"

He considered me for a long moment in silence. I could see he was very angry and wanted to keep quiet. But the other boys watched me, giggling, and I knew I was right. Moreover, I did not understand why the old gentleman should deny something written in official books.

"It was my colonel," he said slowly.

"It was Colonel de Lacarre," I insisted. "He commanded the Third Regiment."

Monsieur Chaumais laid his pipe down on the table with much care. Somehow, we boys knew

JACKMAN GIFTS
In Good Taste and Good Grace
Jackman
CUSTOM ORIGINAL FROM CALIFORNIA

Jackman's California Casual Clothes are gift perfection! Select the Roamer or the Urban (left to right) impeccably tailored of superlative fabrics in rich monotones or Du-Art combinations, as illustrated. You're in good taste and good grace when your gift bears the Jackman label!

Jackets, $35 to $50. Shirts, $25. Slacks, $20 to $37.50.

At America's finest stores or write to
M. Jackman & Sons, Los Angeles 14

If you can afford these garments you must be buying war bonds.

that something beyond our understanding was happening, something rather dreadful. I felt chilly despite the heat. Perhaps some instinct warned me that this man, old though he was, could kill me with a blow of his fist—and that his control was slipping away rapidly. Our eyes locked and for endless seconds no one spoke.

"It was my colonel," he then proclaimed loudly. He waited for contradiction, sighed and concluded: "My colonel, yes, the colonel of the Seventh."

I could remember the words of my professor, and a surge of resentment gripped me, carried me forward against my better judgment and the rules of politeness instilled in most French children concerning adults. I had lost four points, I remembered, and the plain truth must be that I yielded to anger: Monsieur Chaumais had misled me, I was sure of it now. And I heard my voice as from a very long distance.

"The Seventh was not on the field at Reichshoffen," I stated.

His eyes grew fiercer: "And where was it, you brat?"

"At Metz with Bazaine's army."

Monsieur Chaumais snapped his whole torso back and blinked, as if he had been struck in the nose. He probably had started to claim to have been at Reichshoffen, because that had been the "star" performance of the Cuirassiers and few people troubled to ask for regimental numbers. And it must have been startling to have a little boy in a black apron snap out a statement that proved him a liar about an event more than forty years past.

Neither one of us realized that I was not involved at all, that the clash was really between my professor, who represented cold fact, and Monsieur Chaumais, who represented fancy, romance. And romance succumbed, as always.

"At Metz, at Metz—" he repeated, "with Bazaine, Bazaine." Then he was on his feet, his great

Continued on page 232

"No, my wife isn't home, Mrs. Glaser—did you want to leave any gossip for her?"

Holland SHOES QUALITY Racine

The Doctor Shoe
Famous for its Stabilizer and Normalizer Arch Construction
No. 1226

Nu-Matic
The Flexible Shoe with the Cushioned Step
No. 6745

PACE-SETTERS IN STYLE
FOREMOST IN QUALITY

HOLLAND RACINE Shoes

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
Fine Shoe Craftsmen for 49 Years

GOLD LABEL
HAVANA CLUB Brand
RUM
CUBAN RUM

Take it from me...
smoother drinks come from
HAVANA CLUB RUM

Distilled and Bottled by JOSÉ ARECHABALA, S. A., Cardenas, Cuba
Sole Agents for U. S. A.
WILLIAMS IMPORTERS, A DIVISION OF R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Forward as at Waterloo

Continued from pages 137-229-231

veined fist lifted, shouting: "Get out of here, the lot of you, get out! Get out before I—before—get out—"

But we were frightened beyond motion, petrified. We sat there, helpless. I felt extreme terror, wondering when that fist would drop and smash my skull. Yet through it all, a sort of stubborn rage flickered, urging me to shout in return, to drive in my point, even if I died for it.

"Papa, Papa," said the old lady catching his arm: "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered and sat down.

One of my loyal little friends pointed at me: "He just said something that made the gentleman mad, that's all. He didn't mean to."

Monsieur Chaumais was very red in the face, but trying to smile, and his wife and the young girl who had come also started to loosen his tie, to wet napkins.

"You children must go away now," Madame Chaumais said. "My husband is not well. Go away—"

We all rose. Agile, swift little hands reached out, cleaned the plates of the last slices of cake. Glasses were emptied. Some, recklessly, drank from the pitchers. By the time we had gathered the smaller kids, Monsieur Chaumais' eyes were closed and the girl had been sent for the doctor.

We headed through the dust for the city gate like a disbanded army, turning to look for pursuit. Then the oldest boy, almost thirteen, started to laugh.

"I'll have to tell my old man this, you know. That old guy goes to the *Lion d'Or* café where my father plays billiards, and he talks his head off about Reichshoffen, just because he served in the Cuirassiers. Everybody knows he's an awful liar. The Seventh was not at Reichshoffen." He gave me a hard push, concluding: "Just the same, it's nix on lemonade and cake from now on. If your parents ordered a damn fool, they got served all right."

I saw Monsieur Chaumais again twice, the two succeeding Thursdays. He was in his garden, but he went into the house as we walked by and did not recall us. Then summer vacation came, my interest turned elsewhere, and I quite forgot him. When I returned from the country before school opened, my mother gave me a clipping from the local paper she had saved for me.

"I think it's that nice old gentleman you used to see," she told me.

It was an obituary for Monsieur

KREISLER
JEWELRY *Creations*

EARRINGS

SIR-NAME KEY CHAIN

KREISLER JEWELRY *Creations*

The gift that's valued more because it's always in the best of taste—because it's obviously genuine jeweler's-quality . . . *In unique gift packages*

LADIES' AND MEN'S JEWELRY—$3 to $20

Made by master craftsmen and stylists long identified with the manufacture of the finest in platinum and diamond jewelry.

Ask Your Jeweler!

BEST GIFT BUY—WAR BONDS ★ NEXT BEST—KREISLER JEWELRY

Very Satisfactory
When Tailored by SIMPSON

Every last detail gives you genuine pleasure when your clothes are individually tailored by Simpson. You choose the fabric you want from *hundreds* of patterns and colors. Add to this the famous Simpson prewar guarantee of "satisfaction or your money back" . . . and you have a *personal tailoring* source that is *very* satisfactory! Simpson men call at your home or office, and among the fine woolens they will show you are the famous Botany worsteds—exclusive with Simpson in the tailoring field.

SIMPSON BOTANY WORSTEDS

J. B. SIMPSON, INC., Simpson Bldg., Chicago 7

Branches from coast to coast
See local telephone directory

FREE! Service bulletin . . . "How to Buy and Care for Your Clothes." Facts about woolens in wartime, new patterns and colors. Write today . . . Dept. E-12 for your copy.

★ SIMPSON CLOTHES

Chaumais. It was mentioned that he had charged with the Seventh Cuirassiers at Rezonville. At Rezonville, not at Reichshoffen. As it happens, the charge of Forton's Division at Rezonville, which mopped up Von Bredow's crack cavalry after its 'death ride," would have made a more thrilling story. But Reichshoffen was widely advertised, it was the "name" battle—and old Chaumais had been tempted.

That was almost all. All, save for one little incident.

That fall, I was escorting my mother on some of her Sunday visits, wearing my good suit, my peaked navy cap, a flaring collar and a flowing tie.

I was enjoying the bittersweet sensations inseparable from the day: righteousness, vanity and extreme boredom. And, crossing a bridge, on the narrow sidewalk, an old crone in black suddenly halted before us. It was a split second before I recognized the plump and pink Madame Chaumais of a few months before. She glared at me and spoke to my mother.

"Is that your little boy?" she asked.

My mother admitted the charge.

"He is very intelligent and educated, isn't he?"

My mother puckered her lips with false modesty.

"He's smart and we do our best to educate him, Madame."

Madame Chaumais seemed about to speak at length, drawing in her breath. Then she said simply: "You can well be proud of him—the little assassin."

She walked away.

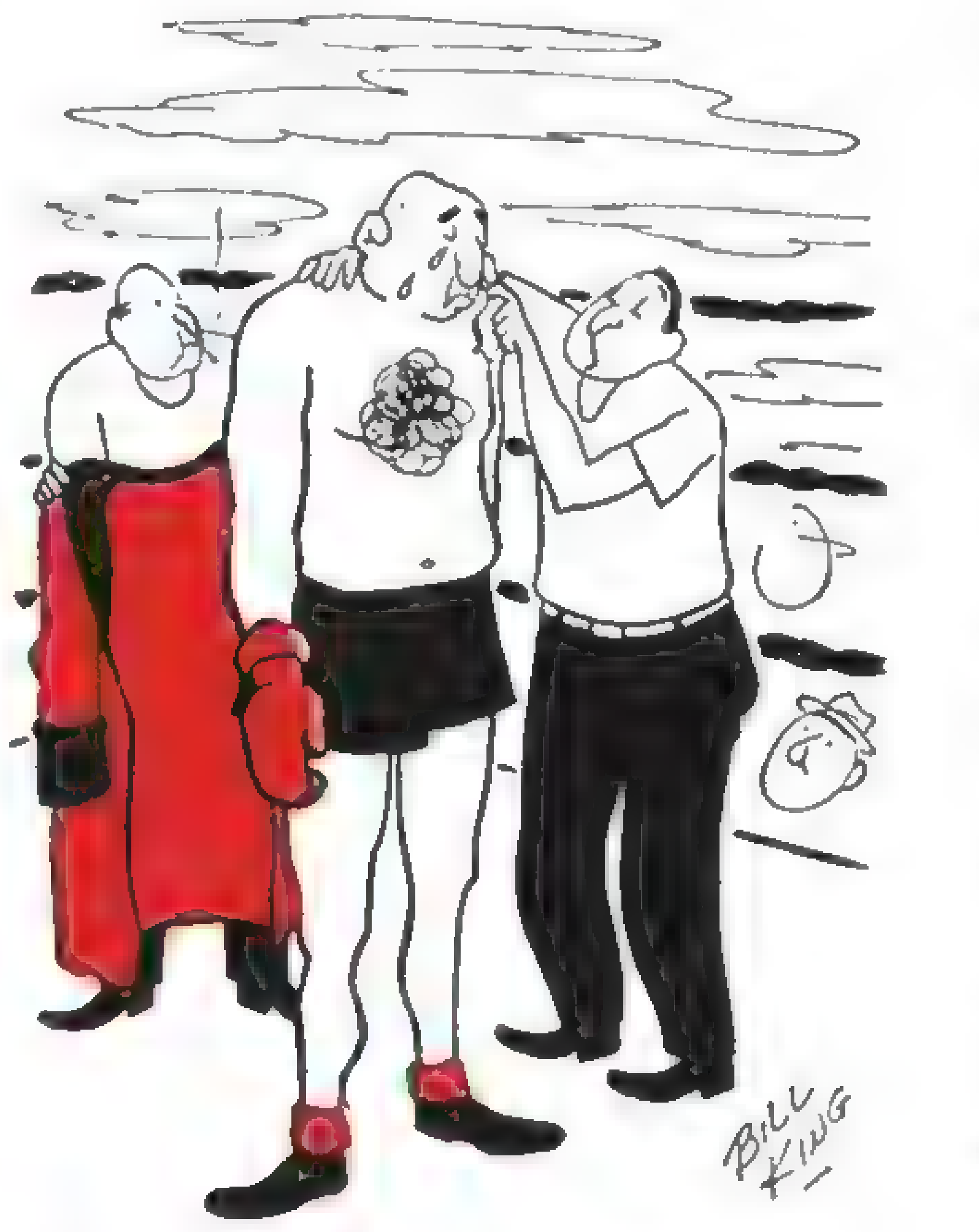
"That poor old lady is crazy," my mother announced.

"This town's full of nuts," I said in full agreement.

"One doesn't say 'nut' when speaking of an older person," she reminded me. She walked on in silence for some distance, then: "You don't know what she meant, do you?"

"No," I replied.

But I do know now. ⧺



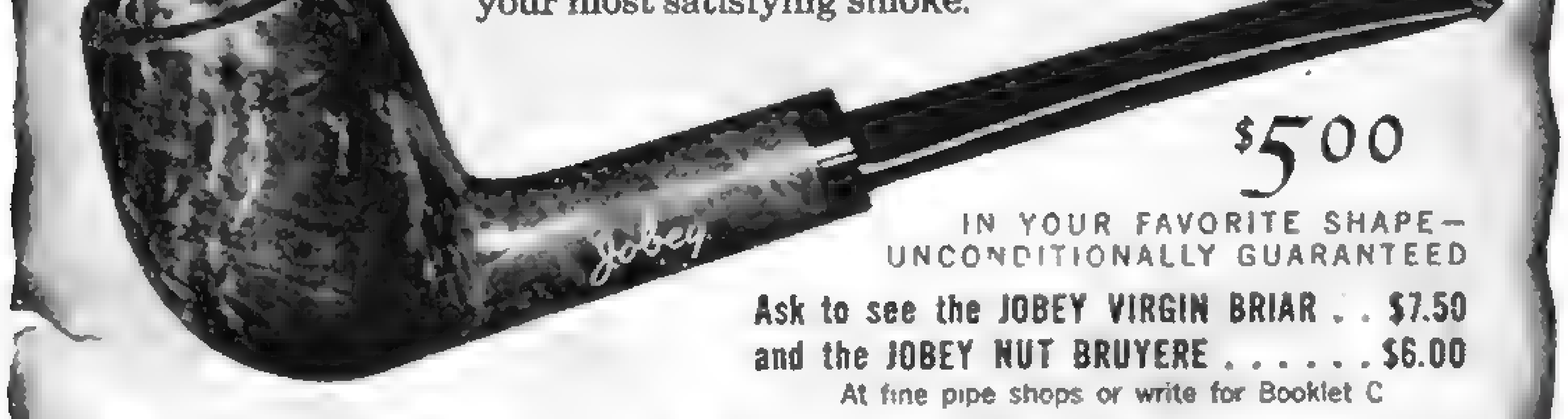
"There, there, now—somebody had to lose"

Pipedom's Aristocrat

The Jobey Pipe

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill

PEER of pipes, flawlessly crafted. Distinguished for the perfect grain of its matchless briar, the glowing depth of its superb plum finish, the unique comfort of its hand-cut Jobey bit. Exclusively processed to give you—with no break-in—your most satisfying smoke.



$5.00

IN YOUR FAVORITE SHAPE—UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR . . $7.50
and the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE $6.00
At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet C

NORWALK PIPE CO., 218 E. 26th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders
(Drill Order)
Egmont-op-Zee, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Waterloo, Lucknow, Nile 1884, '85, Aisne, 1914, Hindenburg Line, Macedonia 1915, '18

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"
Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for excellence in Scotch Whisky.

IN MAPPING out your social strategy, start out with this shining fact . . . THERE IS NO RETREAT IN QUALITY FOR DEWAR'S SCOTCH! We consider it a point of honour to maintain the quality which has won 60 honours all over the whole world! Command Dewar's and be "at ease."

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"
Liqueur Scotch

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

COMMAND DEWAR'S . . . AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp. N.Y.

So Now I Sleep in a Hammock

Continued from page 135

lay out my shaving things on the mayor's window sill and hang up my mirror beside it."

This salesman showed me the three different types of hammocks he carried everywhere. One was an open-work *rede*—which means both lace and net, in Portuguese—for cool siestas. He had a close-woven all-purpose hammock and his extra special *tucum*, made from the soft, elastic fibers of the tucum palm.

From him I learned that no two people hang a *rede* at the same height. Some like 'em high, some like 'em low, some swing 'em fast and some swing 'em slow. It was this seasick motion that kept me out for so long. Even visiting my friend made me squeamish, for he received in one or another of his hammocks day and night, like all folks along the King of Rivers. They only venture out of the swinging perches for coffee or meals, to see customers or tack up their pain killer and pink soap signs. The rest of the twenty-four hours they live in pajamas, which are correct dinner clothes in most hot spots of South America.

Sometimes more than half a dozen salesmen shared the big room next to mine, sitting in their *redes*, swapping stories. Around ten o'clock at night, every body would creak himself to sleep.

Hammocks go to the beach to be laundered about once a month and you can see them sunning everywhere, on the sand, in backyards and stretched along the high, grey picket fences. The job is slow and costs a man's pay for half a day, four *cruzeiros*, twenty cents. In the rainy season you may not get your wash back dry for a week so it's essential to have one or two other hammocks along for emergencies, although you can borrow one easily.

When you see them stretched out sunning, some are amazingly big, running as they do to sixteen feet square, enough to tuck in the whole family. This kind will hold five or six kids and their dolls besides mama and papa who can snuggle up side by side or recline end to end with their litter laid crosswise above their heads and below their feet.

But the outstanding number of the whole airy display is the hand-woven *tucum*, from the artistic looms of original Amazon princesses of the upper Rio Branco, White River, above Manaus, where the tucum palm blows.

This is a sweet job. There's a caress in every one of its elastic strands. And the only catch is that you'll have to pay thirty bucks for a run-of-the-mill *tucum*. The finest I ever saw was in the

EVENING STANDARD

KINGS MEN
TOILETRIES
Gifts With a Heritage of Britain's Great Traditions

Men who respond to the superb craftsmanship of a Patek-Philippe, the impeccable cut of a Burberry topcoat, instinctively choose Kings Men Toiletries. Colognes, essences and shaving requisites that breathe the tradition of treasured British imports in their fresh, virile scents. Handsomely presented in flagons plated in gleaming 23-karat gold.

colognes...lotions...shaving requisites, $5.00. essences, $10.00. sets of varied combinations, to $15.00. at fine men's shops and department stores.

KINGS MEN
TOILETRIES
Product of Windsor House, Ltd.
LOS ANGELES

HANDCRAFTED FROM CUT TO FINISH

THE *Exclusive* RUGBY All-Around ZIP* CIGARETTE CASE
Leather Lined

Fits Regular or King size
EITHER TYPE $5
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

This Rugby Zip case is thin, compact, leakproof. Metal frame holds cigarettes in place without crushing. Double glassine covers prevent spilling and provide two photo holders. Fine Morocco leather, black or brown, or black with red leather lining.

* U.S. Patent Pending

BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS
Rugby
AMERICA'S LUXURY LEATHERWEAR
YOUR MONEY'S MOST, $1 TO $15

Men's and Ladies' Zipper Billfolds, Coin Purses, Pouches, Cigarette Cases, Compacts and Novelties
Rugby Products Corp., 1133 Broadway, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

National Museum in Rio de Janeiro. Its whole airy fabric was deftly done in nylon set off by tufts of aigrette down and rainbow bursts of feathers from birds of paradise. The only other equal triumph of this unique Indian art is a lacy marvel of silken cactus fiber in the National Mexican Museum of Natural History, executed in Yucatan by descendants of the great Mayan artists who conceived and built Chichen-Itza.

I still insisted on a bed when finally I went ashore in Santarém. The old Hotel O Castello had only one, and since none of the other fourteen guests would have any use for it, I got the bed without any argument.

Other bedridden Americans like me, including several Brazilians from the colder South of São Paulo and Rio, spurned hammocked ease at first and picked up a few rickety heirloom four-posters around town that had been shipped down from our southern states eight-five years ago when several hundred defeated Confederates flocked to settle in Santarém.

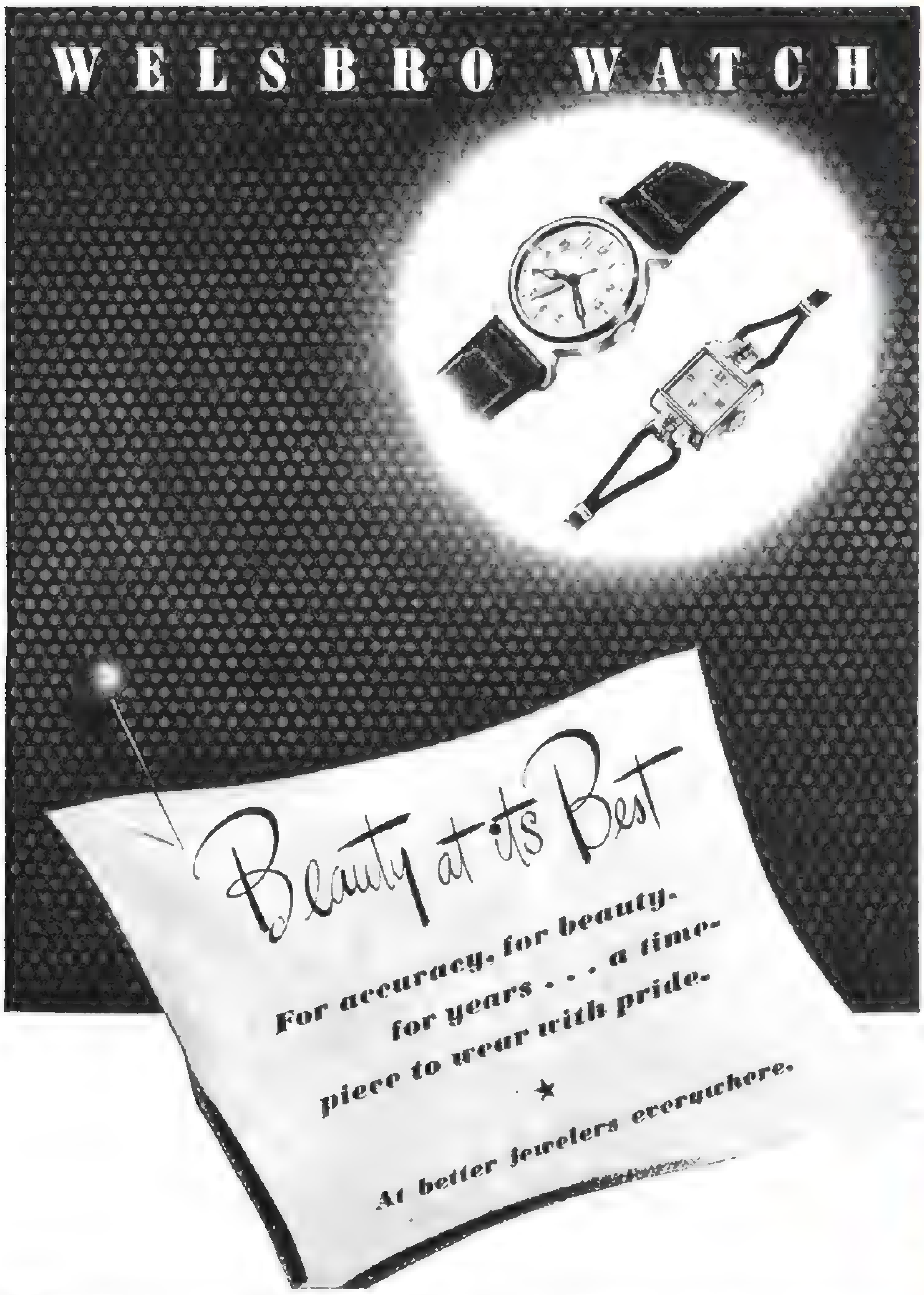
It didn't take them long to find out that hammocks on top of the Equator are cooler, so instead of learning Portuguese words for bedroom, bed time, going to bed, and things like that, they yawned, "*Vou á rede.*" "I'm going to my hammock." "It's hammock time. Where'll I hang up?"

"Sometimes she forgets she isn't a riveter any more"

Since I landed in the rainy season when nights were so cool that the river salesmen, nesting like orioles in the rooms all around my solitary, I had the laugh on them, for they complained that cotton blankets didn't keep their backs warm in the wind storms, with nothing but hammock cloth between them and the elements.

Snug as a bug in a rug, the only thing that bothered me was the squeaking of my walls made by neighbors swinging themselves to sleep. New rope adjusters and S-hook clankers came in by night boats, always without oil cans. Once I woke up yelling, "Earthquake!" but it was only a two

Continued on page 236



WELSBRO WATCH

Beauty at its Best

For accuracy, for beauty, for years . . . a timepiece to wear with pride.

★

At better jewelers everywhere.

WEISSMAN WATCH CO., 20 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Finest, Smartest Gift of All
—because it's an
ALBERT RICHARD

• LUXURY LEATHER
• DISTINCTIVE STYLING
• QUALITY TAILORING
• CUSTOM-LIKE FIT

This distinguished leather coat with its warm wool plaid lining, reflects the masterful workmanship which has made Albert Richard Coats and Jackets the choice of discriminating men everywhere. Like every Albert Richard, it's superbly comfortable because of Action-Fit*—an exclusive Albert Richard feature which achieves a free-and-easy, yet custom-like fit—no pulling, tugging or binding.

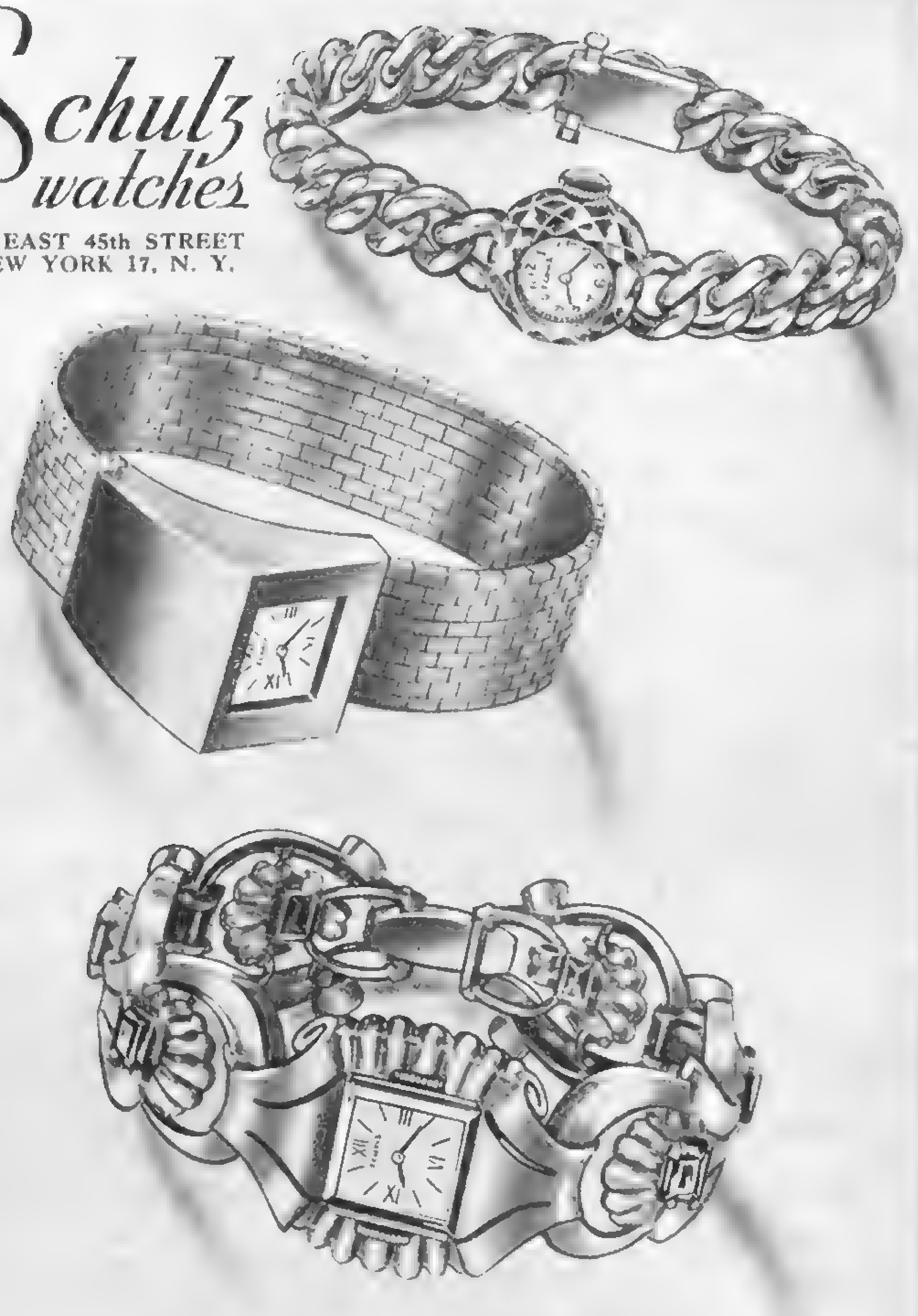
Albert Richard Action-Fit* Gloves, too, are ideal gifts. They're quality gloves—neat and trim, and give you full finger freedom.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ALBERT RICHARD

ACTION-FIT* COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • MITTENS
Division of Fried, Ostermann Company, Milwaukee

AS ALWAYS—THE MIDWEST LEADS IN OUTDOOR STYLE AND QUALITY



Schulz watches
304 EAST 45th STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Timed and styled in our New York factory—available through your own jeweler

So Now I Sleep in a Hammock

Continued from pages 135-235

hundred and fifty pound hammocker turning over.

As summer blazed in, however, I found my couch untenable. After tossing through a stifling week under a full moon I realized that trying to sleep at the Equator in a bunk is the bunk!

And those other Americans and southern Brazilians bedded down across the street were coming to the same conclusion.

One by one, we fell for the main line of hammocks that strings along our waterfront before expectant stores. It was hard to choose from such a rainbow of them.

Finally I picked a big, bold number, as exciting as a Bedouin's striped tent.

"You must be expecting an increase in the family," the old shopkeeper observed. "This one sleeps six." He whipped out a smaller *rede* of the same design. "This is only half the size. You'll like it. It's long enough and seven feet wide, so you can stick your feet inside the back veranda and stretch all the way across."

"What's the veranda?" I asked.

"There's a front porch and back porch," he flipped the foot-long valance of fringe, lace, string and tassels that ran along both sides of the wide spread. "They give you privacy and keep the bugs out like a horsefly net, when you swing. And fold them across your chest on cold nights and they'll keep the draught out."

I learned to slide into it like an arrow in a crossbow, my own hammock stretching stick. Sitting in the middle of my tent, I grabbed the verandas on both sides and held that position until I got my bearings between the wall hooks about eight feet away.

Then I let go of the fringe and slipped smoothly back until my head barely touched the back porch. It was a cinch to catch my heels on the cord that runs along the top of the front veranda and straighten out until I lay straight across and horizontal, except for a slight Grecian bend, just opposite of the lengthwise way we used to toss in the trough of those narrow shouldered string nets.

Now, after a hundred days of splendid sprawling I take my portable in lap, sit up steady in the middle of my suspended tent and write a testimonial to my old salesman friend:

"Dear Jose: Tie a knot in your White River *tucum*, for you've made another convert to billowy, pillowless sleeping. I'm saving up to buy one of those palm fiber delights like yours. And in it I plan to write a sequel to the *Arabian Nights*, to be called *1,001 Nights in a Hammock*." ⧺

How to express the "season's best" on Christmas morning!

There's one time each year when the best is none too good . . . and that's on Christmas morning. For it's certain you want your gifts to your men folks to express all the love you feel . . . and only gifts bearing unquestioned labels can do such a job. That's why you should know that, in the field of leather and fabric coats and jackets for sport, leisure, and utility wear, the leader is Monarch . . . for nearly fifty years the Monarch label has been tops. Here are two suggested gifts, by the way, that are bound to please and to express the spirit of Christmas in full measure. Get them from your Monarch dealer. The Monarch Manufacturing Co., 333 E. Chicago St., Milwaukee 2, Wis.

As always, the Midwest leads in outdoor style and quality

The Commodore—a swanky, handsome leather coat in sheltercape or capeskin. Men's and prep sizes.

The Flier—a top-flight leather jacket of capeskin with blade swing back. Men's and boys' sizes.

Monarch
MILWAUKEE
BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

BUY WAR BONDS FIRST!

Hickok belt of a new leather . . . Genuine African Zebra. Smart Hickok initial Buckle . . . *the set, $5.*

Tie Bar . . . with finely sculptured, modern Horsehead . . . $1.50.

Smartly styled Hickok Tie Bar in sterling silver, gold plated...$3.50.

Hickok Tie Chain and matching Collar Bar . . . in sterling silver with contrasting gold plated design . . . Hickok patented grip . . . $6.

Belt of fine imported Crocodile. Sterling initial Buckle with gold inlay stripe . . . *the set, $9.50.*

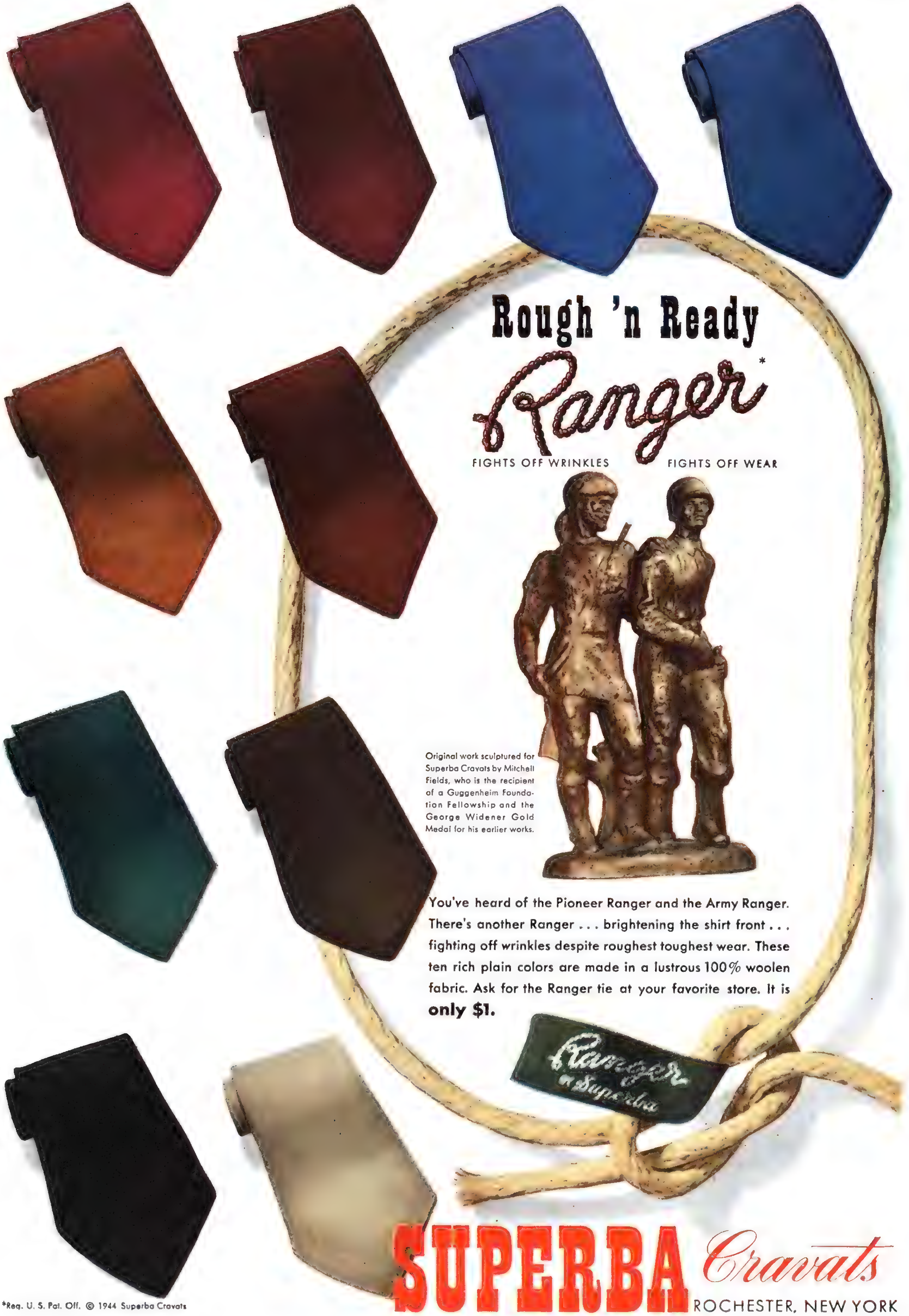
KEEP 'EM
SMILING!

HICKOK

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

Hickok Belt of specially tanned Pigskin with modern two-tone initial Buckle . . . *the set, $3.50.*

Plus federal tax on Jewelry.



Rough 'n Ready
Ranger*

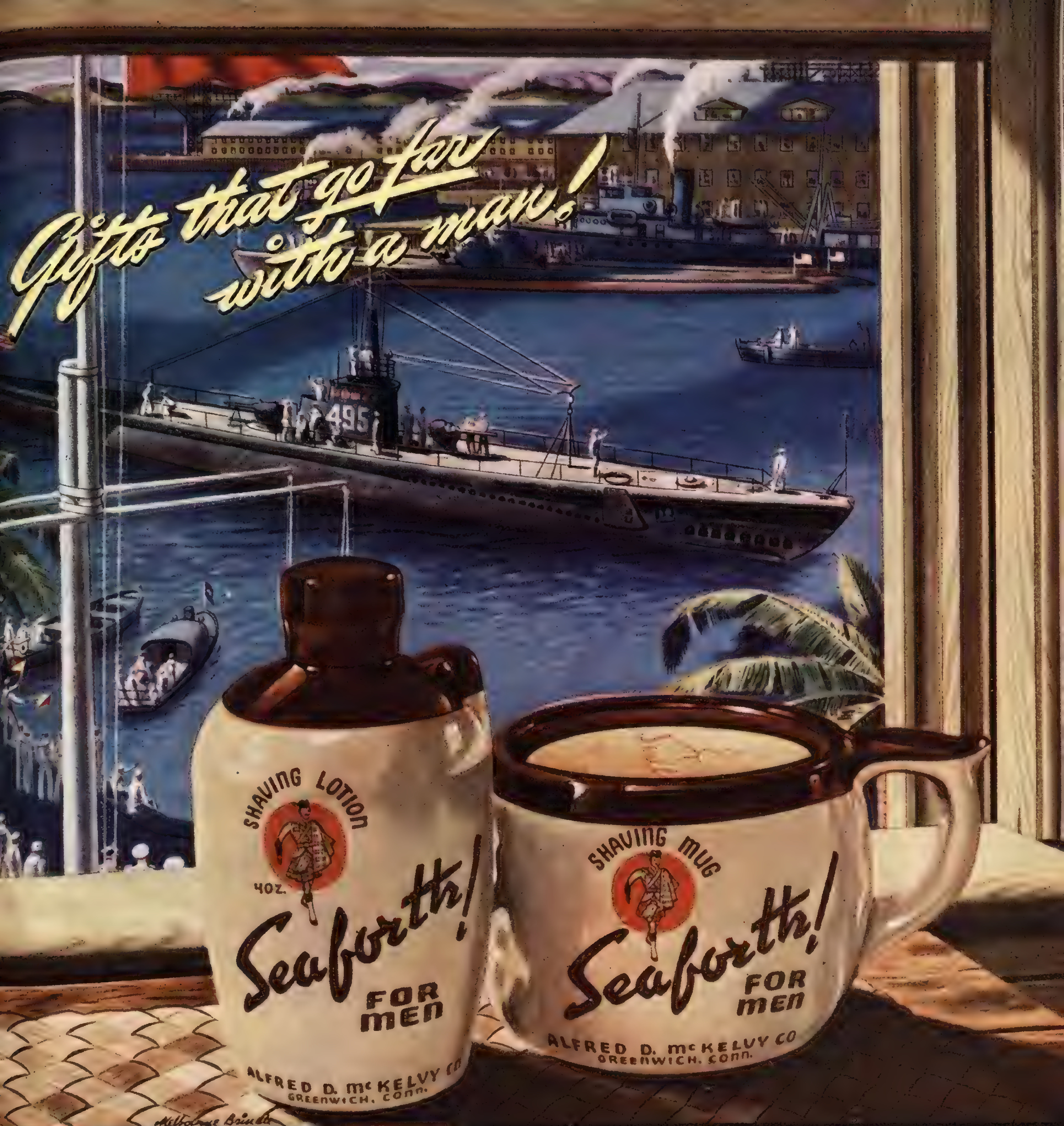
FIGHTS OFF WRINKLES FIGHTS OFF WEAR

Original work sculptured for Superba Cravats by Mitchell Fields, who is the recipient of a Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship and the George Widener Gold Medal for his earlier works.

You've heard of the Pioneer Ranger and the Army Ranger. There's another Ranger . . . brightening the shirt front . . . fighting off wrinkles despite roughest toughest wear. These ten rich plain colors are made in a lustrous 100% woolen fabric. Ask for the Ranger tie at your favorite store. It is **only $1.**

SUPERBA *Cravats*
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1944 Superba Cravats


Gifts that go far with a man!
495
SHAVING LOTION
4OZ.
Seaforth!
FOR MEN
ALFRED D. McKELVY CO
GREENWICH, CONN.
SHAVING MUG
Seaforth!
FOR MEN
ALFRED D. McKELVY CO
GREENWICH, CONN.

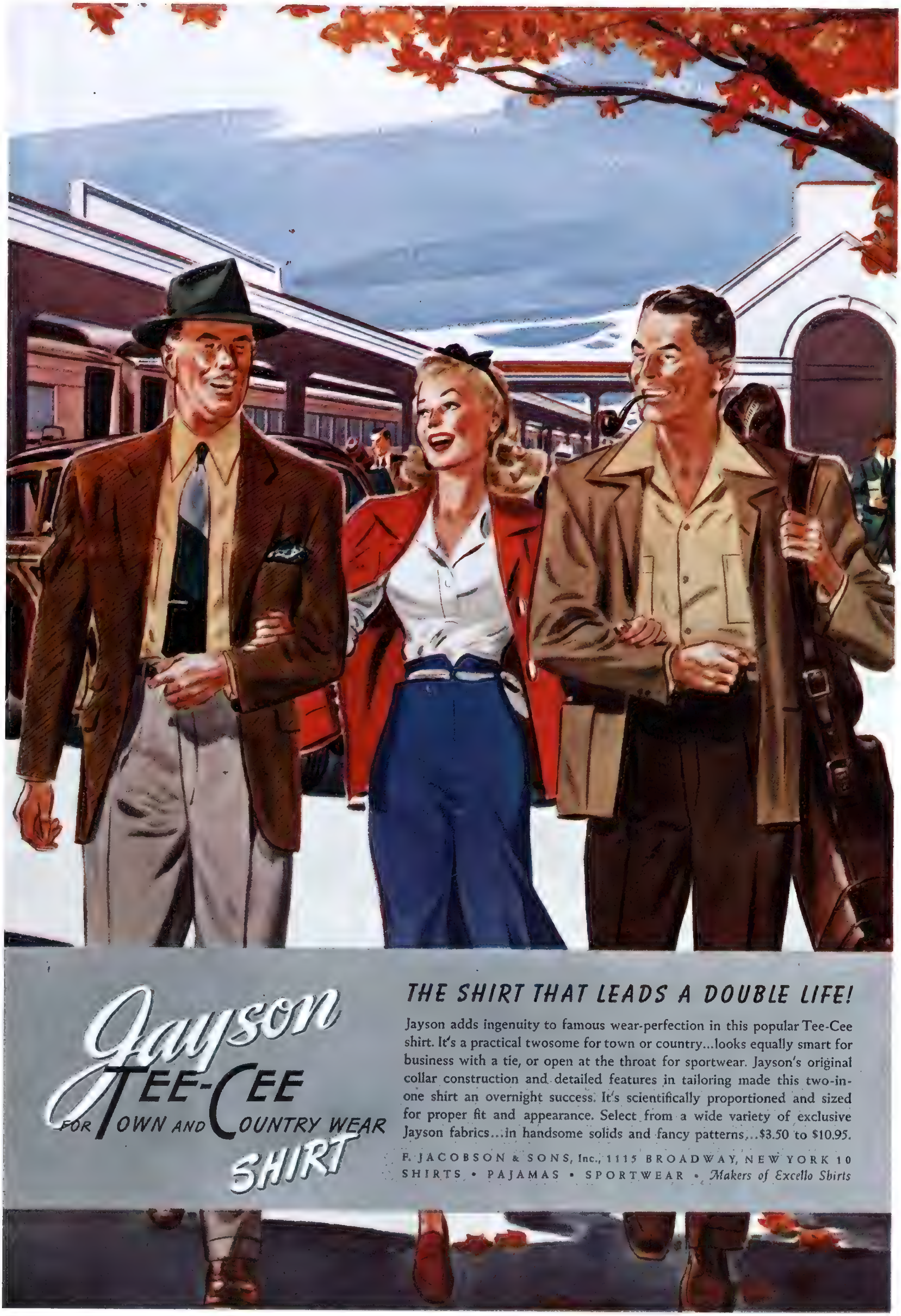
Seaforth
Seaforth

FOR CHRISTMAS give that man a refreshing new sensation . . . "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." Get him Seaforth Toiletries, in their sturdy polished mugs and jugs, $1 plus tax—at leading stores everywhere.

WHEREVER HE GOES, this "Little General" Travel Kit follows and perfects his shaves. In the two tall stoneware jugs:—Talc and Shaving Lotion or Talc and Men's Cologne. $2 plus tax.

FOR A BETTER DAY . . . the Seaforth "Big Five" . . . Lotion, Talc, Hair Dressing, Shaving Soap in mug, and Hand Soap. It's a handsome boxful of "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." $5 plus tax.

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



Jayson
TEE-CEE
FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR
SHIRT

THE SHIRT THAT LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE!

Jayson adds ingenuity to famous wear-perfection in this popular Tee-Cee shirt. It's a practical twosome for town or country...looks equally smart for business with a tie, or open at the throat for sportwear. Jayson's original collar construction and detailed features in tailoring made this two-in-one shirt an overnight success. It's scientifically proportioned and sized for proper fit and appearance. Select from a wide variety of exclusive Jayson fabrics...in handsome solids and fancy patterns...$3.50 to $10.95.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10
SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR • *Makers of Excello Shirts*

Rescue by the Ski Patrol

Continued from page 103

sides. Any reasonably good skier can manage this and what irks the shorthanded patrols is the consistency with which qualified bystanders go off after an accident, leaving to the patrol squad a two- or three-hour transportation job which takes them all off the trails where they might be needed.

The boys with the orange cross have numerous other chores. Accident prevention means running the trails constantly, watching for rocks bared by the wind or bumps and ruts. Particularly it means keeping novices out of the way of fast-moving experts, teaching them such courtesies as refilling the holes they make in the snow when they fall so the next man won't be thrown by them and dissuading them from attempting things beyond their skill. This calls for tact. While much has been said about the number of fractures these Ski Patrolmen have splinted nobody knows how many they have prevented by this painstaking mother-henning of the wobbly beginners.

The dangerous ones are the novices who have developed just enough skill to decide they are good enough to get away from the "kindergarten slope." Then when they suddenly hit twenty-five miles an hour they are out of control.

Compiled reports show the N.S.P.S. that fifty per cent of all serious mishaps occur in the first two years of skiing. The timid beginners have very few. The experts don't have many in ratio to the risks they take.

"Loss of control" is the reason given for the great majority of crack-ups. Sometimes the explanation is excessive daring; much more often it is overconfidence. Frequently it is a third factor, fatigue. This last is shown by the rising curve of spills on every ski slope late in the morning before lunch and, especially, late in the afternoon. Tired and hungry, the enthusiast is still having so much

Continued on page 242

IN TUNE WITH GRACIOUS GIVING

...the Ideal Gift

A GENUINE

"MERZFOLD"

A 'Must' Accessory for the Modern Miss or Mrs.

The "MERZFOLD" is smart, handy, compact. It has a roomy, non-spill coin pocket. Ample space for folding money. Cleverly designed secret pocket for confidential things. **$1.50**

Plus Tax

FOMERZ QUALITY

F. O. MERZ & CO.

A COMPLETE LINE OF PERSONAL LEATHER GOODS.

750 N. 45th ST., PHILA. 4, PA.

225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

CREATORS OF THE FAMOUS "QUICKY", "LITTLE NIFTY" AND "THE STREAMLINER"

If your local store doesn't have "THE MERZFOLD"—the following stores have special Mail Order facilities. Daniel Low—Salem Mass. • Miles-Kimball—Oskosh, Wis. • James McCutcheon & Co., Fifth Ave. at 49th St. New York City • C. L. Seidenburg, Ardmore, Pa. • Beverly Hills Gift Shop, 453 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

For the Finest in

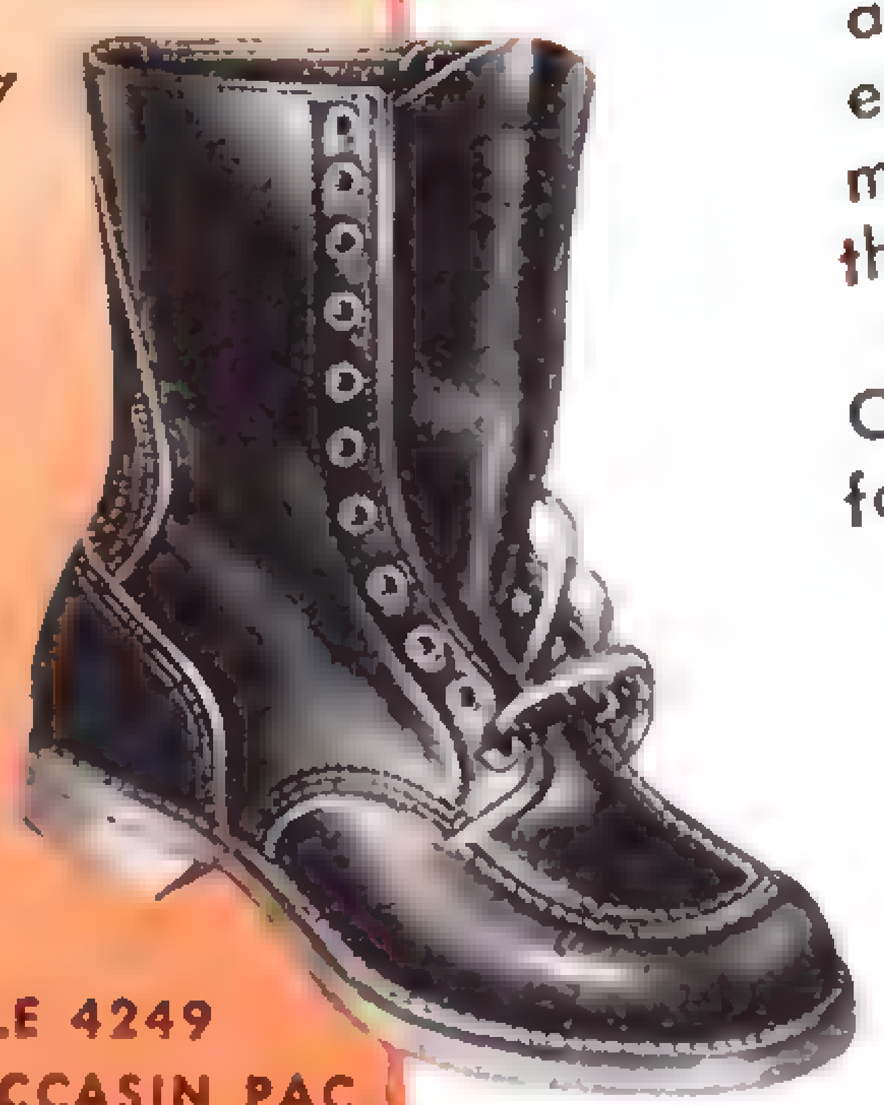
OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

FAMOUS FOR OVER 40 YEARS

Original

CHIPPEWA BOOTS

STYLE 4410 UTILITY BOOT



STYLE 4249 MOCCASIN PAC

STYLE 3177 LOGGER'S BOOT

LIVE LEATHER

Master boot craftsmen, guided by almost half-century of boot-making experience, give America's sportsmen every reason to be proud of their "Original" CHIPPEWA BOOTS. In peacetimes there is an "Original" CHIPPEWA BOOT for every need, for example:

STYLE 4410—UTILITY BOOT. A black waterproof 10" welt moccasin type pac—duflex sole and heel—Munson type last. A haven of comfort for any sportsman's feet.

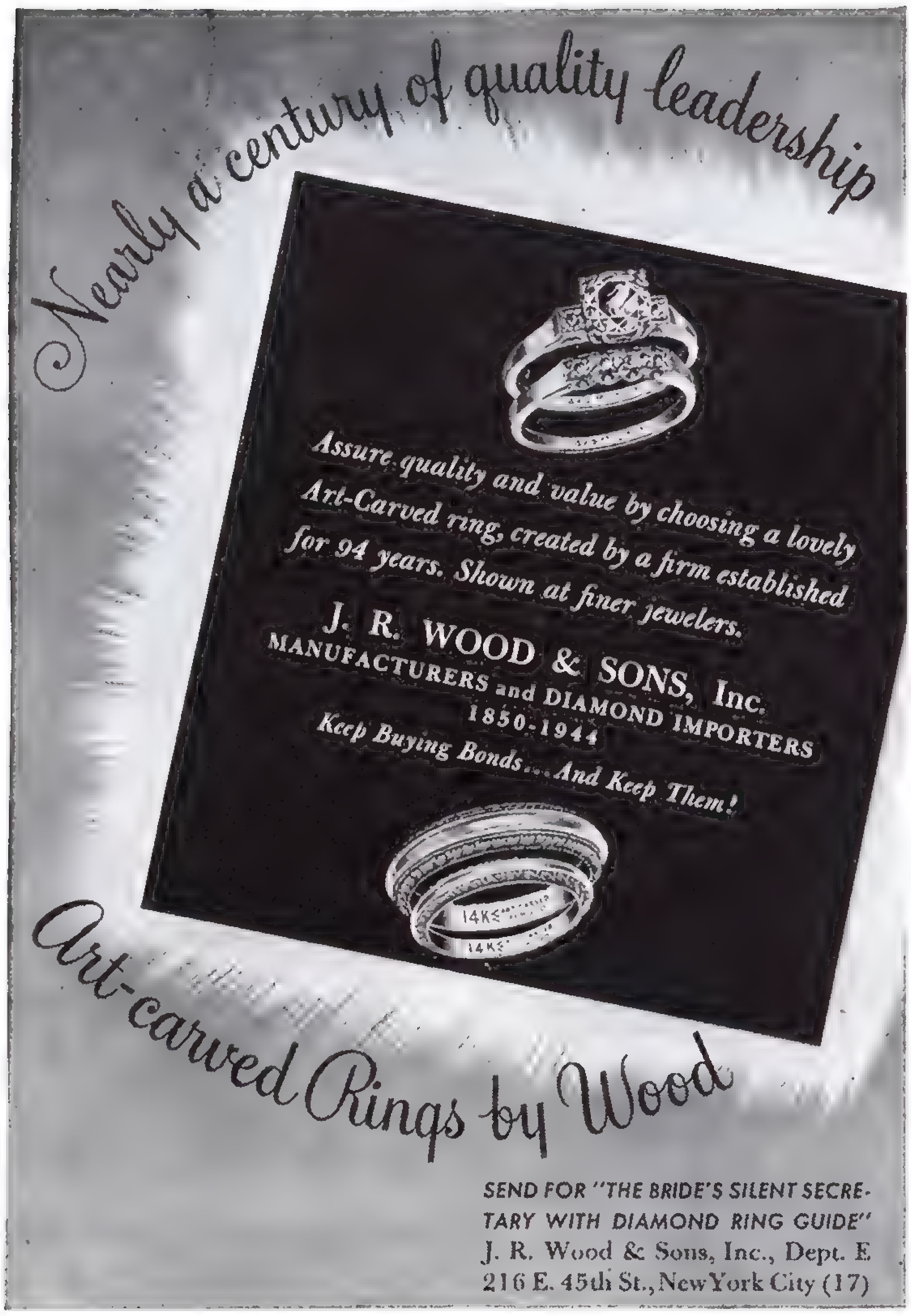
STYLE 4249—PLUG MOCCASIN PAC. Oil-tanned 10" welt. —Rawcord sole and heel. An ideal boot if there ever was one.

STYLE 3177—LOGGER'S BOOT. The finest that money can buy. Highly practical laced-to-toe pattern with logger type heel—nailed construction—plain toe with hard box—double soles with extra tap outsole. Many other features.

Although dealers' stocks of "Original" CHIPPEWA BOOTS are not as plentiful right now as they are in peacetimes, see your CHIPPEWA dealer. He may have just the right style of "Original" CHIPPEWAS you desire.

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EVERY PAIR


Nearly a century of quality leadership

Assure quality and value by choosing a lovely Art-Carved ring, created by a firm established for 94 years. Shown at finer jewelers.

J. R. WOOD & SONS, Inc.
MANUFACTURERS and DIAMOND IMPORTERS
1850-1944

Keep Buying Bonds...And Keep Them!

Art-carved Rings by Wood

SEND FOR "THE BRIDE'S SILENT SECRETARY WITH DIAMOND RING GUIDE"
J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. E
216 E. 45th St., New York City (17)

Rescue by the Ski Patrol

Continued from pages 103-241

fun that he doesn't realize how much his co-ordination is impaired.

This leads to two standard admonitions by Ski Patrolmen: (1) always carry rations with you in the form of sugar cubes, chocolate bars or raisins; (2) skip that "last run" before dinner—that one is the killer! Many experts never start a run without a good bite of chocolate, a lump of sugar or a handful of raisins—that gives the quick energy they need to keep their faculties alert. Many more have learned the wisdom of knocking off well before dusk on the theory that it's better to miss the next half hour's fun than the next six weeks of it.

Another very smart idea which the patrols try hard to sell to skiers, no matter how proficient, is: NEVER GO OFF TO SKI BY YOURSELF. Quite a few clubs impose stiff fines on members who ski alone. If an unaccompanied skier gets hurt, he's likely to be dead before anybody finds him. Groups of at least four are recommended: then, in case of injury, one can remain with the victim, two can go for aid. The active pair can also shed enough of their clothing to help keep the patient warm.

Two things which afford Ski Patrolmen most of their headaches are novices who come up to the mountains without proper equipment; and friends of a victim who interfere with the first-aiders.

Most numerous in the first category are the "Snow Bunnies"—those cute girlies who arrive in pretty but flimsy apparel totally unsuited for mountain winter—and wind up with frostbitten fingers and toes.

In the second group are those who insist upon "reviving" a spilled skier with liquor—which aggravates shock. Then there are those hearty lads who know that all the patient needs is a slap on the back and a brisk walk to bring him around. Some first-aiders have had to resort to force to stop this kind of friendly murder!

Girls are not the only offenders in the matter of inadequate clothing. Two men died on Mt. Washington in a blizzard a few years back, both of them clad in cotton pants with city "shorts" underneath.

In one tragic instance on Mt. Hood some 100 patrolmen hunted for four days for two young fellows who left Timberline Lodge to scale the summit and got lost in a blinding snowstorm. Working day and night, with no more than three hours' sleep at a stretch, in a howling gale that threatened to blow them off the cliffs, the pa-

In Deference to his Preference

for ELEGANCE AND DISTINCTION

BEAU BRUMMELL TIES

all America is saying
BEAU BRUMMELL
Ties the best

FOR THE ARMED FORCES
4 FOLD UNIFORM TIES

At better men's shops and department stores everywhere—$1 to $10

B. B. T. Inc.

AS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES GO...SO GOES THE FASHION

trols kept at it until they found the lost men at an elevation of 9,300 feet. One boy, wearing no hat, no mittens and with his shirt open at the throat, was dead. Instead of warm clothing in his pack he was carrying twenty-five pounds of camera and equipment. The other had frozen feet and was snow-blind but recovered.

After examining the work of the patrols and their organization General Marshall appointed the association a civilian clearing house for the recruiting of applicants for the Mountain Troops. Through this nation-wide filter of patrols approximately 7,000 men have passed for service.

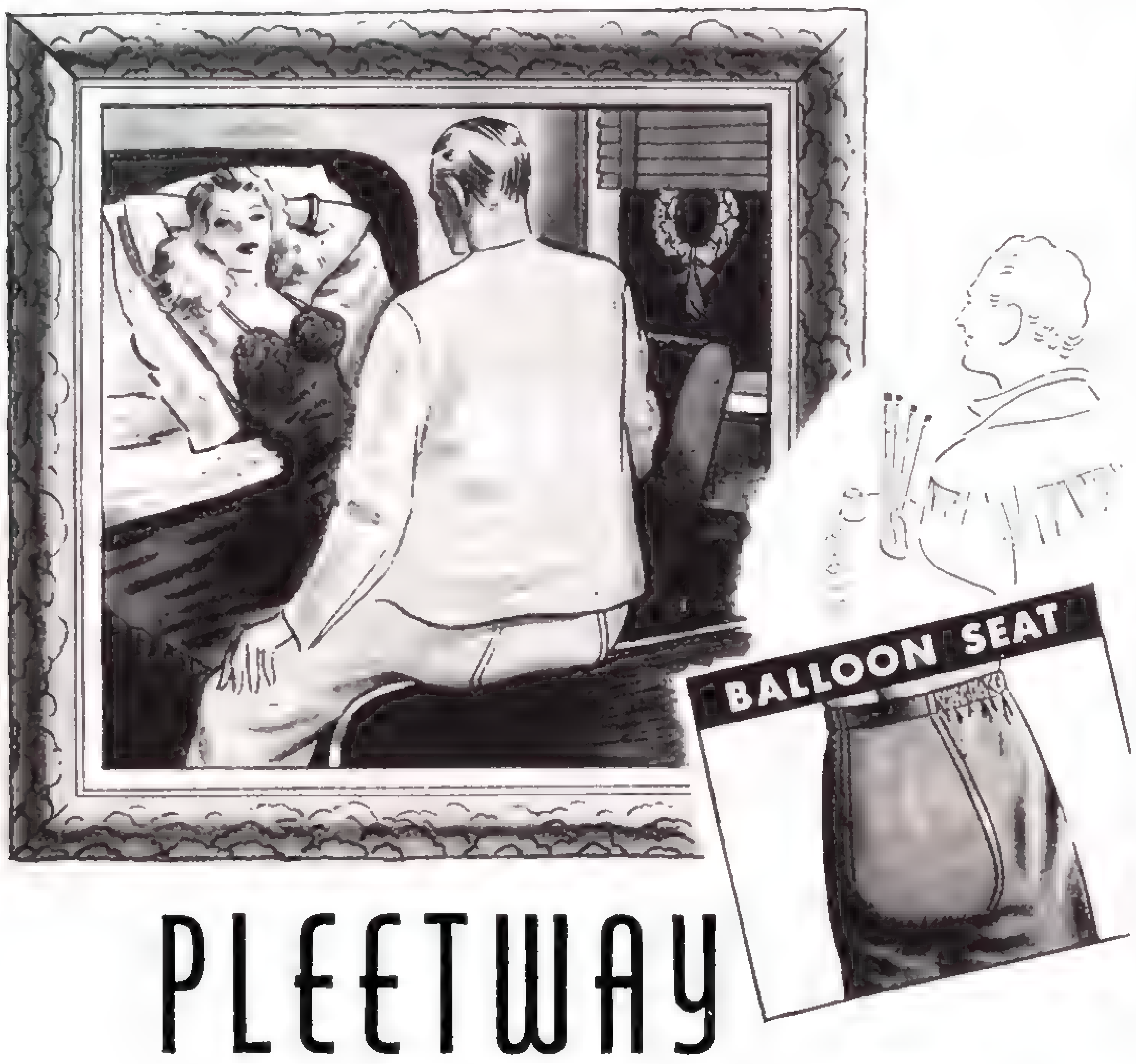
"You made some wild promises on this same corner one year ago"

In addition to this, the War Department has taken advantage of the Ski Patrol's offer to provide skilled mountain guides, not in the service, for scouting, for communications, for aircraft watching and other duties in difficult, high-altitude terrain. Getting help in to the victims of a bomber crack-up on some inaccessible, snow-clad range is one of their most important jobs and they have made many difficult rescues.

The Ski Patrol continues to carry on its original work for skiers east and west. With an estimated one to two million enthusiasts following the sport the country over this is a fortunate thing. Not because skiing is such a dangerous pastime as this emphasis on accidents might imply; but, rather, because any sport with hazardous possibilities needs the safeguards which the patrols provide.

First of the principal preventives is proper equipment. Make sure that your skis are fitted with bindings or harness which keep the heel close to the ski. Secondly, don't go off the Practice Hill until you know how to turn, check and stem. Even at fifteen or twenty miles an hour a crash is a messy thing.

But if that happens to you, you can be pretty sure of one thing: you'll come out of it a lot better than you might have five years ago before the birth of the National Ski Patrol System. ###

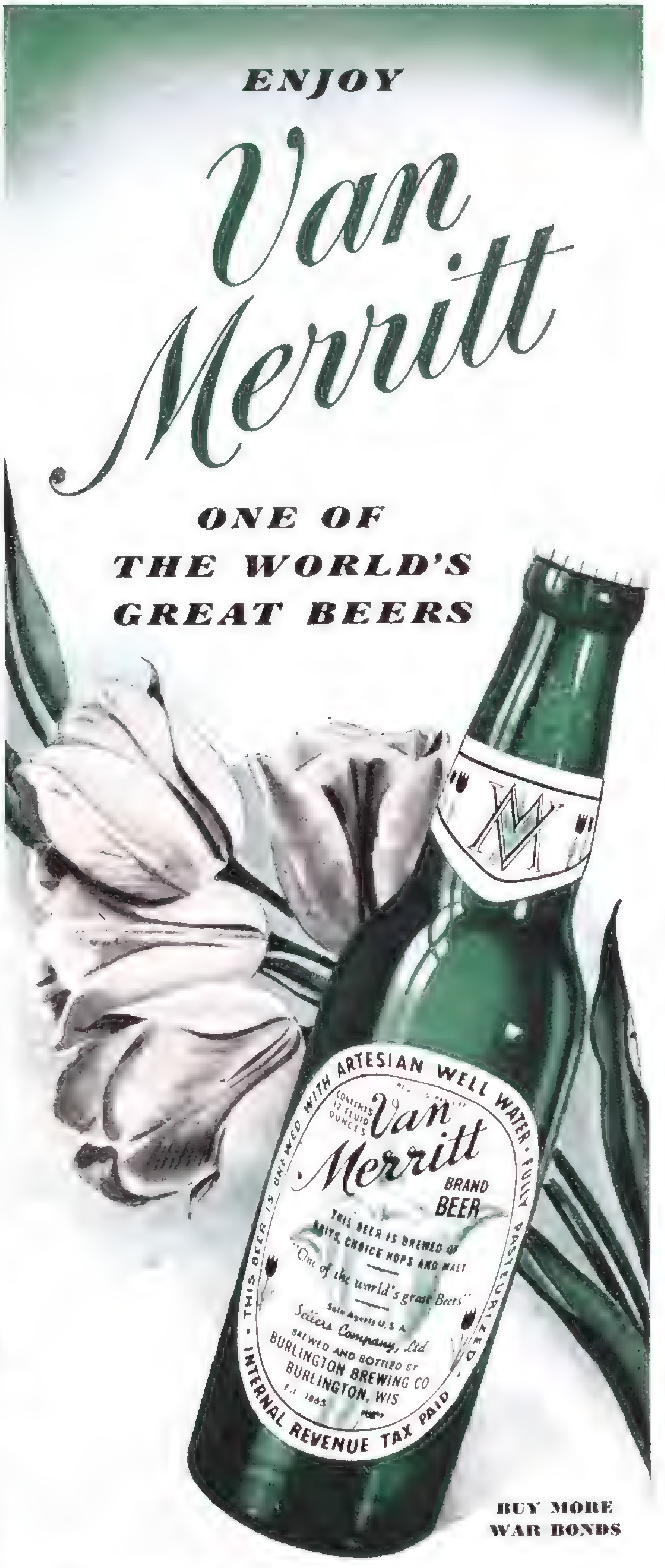

BALLOON SEAT

PLEETWAY

sits for a Portrait

This month we emphasize the Balloon Seat (patented) which cuts out the crotch cutting of old-fashioned center-seam pajama seats. The whole comfort system: Pleetway body freedom, Side Tab waist freedom (5 sizes in every suit), Balloon Seat crotch freedom. At your dealer. Stadium Mfg. Co., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

Sleeping Comfort wrapped up in a package


ENJOY
Van Merritt
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS
THIS BEER IS BREWED WITH ARTESIAN WELL WATER · FULLY PASTEURIZED
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
Van Merritt
BRAND BEER
THIS BEER IS BREWED OF GRITS, CHOICE HOPS AND MALT
"One of the world's great Beers"
Sole Agents U.S.A.
Sellers Company, Ltd
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
BURLINGTON BREWING CO
BURLINGTON, WIS
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Van Merritt Beer is brewed at Burlington, Wisconsin from the finest hops, grits, choicest barley malt and famous Wisconsin artesian well water. These, plus a closely guarded formula and unique brewing methods, make Van Merritt one of the world's great beers.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS • SELLERS COMPANY, LTD. • CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

Santa Claus from Texas
LAND OF LEATHER

Authentic Western creations in fine leather. Benchmade in Yoakum, Texas, where folks learn about leather with their ABC's. From the choosing of the leather to the last touch of the original designs, these billfolds are distinguished by genuine leather know-how and superb craftsmanship. A billfold from TexTan is a gift a man will reach for as eagerly as a cowhand reaches for his grub at the chuckwagon.

SADDLE CRAFT Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TexTan calf, hand-tooled. Saddle and Floral design, laced edges, lined open divided bill pocket . . $9.00

TexTan Saddle Craft, genuine cowhide. Laced edges, Pistol and Belt design. Noosehead design on front. Lined divided bill pocket $6.00

TexTan black goatskin, embossed brown Cactus design. Braid edge, zipper and open bill pocket. Snap change purse $5.00

TexTan leather, ladies, navy blue, red trimmed. Open bill pocket, snap coin purse. Four pockets . . . . $2.50 to $4.00

Tex Anne by TexTan

by TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

MAKERS OF FAMOUS TEXAS RANGER SADDLE CRAFT BELTS

Yoakum Yarns

Free Write for tall Texas tales, "Yoakum Yarns." See coupon on opposite page. Also send names and addresses of men in service whom you wish copies mailed to—Free!

NEW YORK OFFICE:
47 EAST 34th STREET

The God from the Five-and-Ten

Continued from page 85

with hands and feet and toenails.

The next wave washed only about his legs. The one after that raged below him. He was climbing desperately over ice-sheathed rocks, filled with a stunned amazement that he was alive. Agh-Nik ceased to climb the instant he found a spot where he could crouch in safety from the waves. He squatted there to wait for daylight, rubbing his face while snow sifted down about him in the darkness and the waves growled thunderously below.

When dawn came he found himself sixty feet up a hundred-foot cliff, and he could see the scissors-like rocks which had smashed his kayak and thrown him into the one place along the whole cliff line where he had even the ghost of a chance of living.

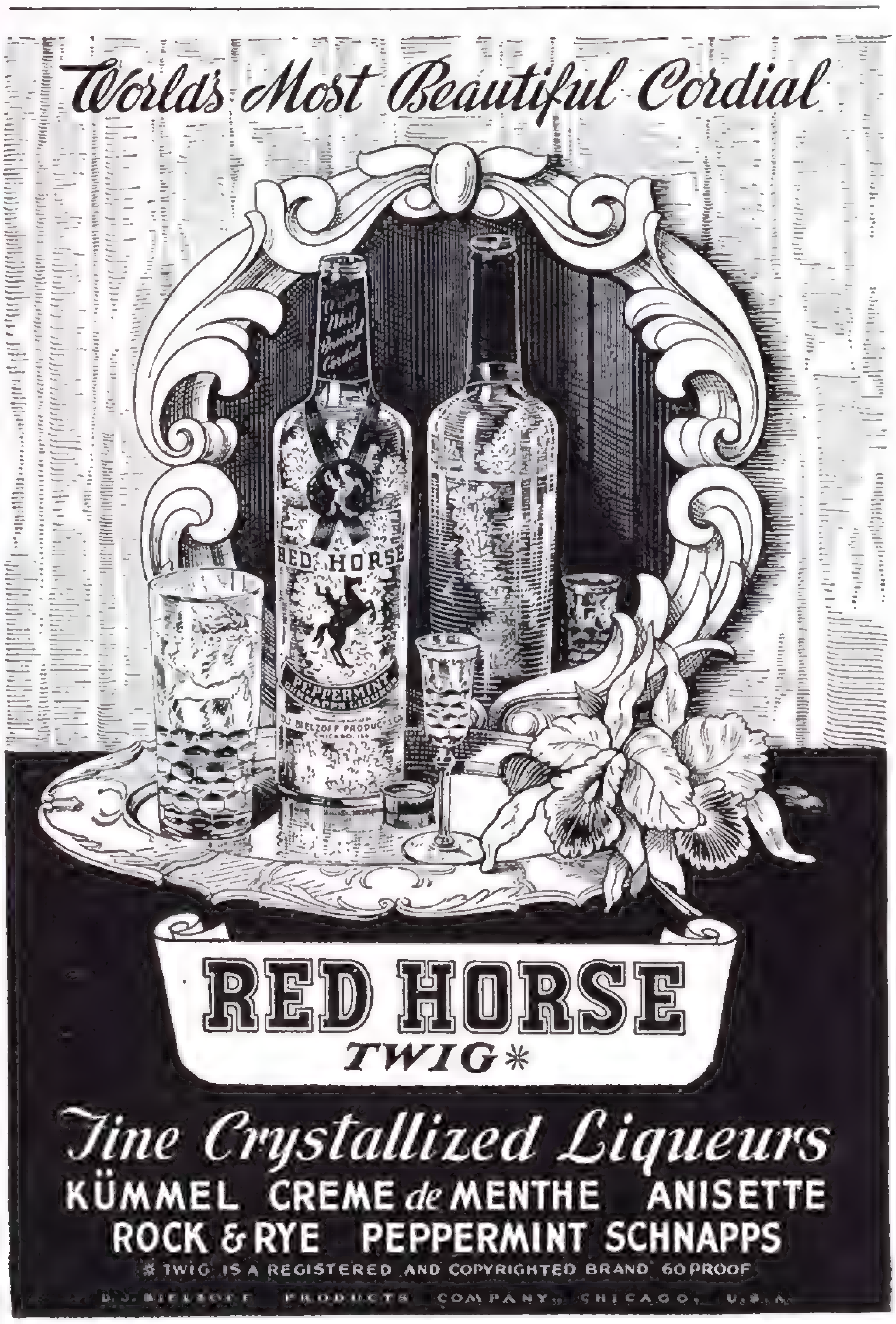
The six Japs watched the grey light come and they were pleased. The slopes leading down to the water were covered with fresh snow. The tanks of high-octane gas and the high explosive and incendiary bombs were beautifully covered. The radio beam sent out a crisply brief message and was silent.

Agh-Nik scaled the top of the cliff and saw the inlet. He had no boat, no weapons, not even a knife, but there would be fish in that water and he need not starve. He went down toward the water's edge.

The submarine, a long distance off, received the signal. It forwarded the message, with barometric readings of its own. The light-beam code went neatly on and reached Japan untapped.

And then—well—then the exuberance of Bik-Lin's grin was justified. Heavy Japanese seaplane bombers took off from the Kuriles. By twos, threes, and half dozens they rushed over the water, lifted, swung into formation and winged northward. Every heavy seaborne bomber the Japanese Imperial Navy could rake up was in that flight. It filled up miles of sky. It was risky, of course, because the bombers could carry not much more fuel than was needed for them to follow a radio-beacon beam to a submarine in the Arctic Ocean and then swing right and follow a second beam to the inlet where fresh supplies of fuel and their bombs awaited them.

It was very risky. But if the flight of monster seaplanes reached that sheltered inlet and refueled and armed themselves, they could strike across Alaska and down the Pacific Coast. A suicide group could fly south-east, instead, and hit at Chicago and Detroit. Especially honored pilots might



World's Most Beautiful Cordial

RED HORSE TWIG*

Fine Crystallized Liqueurs
KÜMMEL CREME de MENTHE ANISETTE
ROCK & RYE PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
* TWIG IS A REGISTERED AND COPYRIGHTED BRAND 60 PROOF
D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

hope to go on and—with luck—crash themselves on the White House and the capitol in Washington. Many of the planes would never get back. Some would swerve out to sea to make rendezvous with submarines equipped to fuel them. A few might come back to this very same spot for fresh gasoline. Some would get away, and certainly the bombing of Toyko would be paid for and the Japanese public would be reassured of victory.

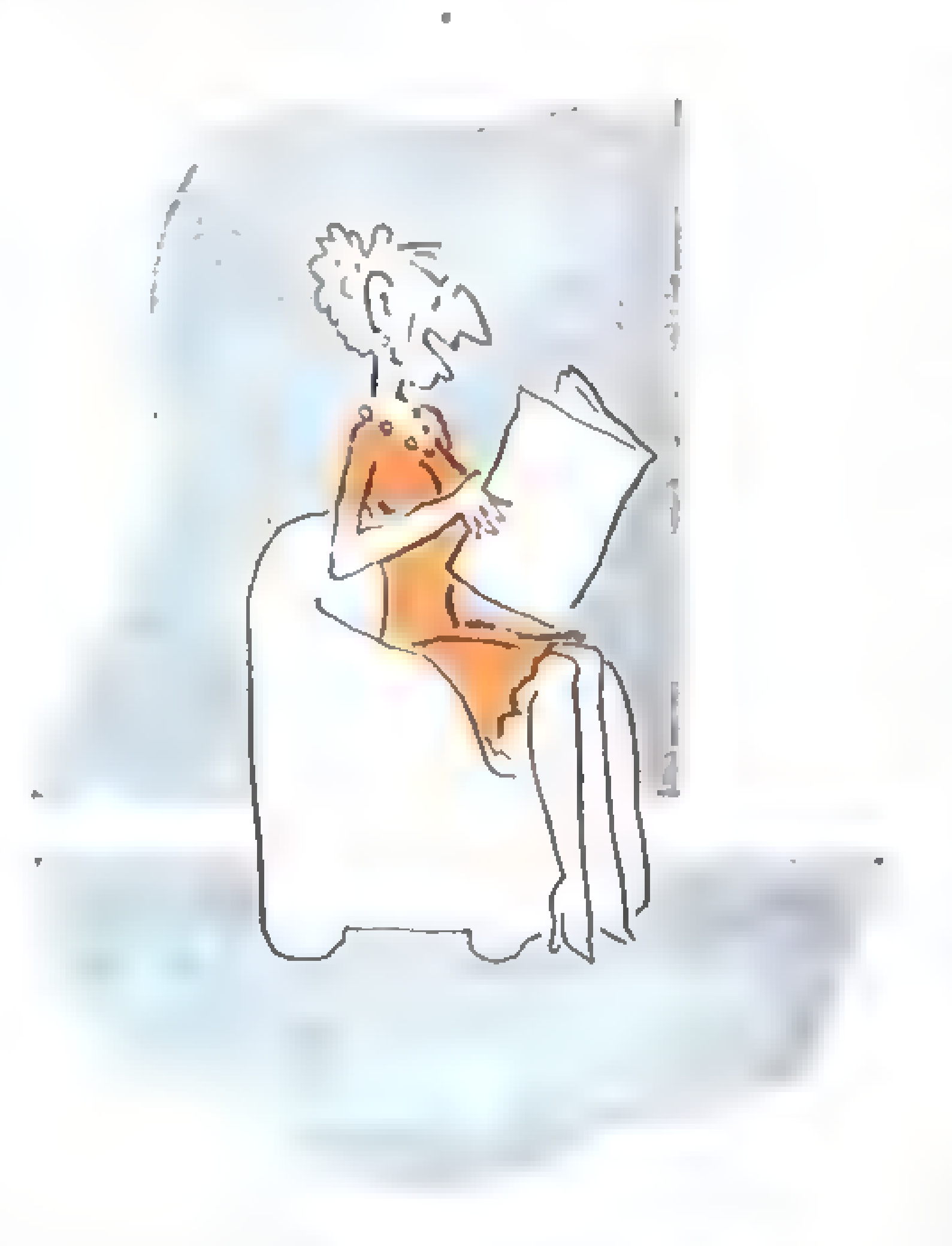
But the plan omitted Bik-Lin.

Agh-Nik plowed down toward the still water of the inlet. Seeing stunted willows he automatically planned crude fish spears. He searched for signs of something else to eat and without thought essayed to walk over a gently rounded hillock. Part way up the side, it gave under his feet. Then, abruptly, canvas tore and he vanished from sight.

He fell a mere four feet—and there was no animal smell to alarm him. He found himself in a treasure cave. The roof was canvas and sloped down to the earth on one side. The other side was riches incalculable. It was, as a matter of fact, the noses of a cache of five hundred-pound high-explosive bombs. To Agh-Nik, however, they were not bombs but metal, beautiful and lovely metal, which is purest riches to the Eskimo.

When he found he could not move the ingots of riches alone, he searched for a part which he could detach, for now.

The little movable things were the answer. They were actually the arming vanes of the bombs, which on some Japanese bombs are spun around and off by the wind of the bomb's descent, and by their removal "arm" the fuse, or take it off "safety" so that it can explode. For storage and shipment and in the bomb-bay of a plane, of course, a bomb has to be nearly unexplodable. These bombs were safe to handle as long as the arming vanes were in place. But they were metal, and small and loose. They would make



"I don't see why the women in this country don't wear veils to cover their faces"

Continued on page 246

NAMES THAT ENDURE
Charles Dickens
Immortal Author of "A Christmas Carol"
conklin
Conklin

The Pen that Endures for Generations

• Dickens' inspiring story, "A Christmas Carol", perpetuates the spirit and tradition of gift giving. To give with thoughtfulness as well as sentiment, select the new dignified Conklin "Glider" Fountain Pen or Pen and Pencil set. Pride of skilled craftsmen, the Conklin "Glider" assures years of efficient service and smooth writing pleasure. *Guaranteed and Serviced.* See these magnificent values at leading Drug, Jewelry, Stationery and Department Stores.

Conklin "Glider"
Pen and Pencil Set
$3.95
Pen Only $2.75

Conklin 14-KARAT GOLD *Cushon Point*

Copyright 1944. The Conklin Pen Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

Gifts in Leather
FROM YOAKUM, TEXAS

Fashioning fine leathergoods is an art down in Yoakum, Texas . . . a genuine American art, born of frontier days and polished to perfection by TexTan's long-trained craftsmen. Nowhere will you find billfolds styled with such complete understanding of the possibilities of fine leather, and of likes and dislikes. . . . Men and women who receive a SADDLE CRAFT billfold by TexTan know they are receiving the best.

TexTan calf, dark brown trim. Boots and Saddle design. Lined open bill pocket $6.00
SADDLE CRAFT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TexTan Saddle Craft. Military tan, Cordovan shell, pigskin trim. Open bill pocket $5.00
TexTan leather. Brown, Cactus design. Lined open bill pocket, $3.00
TexTan goatskin. Brown, red trimmed. Lined open bill pocket, snap coin purse. $3.50

by TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS
MAKERS OF FAMOUS TEXAS RANGER BELTS

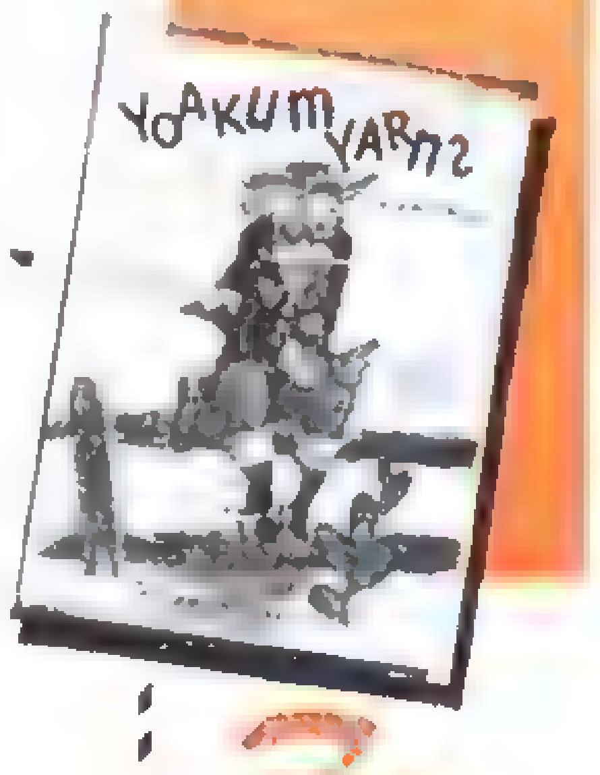
TEXAS TANNING AND MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. E 12
Yoakum, Texas.

Please send my free copy of "*Yoakum Yarns*," the gosh-darndest collection of Texas tall tales a man ever chuckled over.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....



YoAKUM YARNS
Free

You're a Happy Pair in
ROUGH RIDER
SLACKS AND CORDS

You and your son are a great combination . . . he admires you . . . wants to be like you . . . do the things you do . . . wear cords or slacks like yours. That's why your boy goes all out for rugged wearing ROUGH RIDER Cords. In ROUGH RIDER *washable* cords, he enjoys the same comfort and freedom-of-action you get in ROUGH RIDER *wool* slacks . . .

Here's why ROUGH RIDERS Are 3 Ways Better:

COMFORT-CUT . . . by tailor experts to give you action-ease . . . solid comfort and good looks.

LONGER WEAR . . . top quality fabrics . . . stitched and double-stitched before leaving factory.

SMARTER STYLES . . . tailored to a "T" in the smooth California manner that men like.

Rough Rider
SLACKS & CORDS
for Men and Boys
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

★ Buy An Extra Bond Today ★

ROUGH RIDER MFG. CO.
NAPA, CALIFORNIA

The God from the Five-and-Ten

Continued from pages 85-245

spearheads or knives. It was more than an hour before he had removed the last of them.

When he crawled out to the open air again, he was practically delirious with the feel of wealth. To be sure he had armed some dozens of five hundred-pound demolition bombs, and the fuses of such bombs are sensitive, but he did not know it.

Agh-Nik took eager mental bearings of the treasure cavern and moved again toward the shore. And he found a second treasure cavern. He spent another blissful hour there, growing even richer. Then, incredibly, he found a third . . .

Bik-Lin's expression was beatific in his god-niche far away. An armada of Japanese seaplane bombers headed for a wallowing submarine. With each minute it went some four miles farther from Japan. A satisfying number of high-explosive bombs were changed from inert masses to ticklish and sensitive monsters of destruction. And the six Japanese who guarded them—within half a mile of Agh-Nik—were in a state of blissfully ignorant satisfaction.

Time passed. The bombers winged on and on. The submarine wallowed and plunged and faithfully sent out a radio-beacon beam to guide them. Agh-Nik found more and impossibly more of wealth. The portable part—the arming vanes—he put inside his garments, to clank joyously as he moved. Growing hungry, he went to the stunted willows and improvised a very inadequate fishing spear. He managed to spear fish with it. The bombers droned northward . . . More hours passed . . . The long spring day of the Arctic moved on toward sunset.

The bombers reached the submarine. The radio beacon a bare half mile from Agh-Nik went into action. The bombers swung and roared eastward over the Arctic Ocean toward the dump of fuel and bombs which would enable them to pay back for the bombing of Tokyo. Agh-Nik gorged himself on raw fish . . .

Being a god, Bik-Lin, of course, could know what happened anywhere he chose, as well as items due to happen but not yet facts. He became aware of the discovery of Agh-Nik's presence on the shores of the inlet. With the bombers due only a few hours hence, the six Japanese moved to uncover the stores which the bomber crews would shift down to the shore and load into the floating planes themselves. They went happily to get things ready. And they found Agh-Nik's foot-

Leading the Field

PLASTIC COATED
Duratone
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PLAYING CARDS

• Time was, when playing cards, like race-horses, were available only for the pleasure of kings and nobility. From their original crude beginnings, cards have continually improved . . . until today. Plastic-Coated Duratone playing cards offer you thoroughbred perfection that well deserves the popular acclaim and preference accorded them. The exclusive plastic-coating process gives Duratone cards a superb slip quality . . . makes them better shuffling, better playing, better dealing, longer lasting.

ARRCO PLAYING CARD CO., CHICAGO

Easy to Clean
JUST WIPE
WITH DAMP
CLOTH

For Poker and Pinochle
Plastic-Coated
CLUB RENO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

prints going methodically from one to another of the tarpaulin-covered heaps, and entering each one by smashing through the cover.

The Japs went crazy. The trail of a stranger was an ominous and possibly a fatal event. Desperately they went to find him, for he must be killed quickly.

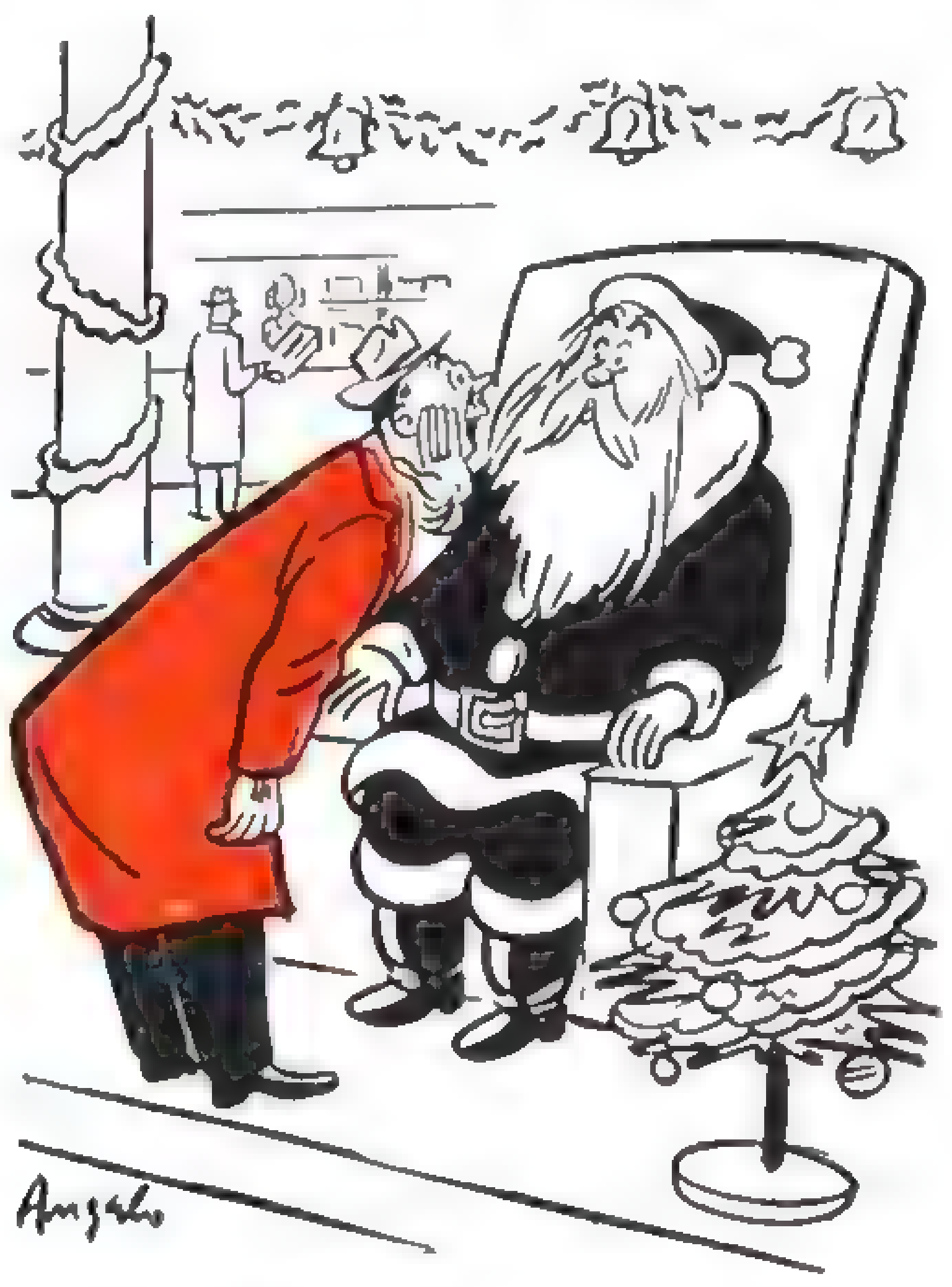
They were really not quite sane at that moment. When one of them sighted Agh-Nik, somnolently hunting a place in which to build a shelter for the night, he started shooting. The others, rattled, joined in. And bullets whining about him told Agh-Nik that men wanted to kill him. He ran, clanking . . .

The Japs spread about to hem him in. One, in his haste, did not look where he was going. He ran up a small hillock to take a pot shot from the top. The side of the hillock gave way. He threw up his arms and vanished to the sound of tearing canvas.

Then all hell broke loose. Because this was one of the treasure caves Agh-Nik had found, and air bombs are sensitive once their arming vanes have been screwed off. The Jap probably kicked a firing pin as he fell through the tarpaulin. He never kicked anything else.

There was a blast of flame and a concussion that knocked Agh-Nik flat in the snow, two hundred yards away. Then there was sheer pandemonium. You pile air bombs for a big squadron and airplane gas for the same in one small convenient spot. Then you set off something. The result is lovely fireworks only if you are a couple of miles away. Near-by it certainly is no fun.

The whole thing lasted hardly a minute, though it was much longer than that before Agh-Nik raised a haggard, terrified face and then fled incontinently. The entire appearance of the shore where the Japanese had been was changed. There was hardly any snow left, and there were some monstrous new craters. Where the fuel had been there was a huge red flame in which smoky explo-



"Confidentially, what are you getting your wife for Christmas?"

Continued on page 248

FRANK BEAVEN
PT 71

"I'm not diving for pearls—I dropped my Zippo Lighter"

Even though the production of ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTERS has increased many times, and the entire output shipped overseas to our men in the armed services, the demand still exceeds supply.

That's why service men who own ZIPPO's cherish them like a pin up girl in the flesh.

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER lights every time, anywhere. No wind can down the flame—and a dunk in the sea will not harm it.

It looks like civilian sales soon again, doesn't it?

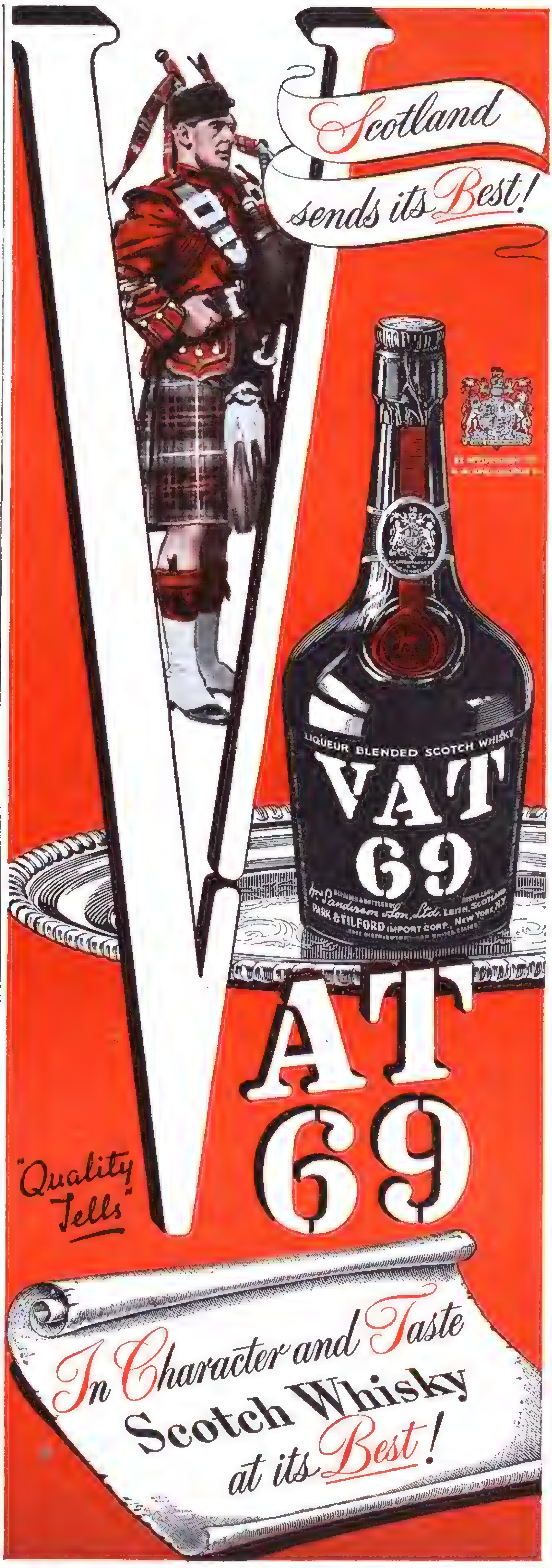
Buy genuine ZIPPO Hard FLINTS and long-lasting Fluid at your local dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour Street, Bradford, Pa.

No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: Look for this engraving on the bottom of every genuine ZIPPO LIGHTER

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER


Scotland sends its Best!
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. Leith, Scotland
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
In Character and Taste Scotch Whisky at its Best!

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

STYLED BY
Berkray

THE BERINDO . . . this is the all-time classic in sports jackets, designed throughout — down to the most minute detail — for complete comfort and perfect protection. Because of its overwhelming popularity, the BERINDO is made in fabrics for every season and all parts of the country. No. 9441 (illustrated) is made of Indo Cloth, finest of all combed cotton twills, with body lining of 100% pure wool. Sleeve and yoke lining of quilted rayon provide greater freedom of action. About $12.50.

At better stores everywhere, or write:

BERK-RAY CORPORATION • 230 Fifth Avenue • New York 1, N. Y.

The God from the Five-and-Ten

Continued from pages 85-245-247

sions still took place from time to time, and from which a stream of burning gasoline poured downhill. The hidden quarters of the Japs—where the radio beacon had been mounted—was merely a small crater. A fifty-pound bomb had landed on it and the beam cut off in mid-signal. But the most spectacular effect was that of gasoline spreading gaily over the water and burning as it spread.

Agh-Nik ran away with his knees knocking together. He gasped as he ran. And he clanked.

The armada of seaplanes which was to avenge the bombing of Tokyo droned on. The radio beam on which it counted went off suddenly. They flew on, desperately, waiting for it to resume. It didn't. The planes couldn't turn back. Some of them dipped below the cloud layer. They saw only empty sea. They went on and on and on, and presently they dipped down once more. They found themselves flying over jagged mountains.

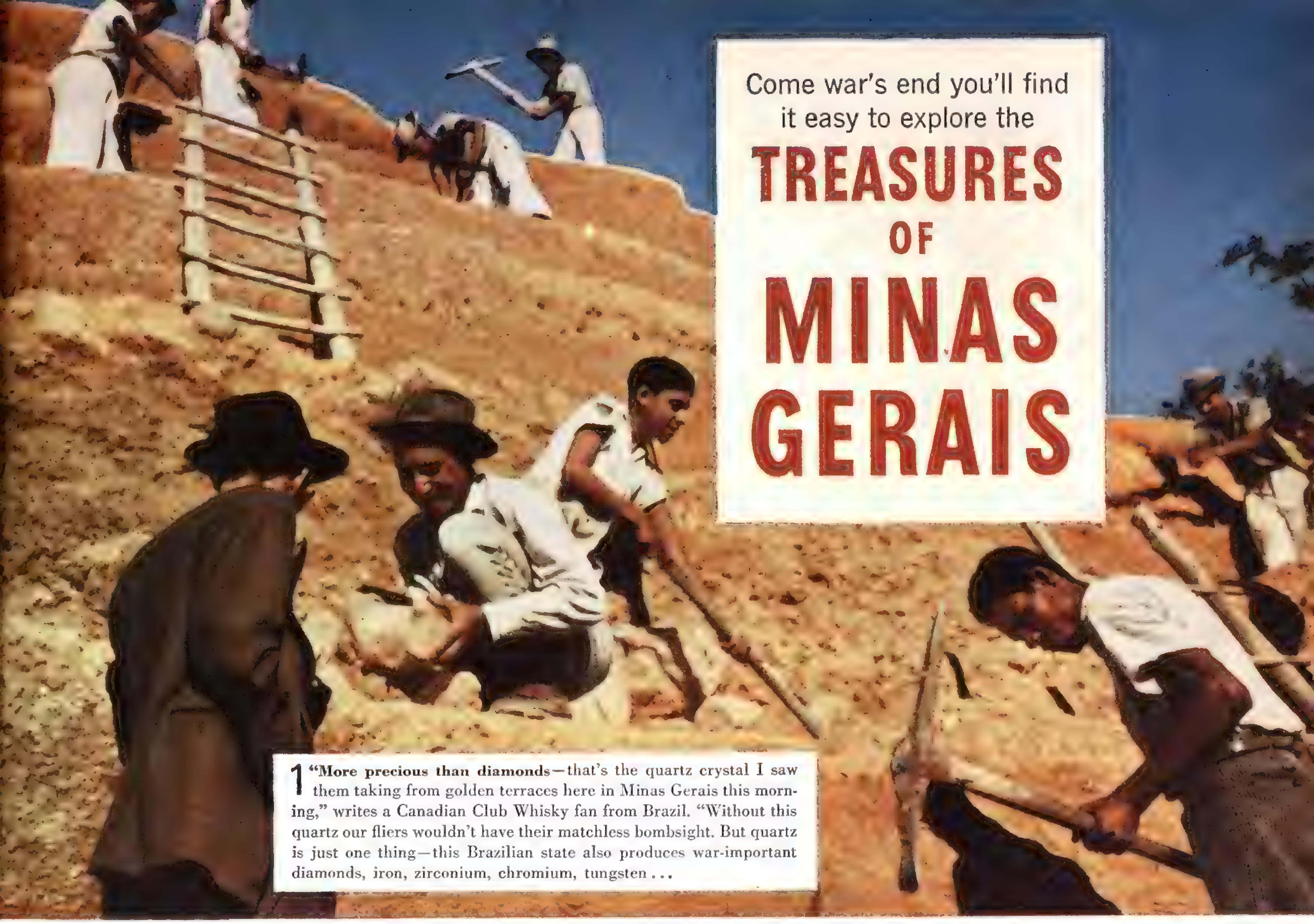
They got panicky, then, and split up in a sort of crazy confusion, and went roaring plaintively up and down, seeming to sob as their motors cut out one by one for lack of fuel. After a while there weren't any left.

And Bik-Lin kept on grinning. He still grins exuberantly. He has reason to. He handled the whole thing very competently. It was a job worthy of a much more impressive deity. But it almost stumped him when he tried to get Agh-Nik back to the scene of those explosions. It took him two full days to nerve up the young Eskimo to go back for the Japanese rifles and the gratifying number of cartridges Bik-Lin had managed to save for him.

That was just a neat touch on Bik-Lin's part, however. He likes to finish things up properly. When Agh-Nik got back to his village with four workable rifles and more cartridges than any Eskimo had ever seen before, why it wasn't any job at all to arrange his marriage to the girl who'd been begging Bik-Lin to arrange it. He was a son-in-law no father could resist. He had four rifles, no less, and strange, but remarkably useful other small bits of metal.

One hears, though, that Bik-Lin has not become vain because of his success. He still keeps up the prosperity of his owner and his owner's son-in-law in quite the customary way. He probably takes a sort of professional pride in meeting all expectations, and does it for that reason. He isn't really a god of the hunt or fisheries. Bik-Lin's specialty is actually patriotism. ##

1944
FOWNES
1777
Fownes
167 YEARS OF FINE GLOVE MAKING
In the armed forces
—as in civilian life
IT'S A FOWNES
—that's all you need to know
—about a glove
The glove worn by Lord Nelson
—and one of the Fownes Gloves worn in our own Navy circles
FOWNES • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY



Come war's end you'll find it easy to explore the

TREASURES OF MINAS GERAIS

1 **"More precious than diamonds**—that's the quartz crystal I saw them taking from golden terraces here in Minas Gerais this morning," writes a Canadian Club Whisky fan from Brazil. "Without this quartz our fliers wouldn't have their matchless bombsight. But quartz is just one thing—this Brazilian state also produces war-important diamonds, iron, zirconium, chromium, tungsten . . .

2 **"Why, they showed me** gold ore so rich it pays to bring it up from 8,000-foot depths—one of the world's deepest gold mines. And still plenty of gold in the nearby streams!

3 **"But one of Minas Gerais'** greatest treasures is her capital. Belo Horizonte . . . perhaps the most modern city on earth . . . built from scratch since 1893 . . . planned to the minutest detail.

4 **"Yesterday** Minas was a world away, but no longer. 3¼ days after I stepped aboard a Pan American Clipper at Miami, I was being welcomed at Belo Horizonte . . .

5 **"And what a welcome!** A party at the beautiful yacht club at nearby Lake Pampulha . . . with toasts in Canadian Club! The unmistakable flavor of this whisky has made it popular here as at home."

Once the war is over, you will find it easy to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. • That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

YANKY CLOVER
TALCUM
YANKY CLOVER

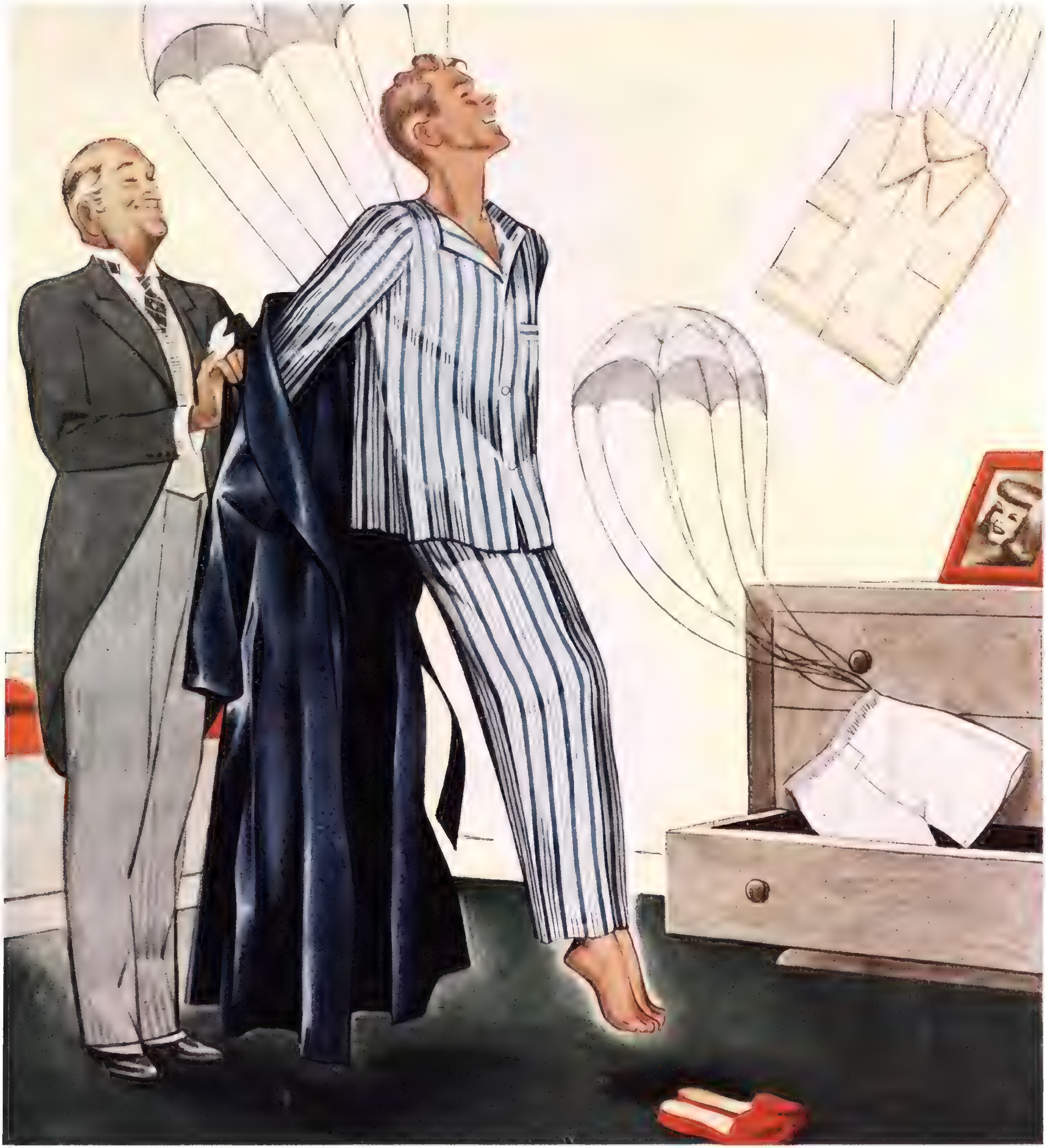
Yanky Clover has a new dress!

YANKY CLOVER...meadowsweet scent of the countryside...is one of America's best-loved fragrances. Now this haunting, nostalgic breath of all outdoors is dressed up in packages as romantic and gay and expressive of American country life as Yanky Clover itself!

Here are packages with the lilt and color and sunny warmth of the era that inspired the Broadway hit, "Oklahoma!" Perfume...toilet water...dusting powder...$1 each, plus tax...singly or combined in sets for Christmas giving...all fresh and fragrant with Yanky Clover.

If you have difficulty in finding these new packages, remember that Yanky Clover in old or new wrappings smells as sweet.

Richard Hudnut



TAILORED WITH *Parachute* PRECISION

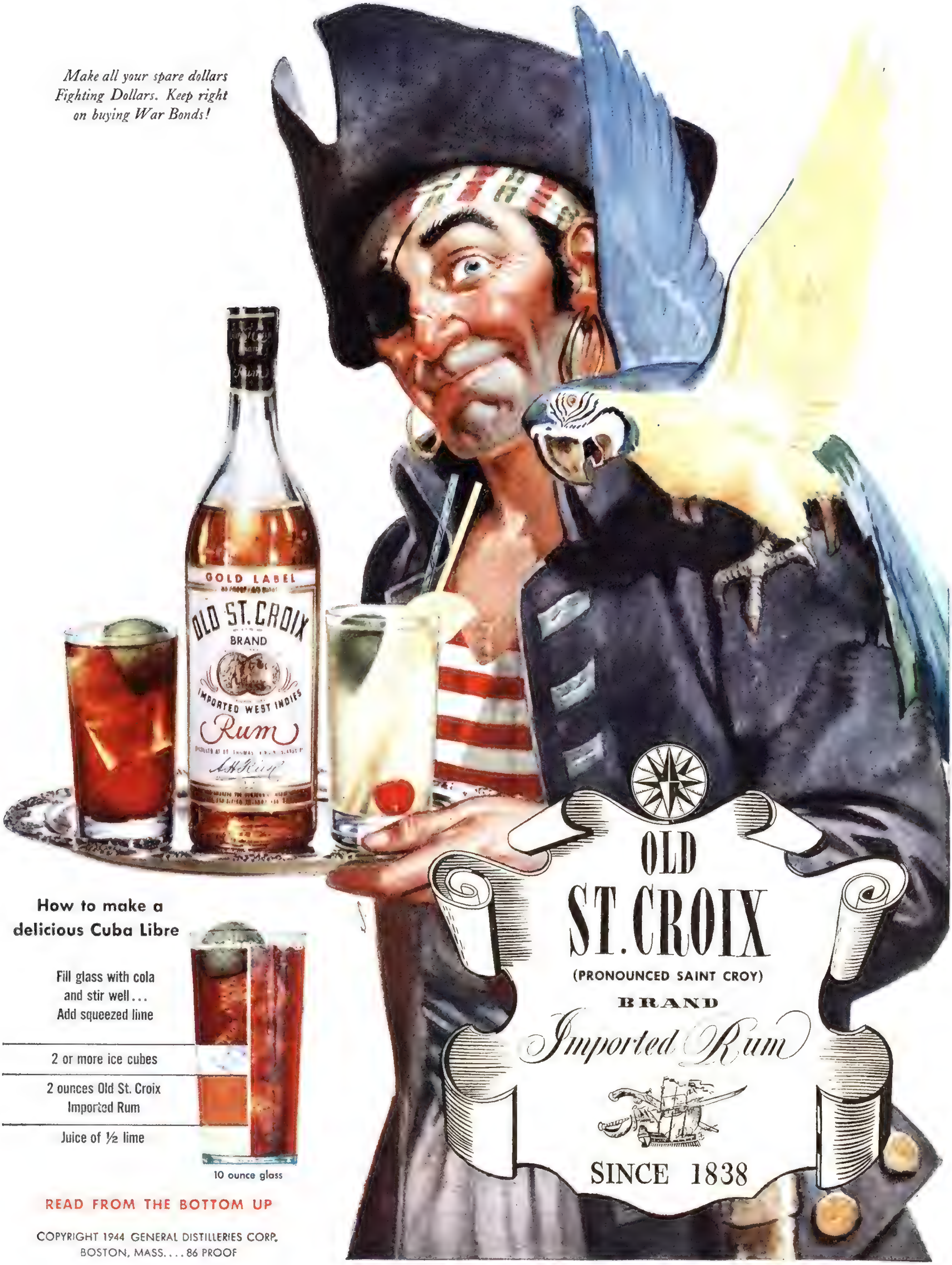
Precision-cut, precision-fit—that's Textron tailoring for you. Pajamas, robes, sports shirts and shorts of finest rayon . . . made with the meticulous skill Textron uses in turning out its air-light, iron-sinewed parachutes and featherweight, sturdy mountain tents. Generously proportioned throughout—tailored to a man's taste. The pajamas, for example, have trousers that fit and hang like slacks . . . the sports shirt is designed for easy-action. An overnight success and popular as poker, Textron*Menswear will rise to fame as the name men swear by! At leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON, INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

TEXTRON *Menswear*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Make all your spare dollars Fighting Dollars. Keep right on buying War Bonds!


GOLD LABEL
OLD ST. CROIX
BRAND
IMPORTED WEST INDIES
Rum

OLD
ST. CROIX
(PRONOUNCED SAINT CROY)
BRAND
Imported Rum
SINCE 1838

How to make a delicious Cuba Libre

Fill glass with cola
and stir well...
Add squeezed lime

2 or more ice cubes

2 ounces Old St. Croix
Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lime

10 ounce glass

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

COPYRIGHT 1944 GENERAL DISTILLERIES CORP.
BOSTON, MASS.... 86 PROOF

The Malingering of Uncle Tom

Continued from page 73

Grandpa lit his cigar again.

"The truth hurts, Shan," Grandpa said. "Allus face the truth, son. Allus face the facts. If you've got a quicky tooth that gives you a lot of trouble, have the damned tooth pulled."

"But how did you get Uncle Tom out of the brig?" I asked.

"I had to send Lus Stevens to Oklahoma to get Dave Truitt for one of the witnesses," Grandpa said. "Dave ust to help me on this farm. He saw Tom grow up. Dave'd gone to the Oklahoma oil fields. And when Lus brought Dave back, I had to pay 'im the wages he's a-losin' and and keep 'im while Lus went to Wilmington, Delaware, to get Hattie Pratt. She used to be our hired girl. She'd married Bob Sheets and he wouldn't let his wife come unless he come with 'er. So I had to pay their expenses here and back and pay 'im for every day he was off from his job and keep both here while Lus went to Marquette, Michigan, to get Zeke Huntoon, who was trappin' and fishin' up thar. Lus had a time findin' Zeke but he wasn't as expensive as the others since he was homesick for Kentucky and all he asked was his fare. Zeke ust to work summers with me and stayed in my house and he went North and trapped durin' the winter."

"That cost you somethin' didn't it, Grandpa?" I said.

"Son, I had to sell nearly all my land and use all the money I had in the bank before the trial was over. I had to put three extra rooms to my house by the time Lus gathered all the witnesses for me. It cost me over eleven thousand dollars to try to get Tom outten that mess. When you fool with the Government, you're a-foolin' with somebody that doesn't fool with you."

"I wonder how any man can resist me"

"Did you get 'im out?" I asked.

"Got his sentence cut to three years," Grandpa said. "No one around here would swear for Tom. Everybody was against 'im. I had to hunt up the people that ust to know Tom and moved away for witnesses. I thought

Continued on page 254

STOP!...THIS IS IT!

Scotty Kote

ARLINGCREST 100% WOOL
NAPHTHALATED

AT LAST: snug-fitting, non-binding, good-looking comfort—the smartest gift for any man. Arlingcrest yarns in patented construction permit amazing freedom of movement.

NO BUNCH
NO BIND
NO SAG

Can be worn under coat or jacket. Buy suit size for correct fit. For sale by leading stores.

Handsome Heather Colors • Sizes 36 to 46

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY
CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK

Scotty Kote V M
VICTORY MODEL
100% Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool
Roper Knitting Co. Inc.
Canandaigua, N.Y.

TERRY

A TERRY Christmas means a MERRY Christmas

WALLETS
The Finest in
LEATHERWARE

Look for the Terry name and Terry price tag on every Terry Wallet.

No. 676—Double-duty. X-TRAFOLD means 2 wallets in one. Pockets for stamps, cards, identification cards, etc. Finest imported English Morocco, black or brown. Also in pigskin. $10.00 *(Plus Federal Tax)*.

No. 703—One-piece construction with separate X-TRAFOLD and open face for identification cards. Imported goat skin, black or brown, $7.50. English Morocco, pigskin and dapper goat $10.00. *(Plus Federal Tax)*.

OTHER TERRY WALLETS FROM $3.50 TO $10.00

TERRY maid

THE KAR-Y-ALL: No. 717. The latest creation of the Terry-Maid family. A compact wallet, with change purse, bill compartment, card case, and space for 9 identification cards, licenses, photos, etc. Imported leathers in red, green, blue, black, brown and London Tan $5.00. *(Plus Federal Tax)*.

Other Terry-Maid Wallets from $4.00 to $7.50

Manufactured by
KAYE-MEYERS CO.
New York City

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere

The Malingering of Uncle Tom

Continued from pages 73-253

Hattie would be a star witness. When a Government lawyer ast her if she'd ever seen Tom take fits, she told 'im she had. And he asked her what kind of fits. And she laughed a silly laugh and said, 'Get mad and get down on the floor and bawl like a calf.' 'I'd call that a mad childish tantrum,' the lawyer said. And the trial went on like that. Everybody around went to the trial like it was a baseball game. And they'd sit back and laugh fit to die while we sweated. I'll never get over that trial. If Tom had only told the doctors he wet the bed, maybe it wouldn't 've been so bad."

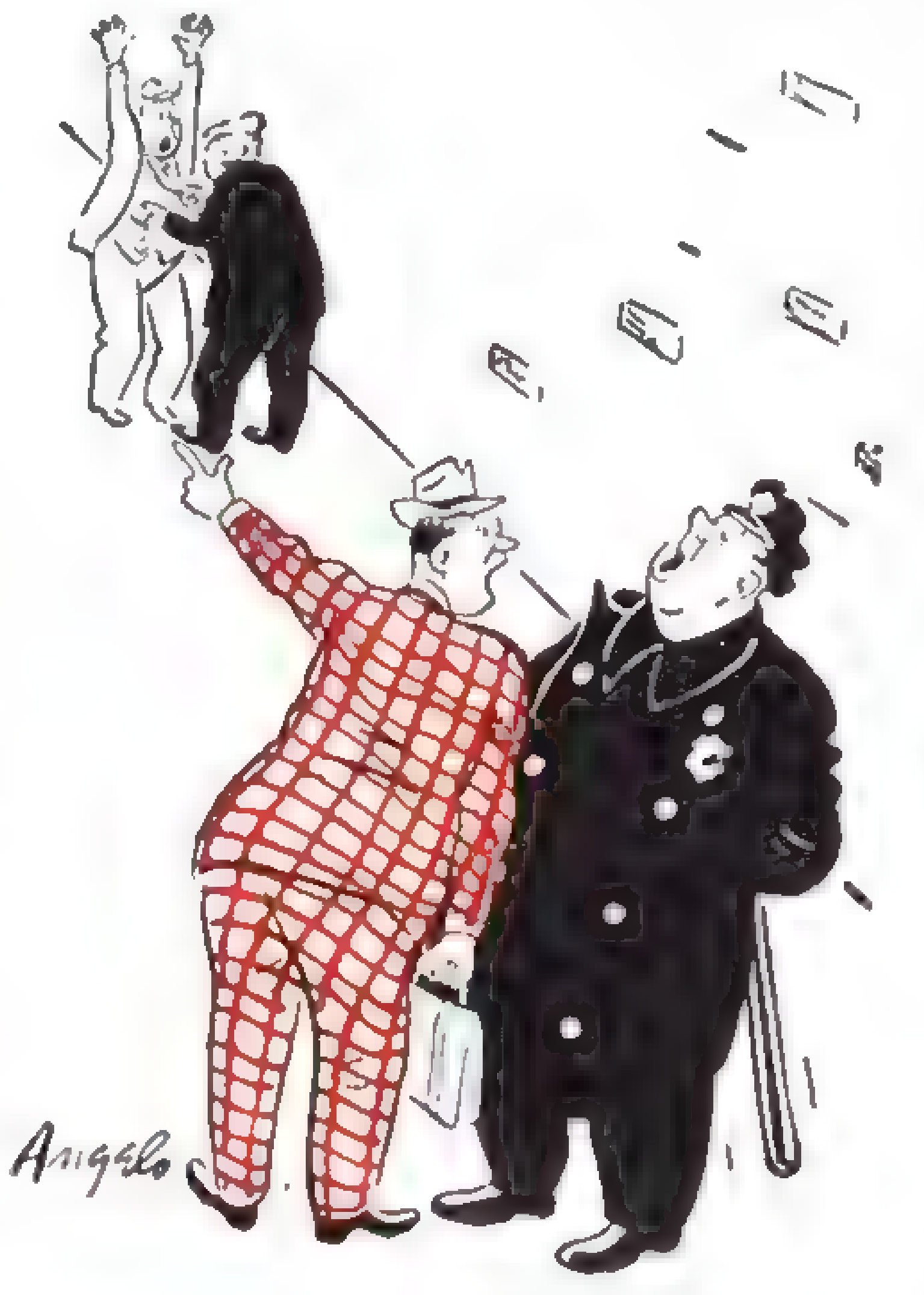
"I'll never do anything like that, Grandpa," I said.

"Lawyer Lus Stevens told me he'd had the best time and traveled more than he'd ever traveled in his life," Grandpa said. "And all the witnesses had a picnic outten the whole thing. They et, slept, danced and loved all the time they were at my house. But I couldn't say anything! I needed 'em. Trouble was they kept puttin' off the trial and I had to keep the witnesses too long."

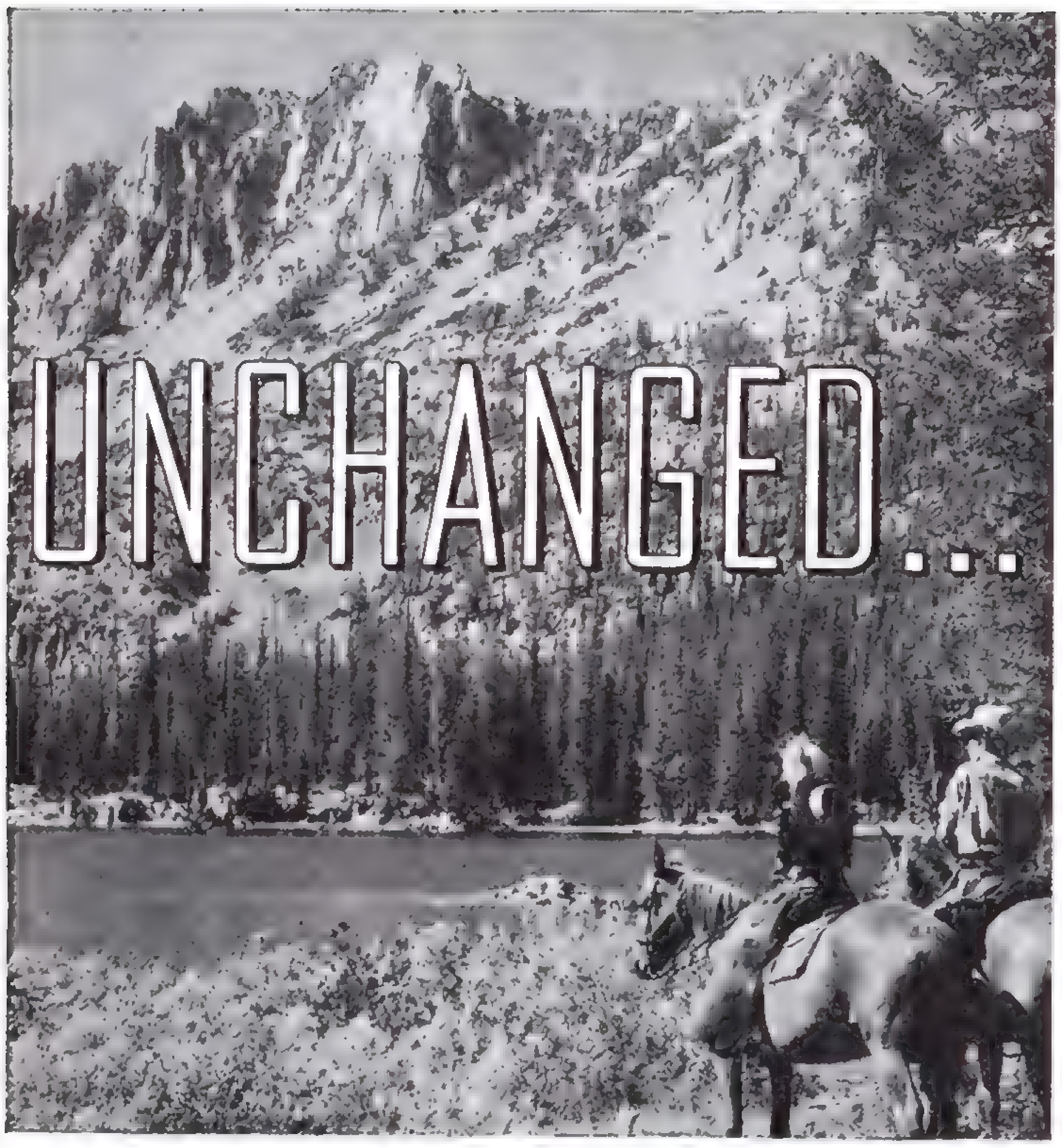
"I never knew this," I said.

"It's the truth, son," Grandpa said, getting up from his chair and throwing his short cigar stub into Pa's spittoon. "Get in that Navy and make the best of it! You'll make your country a good man. I'm a-leavin' now."

Grandpa squeezed my hand in his long rough wrinkled hand. He didn't say good-bye. He lifted his hat from the rocking chair post, got his cane and went out of the door more slowly than he'd entered. I watched 'im walk across the porch and down the steps into the moonlit yard. His cane was hittin' the ground every time he took a step as he walked toward the mountain shadows. #



"Why should I interfere—this is still a democracy, isn't it?"



Here in the West—in the heart of America's great wool country we spin and weave the famous Pendleton woolens. It is traditional with Pendleton to strive constantly to produce the finest woolen shirts in all the nation—in fabrics and in tailoring. It always will be. Yet you will find Pendleton shirts today—as yesterday—

UNCHANGED in virgin wool fabric

UNCHANGED in rigid tailoring standards

UNCHANGED in price

For generations PENDLETON has stood for the finest in pure virgin wool products. Combined with Pendleton's time-tested woolencraft, our enduring policy of using only new live vigorous wool assures you shirt fabrics of super-quality, lustrous beauty and rugged strength. At America's better stores $6.75 to $10.00.

Shirts by
Pendleton
FAMED FOR
Fine Woolens

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS • PORTLAND 4, OREGON

IN LEADING MEN'S SHOPS and DEPARTMENT STORES

Gould *Gloves*

FOR MEN and BOYS

GOULD GLOVE CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Old Master of the Ring

Continued from page 138

Li'l Artha into combat that, when he caught up with Johnson in Archie Greathouse's joint he threw a glass of beer at Johnson. There was no fight. Four years before Johnson won the heavyweight title, he had tangled with Langford in a Chelsea, Massachusetts ring. Langford was a beginner then. Johnson won after fifteen tough rounds. He never fought Langford again.

Well, Gans, the lightweight, fought Langford fifteen rounds, Langford winning a close decision.

Regardless of weight differences, the record books show Gans taking on the greatest boxers of his day, ranging all the way from the lightweight to the light heavyweight division, including knockout wins over such good ones as Mike Twin Sullivan, who later fought for the middleweight title against Stanley Ketchel, and a twenty-round draw with Joe Walcott, still regarded by many as the greatest of all welterweights.

In Gans' heyday boxing was not "dressed up" as it is today. Ladies never attended. Yet, in the great musical comedies of that era, Bert Williams, the famous colored comedian, referred to Gans in one of Williams' most popular songs, *I Think I See My Brother Comin' Home Right Now*, and the lyrics went like this:

"Josephus Gans,
He's got the easiest plans,
Of makin' money dat Ah ever did see.
Ah'm matched next week,
Against the Terrible Greek,
Ah'm gonna fight till Brother Bill comes home.
Brother Bill's been daid now seventeen years,
And dead men seldom roam,
But Ah'm layin' mah plans,
Like Josephus Gans,
Ah'm gonna fight till Brother Bill comes home."

Chorus:

"Ah thinks Ah sees mah brothah comin' home right now, etc."

Gans was horribly mismanaged;

Continued on page 256

Thorobreds
by
Coro
Duette about $30*
A Masterpiece of fashion jewelry
At your favorite store
sterling
Earrings about
$15* per pair
CORO INC. NEW YORK • CHICAGO • TORONTO
*Plus 20% Federal Tax.
BUY WAR BONDS

THE PITT OR REGENT DIAMOND is named for Thomas Pitt (ancestor of William Pitt) who sold it to the Regent of France for $675,000. William Penn Whiskey is called "the gem of the blends" because it is a shining example of mellowness and richness of flavor.

Reward for finding a fortune . . .

"HELP me escape, Captain, and I will make you rich." The fugitive slave from the diamond mine unwrapped the bandage on his leg. From an open cut, he produced a huge 410-carat diamond. The English shipmaster's eyes glittered and he concealed the slave in his ship. But once outside the harbor, he ordered his men to toss the unfortunate Hindu to the sharks. "No one will catch you now," he jeered. ☆ Like this Pitt diamond, William Penn Blended Whiskey has a long and interesting history. Introduced in 1898, it quickly won fame among judges of fine whiskey. Today it is the preferred blend of all men who recognize premium quality—at a non-premium price. Millions say "When" with William Penn.

86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits.

Gooderham & Worts Ltd.
Peoria, Illinois

William Penn
Blended Whiskey
THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

The Old Master of the Ring

Continued from pages 138-255

the record books indicated that Gans, not yet a champion, was knocked out in two rounds by featherweight champion Terry McGovern in Chicago in 1900. Evidence later disclosed that Gans "laid down" to McGovern because he had trouble getting fights. It is the only black mark on Gans' record. The bout killed boxing in Illinois for many years and militated against Gans for years thereafter.

Gans, prior to winning the world's championship, was also stopped by George "Elbows" McFadden.

Gans' first chance at the lightweight title came in 1900 when he fought Frank Erne, Swiss-born American from Buffalo, who had won the title from Kid Lavigne. With his left eye badly gouged Gans abandoned the contest with Erne in round twelve. The bout took place in New York City. In 1902 Gans knocked Erne off in one round.

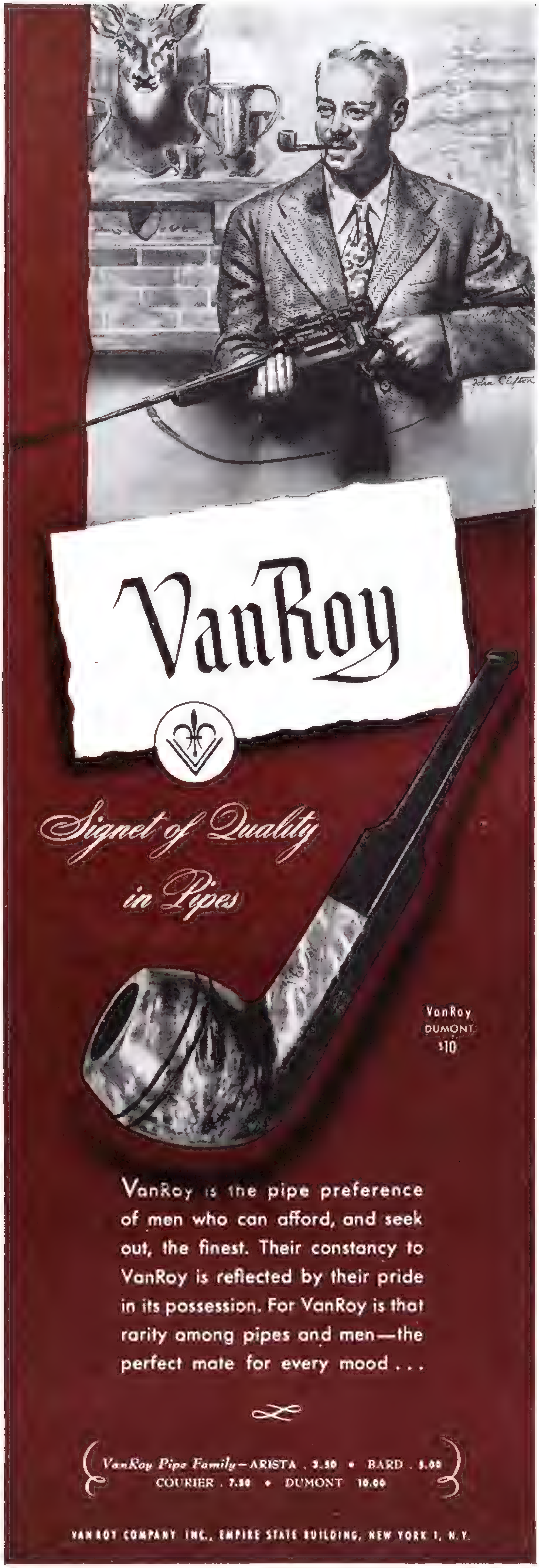
Strange as it may seem in these days of Joe Louis, John Henry Lewis, Henry Armstrong, Jackie Wilson, Beau Jack, Bob Montgomery and other Negro champions, Gans encountered a color line of such proportions that at least a part of the sports public took seriously the claim of Jimmy Britt, of San Francisco, to the world's lightweight championship, based on the arbitrary claim that Gans could no longer make the lightweight limit. Britt claimed the title after defeating young Corbett. Britt's subsequent bout with Battling Nelson was actually billed as being for the title. Gans, the champion, was left out in the cold by the weak claim of "overweight" when the issue really involved a boycott of Gans not so much because he was a Negro but because he figured to flatten such as Britt. He had won from Britt on a foul in five rounds.

In those days it was often said that good Negro fighters could make more money acting as sparring partners for white boxers than they could "on their own."

After Britt had been defeated by Nelson and could no longer be so choosy, he again boxed Gans and was stopped in six rounds.

Battling Nelson, the greatest distance fighter of all time, flashed across the horizon and defeated lightweights as fast as he could get them into a ring. But it had to be forty-five rounds for the Durable Dane.

Gans gave Nelson his chance at the title in Goldfield, Nevada, in 1906. Gans won on a foul in forty-two rounds. Referee George Siler was not sure about a low blow having been delivered by


VanRoy

Signet of Quality in Pipes

VanRoy DUMONT $10

VanRoy is the pipe preference of men who can afford, and seek out, the finest. Their constancy to VanRoy is reflected by their pride in its possession. For VanRoy is that rarity among pipes and men—the perfect mate for every mood . . .

VanRoy Pipe Family—ARISTA . 3.50 • BARD . 5.00
COURIER . 7.50 • DUMONT 10.00

VAN ROY COMPANY INC., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Mathey-Tissot
a tribute
to fashion.

Since 1886

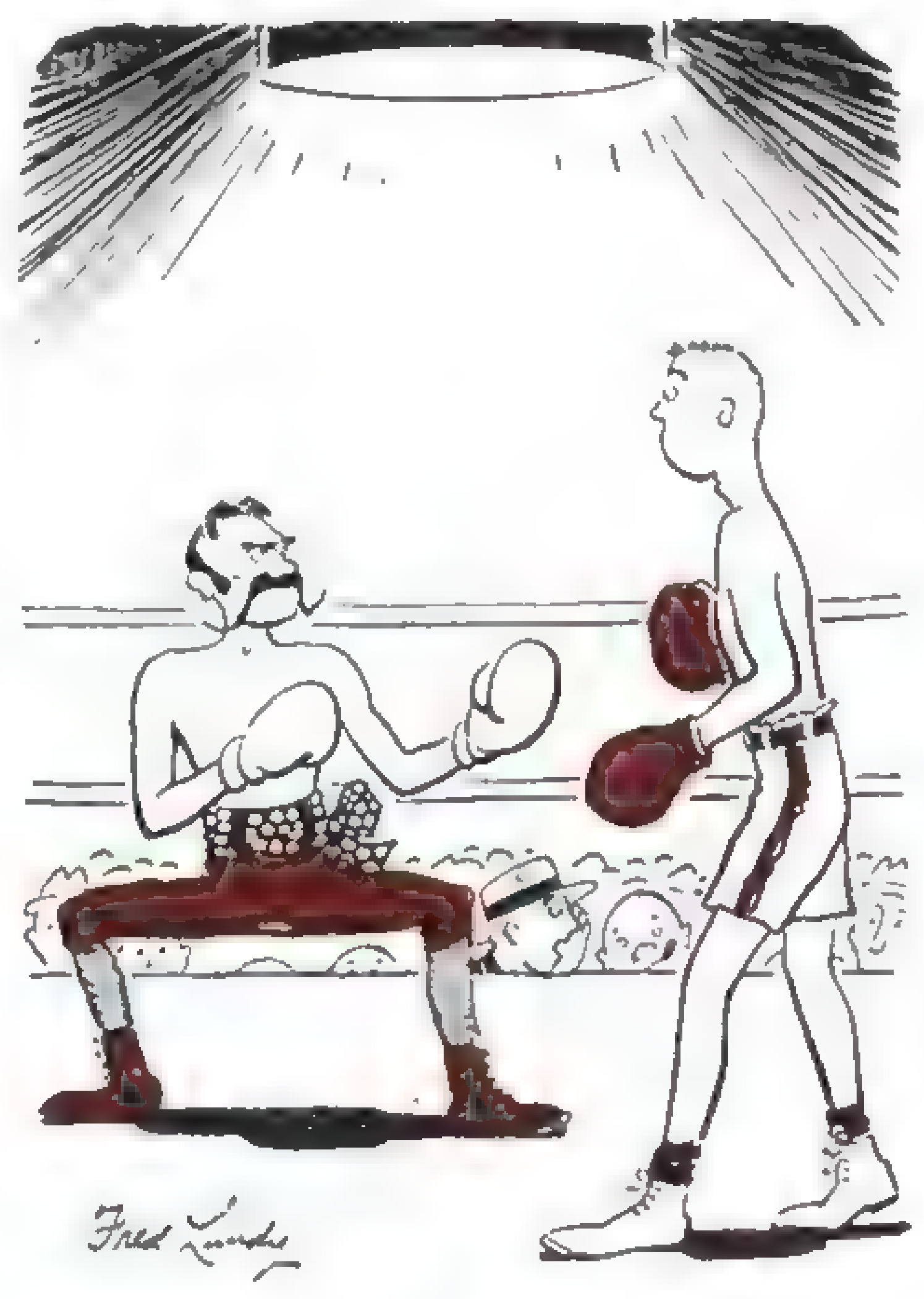
At Your Jeweler

Mathey-Tissot

Fifth Avenue, New York

Nelson. George had just completed walking between them at the time. Since that event good referees no longer do that, although it is noted that some of them still hold aloft the winner's left hand in token of victory, particularly in the movies. The right hand held aloft has been a token of victory since the days of the Roman amphitheatre.

Gans' first fight with Nelson brought to Gans his largest purse, 11,000 dollars. Gans, the champion, actually had to seek the bout with the popular Nelson and he furthermore had to guarantee Nelson 34,000 dollars. The writer wonders where Manager Al Hereford was all the time from the fiasco with McGovern to the gypping at Goldfield.



"He's making a comeback"

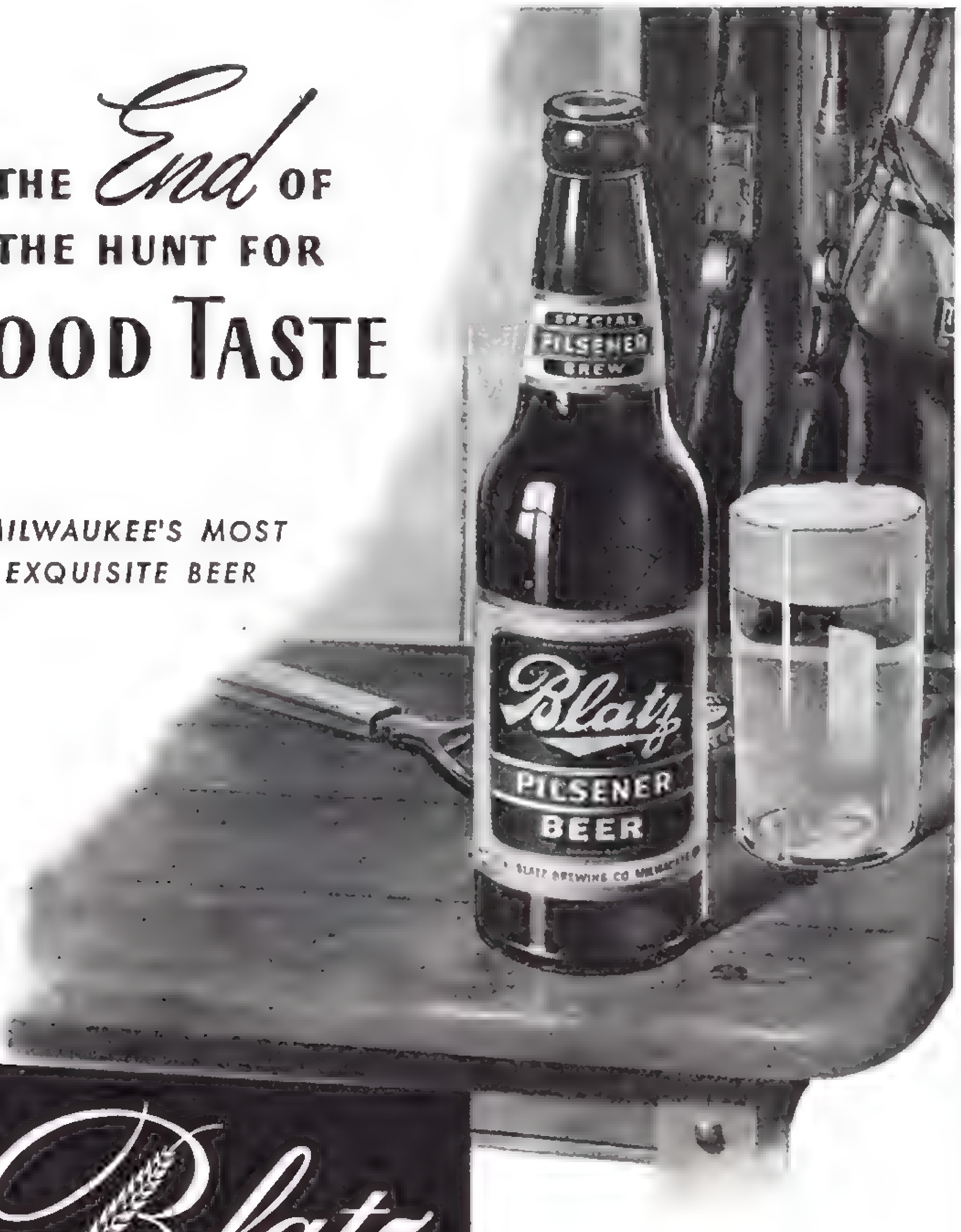
Gans fought Nelson twice more and was knocked out by the Great Dane in seventeen rounds and twenty-one rounds respectively. That was in 1908. Gans fought one more bout, facing Jabez White of England, in a ten-round no-decision bout in New York.

Training for his three bouts with Nelson, Gans was literally "dying on his feet." One lung was about gone. He coughed up blood between rounds. Making the 133-pound ringside weight for a forty-five-round fight hastened the death of the greatest ringman of all time. Gans answered the Great Timekeeper's final gong in 1910. At the time of his death he weighed only eighty-five pounds.

In any branch of sport you'll find the youngsters taking the opinions of the oldsters with a good-natured grain of saline when the oldsters maintain that such and such an old-timer was miles ahead of his latter-day successors. The youngsters argue that sport, like all other lines of endeavor, improves from year to year. The argument may be sound in the majority of cases but when it comes to disparaging Joe Gans in comparison with more recent ringmen, the answer is the same one the little grey squirrel gave when the bunny rabbit asked him what he had stashed for the winter. ###

THE *End* OF THE HUNT FOR GOOD TASTE

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER



Blatz
MILWAUKEE

Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR 94th YEAR

V-mail can't tell you all you'll see in England

Or how grand it will be to travel again with Hartmann Luggage

Peacetime England will reveal her gentler marvels as well as her monuments of glory . . . when you are able to travel freely again.

And travel means Hartmann Luggage—whether in England or Egypt or Hindustan. Hartmann Luggage cradles your clothes . . . takes you anywhere and back with comfort and with pride.

HARTMANN TRUNK CO., Racine, Wisconsin

HARTMANN
luggage

A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose

Continued from page 83

just like I said. So long, Miss."

Eddie relinquished her hand as though he were pulling taffy. As he stumbled away he twisted his neck to keep her in bug-eyed view as long as he could.

"It makes you feel like a goldfish," she smiled. "I'm just getting used to that goofy look in their eyes. A year ago I'd have slapped them for it."

I asked her about a year ago.

"I taught elementary school in Chicago—fourth grade. At school I had to be fairly interesting before the children would listen to me. But these kids don't care what I say as long as I talk.

"I remember one sailor who came in when I was at the counter. I asked him what he wanted to eat and he stared with his mouth open. I ran through the menu and when I was done he just sighed and said: 'Say it again!' I've got to make the rounds," she broke off. "Want to come along?"

A dozen men were strewn limply over and around the radio which howled with static. One boy was fiddling with the controls.

"Hey, Miss!" he complained. "This thing keeps conking out."

Miss Carter fidgeted with the buttons. Suddenly the program came in clear and strong.

"You've got to know how," she grinned with mock superiority.

"It's only Tokyo Rose," said one boy. "She's full of baloney."

A mellifluous voice poured out.

"The weather is turning mild in the eastern states. Trees are budding in your back yard. Flowers will soon bloom in Mother's garden. The pretty girls—"

"Okay, sister! Knock it off!" It was a command.

"Golden Gate in '48!" sang a voice from the rear.

"On the bread line in '49!" instantly chanted another.

"Whatdoyoumean,'49? They're never going to send us home!"

"They's afraid to bring us back," agreed a Southerner. "We's forgot our manners. We'll scare hell outa them civilians!"

"Civilians!" snorted a shaggy kid. "I got a cousin in a defense plant. My ma writes how he brings home all his money, never drinks or goes out with girls—"

"Hey, he's just right for South Pacific duty!"

"No wonder he's a civilian. He's dead!"

Miss Carter at that moment turned up the volume on the radio. A burst of music silenced the men.

"There you are, fellahs."

The boys inched closer to the radio and relaxed comfortably. In a moment they were "beating it out" with their hands.

"Tokyo Rose is a big hit with

SHORTS AND PAJAMAS
HARWOOD Conformers
NOT FOR WOODEN INDIANS

Scalp wanted... MALE!

If you've ever hungered for the scalp of a salesman (or store) that sold you tight, binding shorts or pajamas, here's the simple remedy. Get Harwood Conformers. They're made not for Wooden Indians, but for living men who twist, turn and bend. A patented seat construction allows them to "s-p-r-e-a-d when you do"—up-and-down, as well as across. Get some today, and be comfortable always, all ways.

Conformer Shorts from $1.25 • Pajamas from $3.50

HARWOOD MFG. CORP. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

featuring DAN RIVER'S famous SKYTOP and OXFORDS two of America's finest fabrics

MEETING THE EXTRA DEMANDS OF Modern Living

And the extras are many—more going from place to place "on your own," more hustle—that's where Rajah Soles come in, they give the flexibility to ease extra steps, the extra wear and the moisture proofness for health insurance. No wonder they're popular!

Rajah SOLES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY NORTH QUINCY, 71, MASS.

the boys," Miss Carter smiled. "If she could hear them, she'd think she was a success. They love to let off steam."

She greeted a dejected-looking soldier. "Nothing yet, eh?"

"Not a thing."

"I'm sure you'll get word pretty soon," she encouraged him. "We're working on it."

"Sure," he agreed, unconvinced. "I went to the hospital with my brother when he had his kid. I felt sorry for him because it took sixteen hours." He groaned. "*I'm* sitting for three weeks!"

He fished for a cigarette. Miss Carter held out her own pack.

"Figure out a name for the kid yet?" she asked as he lit up.

"Nah! I've decided there ain't no kid. She's just got gas!"

"Go on. You did better than that and you know it!" (He grinned sheepishly.) "I've got some names if you want 'em."

"Yeah?" He seemed interested.

"Christopher, if it's a boy. Or Patricia."

"Not bad," he agreed with a grin. "Chris, huh? Not bad at all."

He offered her the cigarettes.

"Keep 'em," she said. "And forget about that gas."

"Okay—if you say so."

We walked over to the food counter. The coffee smelled good.

"We give them ice cream, hamburgers, lettuce and tomatoes—most of the things they can't get out there. The main thing we can't find is milk. It's funny, isn't it? You never touch it at home, but here you yearn for it."

A good-looking youngster sauntered over. I didn't have to see her face to recognize him as a "lady-killer."

"Good evening, beautiful," he crooned. "How's every little thing?"

"Under control," she said coolly.

"That's swell, because I'm not. What time do you get off?"

"Ten o'clock," she smiled.

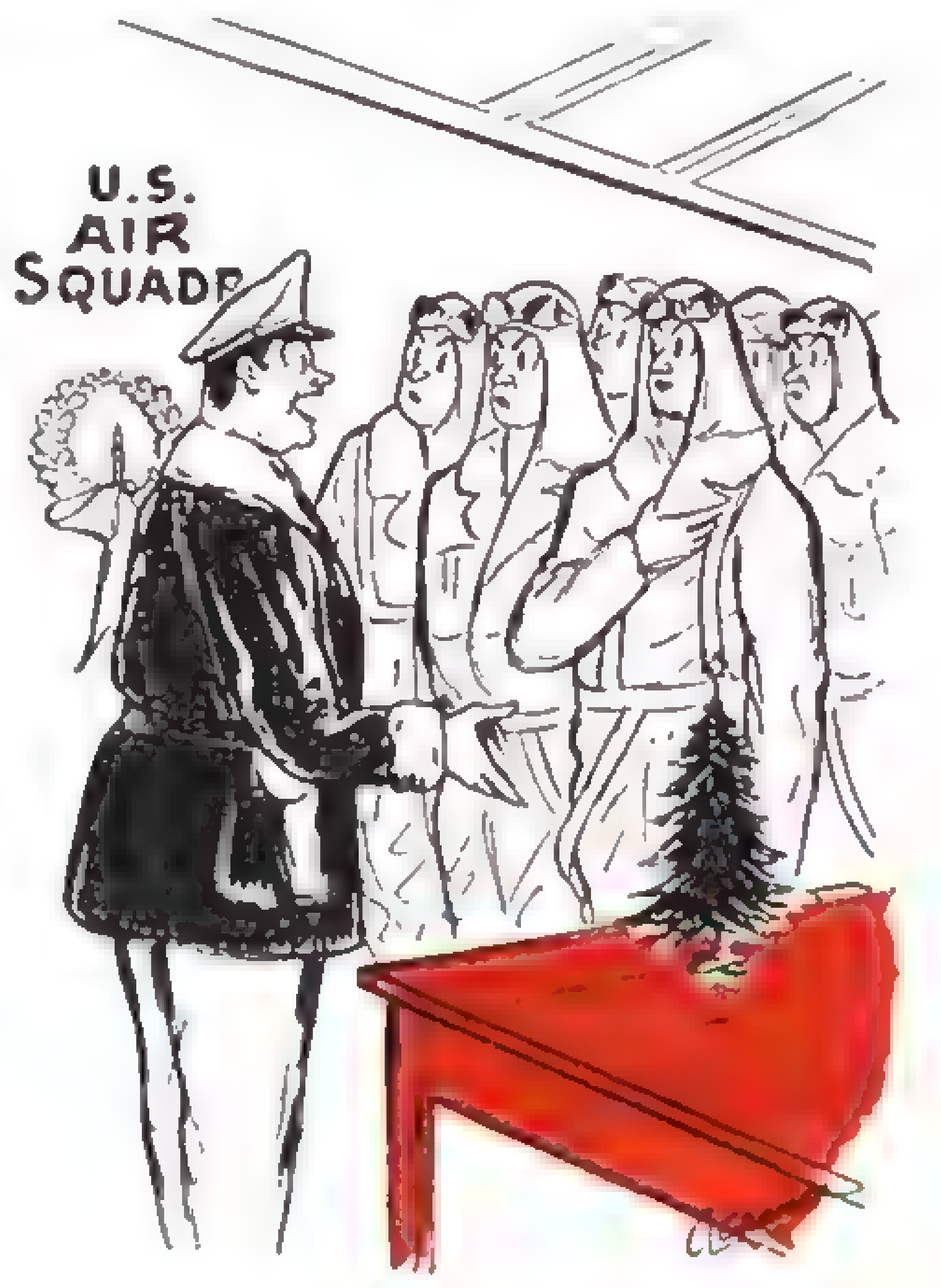
"Great! Where do I meet you?"

She seemed to ponder it, but I caught the flicker of a wink.

"You know where Signal Hill is?"

He nodded eagerly.

"Well, you get there by ten-



"Remember, men—it's a damned sight more blessed to give than to receive"

Continued on page 260

* Three parts MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
Two parts BRANDY
One part LEMON JUICE
Six parts HOT WATER
Stir well. Sugar to taste
MYERS'S RUM Planters' Punch

THERE'S HOLIDAY CHEER in MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

* HOT OXFORD PUNCH

To the host, a triumph of hospitality! To the connoisseur, a subtle satisfaction! To every guest, a delightful experience! That's Hot Oxford Punch with Myers's Jamaica Rum!

97 PROOF
For free illustrated recipe book write to Department F-12

MYERS'S RUM "Planters' Punch Brand" 100% fine Jamaica Rum
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc. Sole distributors in the U.S.A. 57 Laight St., New York 13, N.Y.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC. BUFFALO, N.Y.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose

Continued from pages 83-259

thirty or so . . ." she paused.

"Okay, honey. See you later."

I raised my eyebrows at her.

"Oh, don't worry about him. It's quite a long walk, but when he gets there he'll meet another fresh kid who made a pass at me a few hours ago. They'll probably decide that women are no damn good and then go to bed and get a restful night's sleep."

"Do you ever date them?"

"I did once," she frowned. "It doesn't work out. They have no way of getting around and they have no place to take a girl. I don't know which of us was more embarrassed. We walked and walked and finally he walked me home. We drew yells and whistles from every jeep that passed and three sentries challenged us just for fun. We ran out of cigarettes and conversation and he kept saying how sorry he was he asked me out. My feet hurt for days after. He was an awfully nice boy, though.

"Incidentally, you didn't happen to run across a Captain Henry Lambert in New Guinea?"

"I've never been in that area,"

"Oh—you see, I haven't heard from him in two months." She smiled. "Think I ought to go to the Red Cross for help?"

We walked to the pool table. A flat-faced boy measured his stroke carefully, then neatly sank a ball. The others groaned. His expression didn't change as he circled the table reflectively.

"I do hope you boys aren't gambling," Miss Carter said.

The expert looked blank.

"No, Ma'am."

"See that you don't," she cautioned them.

"That fellah's one of our regulars," she said later. "They've figured out all the angles. A couple of regulars like that one spend all their time practicing how to put English on the cue ball. We'll have to bar them some day."

"Hey, Miss!"

A pug-nosed, earnest face leaned close to Miss Carter's.

"Is he okay?" asked a conspiratorial voice.

"Sure. He's fine," she nodded.

"I think I can take him soon. You don't mind keeping him 'til Monday or Tuesday, do you?"

"You said a week ago it would be only for the night."

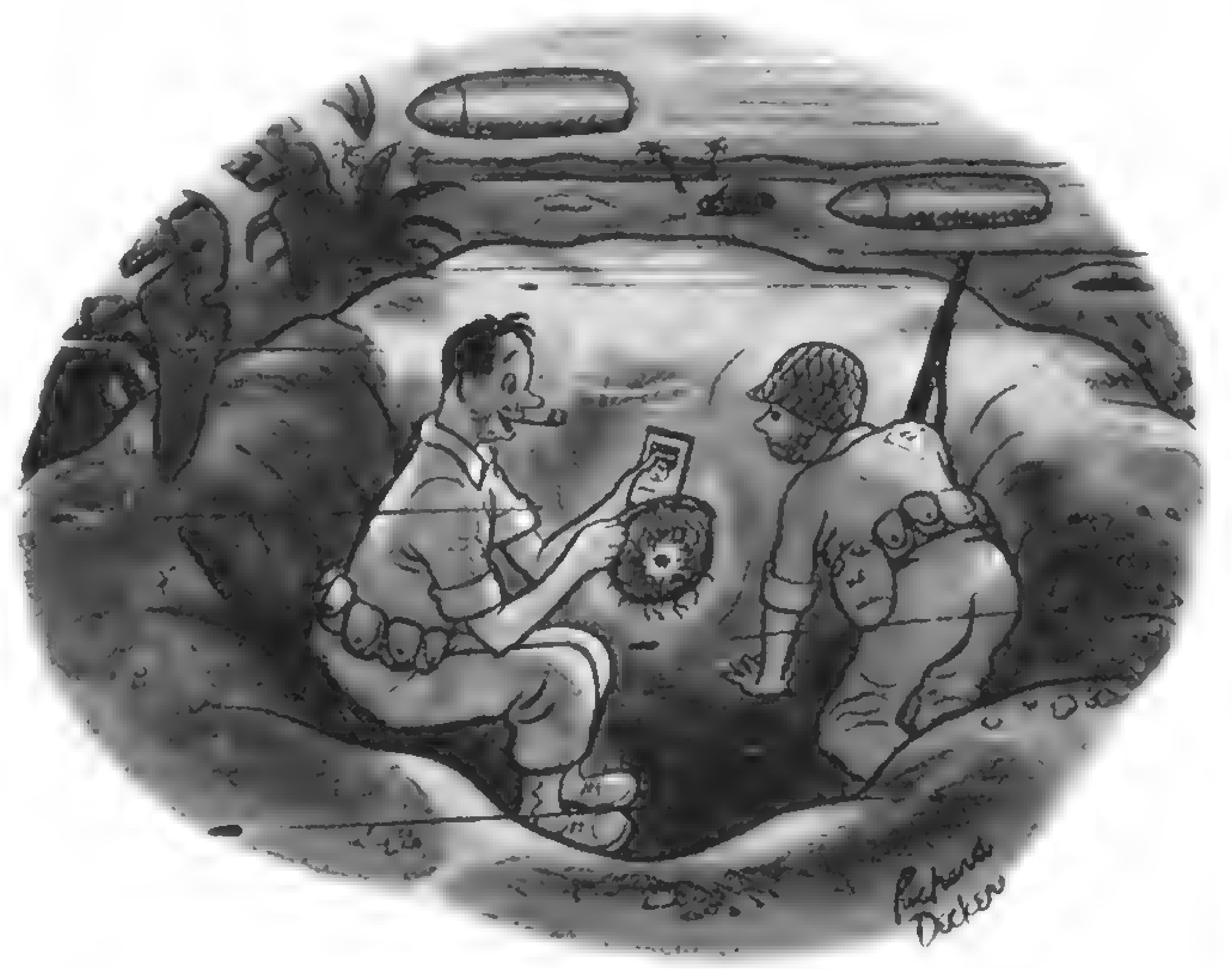
"Well, I have to work some more on two of the fellahs."

"Yes, but the girls in my hut don't want a dog, either—and they're working on me."

The pug-nose reddened.

"Some people give me a pain!" he exclaimed. "How can anybody hate a dog!"

"It isn't that they hate him,"

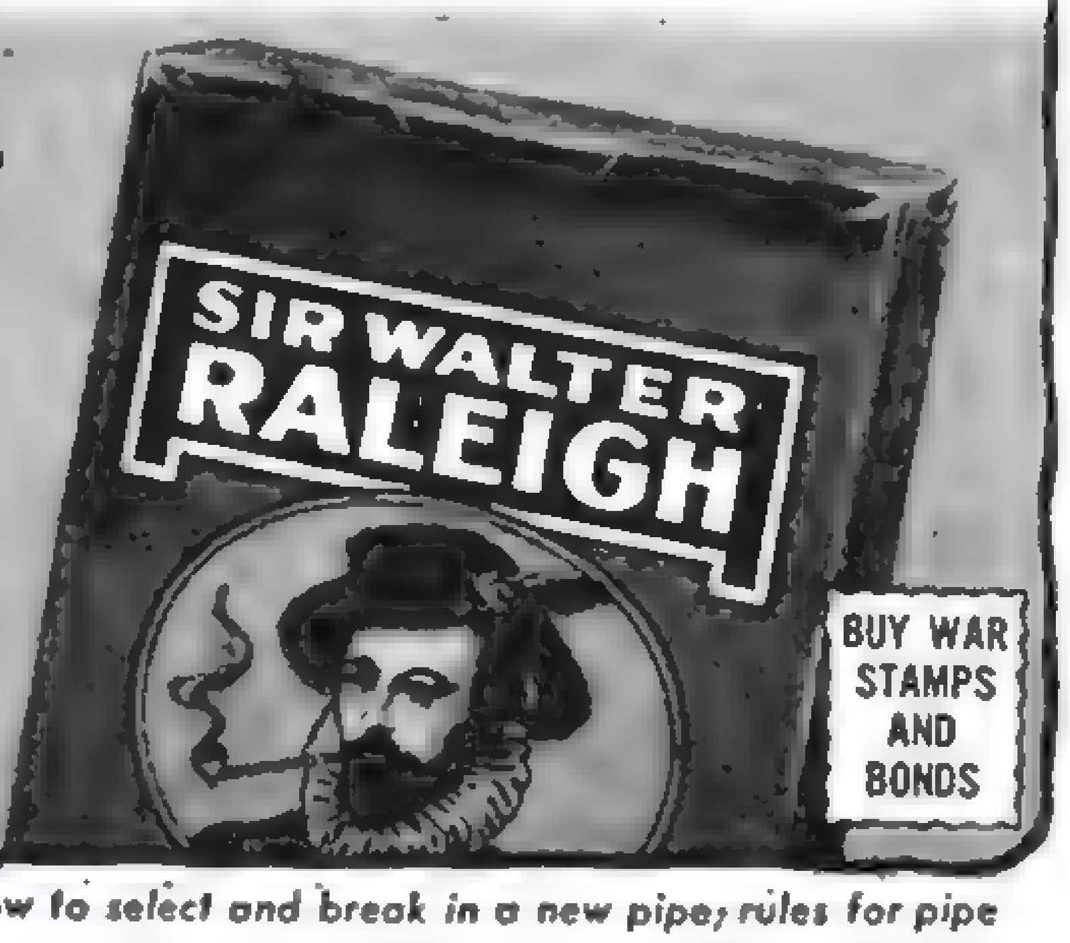


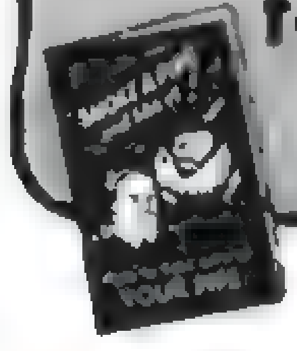
"Whew! That was close! Nearly hit my Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

UNION MADE





FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

ZERO KING

From the heart of the winter sports country, home of the famous Winter Carnival, come these Zero King Polar Coats. Water and wind resistant cotton gabardine—with pile collar and lining—made for rugged service, comfort, freedom of action.

At better stores . . .
or write B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO.
Park Square, St. Paul, Minnesota

B.W.H. MFG. CO.
ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR

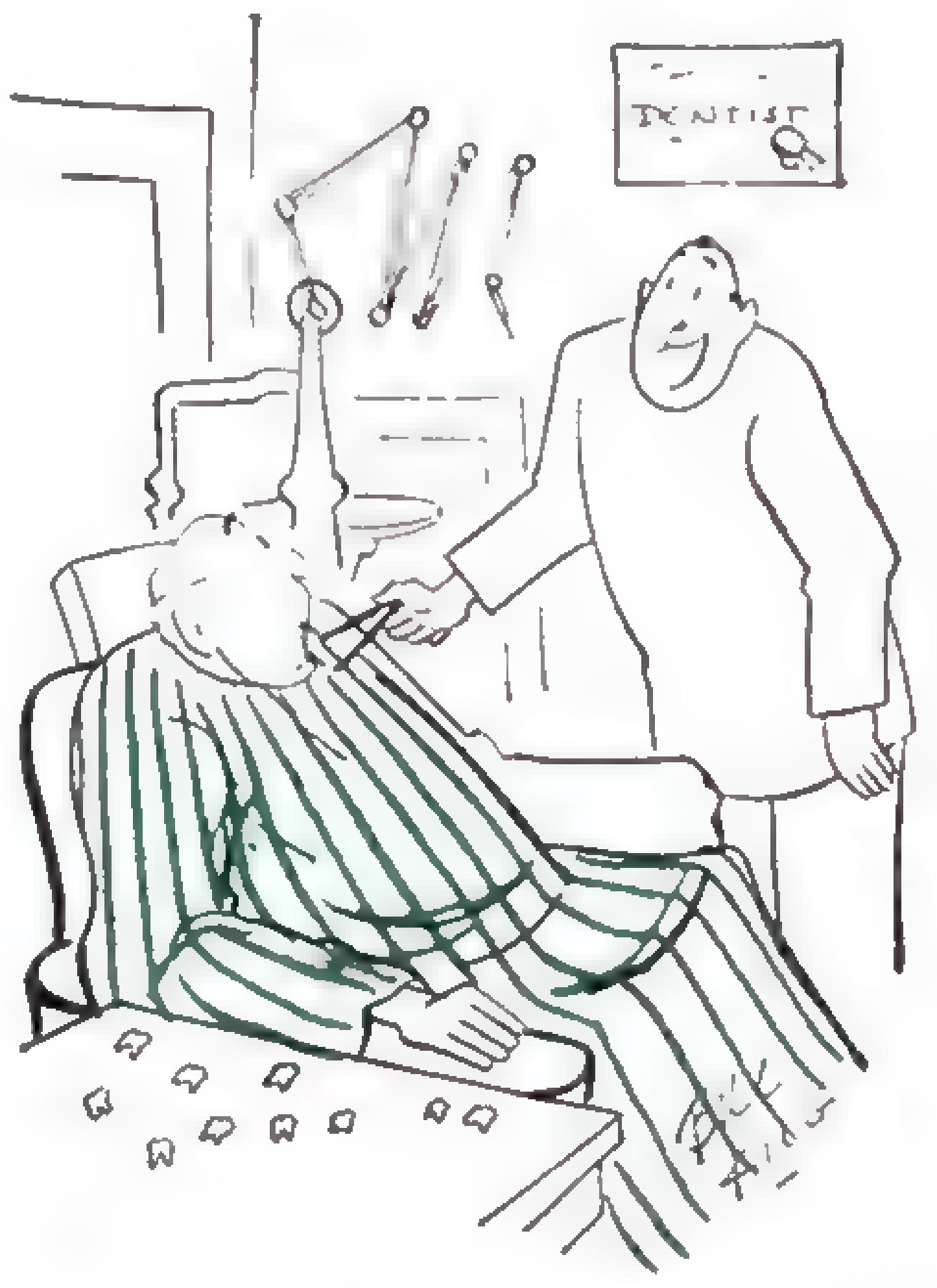
Sorry—they're not as easy to find as formerly—but worth looking for.

she mollified him. "But, after all, that's a pretty big dog and it's so crowded in there now."

"He ain't as big as a Great Dane," he stated defensively.

"No—not quite," she admitted.

"And he don't bother anybody—except a few times at night when he hears things."



"Well, now—it's just got to be this one!"

"You're telling me," agreed Miss Carter grimly. "And by the way. He doesn't seem to understand English."

"Well, you know it's pretty tough to learn a new language." The boy hesitated. "Especially when all he ever heard was gook talk."

"You didn't steal him from the natives, did you?" she asked suspiciously.

The boy's face shone with virtue. "I should say not. I bought him from those gooks—for two bits. He's my dog!" His voice was pleading. "If you don't keep him I'll have to leave him out in the cold and he might run away."

"All right," she sighed. "But hurry up and persuade those holdouts in your tent before I'm put out in the cold with your dog."

"Gee, thanks," he beamed. "I'll drop by and see him tomorrow after recall. G'night."

He was gone. Miss Carter smiled after him.

"Animals are only part of it. When they leave here for combat, they bring in their breakable stuff and perishable goods for safekeeping," she complained. "They park more stuff on us. You should see some of the candy I've been keeping for a few months. But I daren't throw it away. I couldn't bear the look on some kid's face if he came back and it wasn't there."

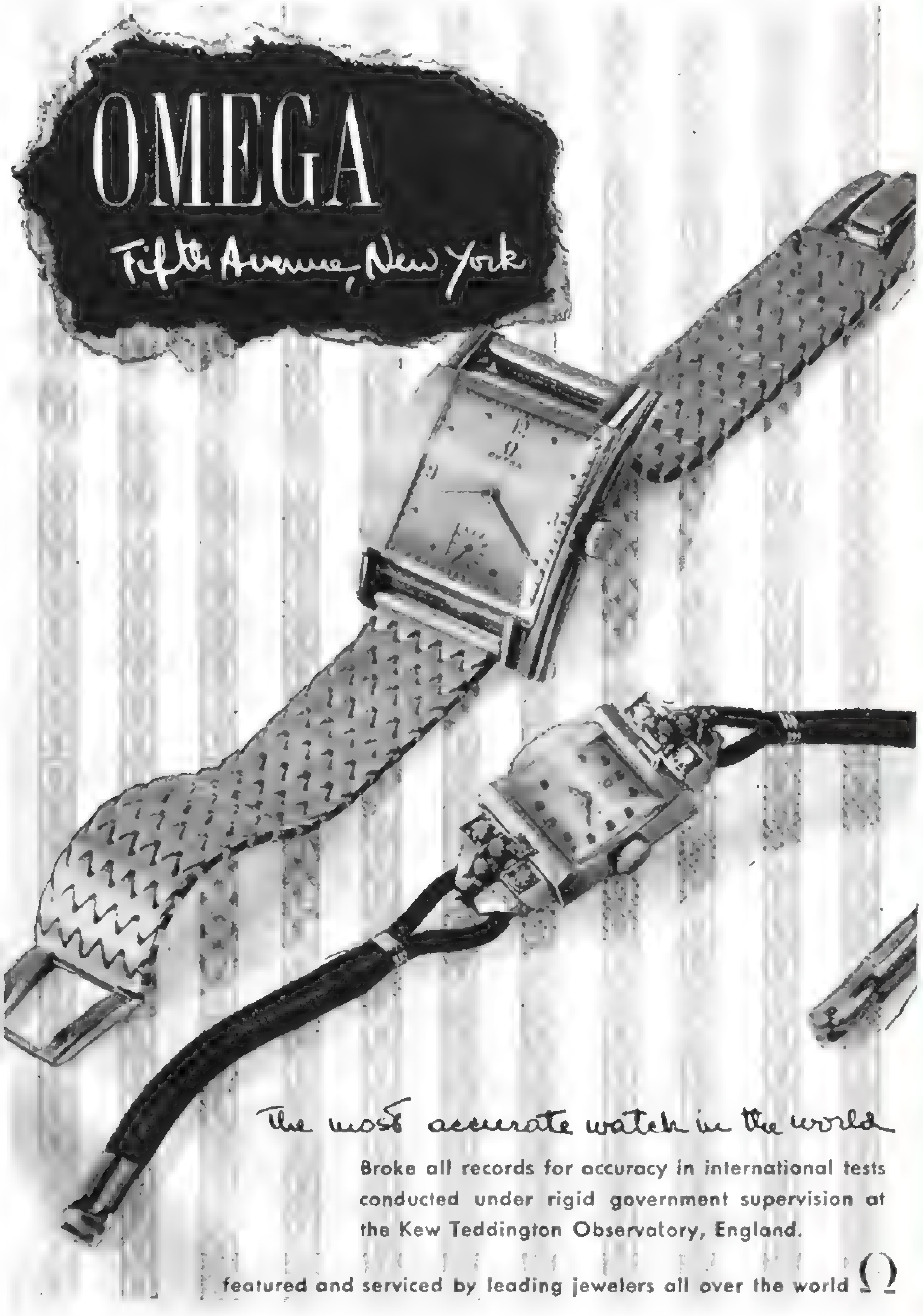
We came to a long, low shelf nailed to a wall. A row of chairs faced it. Pens, ink and paper were laid out neatly at intervals. A number of boys were intently scratching away at letters.

A hopeless young face turned perplexed eyes on Miss Carter.

"Hey, Miss," be began. "How do you spell 'terminated'?"

She spelled it for him. He put it down carefully but this did not

Continued on page 262


OMEGA
Fifth Avenue, New York

The most accurate watch in the world

Broke all records for accuracy in international tests conducted under rigid government supervision at the Kew Teddington Observatory, England.

featured and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world Ω

COOL, CLEAN TANG OF THE SEA!

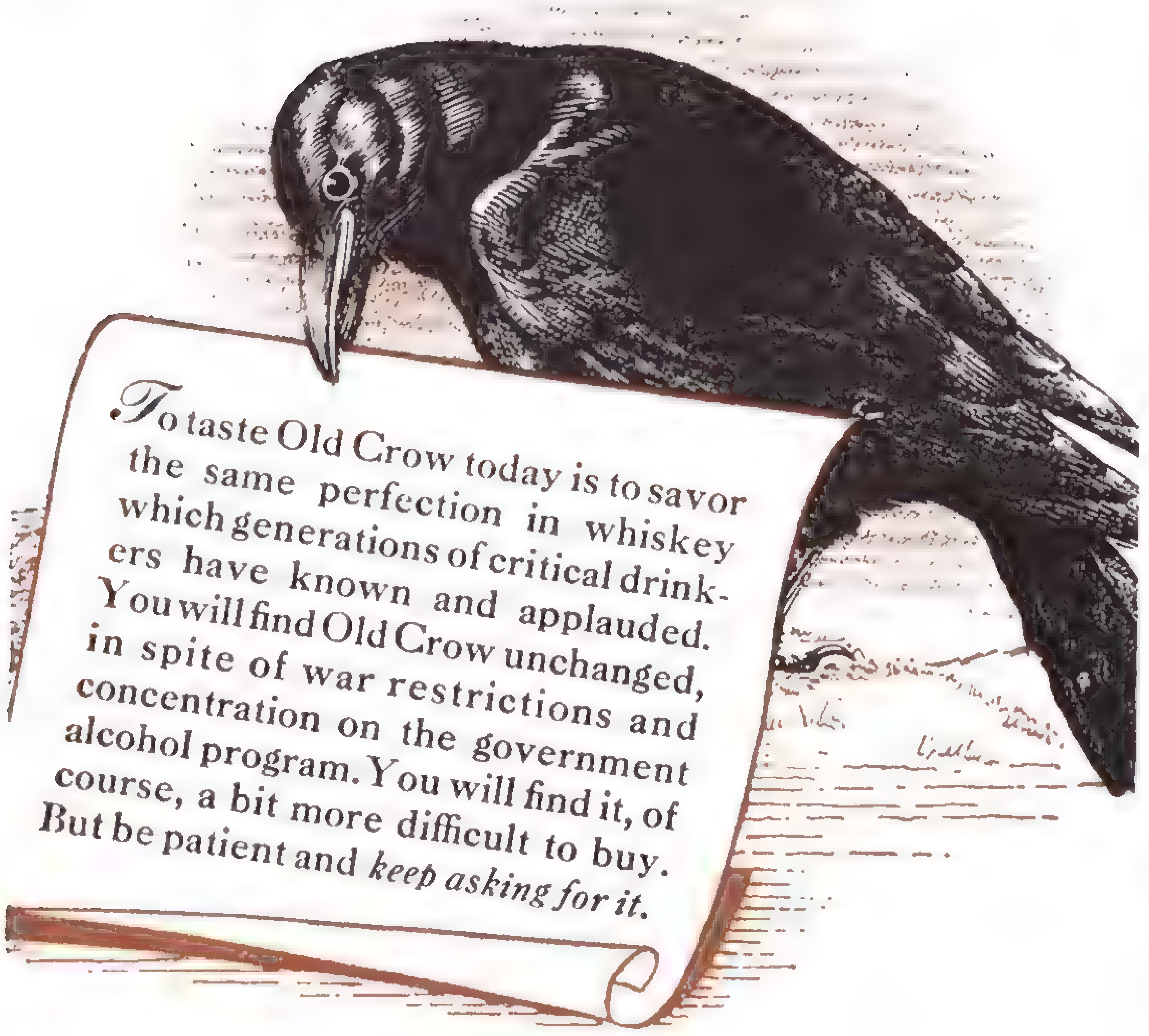
Surfspray

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Here is a sumptuous treat for men who like the better things in life. And from men who have used them there is conclusive evidence that Surfspray Toiletries satisfy a long felt desire for something more than an elegant package. Men like the superlative ingredients from which Surfspray Toiletries are scientifically blended . . . their subtle, definitely masculine fragrances.

Distributed by JAMES E. COATES & CO.,
510 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO 10, ILL.

SURFSPRAY Shave Bowl · Talc · Cologne · Hair Groom · Shampoo
Bath Oil · Shave Stick · Shower Soap · Deodorant · Combination Gift Sets



To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded. You will find Old Crow unchanged, in spite of war restrictions and concentration on the government alcohol program. You will find it, of course, a bit more difficult to buy. But be patient and *keep asking for it.*

THOSE IN THE KNOW

ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

•

Bottled-in-Bond

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye
This whiskey is 4 years old • 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corp., New York

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose

Continued from pages 83-259-261

seem to end his problem. He scratched his head sadly.

"Uh huh... But do I mean that?" he asked.

"Do you want the definition?"

"Oh, I know the meaning okay. But do I want to write that to my girl?"

She glanced at me with amused eyes.

"Well, do you?" she asked.

"I dunno. I said here, 'I always thought our friendship would be terminated inevitably.' He frowned at the paper. "Do you spell inevitable with an 'i' or an 'e'?"

I repressed a smile.

"Hasn't she been writing you lately?" Miss Carter asked.

"Oh, she writes. But a man can tell when it's insincere."

"Think she's got herself another fellah, huh?"

"Oh, yes. And I know who it is, too." His face became sly. "I told my kid sister to keep an eye on her."

"Now, do you think it's nice to have someone spy on your girl?"

"Well, you know how women are," he announced wisely. "You just can't trust any of 'em!" He caught himself. "I mean—" he stumbled. "Excuse me. That was unadvertent."

"I understand exactly how you feel," Miss Carter assured him. "But if you want the woman's point of view—" she paused invitingly.

"Oh, I sure do," he encouraged her eagerly.

"Well, I don't know much about it, but I'd be willing to bet you that she isn't serious about that other boy. After all, how could she be—with you, a Marine, way out here in the Pacific, going through all this—" She paused a moment. "Why, she thinks you're a hero—"

"Aw—" he muttered disparagingly.

"She's probably lonesome. It's only natural she'd go out once in a while just to get her mind off herself."

"Yeah—" He pondered it carefully. "Yeah. The poor kid." He looked up with a bright smile. "I'll write her that I believe in her —interminably! Thanks, Miss."

He wadded up his first letter and attacked a fresh sheet with a burst of enthusiasm. I felt all warm inside.

We passed a wall hung with soldier art. Some of it was excellent. Ping-pong, card games, conversation groups, dozing men, passed in review. Finally, we had circled the club.

At the door we paused. A young Marine with his head shaved into an Iroquois Indian warlock was standing there uncertainly. He

The day will come again when you can travel with all the clothes and accessories you need, stowed unwrinkled and shipshape—"WINSHIP-shape"—in Winship Luggage of surpassing quality and convenience.

Here is a preview of postwar Winship Luggage for men—an 18" overnighter, of finest top-grain cowhide, equipped with every convenience for short trips. Matching in distinction and smartness the Winship 2-suiter, for extended travel.

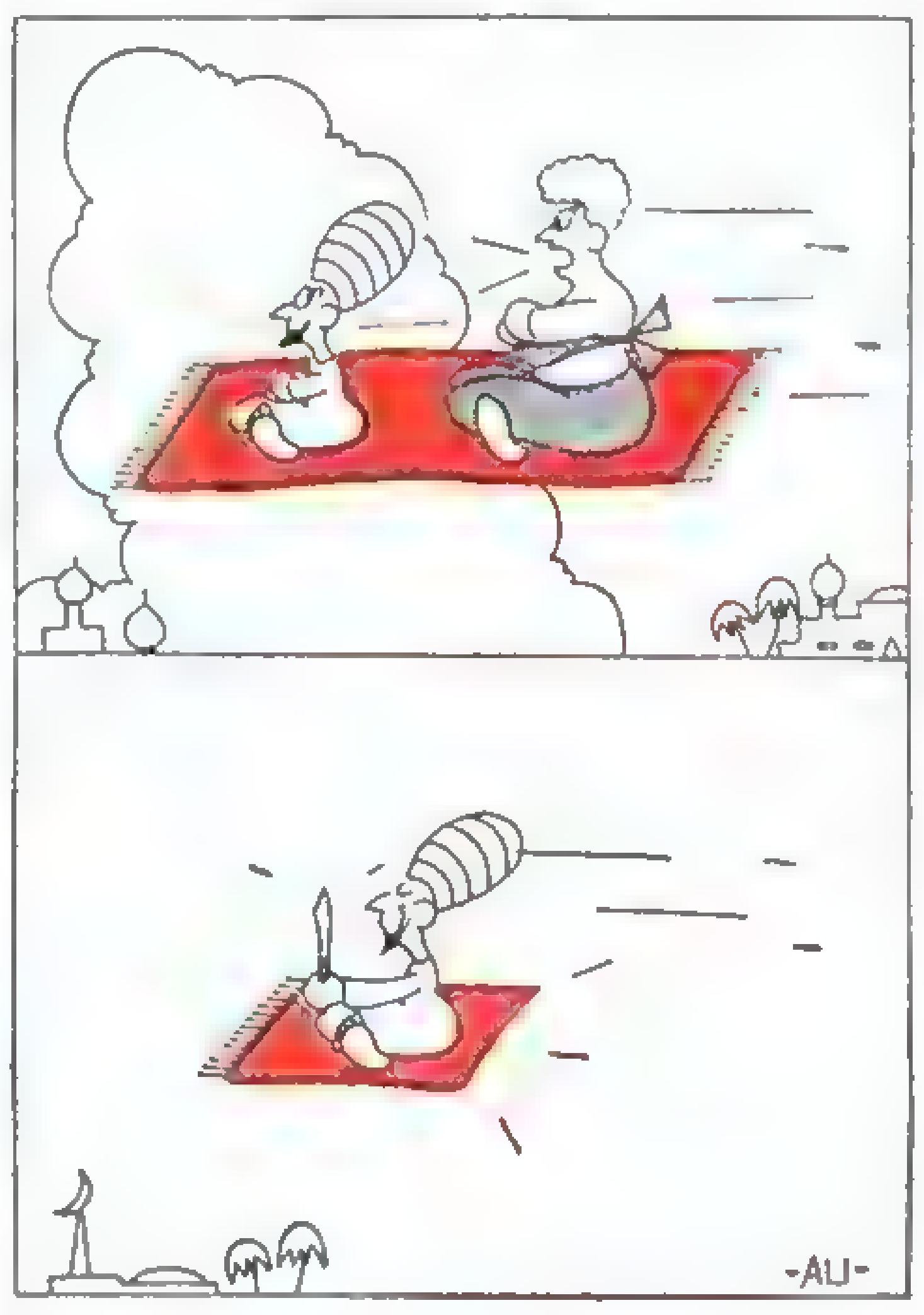
When we're through building cases for the fighting forces we will manufacture bags like this for you. They will be sold through one of the best stores in each city. Winship Co., Inc., Utica, N. Y.

WINSHIP Luggage
WINSHIP UTICA MADE
UTICA, N.Y.

WINSHIP
UTICA LUGGAGE
Traditional SINCE 1774

was darkly yellowed from atabrine and thin. But there was something more than loss of weight in his face. He was emaciated inside. I recognized the look of the freshly returned combat soldier. He looked at Miss Carter with a fixed expression.

"I'm back again," he said brusquely.



I sensed that she couldn't place him, but she held out her hand to him and smiled warmly.

"I'm glad to see you. Where have you been?" she asked.

"I got my Jap—now I'm back."

"Good for you." She smiled.

"I'm lookin' for Miss Hart. You seen her around?"

"Oh, she's been transferred. She got malaria so they thought it best she go south."

"Uh huh." He thought it over a few seconds. "Well, so long."

Miss Carter spoke quickly.

"Oh, we've got some new records. How'd you like to hear 'em?"

She stepped over to a phonograph near-by and put a record on the turntable. He watched her indifferently, but as the melody came pouring out he seemed to thaw. He leaned on the edge of the victrola.

"How was it up there?" she asked casually. "Pretty rugged?"

"Yeah. Rugged as hell."

"You gave 'em the business though, huh?"

"Gave it to 'em good. I got *my* Jap all right."

"Attaboy!" she encouraged him.

"They threw a lot of stuff at us the first two days." (The floodgates were opening.) "I got caught in machine-gun fire the night after I hit the beach. Me and Hal. The Japs knew we were there but we were in a hole. They were shooting over our heads.

"So they started throwing grenades. They were pretty close. We could hear 'em arming them. They have to tap them on something to arm 'em. They were tapping 'em on their helmets. We'd hear 'em go 'tap-tap—tap-tap'—and then we'd wait. The worst thing was sometimes they'd throw 'em and sometimes they wouldn't. I guess they were using psychology on us—

Continued on page 264

PATEK PHILIPPE

630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
ESTABLISHED 1839
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

COPR. 1944, PATEK PHILIPPE CO., INC., N. Y.

A
Sher
SKYMASTER* a Celanese* fabric of rayon and other fine fabrics

"I copped this CELANESE Sport Shirt for myself!"*

Santa — the ol' connoisseur — certainly knows a good gift when he sees one. Wings Sport Shirts in quality fabrics will make a merrier Christmas for any man. He'll enjoy Wings at work, at sports, at ease. The superior construction assures perfect fit and real comfort. This Christmas, give him perfect-fitting Wings Sportswear — the perfect gift.

Ask for CELANESE SKYMASTER* dress and sport shirts at fine men's shops everywhere.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WINGS SPORTSWEAR
FOR PERFECT FIT

PIEDMONT SHIRT CO. Greenville S. C. Empire State Building, N.Y.C.

A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose

Continued from pages 83-259-261-263

tryin' to get us sore so we'd charge 'em or somethin'.

"Well, it didn't work. We were smarter than they figured. We just lay there very quiet, and after a while the Japs knocked it off. I guess they figured we was dead. We stayed there about an hour more and then we started to get the hell out of there. We'd gone about fifty yards when bang! One of those babies must've been laying for us. That grenade burst on the far side of me—next to Hal. I let go with my Tommy. I sprayed everything around me. Then I heard a yell and a Jap fell out of a tree not more than ten feet from us. That machine gun opened up again but it was wild. I grabbed Hal and dragged him out of there.

"He was hurt bad. A corpsman picked us up a little way further back and about an hour later he died."

He stopped abruptly. Miss Carter turned off the victrola. The record had been grinding tunelessly for some time. The boy looked slowly around the room at the pool table, the checker players, the group around the radio, the writing desks.

"Well, thanks for the music," he said at last. "I gotta write a letter to Hal's mom. She lives next door."

A puzzled frown settled on his face. "It's gonna be tough. Miss Hart woulda knowed what to say."

"Why don't you write her how he died," Miss Carter suggested gently. "She'd want to know that."

The boy looked at her with fierce, shining eyes.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "You think they die like in the movies? They die hollering and cursing. Hal went out yelling for somebody to do something. He knew he was dying. He wanted them to keep him alive, and they couldn't. You know what the last thing he said was? He called the corpsman a s. o. b!" He stopped for breath. "You want I should write his mother that?"

Miss Carter shook her head.

"No," she said softly. "Just write her how much you loved him—and how sorry you are he's gone."

The boy stared at her for a long minute. Then his face lost its tension.

"Yeah," he said slowly. "Yeah."

Carefully he set his cap over his warlock.

"Thanks, Miss."

He walked away with short, jerky steps.

Miss Carter sat down wearily. She looked at me, her eyes bright.

"Six months ago," she said, "I would have cried. I guess I'm getting tough." ⌗

Believe it or not,

They're Pajamas!

So versatile, so many-lived they're practically a whole wardrobe. Grand for lounging, swell for sleeping. Wear them at home, on the beach or in the garden. Wear them evenings to save your business suit.

Crew neck pullover of soft, combed mercerized balbriggan. Slack trousers —tailored of fine broadcloth. With pleated tops, roomy side pockets, breathe-with-you Wonderbelt.

Bright cluster and neat stripings—also solid colors. Wine, Blue, Brown. Sizes A to D.

FIRST NIGHTER
Pajamas by Weldon

Individually packed in handsome gift boxes. about $4

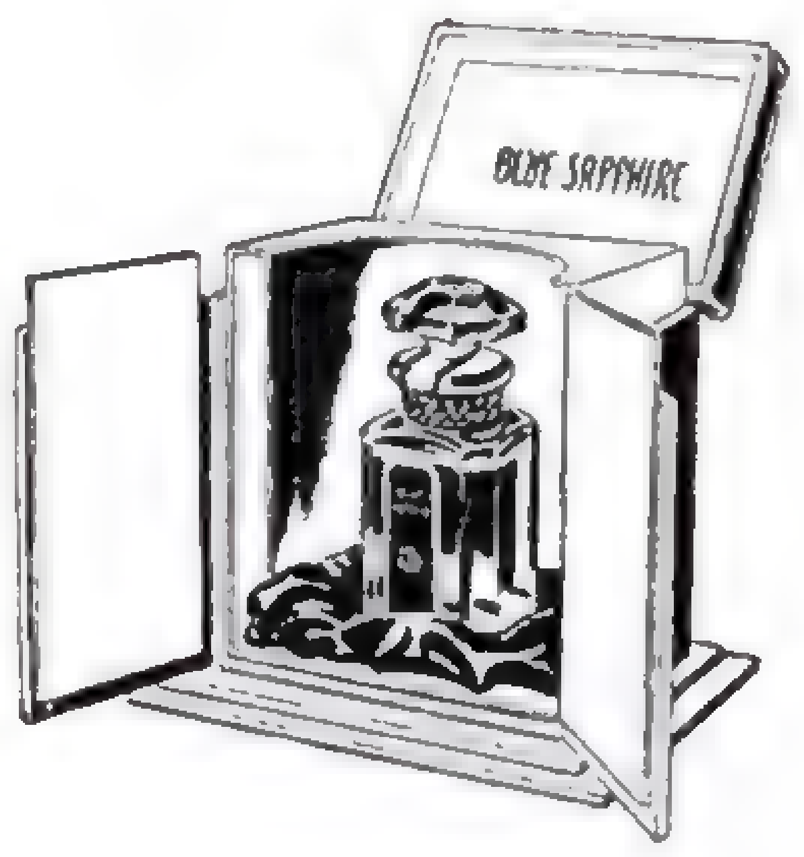
Pajamas by Weldon

Makers of the famous BAL-TUCK and SKI-MO PAJAMAS

At all fine stores or write LUBIN-WEEKER CO., INC., 1270 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

They're wearing

BLUE SAPPHIRE



PERFUME BY *Lynette*

Football After the War

Continued from page 86

1919 for another gridiron season. We were, I am afraid, a bit rough. We had developed a destructive manner of thinking and doing. After what we had been through in the service, football couldn't possibly seem very violent. The rougher and more violent it was, the more fun it seemed to us. I have no doubt the same thing will happen this time after the war. And I'm going to surprise you, perhaps, by the statement that I think it will be a good thing for our boys. Even in peacetime the boy of twenty needs a certain amount of that rugged competition and "ethical roughness"—on the field and within the rules.

At least I'm glad we had it. Otherwise, some of us might not have survived the late-season game between Penn and Dartmouth at New York's Polo Grounds in 1919. That was probably the roughest game played between two representative American college teams since the old days of the long haircuts and the openwork headguards.

We had such redoubtable individuals as Bert Bell, Lud Wray, Heine Miller and others who wrote brilliant pages in Penn's football history. Dartmouth, coached by Dr. Clarence (Fat) Spears, was manned by such rugged citizens as the late Gus Sonnenberg, Joe (Cuddy) Murphy, Jackson Cannell, Bill Cunningham, Swede Youngstrom and Jim Robertson.

When the last whistle blew, the score read Dartmouth 20, Penn 19. It had been the Battle of the Marne staged all over.

You see, when a game is worth playing, it's worth playing to the hilt. That's the way we Americans feel about football or any other sport.

The boys who are now driving to victory on fronts in Europe, in the Pacific and in other parts of this war-scarred world are going to feel the same way about it when they come home. They will be seasoned veterans, with a rare sense of aggressiveness. That's a priceless quality which we should attempt in every possible way to nurture. A nation can't buy that quality. It must spring from within the hearts and minds of its young men.

Some of our educators didn't realize that in the years that followed the last war.

Then the reaction set in. The cry of "overemphasis" went up. Educators in annual conventions began to decry the popularity of football. Winning came to be something that was viewed with suspicion. The good educators, convinced that we would never have to fight another war, de-

Continued on page 266

yours for an "old fashioned" Christmas The Professional Mixing Guide

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

Be prepared for Christmas cheer by sending for a copy of the Professional Mixing Guide — an authentic collection of 254 standard recipes used by professional barmen.

It makes available what years of experience have proved important in preparing fine drinks. Exact ingredients, accurate measurements, the proper way to mix each drink. It includes punches and cups, swizzles, hot drinks for cold weather, and non-alcoholic beverages.

It shows, too, how the proper use of Angostura Bitters can help make better drinks — assuring you of the utmost in satisfaction.

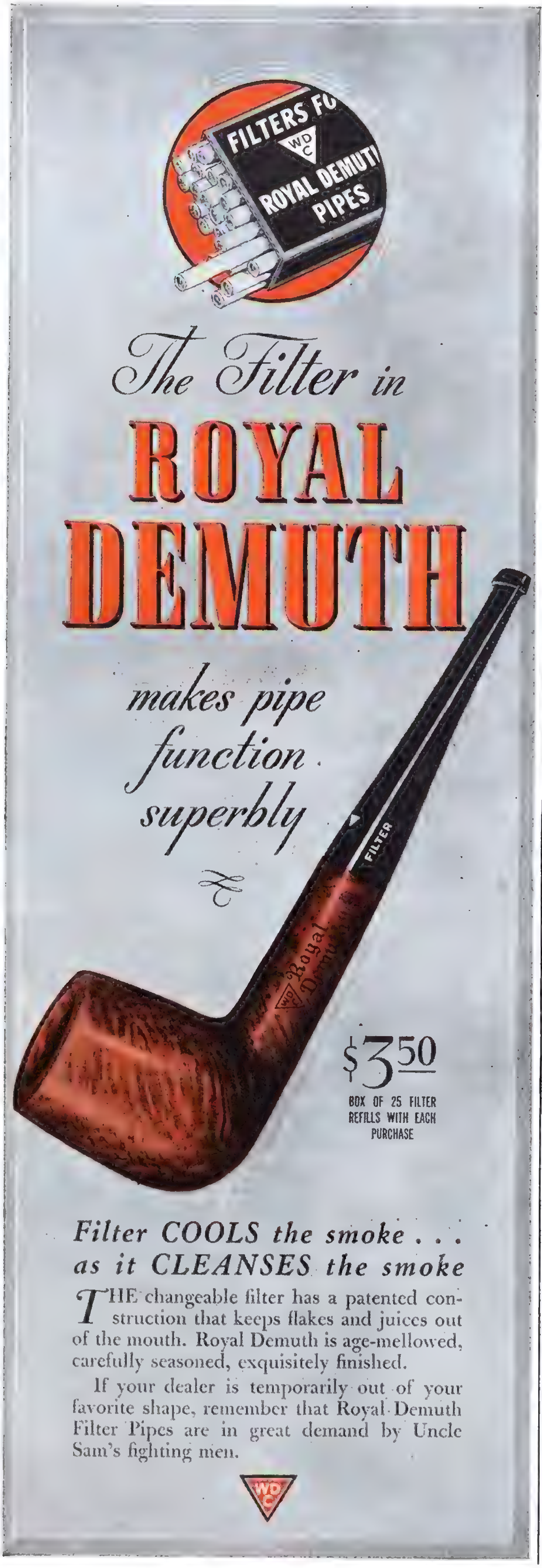
Copies of the Professional Mixing Guide will be mailed FREE on request.

Keep Buying War Bonds and Stamps

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
"Proud legacy of an unchanging tradition -a Quality tradition born 104 years ago"
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 70% CANE PRODUCTS NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF



FILTERS FOR ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES
WDC
FILTER
Royal Demuth

The Filter in ROYAL DEMUTH makes pipe function superbly

$3.50

BOX OF 25 FILTER REFILLS WITH EACH PURCHASE

Filter COOLS the smoke . . . as it CLEANSES the smoke

THE changeable filter has a patented construction that keeps flakes and juices out of the mouth. Royal Demuth is age-mellowed, carefully seasoned, exquisitely finished.

If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by Uncle Sam's fighting men.

WDC

Football After the War

Continued from pages 86-265

cided in too many cases that rugged contact sports like football should not be played to the hilt. We settled into the softness of the lush late 1920's. We lost that keen competitive urge which we had possessed ten years earlier. We really never recovered it until war came again.

Now, although we all can hope and pray and even believe that this country will never again be visited by such a war as that we are now fighting, I think it is up to us to encourage and nurture the sense of competition and the will to win which are the natural birthrights of the American youngster. Our system of private enterprise, our competitive American viewpoint, depend on that. That's why tennis, golf, baseball and dozens of other sports attract so many millions of players and spectators every year. That's why football is the keystone of our college athletic program, and should remain so.

That's why a man named A. A. Stagg, with fifty years of service as a college football coach and as a sportsman, has earned a unique niche in American life. There never was a finer, more generous sportsman. And there never was a football player or coach who believed more strenuously in playing the game for every ounce there was in it. He has believed always that victory in football or in any other sport cannot possibly be overemphasized. You're not playing the game if you don't play to win, within the spirit and the letter of the rules. And Lonnie Stagg has always played to win and has always hated to lose. Only a weakling would dispute the old sports saying that "there is no glory in defeat."

Control? Sure, I believe in control of athletics in the avoidance of pitfalls. But that does not mean the throttling of this will to win. The control should come in two major phases.

One should be in strict adherence to scholastic requirements. I don't mean that every college should have identical entrance requirements. Different institutions have different missions to fulfill. There are highly essential pursuits in this country, such as farming, animal husbandry, etc., for which men must be trained, but for which a training of two or three years will suffice. Just because a boy does not plan to be a physician or a lawyer or a chemical engineer is no reason why he should not be college-trained. But it is obvious, I think, that he should not be required to pass such stiff entrance requirements as the boy who plans to become

the name Wimbledon appears only on the finest sport shirts in America

© COPYRIGHT 1944

Wimbledon Shirt Co.

MERCHANDISE MART CHICAGO 54, ILLINOIS

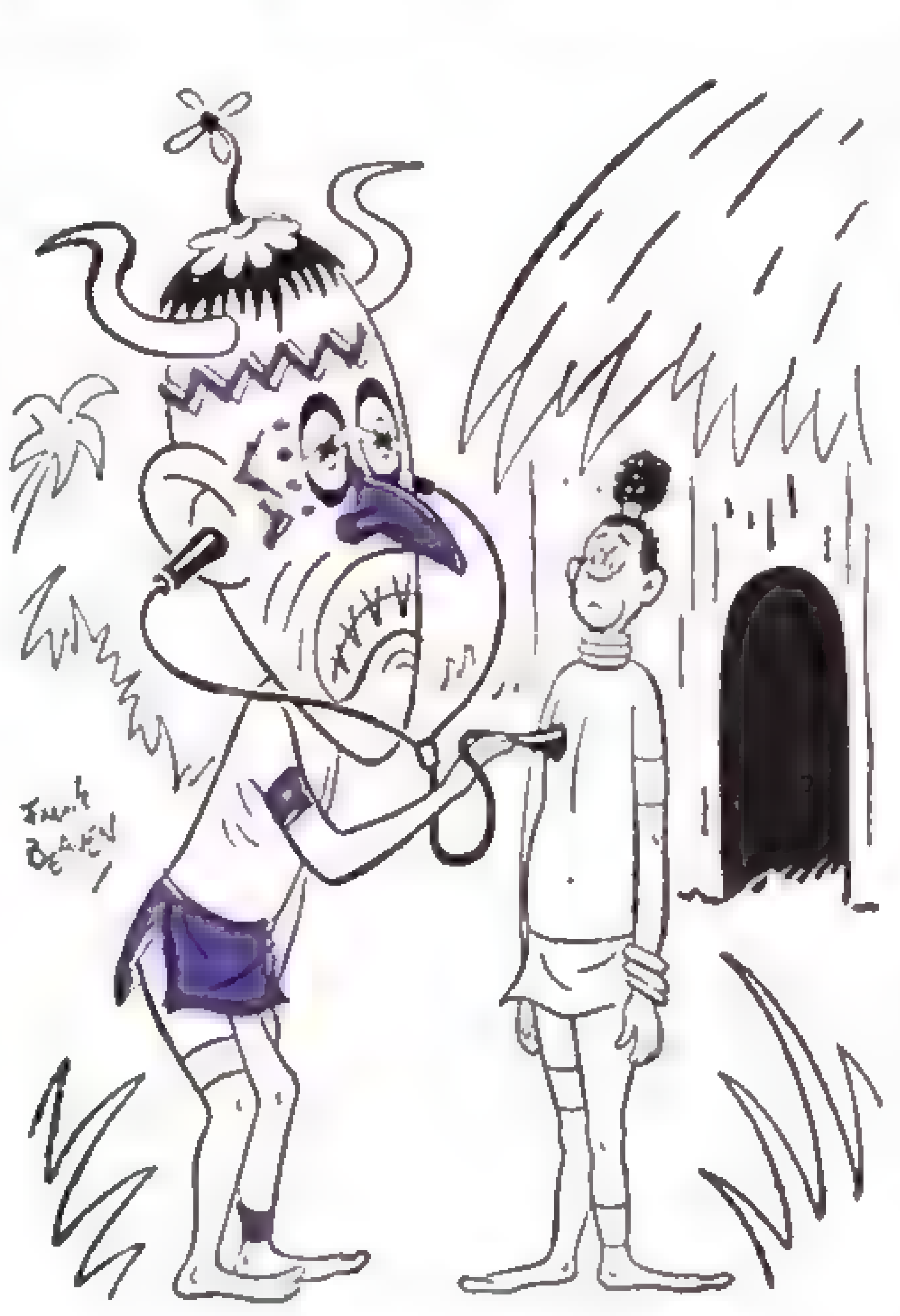
a physician or a lawyer or a chemical engineer.

So, to control this matter of eligibility, let the college determine its mission and set its scholastic standards—and then live up to those standards rigidly. If the boy playing football or running on the track team or playing basketball is a full-fledged student in good standing, meeting exactly the standards set for all his classmates, then it seems to me that this phase of the athletic problem is well cared for.

Then, in the matter of schedule-making, the simple and sensible answer is to play with your friends whom you can trust. That means playing with teams that are athletically, scholastically and sectionally related. It seems to me that a college athletic policy should be formulated much as an individual builds his own life and chooses his own friends. As an individual, you associate with a man whom you like and respect. No one forces you to do that. You do it because you like him. He associates with you because he likes you and because he has confidence in you.

Perhaps you play golf with him on Saturday afternoons. If he's a good golfer who gives you a good game and beats you about as often as you beat him—both of you fighting tooth and nail for every hole—then you'll enjoy playing with him and will do it as often as possible. Perhaps you have a friend who is a grand guy but he scores up around 110 while your normal game is down in the 80's. In those conditions you'll still like to see him and perhaps will enjoy playing with him once in a while—but you won't get much fun out of it, at that. You want a good game when you play.

On the other hand, you may run into a chap who doesn't keep score very carefully and who has some difficulty in counting higher than six when he tallies up on the green, although you saw him take eight strokes. The chances are



"You need more exercise—get out and play 18 holes of golf every day"

Continued on page 268

Quit Scratching Your Head about a Gift-?

Give DOPP-KIT

THE BEST GIFT TO GIVE—the best to receive. For DOPP-KIT combines luxury, smartness and convenience. This most-popular-of-all toilet kits, big in capacity to hold all necessary shaving and toilet articles—opens easily and stays open for convenient use—and closes snug and flat for your traveling bag. It is styled up to the minute and true to high standards of quality in material and workmanship. You couldn't pick a better gift. Exclusive. Patented. Priced from $3.00 up, for sale at better stores everywhere.

Also makers of the famous DOPP-CRAFT brief cases, brief bags, zipper envelopes and binders

CHARLES DOPPELT & COMPANY
412 N. Orleans Street • Dept. E-124 • Chicago 10

Mellow spot for a pleasant evening
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM

For unvarying superiority in mixed drinks and cocktails . . . make your drinks with Don Q, Puerto Rico's favorite quality rum.

86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

For color picture of Spunray girl write Dan River Mills.

"SO NICE TO COME HOME TO"

Sure you can have the shirt off my back, Private Jones, when you're home again! And all those other nice things you've been dreaming of doing... fishing, playing golf, dancing, working around the house, digging in the garden! And the right kind of clothes to do them in... like this Spunray* shirt I'm wearing — so cool and comfortable!

*Spunray is a two-ply, 50% rayon and 50% cotton comfort fabric for leisure shirts, dress shirts and ensembles.

VAT-DYED FOR COLOR FASTNESS
SANFORIZED† AGAINST SHRINKAGE
TEBILIZED FOR CREASE RESISTANCE

Spunray is made by DAN RIVER MILLS, Danville, Va.
New York Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
†Shrinkage less than 1%

SPUNRAY
COMFORT SHIRTING

WASHABLE WITHOUT SPECIAL CARE

Football After the War

Continued from pages 86-265-267

that you will not include him in your foursome the next Saturday.

As we get going again in post-war intercollegiate athletics, I think our intercollegiate sports policies could be regulated in much the same manner. Let each college decide honestly what its educational mission is and then make its athletic policies and relationships conform strictly as a phase of its fulfillment. Then let's play hard and fairly to win and encourage the homecoming American soldier-athlete in his enthusiasm for winning. He will have just won a war with the greatest overall performance in military history. He'll be imbued with the importance of winning. Don't let him lose that spark. We'll always need it in American life and God help the country if we ever lose it.

I have been thinking up to now in terms of intercollegiate athletics. But the intercollegiate competition is only part of the picture. The boy who isn't good enough to make the varsity has that competitive spark, too. He wants to play against outside rivals from across the street or across the state. One of the greatest developments of pre-war years was the building of intramural systems of competition which freed boys from dry-as-dust, prescribed body-building programs and gave them intramural and subordinate intercollegiate contests. One of the strikingly successful innovations was that of 150-pound football for boys whose only failing as gridiron stars was lack of weight.

"You can build bodies with prescribed exercises but it takes competitive sport to build men," an Army general now on duty with his troops told me after some years of experience at West Point. Those are the truest words ever spoken. But it is also true that a high level of interest in intramural and subordinate competition depends on a high level of interest in varsity athletics. Let the varsity eleven be winning and you'll have no trouble getting swarms of boys out for class and intramural teams. Let your varsity crew be a winning crew and you'll have crowds trying out for the class or dormitory crews.

Where does the varsity coach fit in this post-war program?

Well, as I see it, his function is that of a teacher, as much as the professor of mathematics or of English Literature. His subject happens to be football. But his objective is that of helping to develop his charges into men who are well-rounded, responsible citizens. The coach, I believe, should be responsible to the university

Heritage of Beauty

Treasures of Czarist Russia photographed are from the famous Hammer Collection.

Over two centuries ago, the romantic Empress of all the Russias treasured her rare, exclusive fragrance Essence Impériale Russe. Today, that same exquisite Essence is a heritage of beauty to American women — an incomparable gift.

ESSENCE IMPERIALE RUSSE

2 oz. bottle—$1.50 • 3 oz. bottle—$2.00
6 oz. bottle—$3.75 (plus tax)

HOUSE of IMPERIALE RUSSE • New York

authorities for the conduct of his work. His should be the function of advisor to his men, as well as an instructor in the proper method of running a weak-side reverse play or defending against the forward pass. He should be in constant touch with the academic instructors. If the college president and his academic family believe the coach is doing the job he should be doing, that ought to be the answer and alumni pressure should be minimized. It follows, I believe, that, other things being equal, a coach who is doing his job properly will win often enough to keep a reasonable alumni group satisfied. An unreasonable alumni group should be, and usually is, ignored.

The words of a chap who played for a big Eastern college come back to me now, although he's far away in uniform—and I hope he's all right because I haven't heard from him now for nearly a year. He was speaking of the line coach who taught him how to play a very good brand of tackle a few years ago and, incidentally, was teaching him many other things about being a man.

"Punctured eardrum, I imagine"

"When I look back on my college course," he said, in speaking of his line coach, "I know that he taught me more and had a greater influence on me for good than was true of any instructor or professor or advisor I ever had in the academic field. And in every one of the six years since I left college that feeling has increased. There is rarely a day that I don't recall with profit some word or some lesson he taught me."

That just about sums up my idea of the way we coaches should visualize our opportunities and responsibilities to these worldly-wise young war veterans as they come back to play out their one, two or three years of football.

We can't help having the greatest football seasons we have ever experienced. All we need is a wholesome application of common sense and sportsmanship, and emphasis, as never before, on the will to win. ##

TAVANNES
TA-VAN
Distributed and Serviced 'Round the Globe...
RUSSIA
TURKEY
MEXICO
ITALY
CANADA
NORWAY
EGYPT
INDIA
CHINA
PANAMA
SWEDEN
BRAZIL
SWITZERLAND
ENGLAND
TAVANNES WATCHES
For over Half a Century

Since 1891—Tavannes Timepieces have been produced by foremost craftsmen—in one of the world's largest watch factories . . . Models for men and women from $37.50

Write for Free Style Booklet E D

TAVANNES WATCH CO., INC., 608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Are you a man . . . or a mannikin?

Gone are the days when a man could make like a clothes dummy. Today's pace is swift, nerve-racking, and inclined to be clothes-wrecking. Unless your clothes enjoy the benefits of Balanced Tailoring*!
This exclusive needlework technique gives Timely Clothes the FLEXIBILITY of costly hand-tailoring reinforced by the STURDINESS of machine stitching.
Gives you comfortable SMARTNESS that lasts. And remember, only Timely Clothes have Balanced Tailoring*.

Balanced Tailoring*
makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

Timely Clothes are about $35 to $70 at good men's stores everywhere or write
TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., Rochester 2, New York

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Mido WINDS AS YOU GO*

*Your arm's natural motion keeps your Mido fully wound. It's the 100% waterproof watch that winds itself. Shock-resistant . . . anti-magnetic . . . seventeen jewels, it is sold and serviced in sixty-five countries. Supply limited.

★

Write for illustrated booklet, A124, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc.
665 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.... In Canada, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.

Mido
MULTIFORT
SUPER
AUTOMATIC

© 1944 MIDO WATCH COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.

Farms for the Yanks

Continued from page 63

blights, tumors, scabs, rusts, molds, black rots, soft rots, leaf spots and cankers which attack his plants. He gets 200 to 250 bushels of potatoes to the acre while the fellow across the road gets 150. He gets better crops because his soil is right, and he uses the best seed he can get for all the crops. His cows average 8,000 pounds of milk a year against 5,000 for the average herd. He has graded up his herd by using good bulls and breeding his best cows. His fields are laid out so he doesn't waste time on unnecessary turns. And his equipment earns more than its keep because he keeps it busy on work that pays. His farm buildings and water are arranged so he doesn't waste any time. The forty minutes he saves each day by his efficiency he spends on keeping an extra cow or acre producing.

Joe Strandski's idea that there is much free public land okay for farming is shared by many. People still believe the government can hand out 160 acres of farm land to anybody who will farm it. Actually there is little free land left suitable for farming. Many good farms could undoubtedly be developed on the public domain but the costs would be heavy. Why should anyone take a chance on farming land that everyone has given the go-by for the last hundred years?

The chances of getting 160 acres free in the United States that will be suitable for farming are pretty slim. Since 1939 an average of only a few hundred people a year have been able to get farms in this way. Many applications for homesteads in recent years have been disapproved because the land was too poor for farming. A few hundred sales per year of small patches of public land have been made. Such land for the most part has been sold by the Government to farmers and ranchers who wanted to expand. The few homesteads handed out are usually in areas where public improvements such as irrigation are being made near existing farm or ranch areas and, usually, they go to experienced farmers who want to own rather than rent. To make sure any possibilities for homesteading aren't being missed, the Government is checking up on how many good farms can be squeezed out of the patches of good land here and there. A few farms will pop up—but not many.

There are many myths about Alaska, like the tales about the great size of mosquitoes. The ideas about farm opportunities are about as far off base. Let's see what Harold Ickes says. The De-

MEN LOOK for
QUALITY...
in a gift

In toilet essentials it's fine scent—luxurious feel—dapper packaging—that men like, look for, and enjoy in these distinguished ASCOT preparations for good grooming, created by Solon Palmer, America's First Perfumer. Ultra-smart packages in "pigskin" effects and natural wood. Gift boxes decorated with colorful sporting prints.

GIFT SET—Shaving Bowl, Talcum, and After Shave Lotion, $2.50
AIR TRAVEL KIT—Shaving Stick, Small After Shave Lotion and Small Talcum, $1.00
TALCUM, $.50 HAIR DRESSING, $.75
SOAP (3 in a box), $1.00 SHAVING STICK, $.50
SHAVING BOWL, in Gift Package, $1.10
(Add taxes to prices)

AT THE BETTER STORES

ASCOT BY palmer
SINCE 1847

solon palmer • new york

partment of Interior, Government watchdog for Alaska, states:

> "Except in favorable locations, agriculture as a sole means of livelihood can be expected to support only relatively few settlers. The problem of additional successful agricultural settlement will be largely that of selling or utilizing the produce rather than raising it."

This means that more and better roads, railroads and marketing and distribution centers need to be developed and more people who are not farmers go there to work in other services before farmers can profitably go in and settle what good lands there are. Without roads or marketing facilities, new farmers, except in the few favorable locations already being farmed, couldn't get their produce to market anyway.

About the immediate farm future of Alaska the Department of Interior is still pessimistic:

> "Agriculture can be economically expanded at least to provide the Alaska market with a greater proportion of those agricultural products which can be produced there. However, some parts of Alaska will continue to be more feasibly provisioned from the United States than from the Territory."

Of course, if the Government should decide to encourage development of Alaska on a large scale, farm and other opportunities would be greatly increased. But all that is in the future.

There will be other opportunities in Alaska, perhaps more in recreation, mining, fishing, engineering and service trades than in agriculture. Anyone wanting a farm in Alaska should pick one as near to civilization as possible. Even then he will have some real work to do. And he must remember—pioneering is tough. He can't go to Alaska and make a fortune in a few years of farming. In fact, a prospective homestead settler should have financial assets sufficient to take care of living costs during the development period and to cover expenditures for clearing and preparing the land, constructing the necessary buildings and securing essential equipment. And these costs will be higher in Alaska than in the States.

Freddie Weiss will have several ways to get land in Alaska for farming, business or mining. If he wants to farm he can homestead. Or he can lease lands for grazing animals other than reindeer. If it is fur farming he wants, he can lease an island for a period of ten years if he can find one not in use. If Fred wants to go into business or manufacturing he can locate on vacant public land and get his business started. Then he can purchase the site (up to 80 acres of non-mineral land) at $2.50 per acre. Also, oil and gas lands outside the known producing fields may be leased to the extent of 2,560 acres. Mineral deposits other

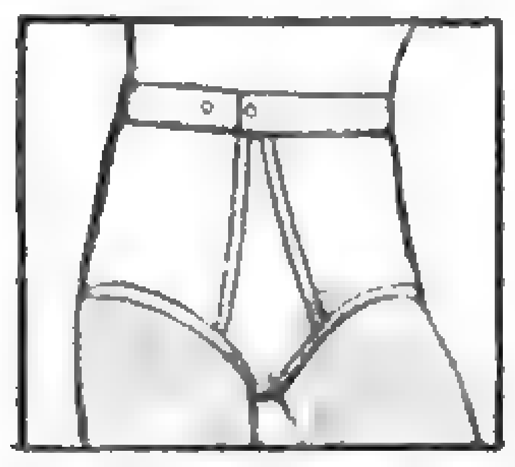
Continued on page 272

They're cut to fit...to fight fatigue

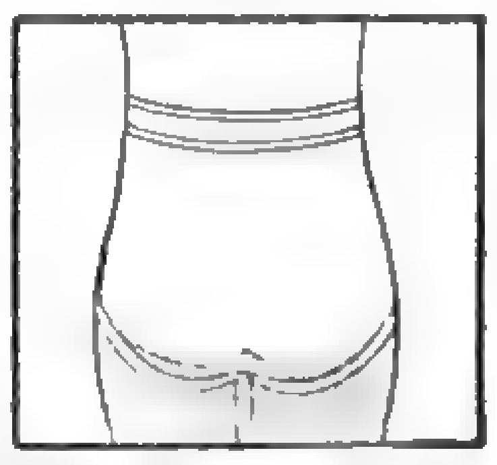
Forget that "All-in-at-5" feeling with

REIS

Scandals



REIS exclusive "Dart-stitched" non-sag pouch gives men mild athletic support.



GENEROUS CUT ...full seat coverage. No seams to sit on. "HI-WAIST" design for perfect fit.

MATCHING SHIRT absorbs perspiration—keeps outer shirt fresh. Cut to follow leg-line of Reis Scandals. Tops in real shirt comfort.

CHANGE TO

REIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR PAJAMAS

SPORTSWEAR HOSIERY

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY · 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

In a Class by Itself....

PALMDAYL* SPORTSHIRT

From California

Styled in the California manner with convertible collar. It's washable, in a gabardine† by EVERFAST... colors guaranteed. Granted exclusively in California to *Palmdayl.* Solid colors ...Sand-Dune, Blue, Cream, Natural, Bali Tan. At fine stores throughout the country.

†*24% wool, 76% spun rayon*

PALMDAYL SHIRTS

CALIFORNIA'S PIONEER SHIRTMAKERS

525 East Twelfth Street, Los Angeles 15, Calif.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Seven Seas
SLACKS

Make Swell CHRISTMAS GIFTS . . .

. . . *for they're practical as all get-out, yet so carefully tailored, so well-styled, and made of such handsome fabrics they have the luxury look that spells Christmas. Be sure you get the Seven Seas label.*

SLIMLINES ARE FOR THE LADIES

AT BETTER STORES

Moyer MFG. CO. • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

ESTABLISHED 1 8 9 4

Farms for the Yanks

Continued from pages 63-271

than coal, phosphate, oil shale, gas, sodium and potash, in the public lands and national forests of Alaska, may be purchased under the general mining laws of the U. S. For details, write General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

The Small Site Law may provide Corporal Newman with the retreat he needs to recuperate. The Federal Government has a lot of land which is suitable only for camps and business sites and good stuff for those who need sunshine and low humidity for their health. Most of these small sites can be found in the desert valleys of Southern California, in the Pacific Coast states and in the mountain states of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and in New Mexico and Arizona. A few scattered small sites can also be had in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other states. The land, in most cases, can be leased in the amount of one to five acres at a cost of about a dollar an acre a year. Business sites that must be classified by the General Land Office run a little more—but are low in cost too.

Specialty farming like fur, herbs or flower seeds always has followers. Many of these types of farming require special skills, equipment and often a good stiff investment. But such specialties as rabbit raising, honey bees and cranberries can make good sidelines. They often are fun and if a person guards against too heavy an investment they may be profitable in a small way.

Thousands like Gib Swanson want to hold down a job in town and do a little side-line farming in the country. They want a hog, cow, a garden. Anyone willing to work the extra hours this life requires can do it. It may not pay—but it might be fun. Most part-time farmers don't make more than 200 to 300 dollars a year on farming. A five hundred-dollar down payment on the land will get you started. You can expand as fast as profits permit, if adjacent land is obtainable. The one big requirement is a job to provide the cash for running the farm and the family.

Much Army and Navy land was bought from private individuals. Although some of this has been destroyed by military establishments, there will be some that can be sold in farms. Previous owners and veterans probably will be given first chance to buy. About 6,000 to 8,000 farms are expected to be available. Very little military land is being sold now. So it is likely Willard Rennard will have a chance to scramble for one.

What about an irrigation farm

FOR THIS . . . THEIR SHINING HOUR!

a GENUINE REGISTERED Keepsake*
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

Of this she has dreamed . . . back home again . . . her love and yours sealed with the traditional symbol of the engagement . . . a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The name "Keepsake" in the ring . . . the nationally established price on the tag . . . and the Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee enable you to choose any Keepsake with assurance of quality and value. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . $100 to $3500.
Prices include federal tax. *Trade Mark Registered.

CUSTIS Set	110.00
Engagement Ring	100.00
Also $200 and 300.	

DOVER Set	287.50
Engagement Ring	200.00
Also $300.	

MALDEN Set	525.00
Engagement Ring	400.00
Also $550 to 1650.	

Rings enlarged to show details.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS and want to send your fiancee a Keepsake, send her a money order and have her write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the Ring.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.
Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name..

Street and No..

City..

K 12-44

for WAC Betty Miller? Right now on lands already irrigated there are few openings except when a farmer retires or dies. Everything worth farming that has water is being farmed. In fact, some land being farmed now might not pay in normal years.

Some big dams have been built by the Bureau of Reclamation in the Columbia River Basin in Washington and Oregon, the Sacramento River of California, and other western streams. The water is piled up behind the dams waiting to irrigate the surrounding lands. But it takes time to build the public ditches and other structures to get the water out on the land and more time to get the private ditches on the farms, the lands leveled and the farms improved with buildings, fences, roads, so they can begin producing. It will certainly be three to five years after the war before many new farms become available for actual farming operations, probably longer. But when the irrigation projects are completed, there will be the equivalent of about 35,000 new farms available averaging eighty acres in size. About another 30,000 such average-size farms could be obtained by subdividing and providing more water to some large farms and ranches if the owners will agree to sell part of their land. This makes about 65,000 farms that could be developed after the war, of which only about 10 per cent is public land that can be homesteaded. With about 265,000 western farm boys in the service—and assuming half will want to return to farms—the new farms will be pretty well sewed up by the boys who know how to do that kind of farming. Over a longer period, by the construction of dams and other works, another 70,000 such farms could be developed.

When the new irrigation farms do appear, the inexperienced won't have as good a chance to get them as the experienced. And they shouldn't. Irrigation farming is a very ticklish business. You have to know just when and how much water to apply or crops will be damaged. If you don't know how to irrigate, damaging salts may accumulate and reduce or destroy productivity of the soil. Also, dry land farmers have a good share of bugs and diseases to worry them. If you have two years' experience in irrigation farming and a couple of thousand dollars, you might get a farm. Of course, if you have money you can get a farm with or without experience.

One of the best ways to get a good farm after the war will be to rent or buy from a farmer who wants to retire. Possibly as many as 200,000 farms scattered over the whole of the United States will be available to new opera-

Continued on page 274

Wrap Up Your Christmas Male

with **knopf** *Sportswear*

Styled by knopf

Is he a man who hankers for the wide open spaces . . . who likes his outdoor duds flavored with originality . . . who has a quality and comfort complex? Then your gift clue is KNOPF. No matter whether you give him a handsome, husky leather jacket, a new leisure coat or a poplin garment, you're sure to ring the bell if the label says "STYLED BY KNOPF". It's a name that clicks with men who take their outdoor fun seriously.

Write for Knopf's ALMANAC OF SPORTS

Listing sport records and records of champions.

S. H. KNOPF MFG. CO., 470 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Enjoy that "Million-Air" in your next coat

. . . And Get Proven Long Wear

You get double satisfaction in an Alpagora Coat, thanks to its Double-Dense* fabric. This exclusive fleece has twice as many wool fibres on its surface as the ordinary coat . . . millions and millions, in fact. Deep-napped, soft . . . it's the height of fabric luxury . . . and proven by textile scientists to be far more durable. No wonder you see Alpagoras on the backs of so many forward-looking citizens.

YEAR-ROUND TOPCOATS 32.50 • OVERCOATS 37.50

FOR WOMEN, TOO
Same famous fabric.
Same man-tailoring.
Year-round
Topcoats 32.50
Overcoats 37.50

ALPAGORA

THE COAT WITH THE DOUBLE DENSE* FABRIC

At better shops and department stores everywhere, or write Strathury Manufacturing Co., Galion, Ohio

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Farms for the Yanks

Continued from pages 63-271-273

tors in the first years after the war. You probably will have to have some experience to rent one because good farmers won't risk their farms with an amateur. If you have some cash or can borrow it, you may be able to buy. In general, these farms will be of such a size as to require the full-time work of the whole family. So you need a farm big enough to suit the size of your family. These farms will range in cost from 5,000 to 25,000 dollars and more, but they are the farms on which by hard work and good management you can make a living. You'll have land on which to grow enough crops to enable you to pay up—if prices don't fall too low as they did after the last war and if weather and insects don't get too bad.

If you need some material to help you make up your mind whether to become a farmer, or if you want to study farming like Angelo Pannicucci, it's time to get acquainted with your own United States Armed Forces Institute. The Institute will offer in addition to a general introductory course in farming, such agricultural subjects as *Livestock Farming, Dairy Farming, Crops and Soils, Poultry Farming* and *Managing a Farm.* Correspondence courses in farming may also be taken from agricultural colleges that have working arrangements with the Institute. For more information write to the United States Armed Forces Institute at Madison, Wisconsin, or get in touch with your Special Service Officer. Remember, the courses listed above will not be available from the Institute until late this year or early in 1945. Men in service will be able to take any or all of the courses for a fee of two dollars.

Get acquainted, too, with the Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges in the area where you plan to locate. If you know the country in which you want to farm, write to some farmer at home and to your county agricultural agent. There's a county agent for most agricultural counties in the United States and they can be very helpful. From the Department of Agriculture in Washington you can get such pamphlets as *Shall I Be a Farmer?, About That Farm You Are Going to Buy, Suggestions to Prospective Farmers in Wartime, Selecting a Farm, Major Types of Farming in the United States* and bulletins on practically any farm subject. They will be helpful and may prevent you from making some of the big mistakes beginning farmers are most likely to make. ⋕

Stellhut
chichi
Renoir
SHE LOVES chichi
the perfume that whispers "love me"
...witchery in fragrance...to quicken
the pulse and lift the heart
Renoir
PARFUMS, LTD., NEW YORK

Time

BEJEWELED ON A LADY'S WRIST

Clusters of diamonds and sapphires or rubies
Case and flexible bracelet in pink or yellow gold

ETERNA

Eterna watches have been telling the right time since 1856

ETERNA WATCH COMPANY OF AMERICA, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Revolt on the Pro Gridiron

Continued from page 74

became pro football conscious. Since then it has become big business. In 1926 the National League drew 235,000. Last year it played to 1,338,335. And the reservoir has scarcely been tapped.

But pro football has come a long way since September 16, 1920, when sixteen men, summoned to Canton, Ohio, by Jim Thorpe, the big Indian, formed the American Association, Professional Football Association, later to be called the National League.

The price of a franchise was placed at 100 dollars and often went begging. Jimmy Conzelman, now vice president of the St. Louis Browns, purchased the Detroit franchise for 60 dollars and gave it away. Tim Mara and William Gibson bought the New York rights for 2,500 dollars. Bert Bell secured the defunct Frankfort Yellow Jacket franchise by paying the debts of 2,800 dollars. Today a franchise costs 50,000 dollars and Fred J. Mandel, Jr., paid 225,000 dollars for the Detroit team, including players.

It is not surprising then that envious eyes have been cast on pro football with its possibilities of big profits on relatively small investments. However, no league which challenges the National can hope to succeed without a bitter struggle. There is room for another league, possibly two more, but the older circuit is not going to yield without a battle. The National League is packed with men who know the ropes.

They broke away from the college code and instituted two changes that revolutionized the pro game. They brought the goal posts back to the goal line and permitted a forward pass from any place behind the line of scrimmage.

The first added to the scoring. The second change led to the famous "Buck Pass," from Bronko Nagurski to Bill Hewitt. Nagurski, 230 pounds, either carried the ball himself or faked a buck and passed it to Hewitt, one of the slickest pass receivers of the era. As a result the Bears established all yardage-gained records.

Emboldened by this success, the pros quickly instituted other innovations to open and speed up the game. They established the inbounds line fifteen yards from the sideline, moving the ball into that spot so that a team on the offense could run to both sides. They twice altered the code on kickoffs. This year a pro club is penalized five yards every time it kicks out of bounds and a team must kick off until the ball remains inbounds. The rule makers also cut down the college penalty on a second forward pass to allow

Continued on page 276

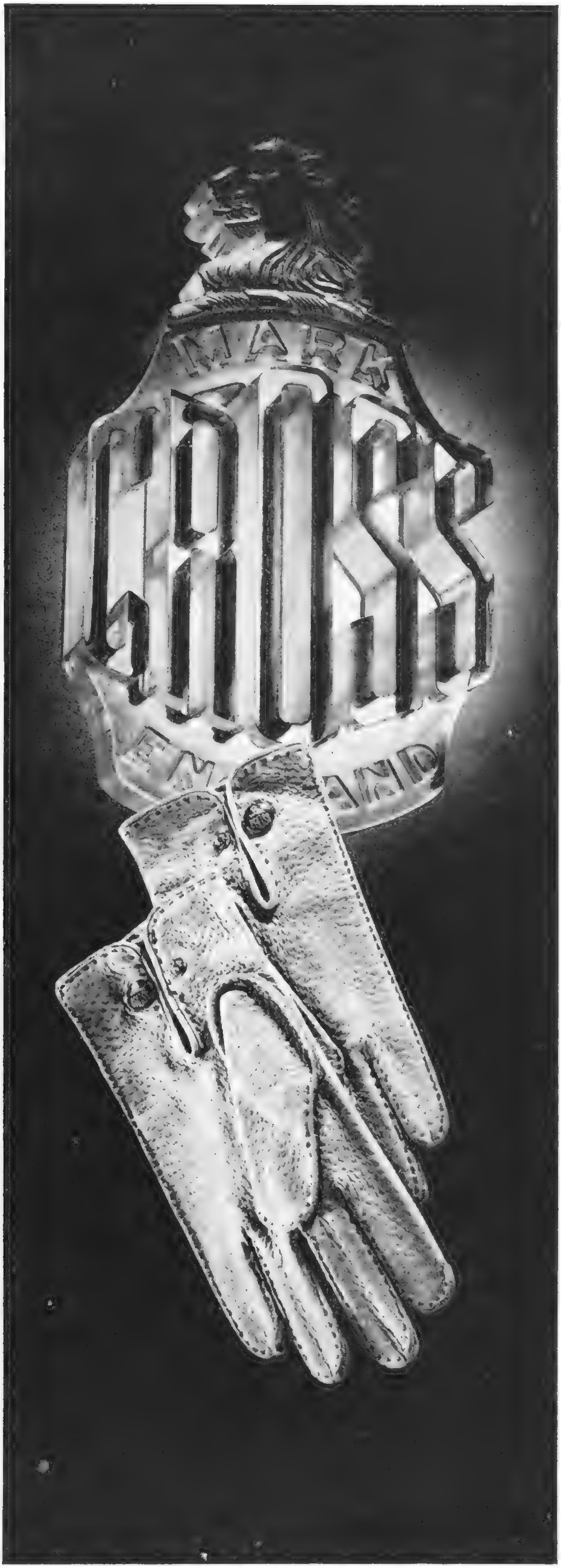
Cartier

The Versatile Shopping Bag

Handsome Cartier gift! Folded, it's a smart handbag of leather with material back. Unfolded it becomes a wonderful carry-all, leather purse still in front. In leather bag colors including uniform colors, khaki, horizon blue, navy blue — and in varied materials. . . With shoulder straps or handles. . . Shown: with red and blue woven design, white ground — blue leather $60. Price includes 20% Federal Tax.

Cartier gifts from $1.00 — Special gifts for those in the service
Christmas cards from 15¢

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • PLaza 3-0111



• GLOVES OF FINE LEATHER FOR MEN AND WOMEN •

MARK CROSS FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND, NEW YORK

Revolt on the Pro Gridiron

Continued from pages 74-275

the yardage gained on the initial pass minus five yards instead of bringing the ball back to where the play started. This gave the spectators the thrill of seeing a completed pass and encouraged the throwing of laterals. They permitted a player to run with a fumble. If a runner stumbled or if any part of his body touched the ground during a run, he was not downed. They have permitted unlimited substitutions and this fall coaches are allowed to shout instructions from the bench or along the sidelines between the forty-yard lines.

The rules committee is toying with other changes. One amendment under consideration will allow the kickoff to score one point if it goes over the goal post. Another proposed change would give the receiver of a punt more protection, enable him to catch the ball on the fly and thus bring back the stirring dashes through an open field that made Vince Stevenson, Jim Thorpe, Walter Eckersall, Wally Steffen and George Gipp grid immortals.

This burning desire to open up the game is one of the reasons why the T formation has become so popular. In the T there is little call for the old-fashioned backfield blocking of the single and double wing back formation. Someone is always running and it permits the use of lighter, faster backs. Linemen must also be big and fast. A lineman merely checks blocks long enough to get the play under way and then goes down the field to clear out the defense. This gives the fans the picture of everyone on the move.

The men who have instituted these changes are some of the most sagacious men in sport: Lieutenant George Halas, president and treasurer of the Bears; Earl (Curly) Lambeau, coach of the Green Bay Packers; Bert Bell, president of the Pittsburgh Steelers; Timothy Mara, founder of the New York Giants, Lieutenant Alexis Thompson, president of the Philadelphia Eagles and George P. Marshall, president and treasurer of the Washington Redskins.

Marshall is probably the most colorful and dynamic, a successful laundry owner who has made pro football his business, a super-showman and a keen operator.

The newest of the magnates is Alexis Thompson of Philadelphia. He is a young fellow, son of a wealthy steel man, who has made a fortune in his own right at the head of an eye lotion concern.

However, it is not the Thompsons, the Bells, the Marshalls, the Maras or the Richards who made pro football a success although

John Middleton
(blender of Walnut)
ASSURES YOU
THAT MEN WANT GIFTS LIKE THESE

The De Luxe
MIDDLETON BLENDING-CHEST, $6.50

A permanent blending-bar for the man who likes to make-up his own pipe-mixtures. Handsome, hinged, leatheretted chest contains: (a) Glass jars of 7 rare, expensive tobaccos; (b) jigger for measuring; (c) oil-silk tobacco-pouch; (d) instruction-booklet suggesting many delightful blends. Stoutly cartoned for safe mailing. Order now to avoid disappointment!

THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON

Walnut, MASTER-BLEND OF 7 SUPERB TOBACCOS, $2.25

Mild, fragrant, friendly, *naturally* aromatic. There is no finer filling for the bowl of a pampered pipe . . . no gift more welcome. $2.25 the pound, $1.15 the half-pound, 30c pocket-packs for stocking-gifts.

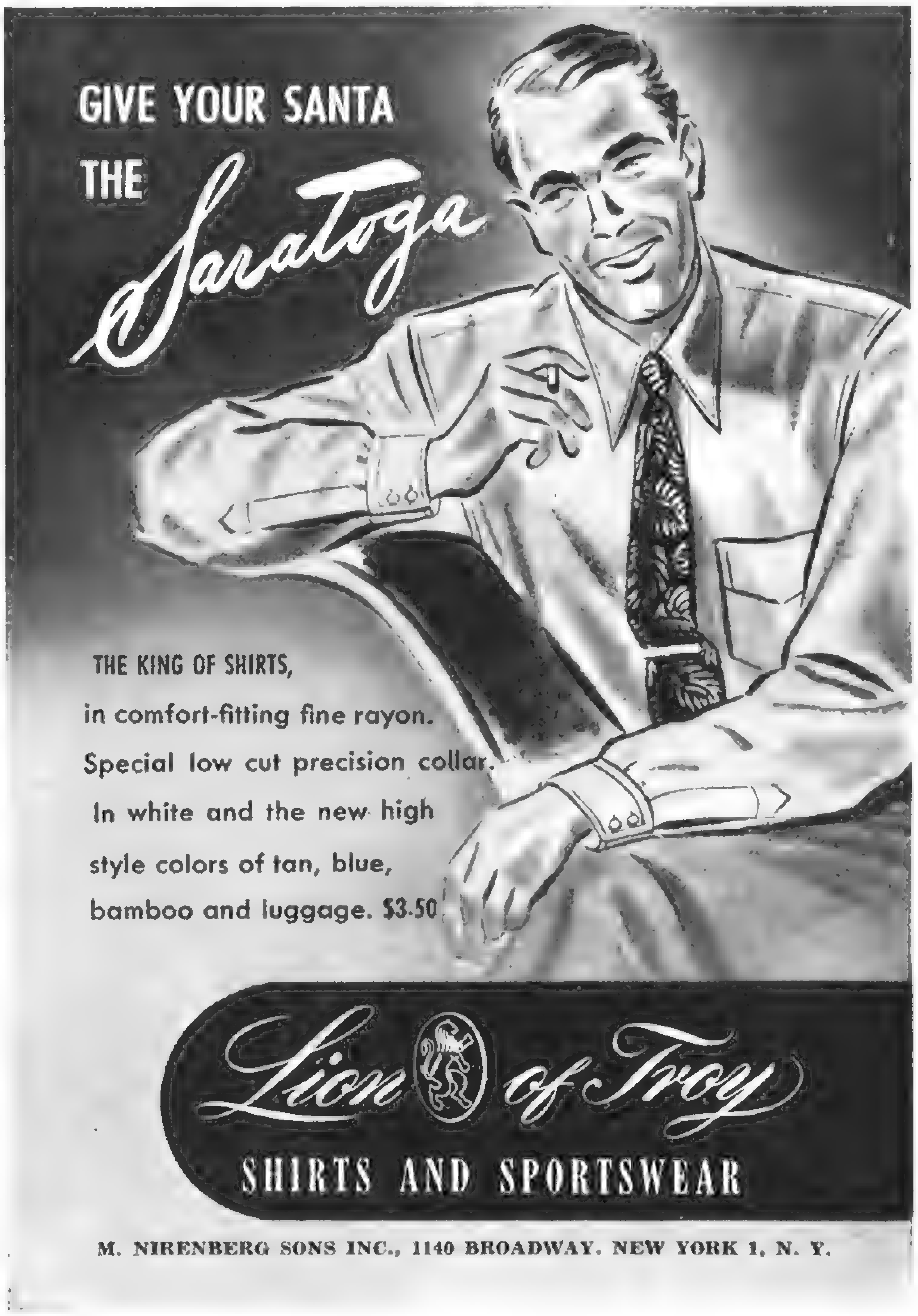
The John Middleton VARIETY KIT, $1

Five individual brands—Walnut, Regimental, Old Mariner, Club Mixture, and Bin 56—each brand to be smoked *separately.* The Variety Kit is a perfect "sampler"—a perfect gift for the pipe-smoker.

Variety Kit

See these products at your tobacco, drug, or department-store. If not available, write to John Middleton, 1227 Walnut (Tobacco) St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

CUSTOM-MADE FOR THE CARRIAGE-TRADE SINCE 1856



THE KING OF SHIRTS,
in comfort-fitting fine rayon.
Special low cut precision collar.
In white and the new high
style colors of tan, blue,
bamboo and luggage. $3.50

Lion of Troy
SHIRTS AND SPORTSWEAR

M. NIRENBERG SONS INC., 1140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

they were important in its development. That distinction belongs to George Halas and Curly Lambeau.

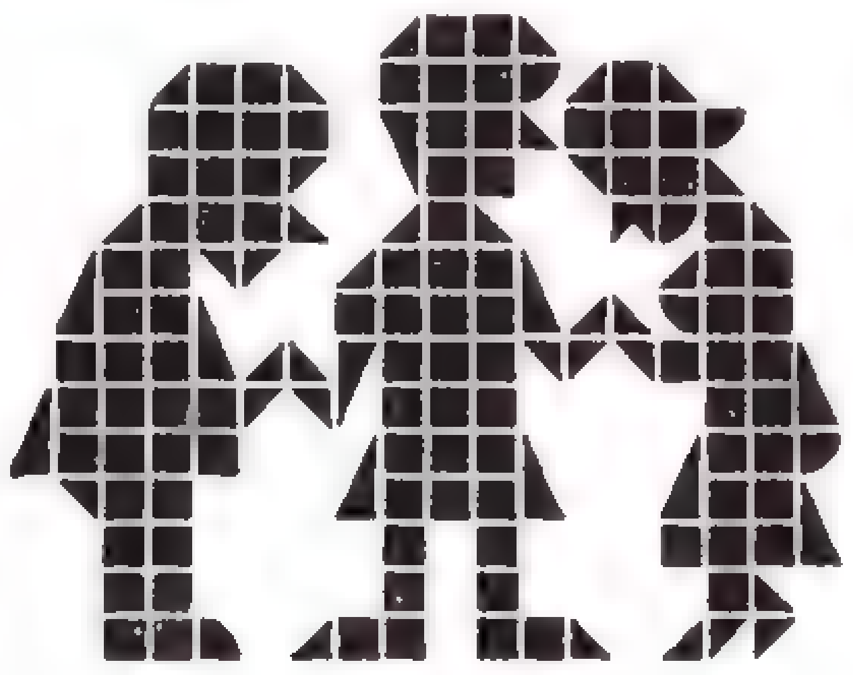
Theirs is the story of pro football and the National League. With no other assets than a passion for touchdowns, they staked out claims in what was in 1919 a discredited profession. Today Halas is the proprietor of four prosperous businesses in addition to the Bears. He has also backed a Broadway success. Lambeau, founder of the Green Bay Packers, can afford lakeside mansions and a yacht. On the way up they brought along the National Football League.

Two famous coaches, Knute Rockne and Robert Zuppke, played behind-the-scene roles. It was a sagacious complaint by Zuppke that set Halas off as the first career man in pro football. Rockne was the counselor and sympathetic friend of Lambeau when he was building a small-town, home-talent group of gridmen into football's most colorful aggregation.

Many before Halas and Lambeau had tried to develop the idea conceived by the Latrobe Y.M.C.A. boys and their neighbors who met in the first professional game on Tuesday, August 31, 1895. But all attempts had failed. Even the venerable Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics, had given it up as a bad gamble. Connie Mack established a team in Philadelphia in 1902 with Christy Mathewson and Rube Waddell and claimed "the championship of the U. S." Teams sprang up in Pennsylvania and Upper New York. For a time the game thrived sufficiently on neighborhood rivalry to reach Old Madison Square Garden for indoor contests between national championship claimants.

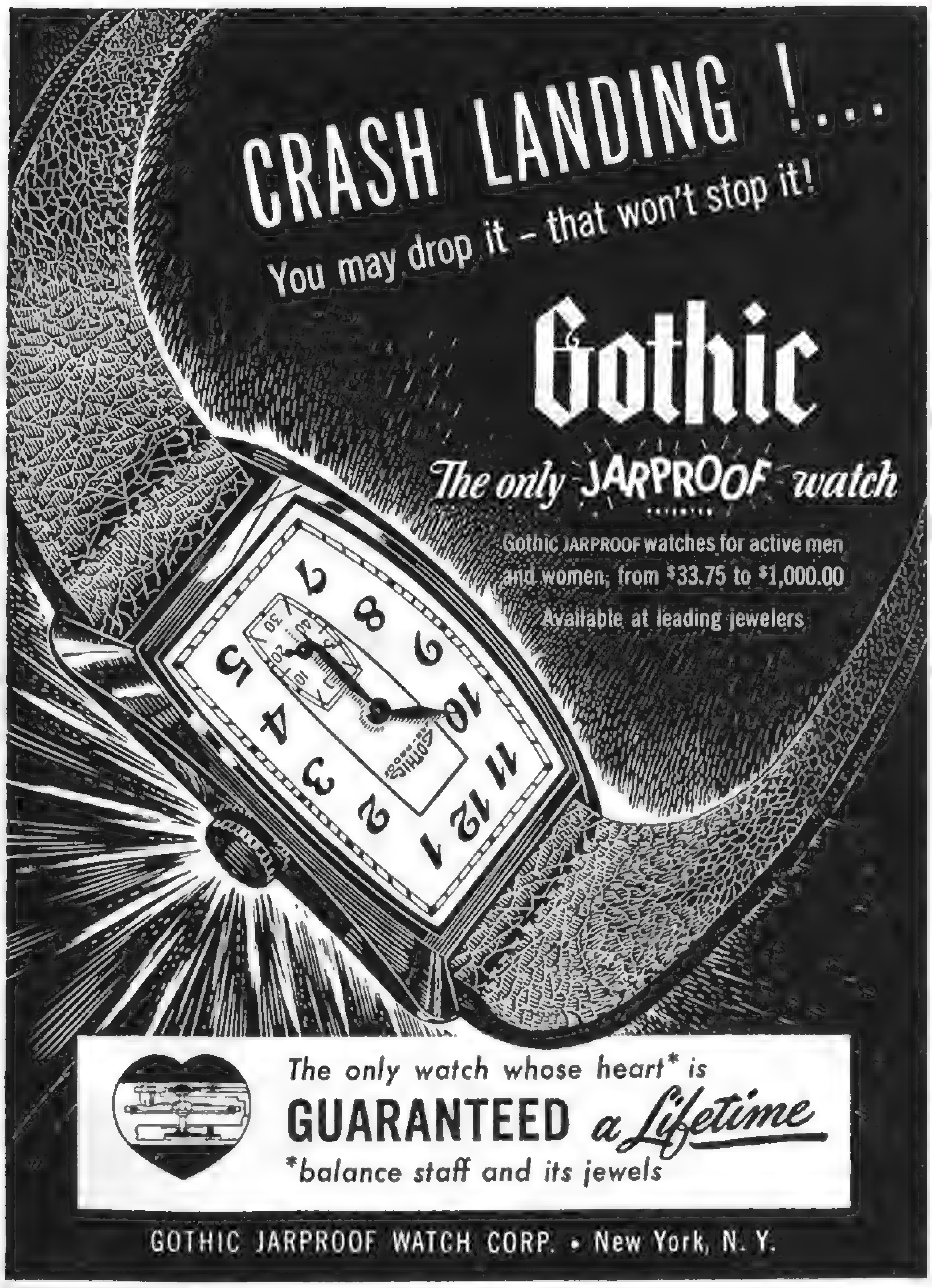
Then Ohio moved into the picture with its famous Canton Bull Dogs, Massillon Tigers, Akron Indians and seven Nesser Brothers, a family of railroading gridiron phenoms from Columbus. The Pennsylvania hard coal regions, Shenandoah, Gilberton, Coldale and Pottsville, took a brief fling and paid fabulous salaries of 600 dollars a game to such

Continued on page 278



Bridal Soliloquy

"Oh, woe is me," the heiress said,
"With Papa owning half the earth
I wonder if I'm being wed
For better or for worth."


CRASH LANDING !...
You may drop it - that won't stop it!
Gothic
The only JARPROOF watch
Gothic JARPROOF watches for active men and women; from $33.75 to $1,000.00
Available at leading jewelers
The only watch whose heart* is
GUARANTEED a Lifetime
*balance staff and its jewels
GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP. • New York, N. Y.

COOK'S
COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
Extra dry

Established 1859

YOU WILL APPRECIATE
THE DELICATE FLAVOR OF

COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN Champagne

Wines of Distinction

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Revolt on the Pro Gridiron

Continued from pages 74-275-277

stars as Willie Heston of Michigan. The Frankfort Yellow Jackets prospered for ten years. But professional football remained as socially acceptable as porch climbing and purse snatching.

It looked good to Halas, however. In his junior year at Illinois Zuppke had declared that "As soon as a young man learns to play some football he graduates." This sounded reasonable to the burly end, shelved for the season with a fractured leg, and he began to weigh the possibilities of a professional career. Midway through the 1918 season at Great Lakes he realized that for the first time he had full confidence in his own ability. He found he was playing better football than ever. Halas waited until 1920 for the chance to organize a team. He was playing outfield for the Staley Corn Products Company at Decatur, under Iron Man Joe McGinnity. E. L. Staley asked him to recruit and coach a "formidable" eleven. It started out as an advertising medium and wound up as the Chicago Bears.

Lambeau's experience was equally fantastic. He talked his bosses at the Acme Packing Company into financing a pick-up team. From the start, the Packers went on to challenge the Bears. Eventually Lambeau got sufficient backing to buy the Green Bay franchise which had been declared void a year previous. The backing came from a gallant man-about-town who sold a 4,900-dollar Marmon sport job to an envious butcher for 1,000 dollars when the trustees of his estate would not advance the required 100 dollars.

Halas and Lambeau were the only fellows the league could count on to come up with a team every year—and last out the season. They were the pillars on which the entire league was built. New teams came in every week. Teams dropped out every week. But Halas and Lambeau went on and on. Without them the league could not have gone on between 1920 and 1925. It would not have survived until Red Grange arrived, cured its publicity rickets, supplied it with vitamins and interested Tim Mara of New York.

Then the Depression ironically gave it a chance to make money. The Chicago *Tribune's* All-Star game eventually brought it across the railroad tracks. By the time it became of age in 1940 it was an exclusive million-dollar organization bidding for a 25,000-dollar-a-year chief executive.

It is not the National League that the new leagues have to fear; it is Halas and Lambeau. ⌗

"... a necessity for well-groomed Men and Women," says

GYPSY ROSE LEE

"I would no more think of starting the day without using ARRID, than I would think of leaving the house without combing my hair. ARRID is an absolute necessity for well-groomed men and women."

New Cream Deodorant

Prevents Under-arm Odor

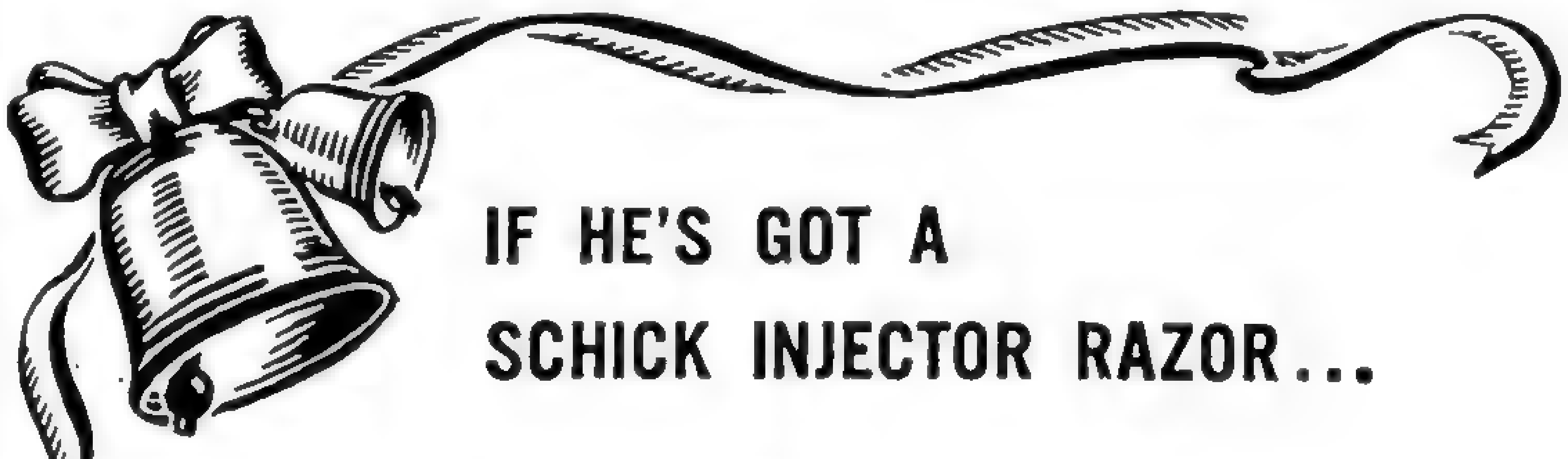
... Vanishes Instantly!

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

ARRID

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug or department store. 39¢ Plus tax Also 59c jars

The largest selling under-arm Deodorant



IF HE'S GOT A SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR...

Your CHRISTMAS GIFT problem is solved!

Schick Injector
20 BLADES
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

Yes, you "gift wrap" it yourself. But we can tell you in advance that nothing says "Merry Christmas" faster than a package of Schick Injector Blades... several packages if he's a special favorite! They're the keenest shaving blades that ever groomed a man's face and they're the *only* blades that make it possible for him to use his swell Schick Injector Razor again.

Don't pass up a sure-fire winner under the Christmas tree—a gift that shows how well you know your man.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.
BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

These people buy a battleship —every week!

Meet John S...and Mary D.....

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes $85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes $55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

When this war is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.

6th WAR LOAN

You've backed the attack— now speed the Victory!

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

The Hero's House of Cards

Continued from page 163

into the bedroom and took another tablet from the box on the night table. I might as well, he thought. For a moment he watched his wife as she slept, and then he began to shake her. It was several seconds before she was completely awake.

"What is it? What do you want? Can't you let me alone?"

"Kulicke just told me. I know everything."

"What do you mean . . . everything? Are you telling me that Kulicke has done something . . .?" She shook her head. "I don't believe it."

He had not listened to what she said. "And I was out fighting for the Fuehrer and the Fatherland and sacrificing everything for you . . . yes, you. And I trusted you!"

The realization that he did not intend to let her sleep made her angry. "All right, let's have it out. So what did I do?"

He did not answer, because, after all, he really knew nothing definite.

"You were sacrificing everything! It's always you who sacrifices, isn't it? It's always yourself that you think about. You, always you!"

Teske cleared his throat. "I was thinking of you when I was flying over the Russian battlefields and facing danger . . ."

"Cut it out. I've heard it too often."

"I saw you as I first met you. In that light blue dress of yours, with your blonde hair falling down over your eyes."

"I see. That's how you think about me? Because it's something pleasant to think about, isn't it? But to think about me as I am today isn't so nice, is it, Hermann? No, it isn't nice at all to think of me as I stand in the factory ten hours every night, in the dreadful heat, working till I think my hands will fall off, day in and day out, with my life going by."

"You are doing your duty as a German woman."

"All right. But what is the sense of it? After all, we're losing the war, aren't we? Are we going to work like this for the rest of our lives? What is there to look forward to?"

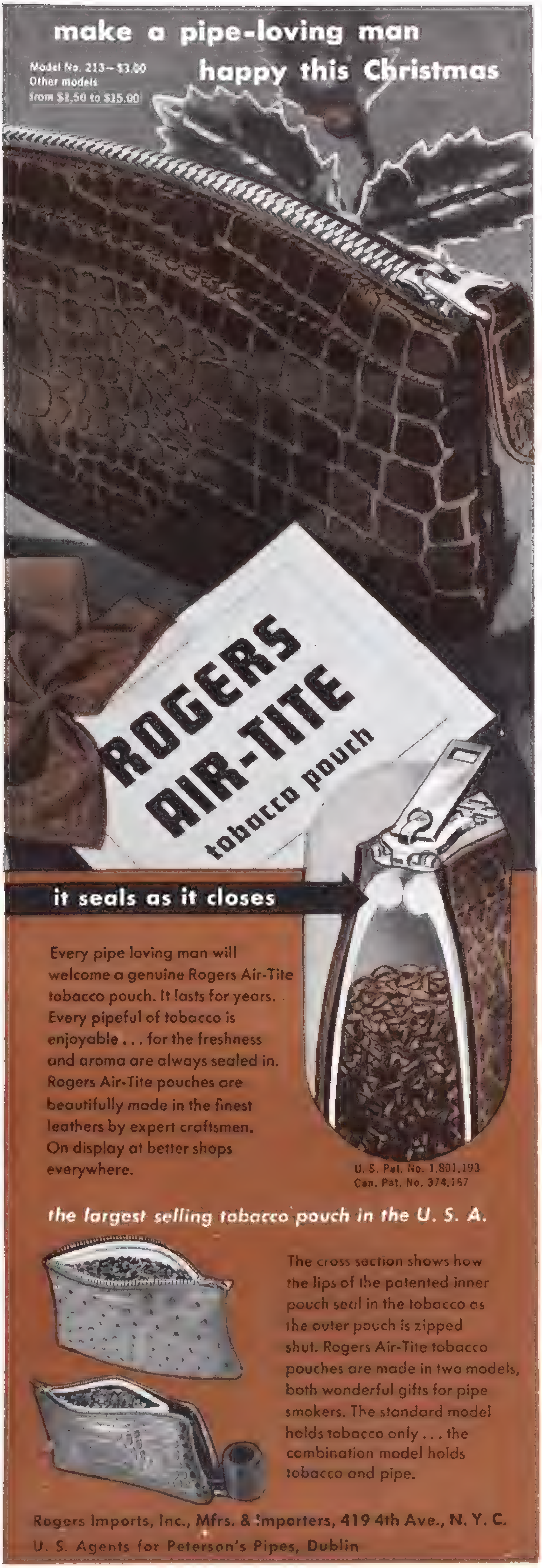
"How dare you talk that way! Germany will never lose! Never! As long as there is a German man breathing . . ."

"German man! If I only would not have to hear that any more!"

He got up from the bed. "Why don't you say it? I'm a cripple. That's it. You don't want to be bound to a cripple." He waited a moment. "And I thought you loved me."

"Yes, Hermann, I was mad about you. I was the happiest girl in the world when we were first married. And then the war broke out and you went away. And everybody began talking

Continued on page 280



make a pipe-loving man happy this Christmas
Model No. 213—$3.00
Other models from $1.50 to $15.00
ROGERS AIR-TITE tobacco pouch
it seals as it closes

Every pipe loving man will welcome a genuine Rogers Air-Tite tobacco pouch. It lasts for years. Every pipeful of tobacco is enjoyable . . . for the freshness and aroma are always sealed in. Rogers Air-Tite pouches are beautifully made in the finest leathers by expert craftsmen. On display at better shops everywhere.

U. S. Pat. No. 1,801,193
Can. Pat. No. 374,167

the largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

The cross section shows how the lips of the patented inner pouch seal in the tobacco as the outer pouch is zipped shut. Rogers Air-Tite tobacco pouches are made in two models, both wonderful gifts for pipe smokers. The standard model holds tobacco only . . . the combination model holds tobacco and pipe.

Rogers Imports, Inc., Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. C.
U. S. Agents for Peterson's Pipes, Dublin

"It's the flavour"
HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
TEACHER & SONS, LTD.
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The Hero's House of Cards

Continued from pages 163-279

about you and writing about you. And when you were on furlough everybody envied me. Wasn't it wonderful to be the wife of the famous Hermann Teske?"

"You, too, were proud of me."

"Was I? I don't know. I was worried. You had changed. You were no longer the man I was in love with. You were a hero, all right, and you had fallen in love with being a hero. You could think of only one person and love only one person—yourself. Perhaps the war did it to you."

"Why didn't you tell me then?"

"I wanted to wait till you came back for good. I was so young. I thought maybe you would change. If you didn't, I could always leave you. And then you came back for good; but you hadn't changed. And you never will." For a second she looked at his artificial leg. "And now I can never leave you."

Suddenly she started to sob. She threw herself face down on the pillow. Her whole body shook. He was searching for something to say—anything, it didn't matter what. And then he remembered why he had wakened her.

"You still haven't answered my question. Who is the man Kulicke has seen you with?"

She turned around. "It was your brother Erich."

"Erich?" His face whitened. "But I told you that we could never see him again."

"Why not? He is your brother, and he is kind to me."

He lowered his voice as though he was afraid that somebody might hear him. "After all, he was a Social Democrat. They put him into a concentration camp. Even though they did release him finally, it isn't safe to be seen with him. People might suspect . . ."

"Suspect that you, too, had once been a member of the Social Democratic Party?" She looked at him and he dropped his eyes.

"Everybody makes mistakes in his youth. But I became convinced in time that the Fuehrer's ideas are the only ones that will help Germany to regain her rightful place in the world."

"You got out when the going was good, while Erich stayed with his old friends even when it became dangerous." She paused a moment. "Maybe Erich was wiser, after all. When all this is over you and your kind may not feel too comfortable. . . . You may be happy if Erich will say a good word for you."

"Shut up!" he shouted. "You have no right to talk this way. It's criminal. Think of my position!"

"Your position!" She smiled. "The hero, the Great Nazi! And how about your going about with this Helene—what's her name?"

"So Kulicke told you that!" He bit his lips, realizing he should never have said it.

"Kulicke? No, but he didn't

GIVE LONGFELLOWS for Xmas
20 minutes of luxury
Longfellow
ACTUAL SIZE

Here's a gift that's smart and original. Cigarettes 140 millimeters long. Made of the world's choicest tobaccos, perfectly blended and rolled. Each Longfellow gives 20 to 25 minutes of complete luxury! A new *kind* of smoking enjoyment . . . for after dinner . . . and for all tranquil smoking moments!

THE WOODEN BOX OF 100 . . . $5

A truly handsome gift! 100 Longfellow Cigarettes, in an attractive "boite-nature" box.

At your tobacconist . . . or direct, by mail, if your dealer does not regularly stock them. Simply send $5 bill, or your check or Money Order, with this coupon to: Penn Tobacco Co., Dept. D, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Name____________________

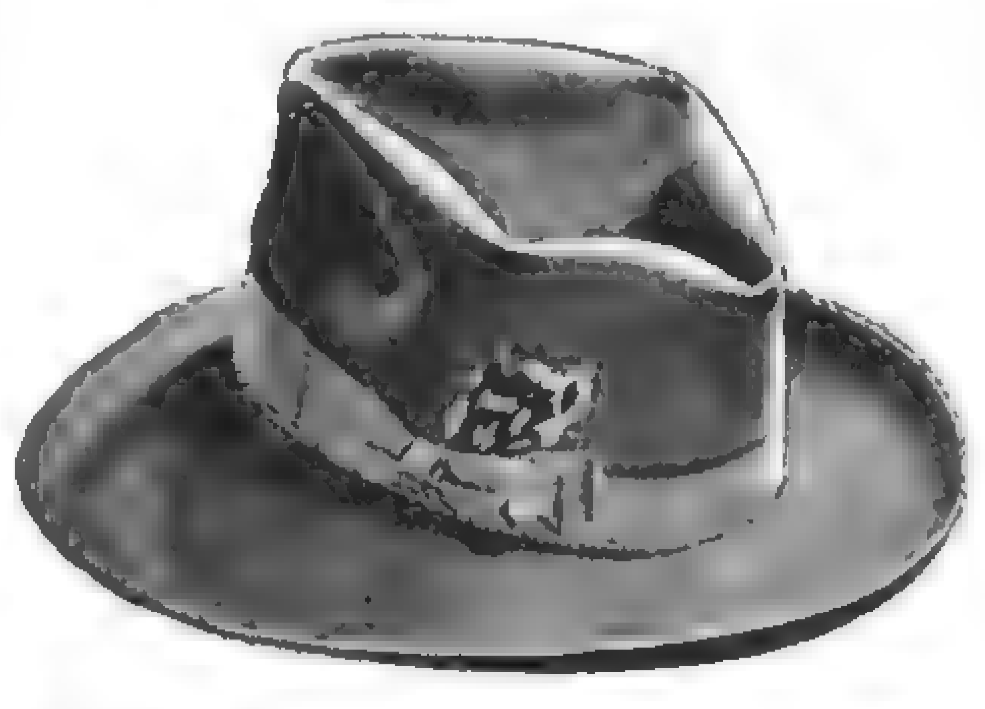
Street____________________

City____________State______ D

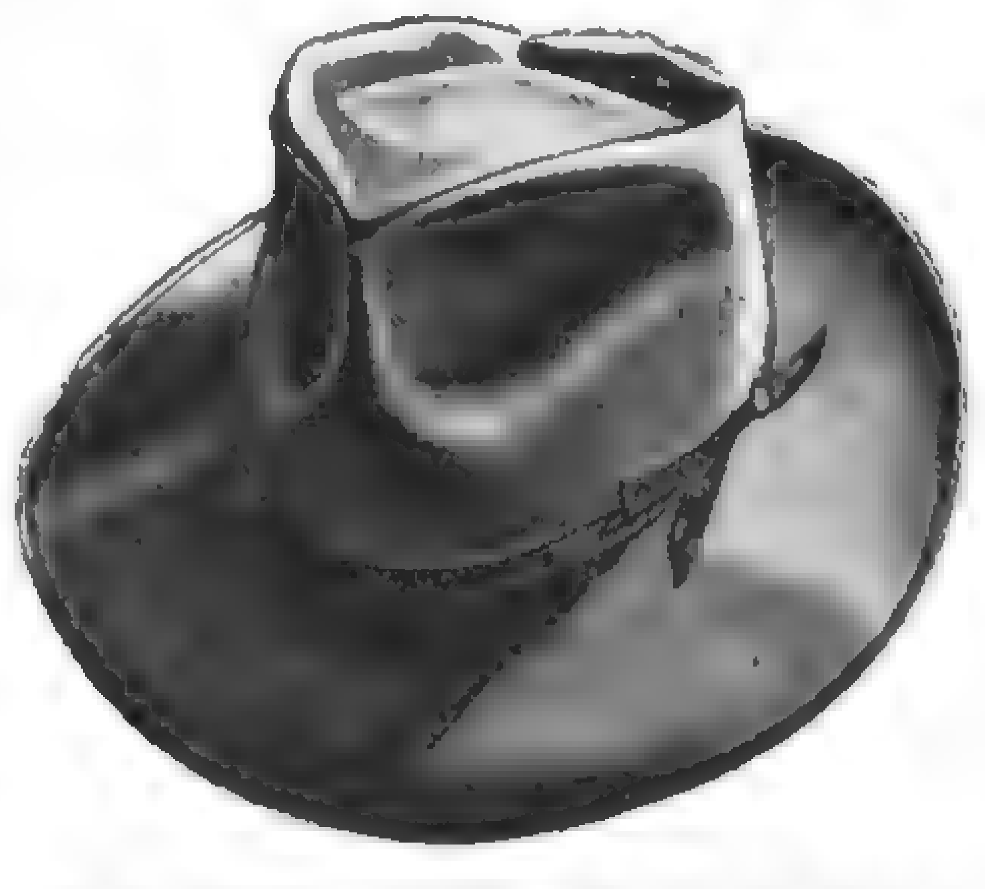
TOP OFF HIS CHRISTMAS

give him a
CASTLE HAT
Styled by
O'ROURKE of California

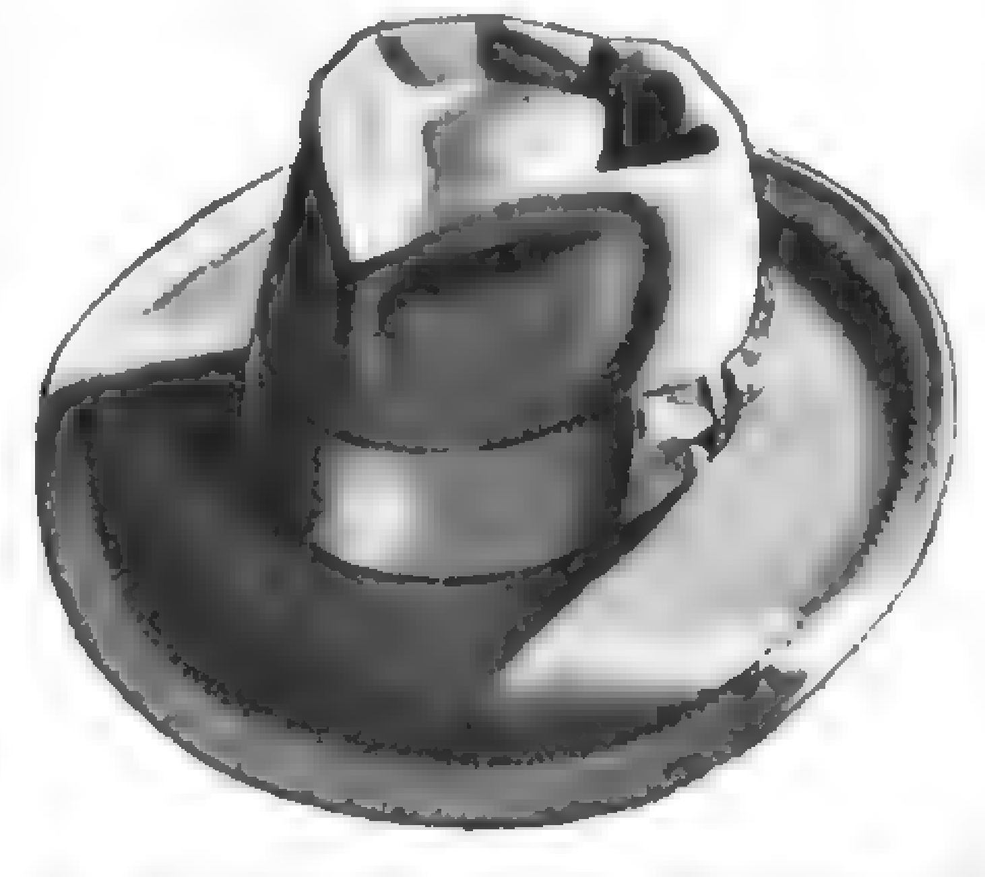
Here are CASTLE'S 1944 favorites



CASTLE'S CAVALIER
. . . for the man-about-town. Lightweight, easy-to-wear fur felt with popular tone-on-tone trim treatment . . $7.50



CASTLE'S AUSSIE
. . . a hat he'll like to wear. Water-repellent, chamois-soft fur felt . $7.50



CASTLE'S KING
. . . regal splendor. Distinctively-styled, finest fur felt. An elegant gift . $10.00

★

Make one of these handsome CASTLE HATS his Christmas gift. They're styled and made in California by Master-Hatter O'Rourke. Available in smart, eye-easy California colors at all the better stores for men. This year, top off his Christmas with a gift he'll want . . . a CASTLE hat.

CASTLE HATS
Styled by
O'ROURKE of CALIFORNIA
34 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO 5

need to. Everybody in the neighborhood knows . . ."

"It's a lot of idle gossip. You shouldn't even listen to it."

"You don't think I'm jealous, do you, Hermann? It's just that you, too, don't seem to be concerned about your position."

"What has Helene to do with my position?"

"Well, it won't help you with Dr. Goebbels that she is one of those who have been working against the government."

"That's a dirty lie!"

"Tell that to the Gestapo. They might be interested."

"What do you mean—the Gestapo?"

"She was arrested last night. Didn't you know? The whole neighborhood is talking about it now."

Teske put his hands to his temples. A million thoughts raced through his brain. Helene working against the government . . . ? Perhaps being paid by the enemy to help when they invaded Germany . . . ! It couldn't be. Hadn't she always admired him? Hadn't she always told him that she was proud to be with him? . . . The man he had seen across the street . . . He remembered now where he had seen him.

In the movie . . . in the little restaurant . . . wherever he had gone with Helene this man had been there, too. So he had been following Helene . . . !

He walked over to the window. A large car was standing in front of the house across the street. The man he had seen talking to Kulicke was still standing there, and Kulicke was there, too, and a third man in a black uniform. The three were talking together, and as they talked they kept looking in the direction of his window.

"The Gestapo!" Teske moaned. So they had got her. Now they would come and take him. They would put him away in a camp. They would say that he had been in the conspiracy. How could he prove that he hadn't been? Now he understood why Helene had clung to him. Of course, he was a perfect front for someone who was working subversively. Helene . . . She was so clever . . . she always knew what she wanted . . . and she had worked against the government!

Suddenly he felt very cold. He was shaking all over. He reached out for some support, knocking over a vase with his arm as he did so. It fell to the floor with a crash.

"My God, what is it now?" Else called from her bed. He had his face buried in his hands. He couldn't think straight. "I am lost," he whispered. "They are after me . . . the Gestapo . . . everybody . . ."

He got up slowly from his chair, his eyes blinking as though he didn't know where he was. Then he threw himself upon her, his long fingers closing around her throat.

"It's your fault," he shouted,

Continued on page 282

EAGLE *means* STYLE

MEN WHO KNOW their way around usually come 'round to buying Eagle Clothes. For in Eagle Clothes they find style that can be measured in terms of importance . . . style that measures up in quality and distinctiveness . . . style that's definitely big-time. Write now for style chart and the name of your nearest dealer.

EAGLE Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Slide Fasteners by TALON

FREE
Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.

THE "OXFORD"

tailored by Disney

In the "Oxford" you'll find the smart "brims up" styling . . . the Disney touch... that sets this Hat apart from the average Hat you meet on the street . . . its smooth lines make it becoming to most men . . . look for the hand-felted welt edge as a sample of the kind of skill that has gone into the tailoring of this distinguished hat.

BUY WAR BONDS

DISNEY
HAT MAKERS

388 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

The Hero's House of Cards

Continued from pages 163-279-281

"it was you who told the Gestapo . . . you and Kulicke . . . and you talked to Erich, too!" He moaned. "You want to get rid of me because I am a cripple. But before anyone gets me, I'll kill you!"

"Let me go . . . let me go!"

He held her so tightly that she couldn't move.

"I'll kill you, I'll kill you . . ."

The doorbell rang. The sound struck him like a blow. All his strength left him. His hands fell away from her throat.

"They are coming for me," he said hoarsely.

"Hermann, this is all nonsense. Pull yourself together. Nobody is going to take you away."

"I can't....I can't....I won't," he cried.

"Don't be a fool. Go out and see who it is." He still did not move. "Go!" she commanded.

Slowly Teske turned around and went to the door. He opened it. The superintendent stood there. Teske nodded as though he knew what was coming.

Kulicke said, "I forgot all about your mail before. Here it is." He handed him two letters.

"Is that all?" Teske managed to ask.

"Yes, but there's another mail in the afternoon. Good day, Herr Oberleutnant."

Teske stood there motionless behind the closed door. So they had looked at his letters. They were keeping an eye on him. He limped to an easy chair and sank into it heavily. Then he looked at the letters. There was a bill from the dentist and one from the tailor. Well, there was nothing in these letters for Kulicke to tell the Gestapo, he thought. Kulicke! Suddenly something which Else had said a little while ago came into his mind. "Are you telling me that Kulicke has done something . . . ?" What had she meant by that? Was Kulicke, too, plotting against the government? Kulicke had talked to the Gestapo man, but that did not mean a thing. . . . He must ask Else. No, better not. She would not tell him the truth. He couldn't trust her any more.

For a while he merely sat there, gazing idly into space. Then he saw the radio script lying on the table. He didn't have much time left. He picked up the paper and tried to memorize the strong phrases of determination and undying courage which the Propaganda Ministry had composed for him. His eyes went over and over the words. But his mind was not on them. Subconsciously he was listening for steps coming up the stairs, for the doorbell to ring. When would they come? Who would come? The Gestapo? The others? He could not think straight any more. He was only afraid. . . . He would always be afraid, no matter what happened.

He sat there waiting. ##

Oppenheim Collins
Smart Woman's Specialty Shop

Nanette
IN BLACK

Beautifully sculptured gown by Lady Leonora. Naively trimmed with little girl bows to make grown-ups feel pampered. In caressingly soft rayon sheer and Chantilly-patterned lace. All black with black lace, or in pink or blue with ecru lace. Sizes 32 to 38. Street Floor **$7.98**

Mail and phone orders filled while quantities last.

(Please state size and second color choice.)

Add 15¢ shipping charges for deliveries beyond our delivery area.
Add 1% City Sales Tax on prepaid orders for N.Y.C.

Also at other Oppenheim Collins Stores
33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

New Year's at Boeuf Stroganoff

Continued from page 106

café were crowded with men and women carrying violin, saxophone and banjo cases. Musicians without connections always carried their instruments, or at least the empty cases. A man carrying an instrument was supposed to be available. This had its drawbacks for drummers, bass players, bombardon players and all performers of big-sized instruments. Drummers often carried sticks, contrafagotto players stuck their reeds into their hatbands, and pianists carried brief cases. Poor Benedetti, a gentle, sixty-four-year-old helicon player, came every afternoon at a quarter to five and waited patiently beside the entrance, leaning on his helicon. Everybody liked Benedetti and everybody knew that he would never get a *cachet*. Helicon-horns, known here as Sousaphones, are used only by big bands and Benedetti was too old for a big band. There were others who came every evening, thin and pale, and you wondered how they kept body and soul together.

On Thursdays and Fridays, the important days, the crowd would seriously impede traffic on the *Boulevard de Clichy*. Two good-natured *agents de police* would tell the *artistes* to move on but nobody did. There were some female players at the *Café des Quat'z Arts* though they were considered out of place by the bourgeois French musicians. Everybody spoke French and felt *bien Parisien* though half of the clients were foreigners.

Largest alien group was the *Tziganes*, gypsies, oddly assorted Balkan characters with unclean fingernails and perfumed silk shirts. They talked big of their alleged careers as concertmasters with the Warsaw *Philharmonie* or the Moscow Opera. Most of them had no passports but two or three *cartes d'identité*, each made out in a different name.

The *Tziganes* provided music in Russian, Hungarian, Serbian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, Romanian *boîtes* and cafés, where the violinists wandered from table to table as they played, making eyes at the ladies and collecting tips. Their repertoire included sentimental folk songs, czardases, mazurkas, polkas, lieder, rhapsodies, serenades. They played by heart and could go on for hours without repeating a single melody. The *Tziganes* were the only ones in the business who made money. They were very exclusive. They had their noisy little family affairs but they stuck together and snubbed all "Westerners." Their geographical ideas were arbitrary; when the *patron* of the *Troika*, a Russian *boîte*, once offered me employment, the *Tzigane* orchestra members turned me down because I was Czechoslovak, "ninety per cent Westerner," as they said.

Only by accident did I become

Continued on page 284

Hirsch Weis
White Stag

RIGHT...from the Snowline up!

Authentic design tells better than words the story of the classic styling of your WHITE STAG Ski Togs.

"Ski Patrol" Parka
Waterproofed poplin. Hidden hood. Concealed zipper fly. Snow-proof pockets $10.95

Downhill Trousers
of all-wool waterproofed gabardine $12.95

AT SMART STORES
*

WHITE STAG SKI TOGS DIVISION
HIRSCH-WEIS MFG. CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

HARVEY

—a World Famous name in Old World Wines

For nearly 150 years wine connoisseurs throughout the world have extolled Harvey's as the choicest of Old World wines. It is an unsurpassed testimonial . . . your assurance of incomparable quality when the wine you serve or order bears the name of Harvey.

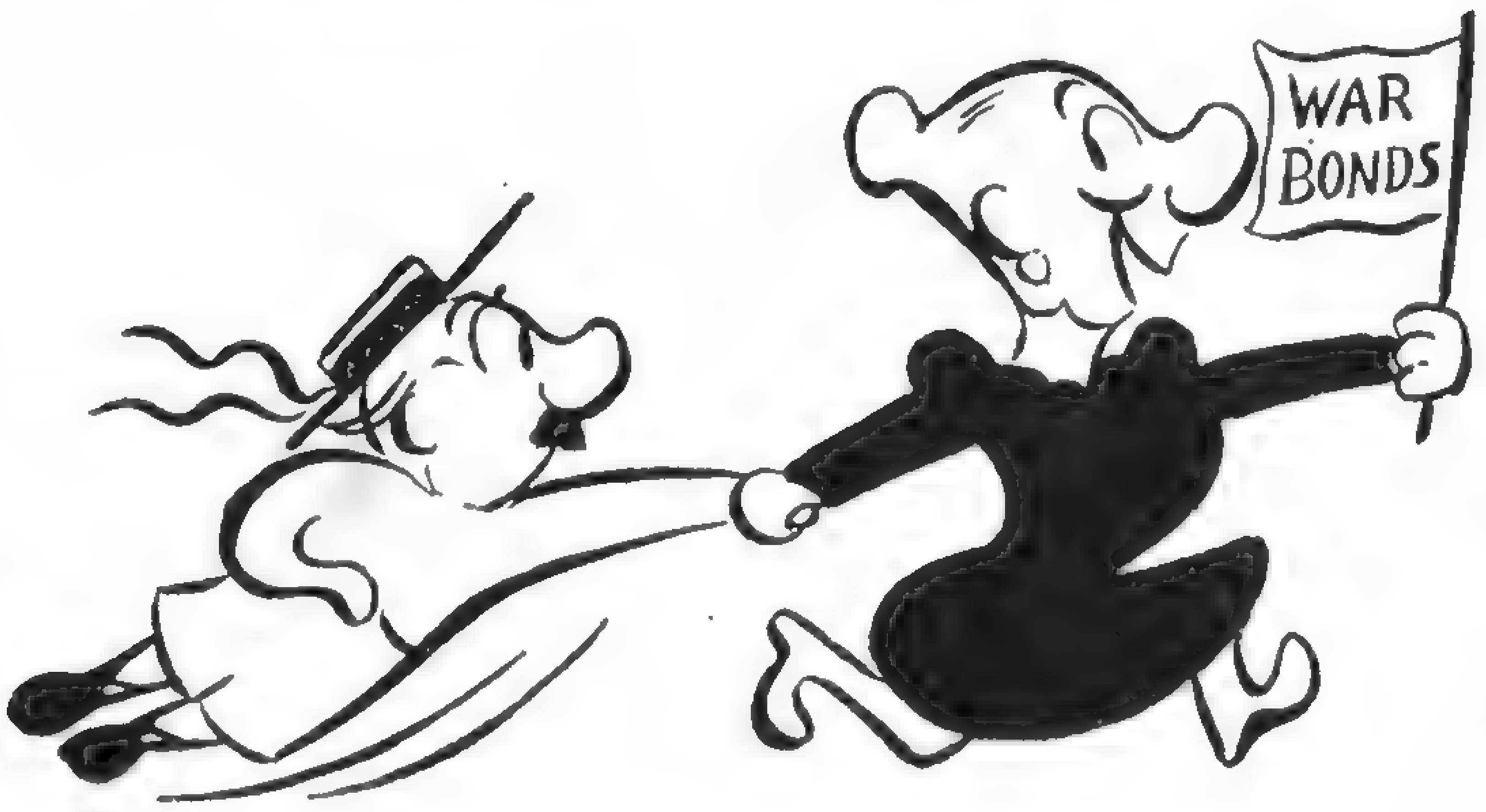
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
DRY
SHERRY
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL
CREAM
SHERRY

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

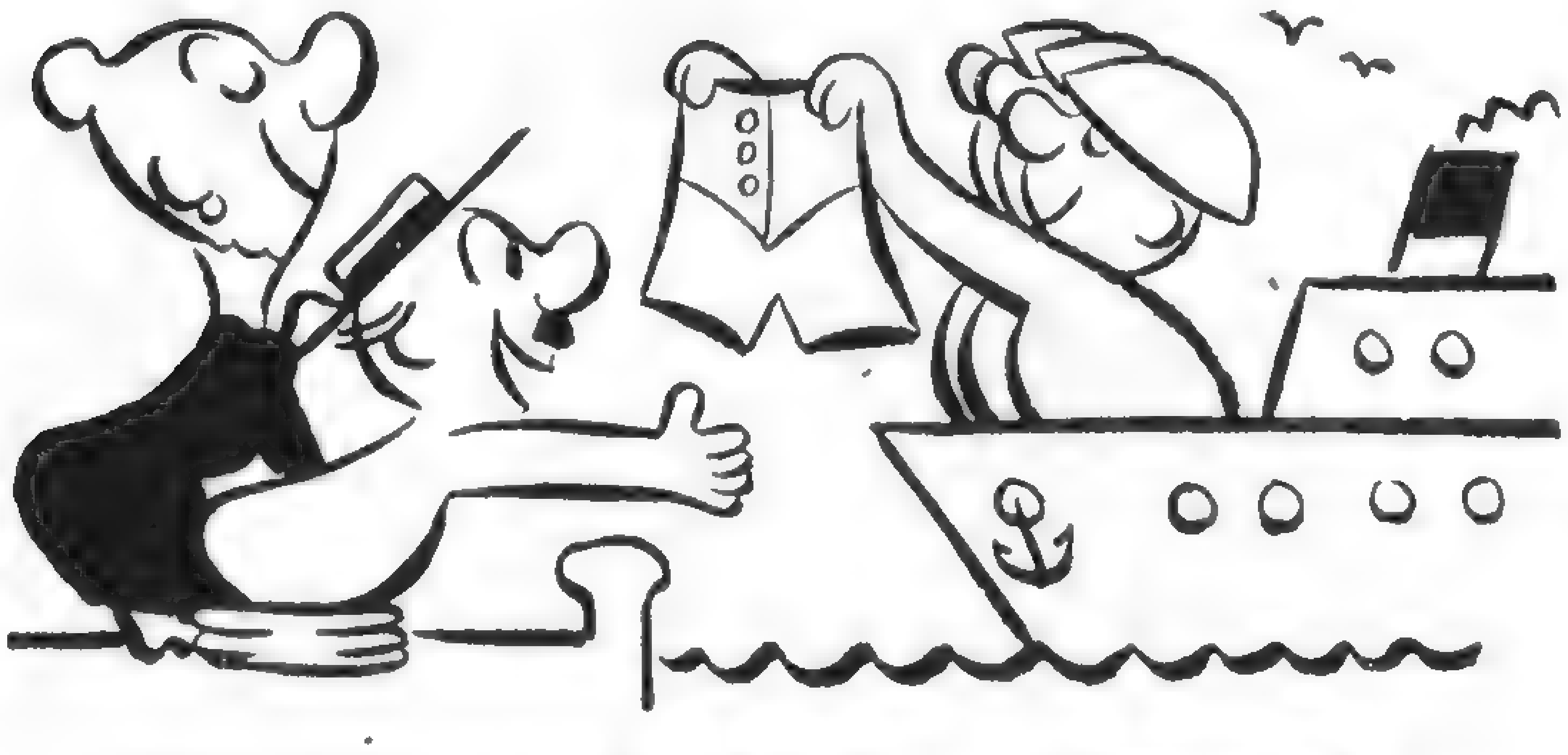
ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING... select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet
HARVEY'S HUNTING... fine tawny port, mellow and dry
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

When buttons bothered Peter Price . . .

He asked his Mother for advice . . .

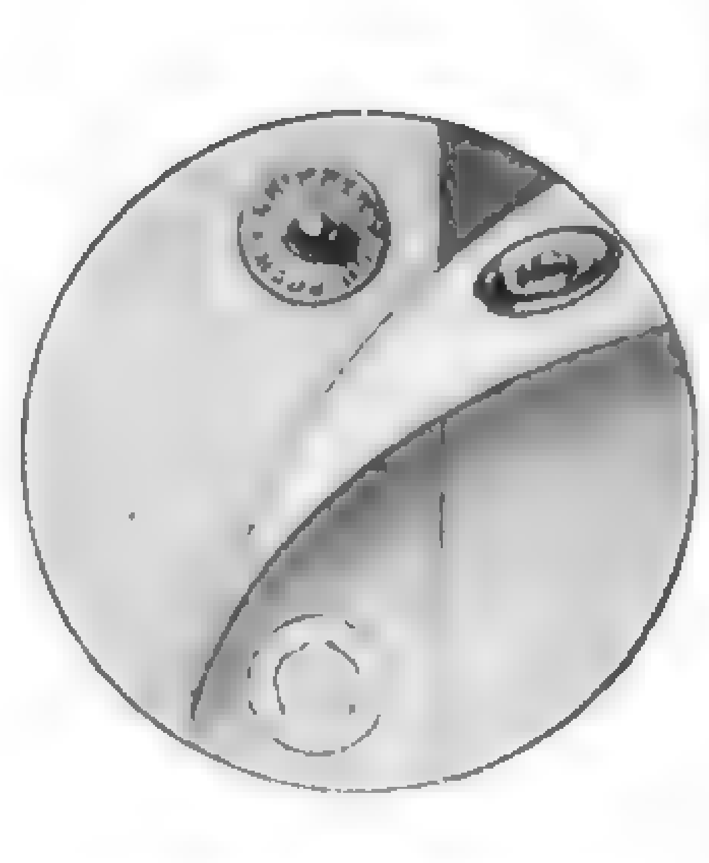


Buy Bonds, she said, because she knew . . .



They'd bring back YANKS and GRIPPERS, too!

Enough for everyone! . . . When the war is won there'll be more Gripper fasteners, and on a greater variety of merchandise than ever. Until then, our men and machines are working night and day, contributing vital war materials for victory!



GRIPPER* FASTENERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

New Year's at Boeuf Stroganoff

Continued from pages 106-283

a one-night *Tzigane*. On New Year's Eve of 1928 I came back from a trip to New York aboard *La Bourdonnais*, a lovely, roach-eaten *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique* liner. As usual, I went straight to the Quat'z Arts. It was only six p.m. but the place was deserted. Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve were two nights when almost everybody worked. At a table in the front row sat Gigi, a supercilious, overdressed, oily-haired Romanian xylophone virtuoso. On any other day Gigi would hardly have looked at me but I found myself being addressed by the Romanian. Would I be willing to take a *cachet* for the night?

"We're working at the *Boeuf Stroganoff*, upper *Rue Pigalle*," Gigi said. "A real hot spot, just across from the *Château Caucasien*." He explained that the second violinist of their "*magnifique*" *Tzigane* outfit had met with an accident. Gigi offered me a hundred and fifty francs, "from nine p.m. until the last guest leaves." He went up to two hundred, then to two hundred twenty. At two hundred fifty I accepted.

The *Boeuf Stroganoff* was a small, crowded place which concealed its shabbiness under very dim red lights. About forty tables were around a dance floor not larger than a small living room. In the rear were small boxes with wooden partitions, each thoughtfully equipped with curtain, plush sofa, small icon and a picture—an old Russian scene—the Winter Palace, Strelka, Prospekt Nevskiy, Smolny Monastery. Near the entrance was a large framed, colored print of the old Imperial family with three old menu cards shoved into the side over the glass. Gigi told me that the *patron*, Monsieur Borodine, had been headwaiter at a smart St. Petersburg restaurant. He was a friendly, fat, apoplectic fellow who shook hands and pointed out to me that he was a professional in the entertainment business, not an amateur "like those *aristocrates*" who don't know a thing about food and service.

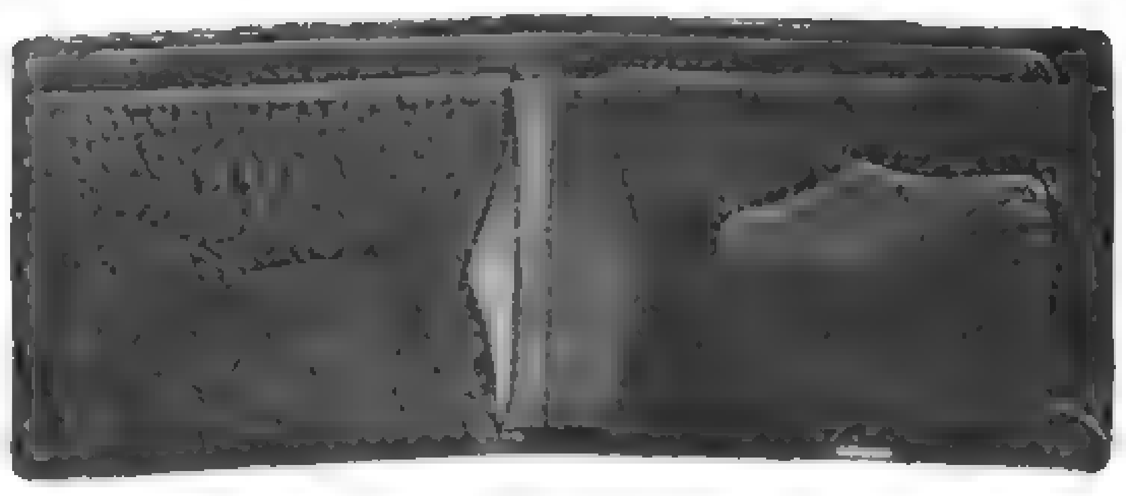
The orchestra consisted of first and second violin, double bass, piano and xylophone. Boris, the first violinist, was a swarthy, stocky Balkanese with a Cossack mustache. He was walking up and down between the tables, his fiddle under his chin, leering at the guests. Occasionally he snatched up some *pirozhki* or caviar from a tray with his right hand, all the time playing a *pizzicato* sequence with his left. His *vibrato* was thick and sweet and his style of bowing was somewhat loose, but he was popular with the ladies. Most of the guests were Russian, but there were a few tables with Anglo-Saxons. The Russian ladies wore gowns which may have been *risqué* before the

MEEKER MADE
Gifts of Fine Leather

FOR TOM
FOR DAD
FOR MOM
FOR SIS

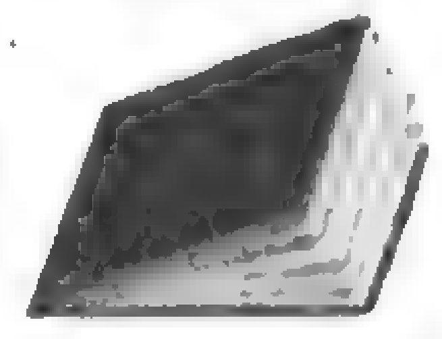
No Wonder St. Nick is so jolly.. He carries so many

MEEKER BILLFOLDS!



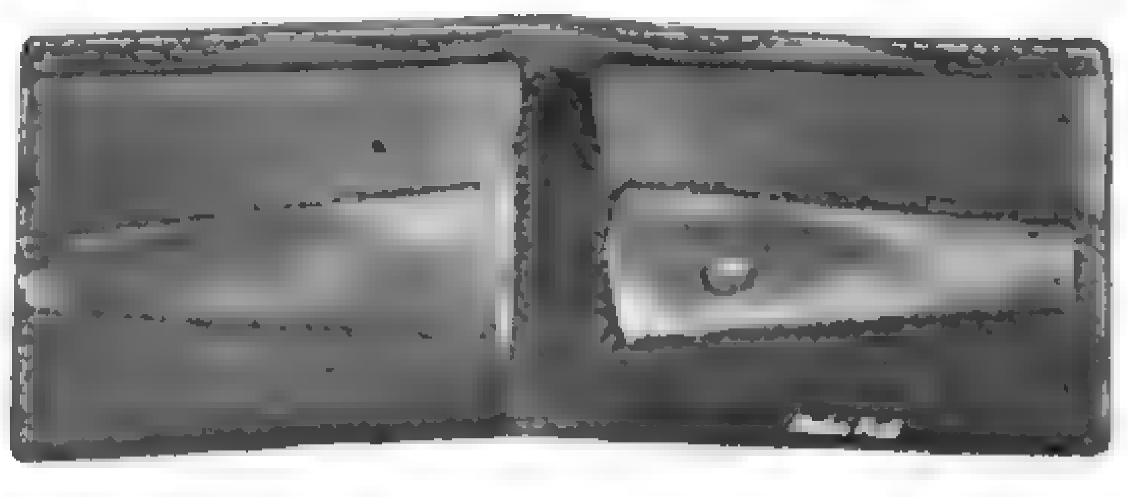
Any man would like to carry this MEEKER BILLFOLD

It's new—clever—handsome—useful—in a selection of fine leathers! Thin, trim, compact—yet it has a place for everything! Removable Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots . . . And it's a perfect gift!



Pass Case removed from billfold

for sis, mom or sweetheart



Exquisite MEEKER-MAID Billfolds come in various fashionable colors. Beautiful—practical.

At dealers everywhere. Various prices.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Mo.
New York: 347 5th Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

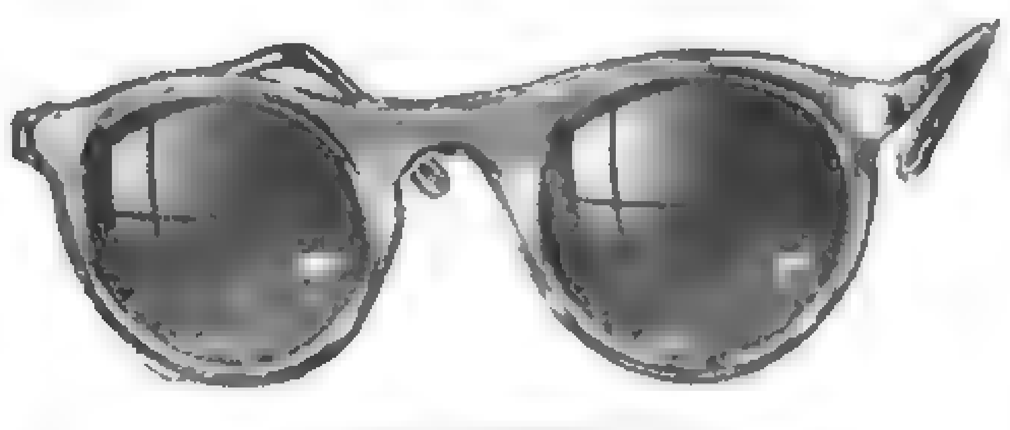
Over the roof of the world

Men fly with CALOBAR SUN GLASSES!

EYES OF THE AIR FORCES must be protected against the blinding sunlight of ocean and desert, ice fields and sub-stratosphere.

That's why so many U. S. fliers wear Calobar Sun Glasses. Their lenses, made of specially compounded glass, absorb hot infra-red rays, block dangerous ultra-violet "sunburn" rays, and prevent excessive light from reaching the eyes.

The Air Forces, together with other branches of our Armed Services, have first call on all the Calobar Sun Glasses we can make today. But when the needs of the Air Forces have been supplied they will be available to all at establishments where professional eye care is given.



CALOBAR
SUN GLASSES
Optically Safe

American Optical
COMPANY
World's largest makers of ophthalmic products
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Revolution, and their fur coats smelled of camphor.

Boris had the fingers of a magician. When he was given a tip, he seized the bill with his left thumb and forefinger and quickly put it into his waistcoat pocket, keeping on playing all the time. Gigi and the other members of the orchestra watched like hawks, since he was supposed to share all tips with them. Every time Boris got a bill, Gigi made a note on a slip of paper on his xylophone.

Musically, the situation was confused. Boris would stop at a table and start a heartbreaking melody, and the orchestra would fall in, producing lamentoso chords. We had no music sheets. My knowledge of *Tzigane* music was limited to *Ochi Chernye* and the *Song of the Volga Boatmen,* both of which were little in demand. Gigi told me to "keep going through the motion." The main thing, he explained, was that there was a five-man orchestra, as it said on the menu.

At midnight, the Russians and Anglo-Saxons kissed and drank to each other, the Anglo-Saxons singing and the Russians weeping. The place was hot, smelling of fish and sour cream and sweet wine and cigar smoke. New guests came in and sat down on the dance floor. Boris went from one box to the other, putting his violin through the slit in the curtain and playing until the enraged client gave him a tip to get the hell away. In the middle of the love feast Gigi accused Boris of pocketing a five-dollar bill which he had received from an American. Boris hit Gigi with his bow. Gigi retorted by kicking Boris on the shin. They clinched and fell down. The bass player went on playing with the pianist, while Monsieur Borodine and the waiters pushed Gigi and Boris into the ladies' room. Through the open door I saw them kicking, slapping and boxing, until they fell into each others' arms and wept. Boris took his fiddle and Monsieur Borodine danced a solo, his thighs almost touching the floor. Two Russian ladies danced on a table, their gowns whirling. At seven in the morning Monsieur Borodine said, "enough is enough," and threw out all the guests, with the help of the staff. He took me to the kitchen and gave me one hundred and fifty francs. I called Gigi, but the xylophone virtuoso had not the slightest recollection of having engaged me at two hundred and fifty. The waiters came in and Gigi told me to get out if I knew what was good for me.

I took the money and my instrument and went out into the cold, crisp, beautiful New Year's morning. Halfway across the street, I heard a voice and turned back. Monsieur Borodine came after me. No hard feelings, he said. The next time he would give me more money. Business had not been good this night. "It was a quiet New Year's Eve," he said sadly. ###

Now Once Again

YOU CAN BRIGHTEN
THE CHRISTMAS SEASON WITH
THE ONE AND ONLY
BENEDICTINE
D.O.M

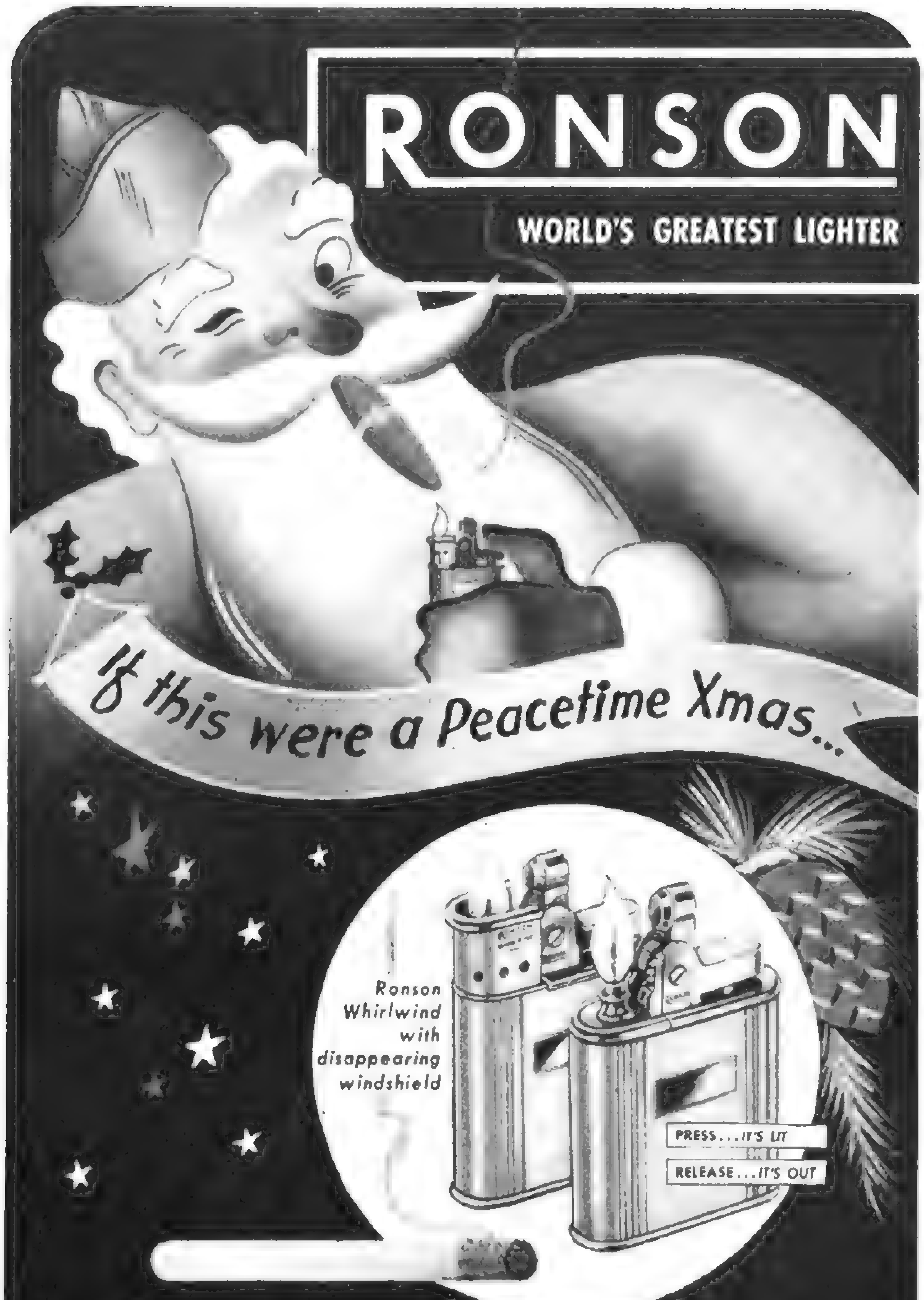
Incomparable gift, supreme accompaniment to holiday hospitality. There is now, as ever only one genuine Benedictine D.O.M — world-famous after-dinner liqueur of superb quality. It is now produced and bottled in Spain from the ancient secret formula by the original Societe Anonyme Benedictine founded at Fecamp, France. Imported in full quart bottles—30% larger than the pre-war size. The price is necessarily higher due to increased size and taxes.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE. There is no longer any need to accept substitutes. By now, your dealer should have ample quantities. If not, we are in a position to supply him promptly.

Genuine Benedictine D.O.M bears the Wile Label on the bottle.

Sole Agents for the U. S.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 Park Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
BENEDICTINE *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.* • 86 PROOF

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE, N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877


RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
If this were a Peacetime Xmas...
Ronson Whirlwind with disappearing windshield
PRESS...IT'S LIT
RELEASE...IT'S OUT

If this were a Peacetime Christmas, there'd be Ronsons under thousands of Christmas trees. For this famous lighter, both in pocket and table models, has for years been a treasured item to give and to receive at Christmas.

But today, lighters are indispensable to our valiant men overseas . . . and their preference is RONSON, for top quality and efficient, enduring service.

And so our entire output has been requisitioned by our Government for our Armed Forces overseas. Sorry, but individual orders cannot be filled direct. However, when huge military needs are met and civilian production is resumed, there'll be RONSONS for all.

Meanwhile- for Xmas Stockings...

Those lucky enough to own lighters will appreciate, as that thoughtful extra gift, a supply of Ronson Lighter Accessories, which make any lighter serve better and longer.

Extra-length Ronson Redskin 'Flints' with the distinctive Redskin coating; Ronsonol Fuel and Ronson Wicks in demand on all fighting fronts are also available to civilians, separately and in Kit form: The Ronson Servicer.

RONSON REDSKIN
RONSONOL

FOR ALL LIGHTERS
RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES

Avoid Inferior Imitations

If your Ronson needs attention send it to Ronson, Dept. 5, Newark 2, N. J., for servicing at minimum cost.
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

The Year of the Bunny Hug

Continued from page 115

ing. She valued our youth, despite its poverty. She arranged for us to meet her own friends. We, the penniless undergraduates, were entertained at dinner, at other parties, with the most charming women in that world. We met the tops of that gilded and transient set. We had the comforts of home with none of the responsibilities. We blessed the sex appeal of our classmate. It paid us all big dividends.

New York during that Winter of 1910-11 should have been a hard taskmaster. The opposite was the case. I was at work in the repair department of my father's real estate office. To a college graduate, confident in the permanence of his world, play, not work, was the all absorbing goal. There was every opportunity for play. The "social season" started at the Tuxedo Ball. Here the debutantes made their first appearance. They were gay, delightful and charming. The parties, once the season had started, were continuous, late and exhausting. They lasted through the winter. It was not uncommon for a young man to have five different invitations for one night. He could pick and choose, knowing that he was in demand. I was the last guest at every party, being oblivious to the urgent necessity of avoiding my father at breakfast next morning.

Catharine, the chambermaid, accepted that responsibility. She would drag me from my bed, hurl me into a cold bath and speed me on my way. The days were agony until I met Dinny Riley, the janitor of one of the buildings under my charge. One morning he remarked, "Mr. Robinson, you look like the divil this morning. You had too much Bally Hooley lemonade last night. Come into the engine room and sleep it off. I have a cot there." The heat was terrific, the noise beyond belief, but from that moment Dinny had a daily customer for his cot.

Monday nights one appeared at the opera. I hated music, but I never failed to be in the box of Miss Mabel Gerry on that night. The little gold chairs were agony, the arias of the singers were still worse, yet, one had to suffer to earn the title of "man-about-town." After the opera, on to a large dance, where the champagne and music would ruin the next day.

Little by little, as a dancing man, it was possible to muscle into the intimate group called "the young married set." Mrs. "Reggie" Vanderbilt, Birdie Vanderbilt, Vira Whitehouse, Cynthia Burden, Mrs. Henry Bull, Anne Douglas, were the backbone of that fascinating group. Bob Wrenn, Winnie Burden, Horace Stebbins, Bert Cruger, Sid Hatch, furnished some of the male talent. Word would spread around that Bob Wrenn was giving a party at Sherry's. Europe, the colored

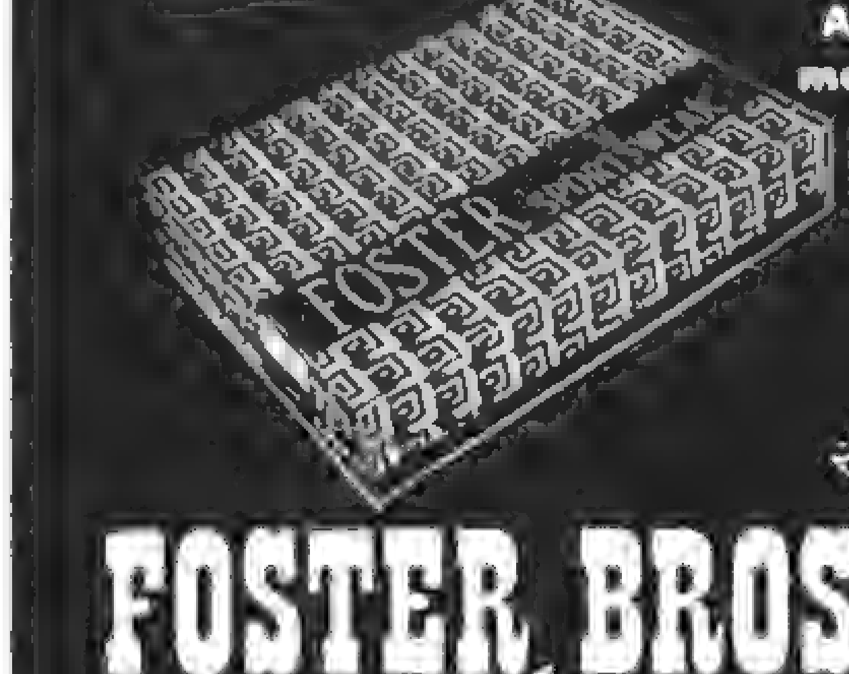
OUR SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS A
FOSTER
JACKET

★ Aviator style, Zelan-treated heavy poplin, lined in Timme-Sher-Tex, an exceptionally warm, fine-woven, tufted fabric resembling sheepskin in color and character, quilted poplin sleeve lining with knitted wristlets, zipper front, bellows patch pockets with flaps, bi-swing belted back, 28" in length. Men's..$14.95.

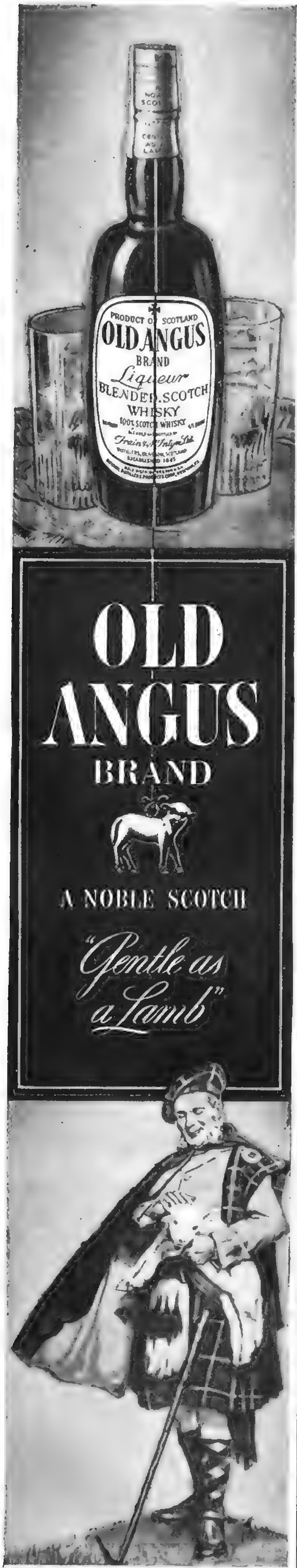
the College

★ S.B. mackinaw with separate wool-fleece lined hood, in the newest Army-developed material of heavy count, Zelan-treated sateen twill, made by Whitman, zipper fly-front, 2 upper muff pockets, 2 lower patch pockets with flaps, 3/4 length Timme-Tuft mohair-wool lining with red wool-fleece lining in sleeves and lower hip portion, adjustable cuff with knitted wristlets in sleeves, 32" in length. Hood to button on coat with adjustable cords to assure snug fit on face.
Men's without hood..$24.95.
Boys' with hood.....$24.95.

At leading men's stores



FOSTER BROS.
Sportswear Co.
PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK



Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

musician, would be at the piano. The crowd would gather and new tunes would be heard. The *Robert E. Lee*, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *Everybody's Doin' It*, came into their own at those intimate parties. The papers called this type of dancing *The Bunny Hug*. We had no name for it, yet we knew where the best of its kind could be seen. To the knowing, "Sweeney's" spelled the lowest of dance halls with the best of dancers.

We accepted, without a murmur, the dictum that Sherry's was the only place to dance. Yet, the rumors of Sweeney's, the difficulty of entrance, the reports of the dancing of Helene, aroused excitement. Sweeney's was located on West Thirty-first Street. The door had a narrow slot through which peered an ill-looking guard. Sweeney was supposed to have been up the river. If known, the would-be customer would be admitted. All would be black, until one emerged upon the dance floor. There were tables all about, with an old hurdy-gurdy pumping out the tunes of the day. Sweeney, with his hatchet face, cold, fishy eyes, long, thin nose, might be sitting at the far table with Helene. Helene was lithe, athletic, with a lovely figure, the soul of rhythm and fire. Sweeney, if in the mood, would grab her in his arms and the audience would see the best and latest in that form of dancing. Sweeney's was New York's first unofficial night club.

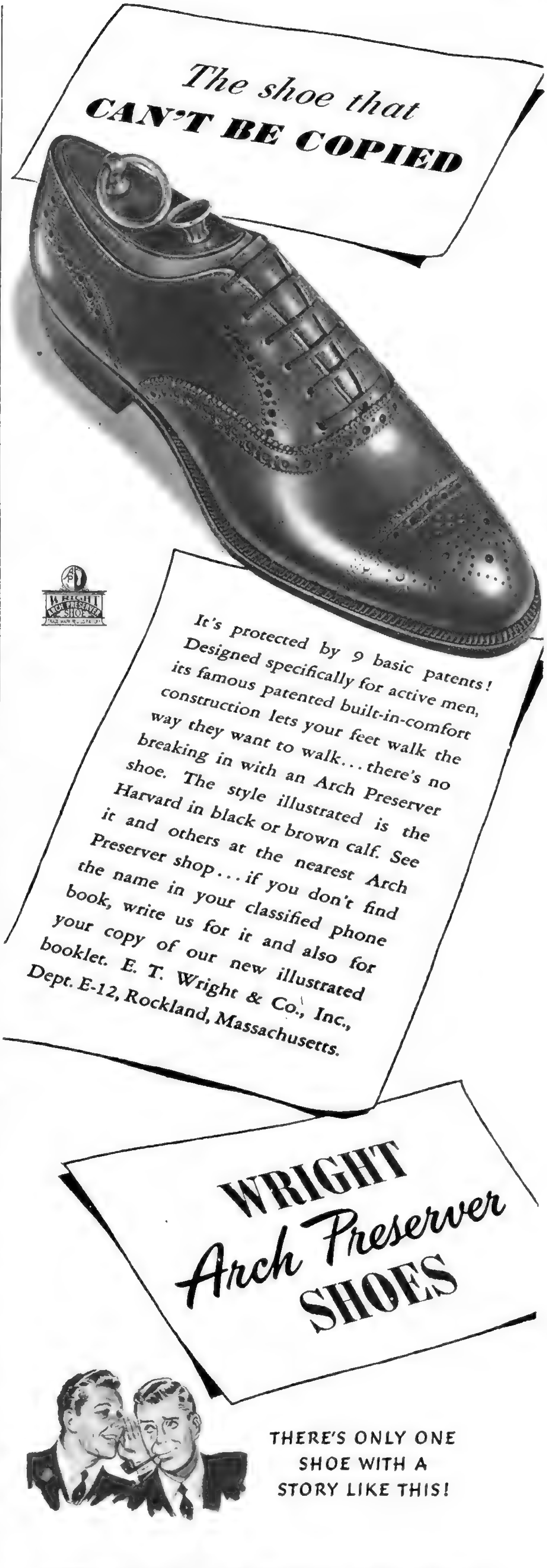
Alexander's Ragtime Band blared its way into Newport that Summer of 1911. It broke down all social barriers and, with Tennis Week in full swing, the balls and parties were outstanding. The talk of the town was the ball to be given by Len Thomas at the country club at the end of the week. It was to be in fancy dress. The forerunner, the Belmont Party, showed what could be done if the spirit were there. At that party, the guests paraded around the garden behind the band. A few alcoholics were lost in the flowers, but casualties were light.

I had yearned to be the drum major of a brass band. That Saturday night Frank Roche had hired the band from the fort and, to the blare of brass, the crash of trumpets, the roll of drums, dressed in an Indian costume, I led that band onto the floor of the country club. Guests even left the champagne table to join the riot.

The party ended with a foursome playing a game of sun-up golf. The band, the rooters, the drinks, even the sun, were there to greet the devotees of this early morning sport. The next Monday morning the papers brought the Thomas party into the limelight with a vengeance. A year later, F. E. Smith, the noted English barrister, afterwards Lord Birkenhead, proposed a toast at a champagne breakfast after another "fancy dress ball," "Here's to Newport, the home of beautiful women and drunken men." F. E. Smith knew his Newport of that time.

The tempo of life was on the up-

Continued on page 288



It's protected by 9 basic patents! Designed specifically for active men, its famous patented built-in-comfort construction lets your feet walk the way they want to walk... there's no breaking in with an Arch Preserver shoe. The style illustrated is the Harvard in black or brown calf. See it and others at the nearest Arch Preserver shop... if you don't find the name in your classified phone book, write us for it and also for your copy of our new illustrated booklet. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-12, Rockland, Massachusetts.

THERE'S ONLY ONE SHOE WITH A STORY LIKE THIS!

For Women, Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. *For Boys,* Gerberich-Payne, Mt. Joy, Pa. *In Canada, for Men,* Scott-McHale, London, Ont.

D'APRÈS J. MERCIER COINTREAU
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
MADE AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD
PENNINGTON, N.J. U.S.A.
COINTREAU LTD.
MADE IN U S A
GENUINE
COINTREAU
Liqueur

The formula and process of the manufacture of Cointreau have been carefully guarded since 1848, by the Cointreau family through three wars and three invasions of France. No one has ever been able to imitate successfully the genuine. On sale at your favorite bar or package store. Now produced in the United States.

80 PROOF • COINTREAU, LTD. • PENNINGTON, N. J.

The Year of the Bunny Hug

Continued from pages 115-287

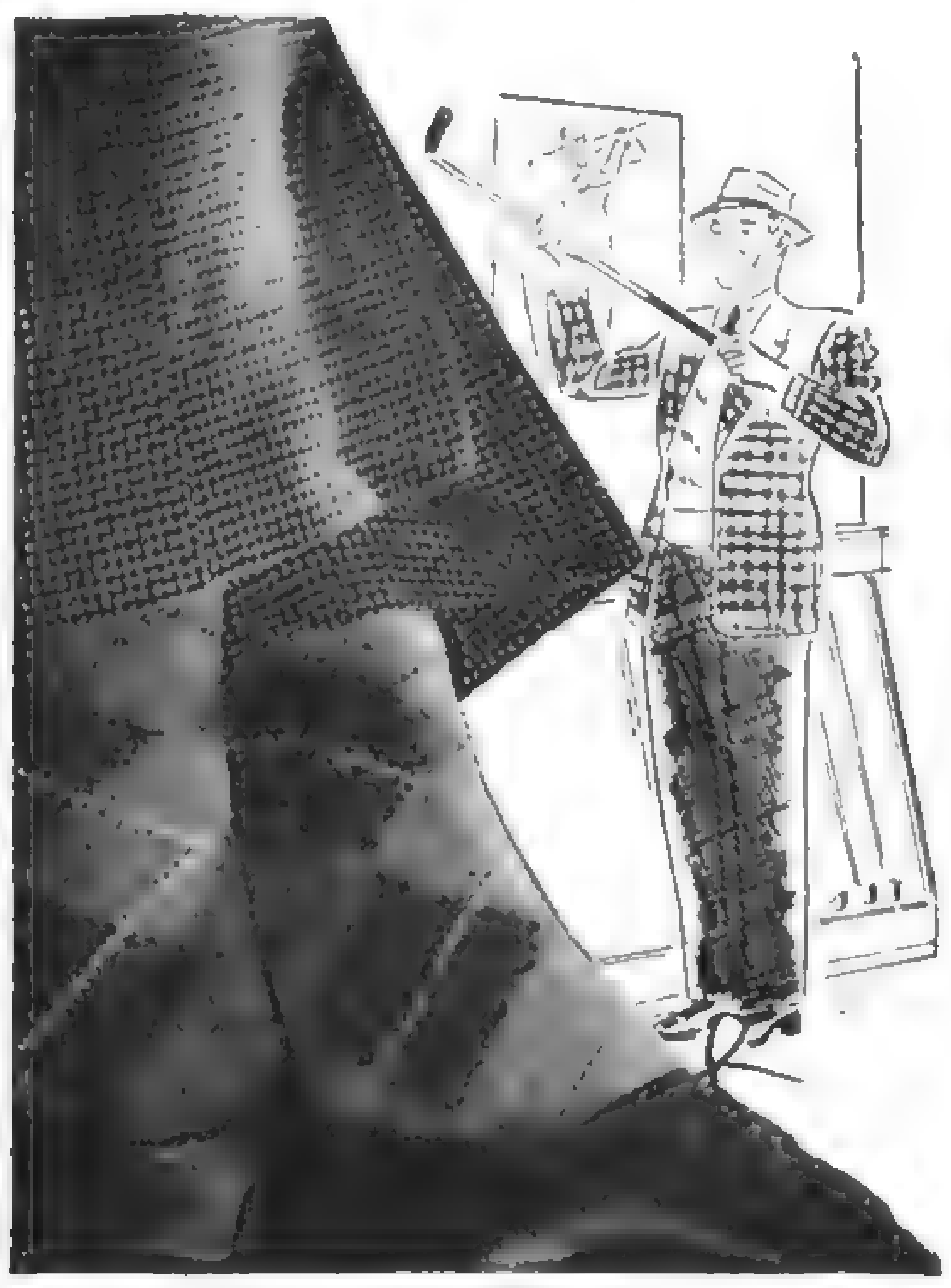
beat. The New Ritz Hotel had opened and the world wondered for the future of Sherry's. The Oval Room of the Ritz was the place to be seen and to see. The "Big Four" of polo were at their zenith. They had brought the cup back to America and to the youth of that day. Dev Milburn symbolized the best in athletics and sport. Harry Whitney was loved for his sense of fun, for his innate power of leadership. The two Waterburys were recognized as being something apart from other mortals. John Fox, the author, one of the most delightful of men, would make New York his home for the winter. Finley Peter Dunne, the creator of "Mr. Dooley," was at his very best in humor and wit.

In the Fall of 1912, New York blossomed out with its first night club. To be sure, The Bachelors, with their dances held at the Hotel Vanderbilt, had broken away from the apron strings of Sherry's. Yet, it took Joan Sawyer, with Quinn as her partner, when dancing at Reisenweber's at Columbus Circle, to open a new era with vigor and intensity. The fact that Joan Sawyer was supposed to be the special friend of a well-known New York man only added more interest and enthusiasm. Reisenweber's became the talk of the town and people flocked there in droves. Irene and Vernon Castle had also sprung into popularity.

The Castles were more than a dance team. Overnight they had become an institution. There were all sorts of Irene vogues that sprang into style. Vernon injected the stiff legged "Castle Walk" into the over-taxed methods of dancing. Young men would vie with each other in their attempts to emulate this great professional. There was the Castle House on Forty-sixth Street, where dancing in the afternoon was the order of entertainment. There was a Castle-by-the-Sea at Long Beach. Members of a small class to which the Castles gave instruction met at Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's home on Fifth Avenue. There we saw the Castles at their best. Many tried to follow them but none succeeded. They made history.

Jazz had come to stay. It was in our blood. It was the breath of our being. Sweeney's had gone on its way. Reisenweber's had done its bit. Yet there were many places to fill the needs of the moment. People wanted to eat and drink. Above all, they wanted to dance. With the rumors of war in the air, with the spirit of "Let's drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," the pace was intensified, yet jazz played its vital part. The war tunes, *Smiles, Over There,* were nothing but jazz at its best. America, with the help of their Allies, won the war. Yet none can say that jazz did not play a vital part in that great struggle. ⧺

Charles is *so* particular
About the way he's dressed...
Always looks like Esquire,
Always buys the *best!*
So why not fill his Christmas box
With his *own* choice,
Westminster Socks!



William is the outdoor type
Always dressed in tweeds...
John is more conservative
About his clothing needs...
So give *Bill* argyles—
And give John clocks,
They'll *both* be pleased
With America's Finer Socks!

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

"Oh Boy" ...says Roy
His Christmas jacket is treated with "ARIDEX"
He asks his cleaner or laundry to RENEW IT!
"TREAT IT WITH ARIDEX"
So... he's set to keep DRY when it's wet!

If last-minute shopping has you up a Christmas tree—relax! An "Aridex"-treated jacket or coat is a practical, sure-to-please present for man, woman or child. "Aridex" is an invisible Du Pont finish that sheds water—helps clothes keep their shape longer. And "Aridex" can easily be renewed by laundry or dry cleaner.

TREATED WITH Du Pont Aridex WATER REPELLENT

Du Pont ARIDEX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Renewable Water Repellent
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Death in a Cloud of Dust

Continued from page 71

as follows: "To the usual springs is added a kind of braking device which deadens the oscillations of the springs after the car has passed an obstacle."

The hood was a "bonnet" and the radiator a "refrigerating system." The driver was a "conductor" and he was mounted on his machine, and his mechanic was a "machinist."

Silk hats and primly balanced derbies topped all male heads including the drivers'. Luxuriant mustaches drooped over each mouth. It was a scene of lugubrious stiffness.

At 3:45 o'clock, just as dawn glowed faintly in the east and at the precise moment when a carillon prophetically tolled the third quarter past the hour in a near-by belfry, Jarrott "led off with a tremendous rush, disappearing in a cloud of dust." One minute later de Knyff roared away, and then Louis Renault. For the next three hours cars were leaving at one-minute intervals, the motorcycles finally getting off in pairs to save time. Those machines refusing to start were pushed out of the way and the next in line wheeled up.

By the time the last entrant had left, the sun was well on its way heavenwards. The string of racers stretched away into the distance in an opaque dust cloud, "like a great yellow serpent." The noise pounding up from the hills and valleys in an overture to death reached the ears of the two hundred thousand spectators lining the road between Versailles and Paris long before the cars came into view.

Tales of death and injury began to filter along the route well ahead of the first car's arrival at Bordeaux. Word passed from mouth to mouth until it had traveled all the way in both directions from each point of mishap.

At a bridge near the village of Angoulême, the car driven by M. Tourand approached at well over seventy miles an hour. The crowd pressing around the bridge surged recklessly closer. A few yards beyond the span, Mechanic Normand raised up in his seat to peer down the road ahead. As he did so the car hit the arch and hurtled skyward like a surfboard hitting an incline. Normand, losing his balance, grabbed the right arm of the driver, causing Tourand to wrench the machine to the right as it came down on the other side. It bored into the screaming mass of humanity on the bank and in a matter of seconds three spectators lay dying and half a dozen injured. Normand and Tourand were catapulted from their seats as the machine demolished itself against a tree. Recovering consciousness hours later, Tourand temporarily went insane when told the full extent of the accident.

Rounding a bend at another

Continued on page 290

Remember This One?

GHOST: "Now where did I put them? I wouldn't be seen dead without my *B.V.D.!"

*B.V.D. AND *RUGGERS ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE B.V.D. CORPORATION

THE INFORMAL HOLIDAY HOST WEARS A *B.V.D.

Shirt for Leisure!

You too can draw admiring glances — when you wear a B.V.D.— a B.V.D. shirt such as those shown below! Yes, B.V.D. is no longer a brand for underwear alone — but for a whole line of smart sportswear and pajamas as well. When you buy B.V.D. you get the same top quality and fine workmanship that have made that label one of the most famous in the world. And when you select a B.V.D. sports shirt as a gift — you GIVE CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR ALL THE YEAR!

Sturdigab *Rogue Shirt
Sturdigab *Ruggers Shirt

Two favorite styles — smart and practical in the new Sturdigab fabric woven by Erlanger Mills. New colors—and guaranteed washable! . . . $4.00
*ROGUE IS A REG. TRADE MARK

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"
UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

Marlboro's Gift to your Santa Claus

AN AMERITEX* FABRIC

Marlboro puts fine AMERITEX* fabric into a shirt that will give *your* Santa Claus pleasure plus style! Printed oxford with crisp stripes on muted solid-color backgrounds... sanforized. Make *his* a "Marlboro" Christmas!

MARLBORO SHIRT CO., Inc., Baltimore 1, Md.

A QUALITY APPROVED AMERITEX FABRIC AMERICAN TEXTILES OF MERIT

SHIRTS Marlboro SPORTSWEAR

*Trade Mark Reg

Death in a Cloud of Dust

Continued from pages 71-289

point, an Irish driver named Porter slammed into a dog which trotted across the road, sending the animal spinning lifelessly against a fence. The car looped half a dozen times and came to rest in flames which roasted Mechanic Nixon to death. Porter was scarred for life.

A driver named Stead, sideswiping a car in passing and losing control, was thrown out with critical bruises and fractures and his mechanic was killed. Mme. du Gast, the only woman entrant, next behind him, stopped for two hours to compose herself and to minister to the victim.

Marcel Renault, one of the most popular drivers in France, who the year before had won the Paris to Vienna race, died when a wheel caught in a ditch while he was passing another car at full speed. His machine plummeted against a tree and the great Renault died of his injuries.

Lorraine Barrow, another Englishman, swerved to avoid a dog and rammed a tree at more than sixty miles an hour. His mechanic, Pierre Rodez, died on the spot, his neck broken and skull fractured. Barrow himself was mortally injured.

Faring better were Georges Richard, a French manufacturer, and Terry, the only American in the race besides Vanderbilt and Foxhall Keene. Richard sloughed into a donkey cart in the middle of the road just beyond a curve skirting a hill and was only slightly injured. Terry, roaring past to the left of a machine, collapsed a wheel at the crucial moment. Moving a mile a minute, the car skidded sideways and kept going another thousand feet before it scraped to a stop in a cloud of dirt and stones. The shock of the impact when the wheel folded burst the gasoline tank and in a flash the car was blazing like a torch.

Miraculously, neither Terry nor his mechanic was hurt. "Mr. Terry, with rare *sang-froid*, continued in the seat, but was forced to leave the burning vehicle," wrote a chronicler of the time.

Henri Fournier and de Kynff each survived a catapulting from their cars, not much the worse for the experience. Vanderbilt went out early with a punctured tire, glad to retire before he killed someone.

At 12:14 o'clock Louis Renault thundered across the finish line in Bordeaux, the first to arrive. Sixteen minutes later came Jarrott, followed by Gabriel, at one o'clock. Then came Salleron, Baras, Baron de Crawhez, and the rest at irregular intervals for the next several hours. The last of the ninety-four who finished pulled into the city at three the next morning.

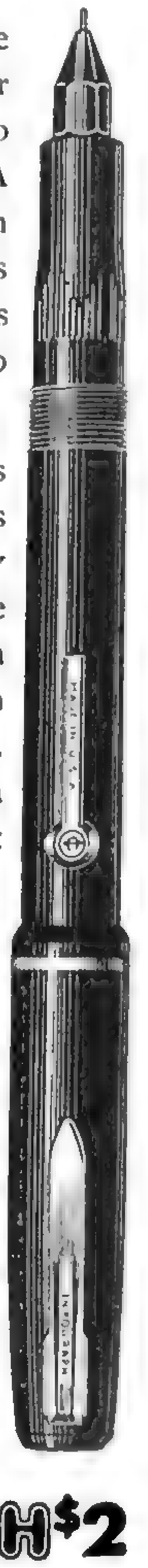
Gabriel, who had been the eighty-first to leave Versailles, was awarded first place. He had covered the three hundred thirty-one

POOR RICHARD *wrote a good hand!*

Benj. Franklin won fame with his Almanac . . . in later life was twice ambassador to England, once to France. A clear thinker, he took pride in his clear penmanship. In his Autobiography, he took pains to point out, "I learned to write a good hand."

Our present foreign envoys serving in the AUS—hundreds of thousands of them—may write poorer hands, but have better pens. Many treasure an Inkograph . . . the precision instrument of penmanship. Sturdy, speedy-acting, with smooth flow of ink, it is built to write millions of words.

The needs of service men come first, so if your dealer is out of stock—keep trying.



The name Inkograph on the barrel identifies the genuine . . . Sorry, no mail orders — only dealers can supply you.

Back our fighting forces with fighting dollars . . . sign up for more war bonds today. You can't put any pen to better use!

INK-O-GRAPH $2

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13

DO

You Think of Your Throat and Lungs?

TONGUE
THROAT
LUNGS

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

Exclusive with Royal Duke

SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TRAP IMPURITIES

You Owe it to Yourself to have its protection

Royal Duke

- Standard $1.50
- DeLuxe $2.50
- Supreme $3.50

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York

miles in the shortest time: five hours, thirteen minutes and thirty-one seconds. His average speed had been 63.45 miles an hour.

Second honors went to Renault, whose time was five hours, thirty-nine minutes, fifty-nine seconds. Allowing for the neutral zones, many others arrived within six hours of the start. Such speed left the Continent incredulous. It exceeded even that of the crack Southern Express, which took seven hours for the same run. A Clement *voiturette*, with its two coughing cylinders, was the fastest in its class, covering the distance in seven hours, nineteen minutes, fifty-seven seconds.

The rest of the two hundred twenty-eight starters were strung out along the winding, treacherous trail, a ghastly percentage wrecked and their drivers dead or injured. Consequently, those cars which reached Bordeaux were seized one by one as they straggled into the city and put under lock by order of the French government. When permission finally was granted for removal of the machines, it was on condition that they be towed to the railway station by horse and shipped by rail.

All celebrations planned for the drivers were called off. Journals hostile to the automobile, on the ground that it was a dangerous and transitory plaything with no practical future, had a field day of delighted howling. They pointed to the dead and maimed as final proof of their contention. The French public itself tacitly agreed that the day of road racing was at an end. Speed was now too high for safety to driver and spectator in an open highway contest.

In the Chamber of Deputies, President Combes arose before an aghast house and commented in defense that the government hadn't expected such speed when it gave permission for the event. However, he blamed the accidents on defects in the road and carelessness in the drivers rather than on a lack of precautions by the organizers, and he warned the chamber against any measures which would fan adverse public feeling and bring a demand for laws which would retard the prospering automobile industry.

After a day of heated exchanges and buck passing, it was decided to do nothing beyond forbidding continuance of the race to Madrid and restricting future contests to private roads. There was talk of laying out circular courses or "autodromes" before the subject was dropped for the day.

But French car makers were downcast. It was the many races they had sponsored, though none on this scale, which had spurred development and established leadership of the French automobile. However, quick recovery followed the setback and French auto makers advanced toward a product of greater quality, urged forward by the lesson of disaster in the bloodiest speed contest of all time. ⵌ

RENAULT

Extra Dry American Champagne

To celebrate Christmas, the day of days, enjoy the drink of drinks—Renault Extra-Dry American Champagne. Use it just as it comes from the very bottle in which it was fermented, or mix it to make a delightful punch, according to one of the famous recipes contained in Renault's 24-page Wine Recipe Book, a copy of which will be sent to you free. Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J., where American Champagne has been produced for three-quarters of a century. Renault American Champagnes and California Gold Label Wines are distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

BUY WAR BONDS

EXTRA-DRY
Renault
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

Enjoy Renault ~ the Wine without Fault

CORRECT

In Dickens' time—the holidays saw this jolly fellow dispensing good cheer in his voluminous rain and chill proof cloak . . . Correct, of course, but for Protection only!

Correct.....EVERY DAY

Wet or dry days . . . holidays . . . any day your Plymouth Weatherproof is correct in every detail—craftsman-tailoring, weatherproof fabric, smart fit—yes, Plymouth's the "Best Buy, Wet or Dry." For here is *Protection—Plus!* And if you'd dispense good-cheer, give him a Plymouth Weatherproof . . . and watch him beam his appreciation. Best shops—coast-to-coast can show you rainwear's Best Buy—PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Give War Bonds

Plymouth WEATHERPROOFS OF BOSTON

NEW YORK: 200 FIFTH AVENUE · CHICAGO: 14 E. JACKSON BOULEVARD
ATLANTA · CLEVELAND · DENVER · DES MOINES · OKLAHOMA CITY · SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE · HONOLULU, T. H.

Don't Look Now, It's De Wolfe

Continued from page 155

self," said Boris Karloff weakly.

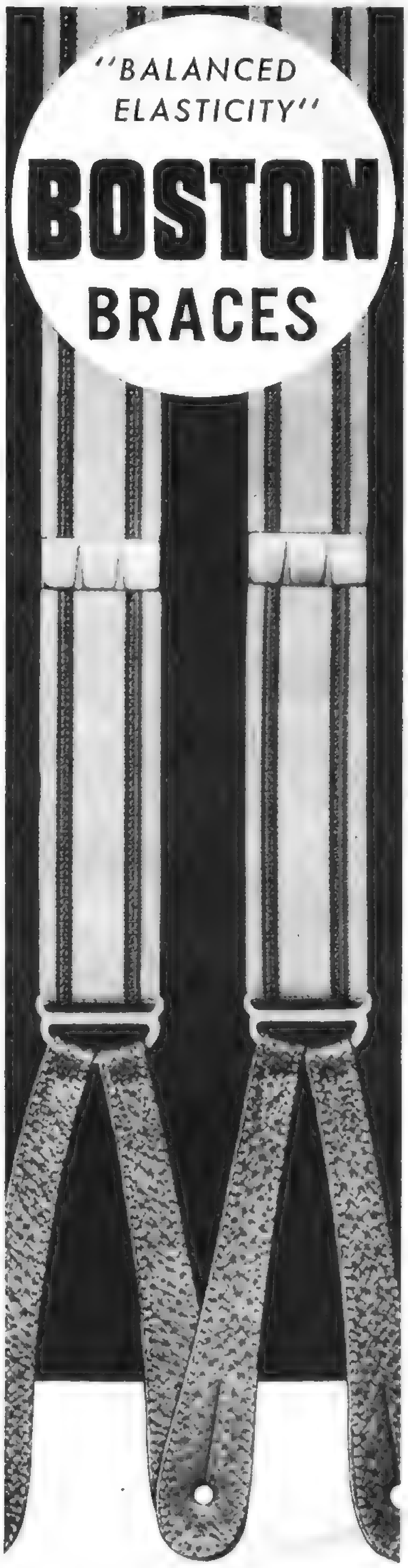
Once a lady in Milwaukee sued Billy De Wolfe because she said she was frightened by his impersonation of Karloff at the Riverside Theatre there. "Did anybody ever sue Karloff for 25,000 dollars?" De Wolfe asks proudly.

The progress of an imitator is a continual extinction of his own personality. De Wolfe has become nearly eighty per cent depersonalized. His face, continuously in motion, has lost the stamp of distinctive personality, although it was probably a very handsome face to begin with. What you notice most about Billy are his large hands and exceptionally long, supple fingers, the fingers of a great pianist or of a skillful throttler. De Wolfe has few intimate friends and he has never married. "Most of the people who are introduced to him," reveals an acquaintance, "notice Billy staring at them in a funny way. Of course, he is unconscious he is staring at them, but they're afraid he is getting material for a new sketch and they avoid him."

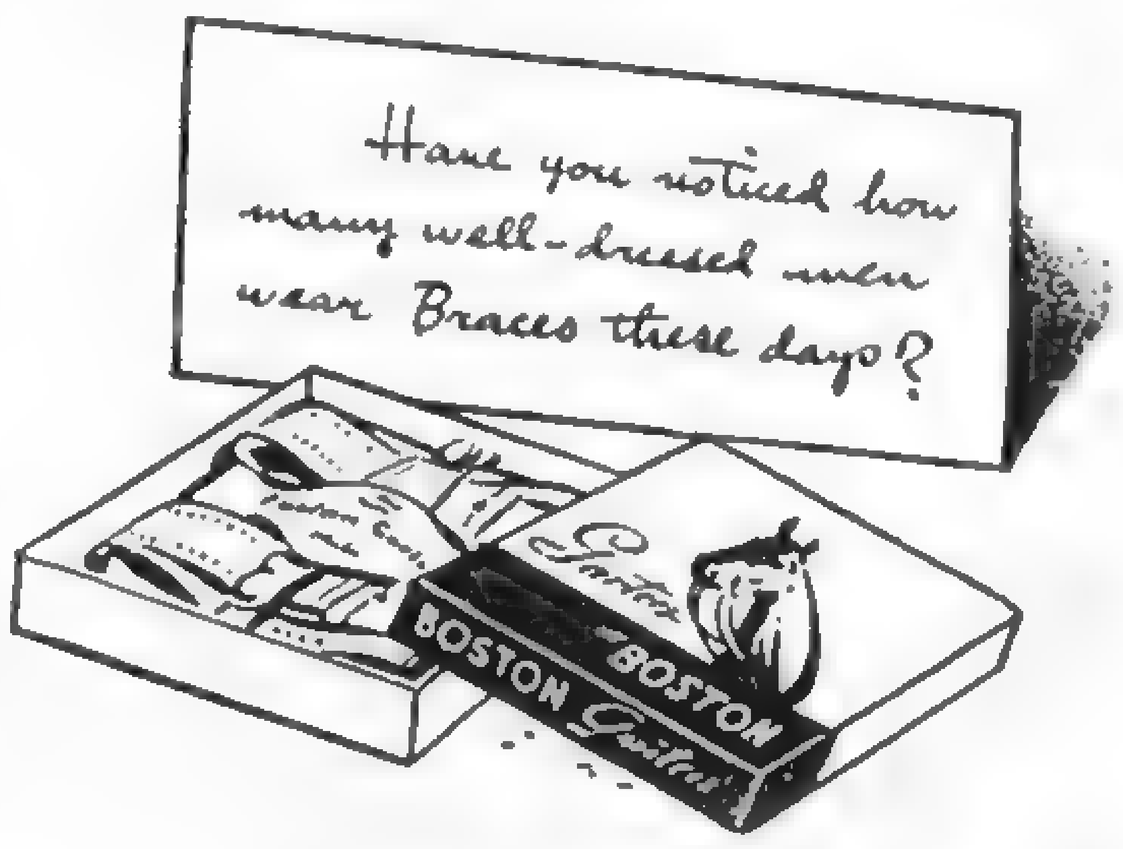
De Wolfe recalls that he has always been satirizing women, even back in Quincy, Massachusetts, where he was born plain William Jones in 1909. His family came from Pwllheli, North Wales, and his father was a bookbinder. He started out, when he was eight, impersonating an old maid in the next block. At school he satirized the teachers and was birched for his troubles. At eleven he decided he wanted to be a drummer and went to work as a busboy in a Howard Johnson restaurant to earn the money for his snares and traps. (In the Navy he played drum in Lt. Commander Eddie Peabody's bluejacket band.) At one time he was an usher in the Quincy Theatre and, being impressed by the eccentric or acrobatic dancers who appeared in vaudeville bills he was soon practicing backbends, chestrolls, splits and other appurtenances of the eccentric dance in the high school gymnasium. After several years he decided to come to New York. He changed his name to Billy De Wolfe and starved in Manhattan for a long time. One day he saw an ad that a Club Alabam was having a chorus-call for girls and boys. Billy, unaware that the Club Alabam specialized in all-colored floor shows, turned up at the call and lined up with a group of Negroes. Finally his turn came. The producer of the show inspected him dubiously.

"You dance all right, sweetheart," the producer said, cynically, "but if you're a high yaller—then you're awfully high."

The producer advised him the Shuberts were having a call for the Artists and Models of 1925. De Wolfe raced over to the Winter Garden, as nervous as a boy on



Let's admit that few men get a kick out of buying a pair of braces . . . as they get out of buying, say, a new hat. So they want the braces they do buy to be as comfortable and as long lasting as possible. That's the outstanding reason for BOSTON Braces, made by the makers of the Boston Garters . . . *balanced elasticity* . . . perfect freedom balanced with a sturdy resiliency. Best available leather and metal fittings and a wide choice of widths, patterns and colors. Your haberdasher can show you how well BOSTON Braces fulfill these specifications. George Frost Company, Shirley, Massachusetts, affiliated with President Suspender Company.


Have you noticed how many well-dressed men wear Braces these days?
Boston Garter
BOSTON
BOSTON Garter

Nothing finer can be said of any Waterproof Watch than . . .

"It's a Croton 14KT Gold Aquamedico"

$100 at better stores

For men who demand the best—this distinguished and efficient timekeeping instrument—unexcelled for its waterproof, shock-resistant, anti-magnetic qualities. Created in accordance with inflexible Croton precision standards, it has a guaranteed 17-jewel movement, sweep second hand, luminous dial, unbreakable crystal. Free booklet on request . . . Croton Watch Co., 48 West 48th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

© 1944, Croton Watch Co., Inc.

his first big date. A chubby little chorus boy noticed his nervousness and asked what the matter was. Billy confessed his inexperience. "Come on," said Chubby, "I'll teach you a time-step. Without a time-step you'll never get the job." They went to the back of the theatre where Billy mastered his first time-step. His tutor was an obscure dancer named Jack Oakie.

After being a chorus boy in several musicals, he went into vaudeville as part of a comedy-dancing act called De Wolfe, Metcalfe and Ford, which was a flop here but a sensation in every European country during the 1930's. Marriage broke up the act, and in 1939 he returned to Broadway, flat broke. He did a dull dancing act in small night clubs, and for twenty-one weeks he played in a hideaway cellar joint in Philadelphia, and the only relaxation the other performers in the club had was going to an all-night coffee shop after the last floor show and asking Billy to do imitations of people they disliked, such as their landlady, the cigarette girl in the club and the owner of the club. The owner of the club was also the master of ceremonies and Billy could do a hilarious travesty of the emcee bellowing, "Well, folks, the management has gone to great expense to bring you direct from Broadway a beautiful line of girls."

"Listen, De Wolfe," said the boss one night, "you got to put some new material in the act, otherwise I'll have to can you."

"What kind of new material can I put in?" pleaded Billy. "I am now putting in all the dance steps I know."

The boss leered. "Why," he asked grimly, "don't you put in some impoisonations?"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

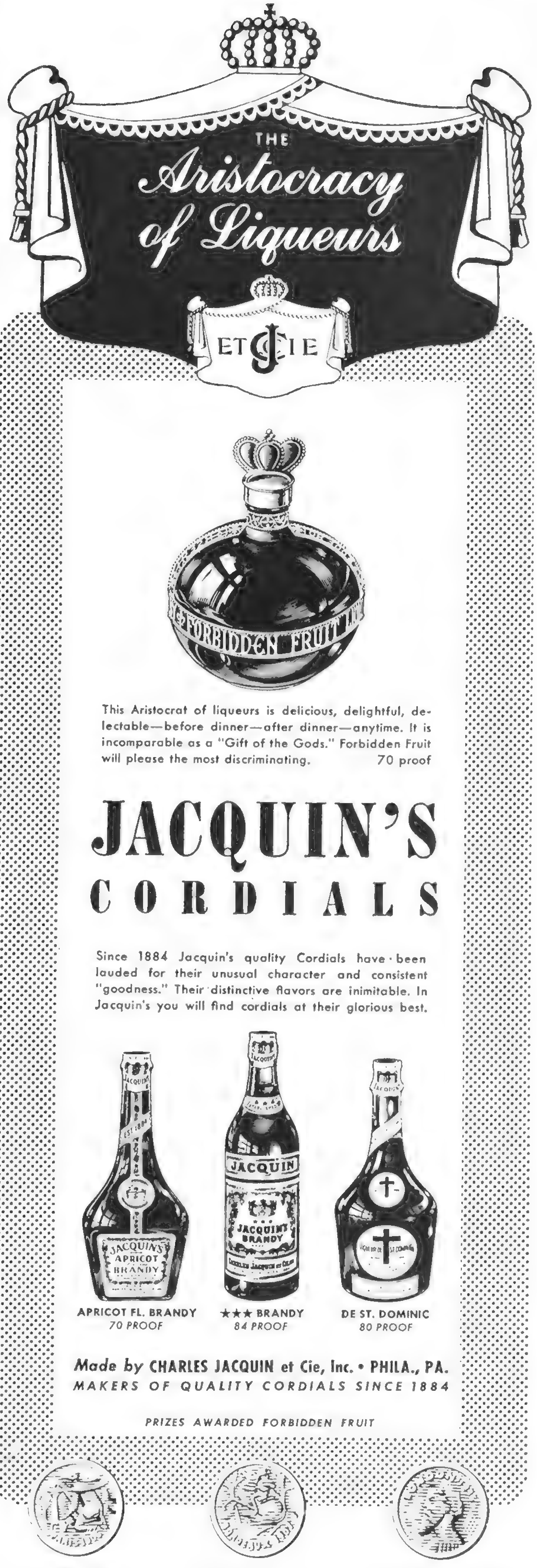
"Sure," said the boss, who seems to have had an efficient Gestapo, "why don't you do that imitation of me emceeing the show?" Then he hauled off and let De Wolfe have it around the face, neck and chest.

So De Wolfe embarked on a career as an impersonator—although not at that particular club.

While he was doing his impersonations at the Palmer House in Chicago, he began to feel upset about playing to so many uniforms. "So," he says, "one morning while on my way to the post office which was the recruiting station here, I simply joined the line and enlisted, telling them I had a Hollywood contract to do a picture with Crosby. They were nice enough to allow me permission to make the picture. I was sworn into the Navy on the stage of the Chicago Theatre."

At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, after he had finished his nautical chores, De Wolfe took part in shows. He says: "I have wonderful new material which I gathered at Great Lakes."

Right now, his most popular number is a satire entitled *Types of Hostesses You Meet in U.S.O. Canteens!* ###



THE Aristocracy of Liqueurs

ET CIE

This Aristocrat of liqueurs is delicious, delightful, delectable—before dinner—after dinner—anytime. It is incomparable as a "Gift of the Gods." Forbidden Fruit will please the most discriminating. 70 proof

JACQUIN'S CORDIALS

Since 1884 Jacquin's quality Cordials have been lauded for their unusual character and consistent "goodness." Their distinctive flavors are inimitable. In Jacquin's you will find cordials at their glorious best.

APRICOT FL. BRANDY 70 PROOF

★★★ BRANDY 84 PROOF

DE ST. DOMINIC 80 PROOF

Made by CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie, Inc. • PHILA., PA.

MAKERS OF QUALITY CORDIALS SINCE 1884

PRIZES AWARDED FORBIDDEN FRUIT

PARIS • 1906 BORDEAUX • 1907 LONDON • 1936

RUMPP

The MARK of QUALITY in the Leathers You Give

Leather Gifts by Rumpp make Traveling Companions of High Reputation for Distinction, Style and Service. When You're Giving Good Leather—Now or Ever—Give Rumpp. Look for the Rumpp Name and Trademark When You Look for Leather Gifts in a Leading Store.

TOILET CASE
A smart traveling companion fashioned in a variety of choice, full grained leathers. Completely outfitted to be alert to the needs of good grooming. Packs away neatly and lightly.

BILLFOLD
It's a beauty. Carries important papers, cards and currency securely and still stays slim and light. Styles for both men and women.

STUD BOX
Be sure that studs, links and cuff buttons stay put—and smartly, too, when they're kept in this handsome little leather chest. Soft, padded suede lining. Choice of leathers and colors.

WRITING CASE
Helps busy travelers catch up on correspondence anywhere. Blotter pad, envelopes, and paper are in handy compartments. Choose from a variety of colors in deluxe leathers.

PIPE 'N POUCH
Good smoking ahead—thanks to tobacco kept moist and sealed in this zipper pouch of soft goat skin. The secretly concealed pipe makes it an unusually fine two in one gift.

RUMPP
"The Sterling of Leatherware"

C. F. RUMPP AND SONS, Philadelphia 6, Pennsylvania • Since 1850

The Carpenter Goes Home

Continued from page 157

reaching for a hand hold. Thank God I found one. It seemed as if I would be torn apart with the strain. I could feel him breaking from my grasp. But then as the wave rolled past, feet were pounding to me. George Drake had come to my help. Before the next wave, we got Chips to the ladder. The skipper and mate laid hold to help us up.

George and I carried Chips to his room, stripped the wet clothes off him, wrapped him in a blanket and laid him in his bed.

I was nursing my bruised elbow, and was so groggy I could scarcely stand. All I could think of was the shocking limpness of the body we had dragged across the deck. I kept asking George, "D'you think he's hurt bad?"

"Chips has had a rare battering. I don't know what other damage it's done, but it certainly knocked him stone cold," he said. "It was like this. When she took that sea I was on the bridge. I saw you both under the winch as she hit. I thought you went over the side. Chips was swept under the drum of the winch, then smashed up against the mooring bitts. He seemed to stay there a second, then he was washed down onto the foredeck like a sack of wet sand. Then I saw you at the winch and I was jumping down to help with Chips but the second sea stopped me."

The face of the fortune teller came back to me. I could hear his voice as he said: "No! I cannot tell this Sahib his fortune . . ."

Chips was breathing but he had not moved. His eyes were closed. A low mutter came from his lips. I bent my head and picked out, "Easy job, Cap'n. Easy job . . . good ship . . . good ship."

The *Tribesman* carried no doctor. While we were looking at Chips the captain came in. He felt the carpenter's hands and lifted one of his feet. The leg fell back like a log. "Get some half-gallon bottles filled with hot water and put them around him," the captain ordered Drake. "That's all I can do for him now." To me the captain said, "Get into dry clothes and turn to."

The captain could not leave the bridge for more than a few minutes while the ship was being constantly swept. With the smashing the ship was taking, my work was needed. I left the carpenter lying motionless, surrounded by the models of his ships. A sick man on a vessel is "in nobody's mess," as the saying is and in a storm everything must give way to duty. The mate went below with me to look to the bracing of the cargo and put me to setting up emergency shores.

I worked long past my watch. Several times I made chances to go up to see Chips. He lay as I had left him and the bottles were keeping him warm. The last

The gift that will please her most

Richelieu Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Pearls*

they're beautiful

Authentic fashions

*simulated

FREEZOMINT

The Correct way to say "Crème de Menthe"

You will never be misunderstood or disappointed when you order Freezomint after dinner. Originated by the famous French House of Cusenier—its cool, refreshing flavor and delicate aroma make it the world's most distinguished Crème de Menthe . . . Equally delightful served straight or frappé. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole agents for U. S. A.

60 PROOF

PRODUCT OF ARGENTINE

FREEZOMINT
CRÈME DE MENTHE CUSENIER
CUSENIER

a Liqueur of CUSENIER

time I saw him the captain in his dripping oilskins was sitting beside him. There was nothing I could do so I went to my bunk.

Exhausted as I was I slept like a dead man. In the morning before turning to I went to the galley for a mug of coffee, intending to go up then and see how Chips was doing. The storm had blown itself out. The sea had flattened considerably and the *Tribesman* was making good weather. While I was standing, George Drake came in. He had a ball of twine and a sailmaker's needle and palm in his hand.

There was no need to ask any questions. George's face was enough. "The carpenter's gone, Mate. Never moved again. The skipper said he was all smashed up inside." George looked at the ball of twine. "He was a good shipmate. We're going to sew him up now. It will be tomorrow in the forenoon watch."

The wind dropped. The ship pulled her way through the long seas and kept up her solemn pendulum roll while three of us sewed. Strange, pathetic anecdotes of the carpenter were told as we sewed him well, with the canvas stretched in taut, trim neatness with seams straight.

The next morning, four of us carried him out to the circle of his shipmates in the deathly immobility of the drifting ship. From foremast and bridge the ship's bells tolled.

The storm had died at daybreak. Under the calm blue sky the sunlight danced on the wave crests. The breeze was warm.

We laid Chips on the board with one end on the rail, and over him we spread our flag. The captain stepped forward, book in hand. He began to read:

"I am the resurrection, and the life . . ."

In the immense silence he read on—but before he finished the service he interrupted himself.

"Our carpenter was a fine man, a fine shipmate. But there is one thing you all may not know. When this war started, he was on the point of retiring, but he stepped forward and took his place—and he was more than sixty years old. Go about the ship; examine the work of this carpenter, and you will find it good. He met his death in the pursuit of his duties. It was for the ship and for us that he gave his life. There was once another Carpenter who did likewise.

"In his passing one more link has parted that joined us to the men of the past. We will be better men for having known him."

The captain opened the book again:

"We commit the body of this, our brother, to the sea . . ." Eight hands raised the plank. There was a whisper of scraping canvas as the carpenter sped out and downward.

A moment later came the throb of the engines. Smoke streamed back as the *Tribesman* moved ahead on its way to Capetown. ###

BUGBEE ELECTED DEAN OF RAINWEAR U!

Climaxing a meteoric climb unparalleled in the dripping annals of Rainwear U. history, Prof. H. Z. Bugbee,* president of the national fraternity of U Keepa Drya and R. U.'s leading Prof., took over the administrative reins from ex-dean I. M. Alldri.

The new Dean promised to continue preaching the Wat-a-tite gospel to all who tread the soggy R. U. campus. He'll tell them how year-in, year-out comfort is theirs with Wat-a-tite processed rainwear, as Wat-a-tite lets fabrics "breathe" by keeping fabric pores open while repelling rain, wind and snow. Dean Bugbee will also let 'em know that Wat-a-tite doesn't weaken fabrics (fact it sometimes strenghtens them). He'll show 'em how several PROPER** dry cleansings will NOT remove Wat-a-tite protection and will illustrate how Wat-a-tite rainwear won't crack or crackle in cold weather.

Remember, for LASTING rainwear comfort and protection . . . look for the Wat-a-tite label next time you're hunting for rainwear!

WATER REPELLENT
WIND RESISTANT
Wat-a-tite
CLEANABLE
LABORATORY TESTED

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING COMPANY
NORTH DIGHTON • MASSACHUSETTS

* Any similarity to true names is purely coincidental
** No soap in cleansing solution

Trade Mark Registered
Wat-a-tite

A LASTING WATER-REPELLENT FINISH FOR COTTONS AND RAYONS

ELLYN DELEITH
Parfums
MOODS in Crystal

PAMPA
— pulsating — vibrant — restless . . . a surging, turbulent mood.

IOLA
— light — floral — dewy fresh . . . a mood of youth's enchantment.

A Christmas gift deluxe for the female of the species—very come-hither perfumes in extravagantly beautiful hand-cut crystal bottles. A glance, and she's yours—a whiff, and you're hers!

A SYMPHONY in BLUE
The essence of Xmas—your choice of heavenly scents in these lovely blue-as-the-sky gift packages.

Ellyn Deleith
PARFUMS

These and other exquisitely bottled perfumes at your favorite shop, or write to ELLYN DELEITH, 319 West 48th Street, N. Y. C.

Black Sheep No. Three: Bill

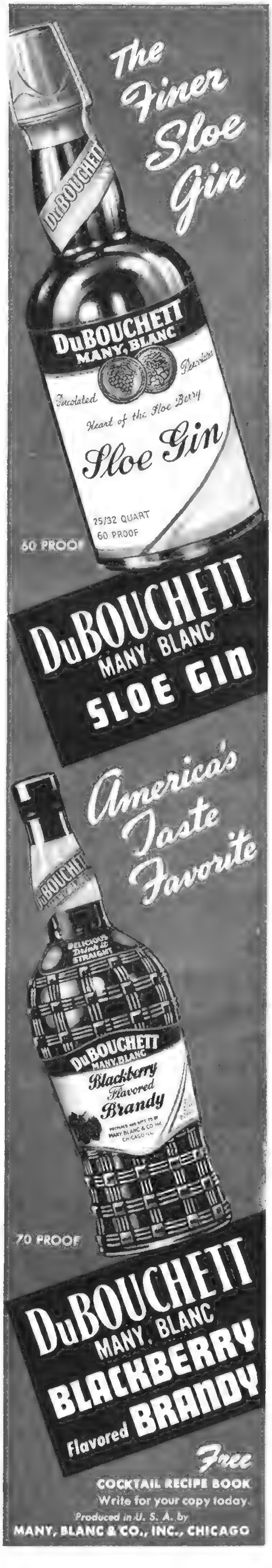
Continued from page 118

ered, and, after knocking loudly at the door demanding the return of same on the ground that it had not been paid for—a situation which required the calling of Bill, who was present but in his room, having retired there in order to be able to signal his conspirators, who had entered and laid hands on the desk. But once Bill came down they immediately discovered that there was some mistake—that they were in the wrong house, and in order to smooth things over, immediately produced two bottles of champagne which they explained on the ground that the dealer had intended that these same were to have been locked in one of the drawers but which intention had been overlooked. Naturally so unusual a present as this served amply to dispell the previous feeling and to cause all to smile on Bill once more.

One of the best of his jests or yarns related to a time when presumably he was very poor and had a room with a fireplace for which he had to supply the wood. Not so far from this presumably mythical room was a somewhat decayed and forgotten potter's field in which were a number of wooden crosses, most of which, because of age and decay, had fallen to the ground. But his need being great, he decided that at midnight each day or so he would go forth to this field and bring home as many fallen crosses as he could comfortably carry.

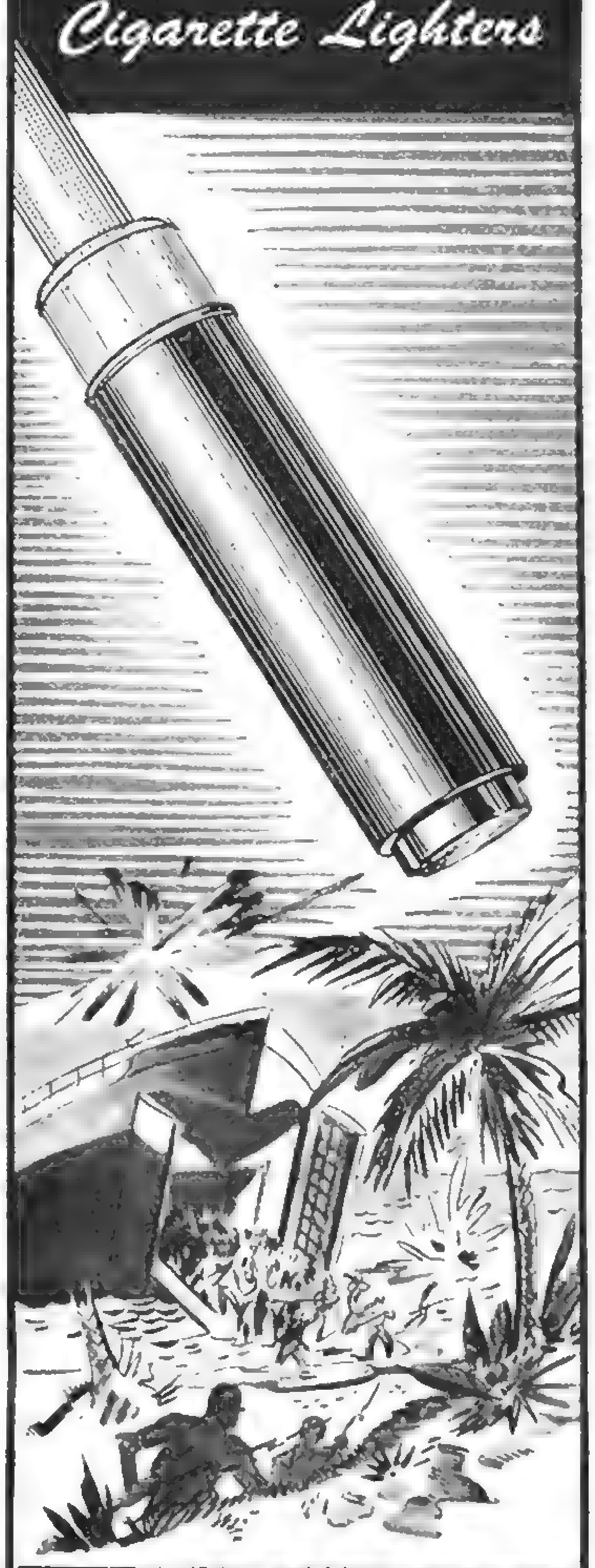
In due course, the decayed and fallen crosses grew scarcer and scarcer until at last there were none or nearly so—so nearly that he had to look far and wide, until at last and much to his surprise, he came upon a new cross of very good pine which, should he choose to use it, would make him a very excellent fire. He tugged at the cross and finally freed it rejoicingly. Then he carried it to his lone room. On this occasion, believe it or not, at some few paces behind him, he noted a pale, misty white ghost that was silently keeping step with him. Not believing in the import or power of any ghost to do anybody any physical harm, he went his way to his own door and there entering, shut the ghost out, while he proceeded to break up the cross. Although the same was duly burned and warmed his room the ghost was not able to do him any harm.

Afterward, whenever he was out late and whether he went to the graveyard or not, as he came near his own room, there was the ghost silently keeping step, yet doing him no harm. In due time, not wishing to be "pestered" in this way, he decided to work and save and have a new cross made which he would return to this grave in order to see if it would not go away. The money for the cross being earned and the cross



Free
COCKTAIL RECIPE BOOK
Write for your copy today.
Produced in U. S. A. by
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

LEKTROLITE
Flameless Cigarette Lighters



The Fighter's Lighter

No flame, no flare! No spark, no glare! No wonder LEKTROLITE has become the fighter's lighter on every front...and *yours* on the home front. No gadgets to get out of order, no wheels to spin, no spark to fall. Just insert the cigarette, push button-end in, draw on cigarette—and IT'S LIT! Anytime, anywhere, under any conditions. Better ask your dealer about the new LEKTROLITE so you don't miss them!

LEKTROLITE
FLUID

There's plenty of LEKTROLITE fluid for those owning prewar LEKTROLITES. So fuel up —use your lighter often— the more you use it, the better it works!

IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER AND YOURS! *The New*
LEKTROLITE
Flameless Cigarette Lighters

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

LEKTROLITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 35, N. Y.

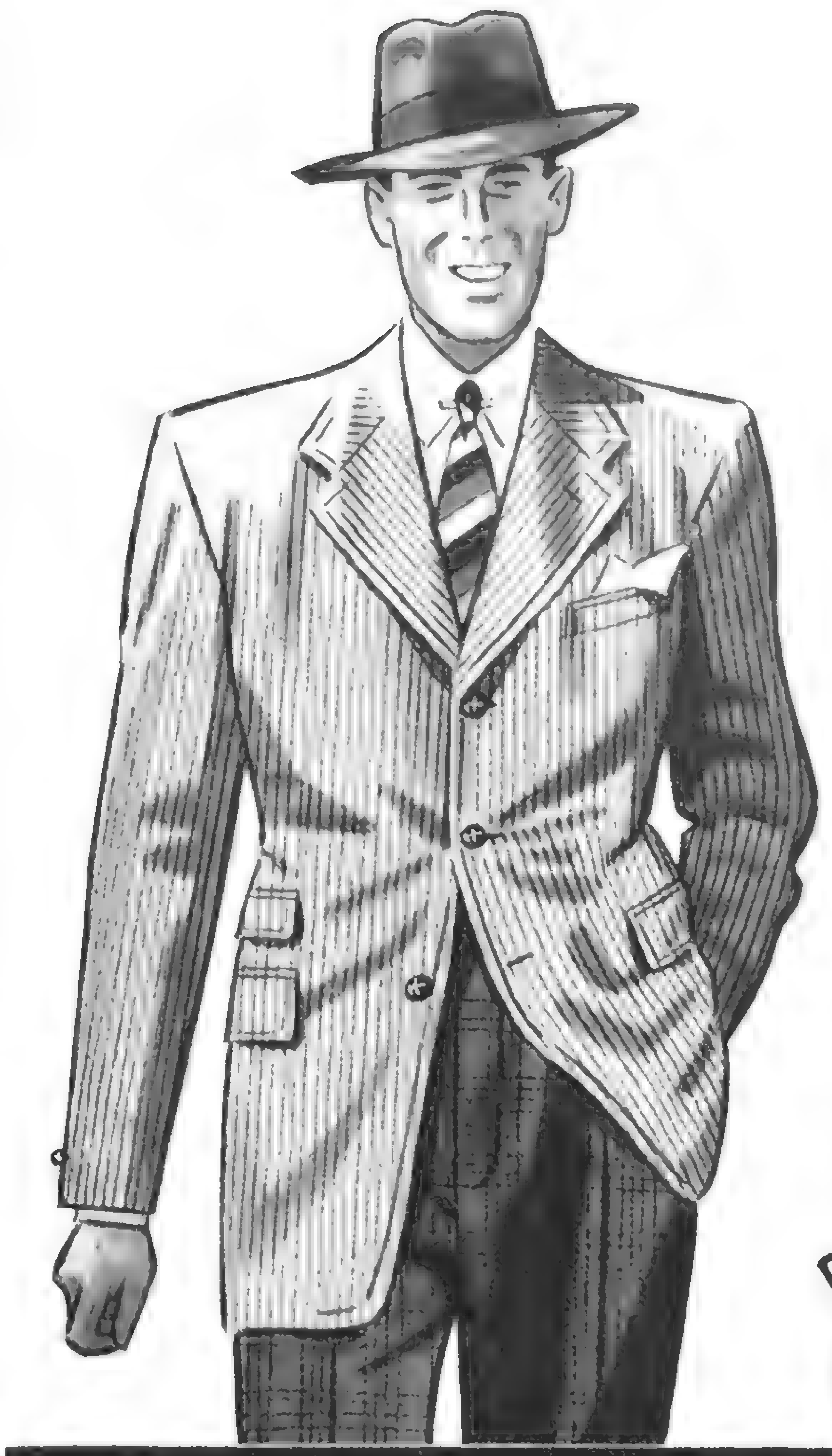
made, and he at midnight having returned the cross to this particular grave, the ghost ceased following him.

His friends were truly beginning to weary of him and meditating on how to free themselves of him, when who should appear on the scene but Lila, who was to be his next wife. True, she had a husband with whom she did not live. Also a son about twelve years of age. Lila was not pretty, but she was strong, practical and farseeing. It was rumored that she might even have had a touch of Negro blood in her veins, for she was quite dark. But she was kindly and in love with William Brown on sight as he was with her. And before long both were divested of their former marital ties and married to each other. Thereafter Lila made Bill give her all of his money and she saved it —something he had never done before. In time they owned a piece of land and soon after that a new house went up on it. In fact, for the first time in his life Bill had someone to work with him. Lila did everything to make extra money, even to raising dogs and chickens. What was more and better, Bill's joking never bothered her. She was too busy saving money. However, after a while Bill's health began to fail and he was compelled to give up work. At that time Lila turned the house over to her son and she and Bill moved into the city, taking over a rooming house. By much hard work Lila made it pay and they still had an income, although the house was a cheap place in a poor section of the city.

His health failing more and more, Bill couldn't do much work. Hence he began to put in his time attending almost nightly any and all religious meetings that were not very far away, only he was inclined to go where the poor and the down-and-outs gathered. He had always been inclined toward religion anyway. One night he was so ill that he left a certain church meeting early and just managed to get to the door of his own apartment when he fell. He spoke just one word, "Rosie," his pet name for Lila. He fell straight back, so the doctor knew he had been dead before he began to fall.

Lila was brokenhearted. She had had him to look after for so long. After he had been buried some months, she decided the place was not right and had him moved to where it seemed to be brighter and sunnier! She couldn't sleep, she said, thinking he might be where it was damp!

P. S. As for his first wife, Ida, she had eventually returned to Pittsburgh proper and worked in a store where one of Bill's friends met her. Once they fell to discussing William, her chief comment was that "Bill was always so silly. I just couldn't stand his joking all of the time." And he probably thought, as did I, that his humor was his greatest gift. In fact, it was all he had. ⧺



CORDUROYAL
ARISTOCRAT
TRADE MARK
OF CORDUROYS

The Marly
CASUAL CORDUROY JACKET
CORRECT EVERYWHERE

Skinner's Tackle Twill

A grand gift for the well-dressed man of any age. For he'll build a whole assembly line of outfits around the Marly. He'll wear it with any number of odd trousers . . . for sports, dates, and even to business. Fashioned of CORDUROYAL, a colorful corduroy you'll have a tough time wearing out. Weatherized by Cravenette. Full-lined. In Sand, Saddle Brown, or Lovat Green. About $13.50.

The ***ARDLEIGH*** at left . . . is a rain-or-shine Weatherworthy that'll keep you well-dressed, warm, and dry whatever the weather. New dull-lustre Skinner's TACKLE TWILL is Long-Life Cravenetted and windproof, too! Note superb set-in shoulders and exclusive lie-flat fly-front. In Desert Tan . . . about $20.

AT BETTER STORES

THEY'RE BOTH
Ayrostar ORIGINALS
by ARROW IMPORTING CO., Cleveland

"I feel like playing now that you're rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'."

If you want to bring out that playful mood in the fair sex — and what man doesn't — you'll avoid "5 o'clock Shadow"!

Stay face-neat all day long by shaving with genuine Gem Blades. Gem's the thicker blade with the deep wedge-edge. It *holds* its super-keenness longer. It gives more and better shaves per blade. Try Gem; get that chin-clean, cheek-smooth look!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

WRITE OFTEN - WRITE V-MAIL!

IT'S SURE · SAVES TIME · SAVES SPACE

The Connemara Black Fly

Continued from page 105

smiled at him and at last he broke silence.

"Is it a friend ye are o' the major's?"

"Major O'Corvin? I never saw him before last night—why?"

"I wuz puzzlin' in me mind, sor. No har-rm in askin'."

"Not a bit. You seem to have him on your mind."

"It's nothin', sor." He rose. "The rain's a-dyin'. We might be havin' another drift."

They had another drift without luck. The rain came on again and promised to continue. Gill gave it up. It was growing dark when the boat slid over the pebbles before the inn. He knew Joyce had a two-mile row before him and asked him to come in for a drink.

"No, thank ye, sor, if ye don't mind," Joyce refused. "No offense, sor." He carried the tackle as far as the door, left it there and returned to the boat.

After dinner, which he ate alone, Gill idled in the dreary little parlor crowded with battered pieces of furniture Tuohy must have inherited from the ugliest period of the previous century. A stuffed pike, the largest Gill had ever seen, hung in a glass case over the fireplace, its mouth partly open, exposing its vicious teeth. He was startled to find Major O'Corvin standing beside him. The man's cold eyes disturbed him as they had on the previous night.

"Good evening," Gill said.

"I believe you had Joyce today."

"Yes, I did."

"Did he say anything—that is, did you have trouble with him?"

"No-o, nothing to speak of."

"Ah! Then there was something. I warned you about him."

"Why? What's the mystery about this boatman?"

O'Corvin leaned nearer him and gulped. "Mystery? Mystery? Who said anything of mystery? My dear sir, I merely cautioned you against a drunken lout."

"I think Joyce and I understand each other," said Gill and, for something to do, filled his pipe.

"You caught no fish, so Tuohy says," remarked the major, with apparent pleasure.

"Only one; had him for lunch," Gill said shortly.

Major O'Corvin turned and surveyed the pike in its glass case.

"Perhaps you'd better try the pike," he said with obvious rudeness.

"Whacking big brute." Gill gazed up at the stuffed fish. "Thirty-nine pounds. I wonder what he was like on the end of a line?"

"Like a sullen beast—no strategy, no grace," answered O'Corvin, spreading his hands in a way that reminded Gill strangely of a shark's fins cutting water. "And

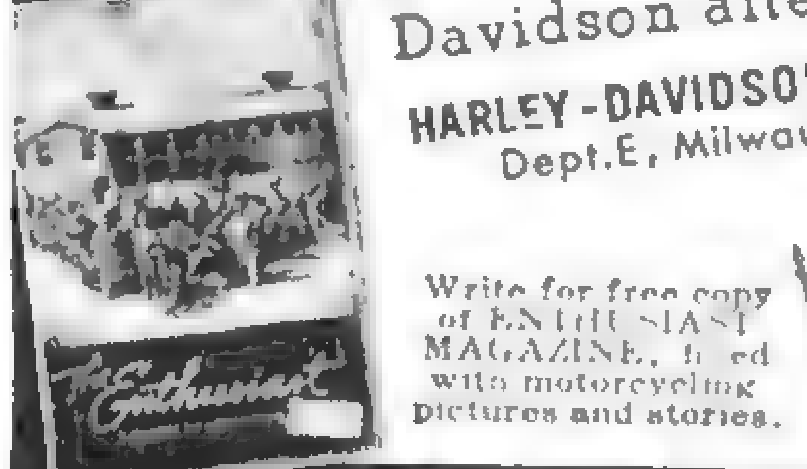
"I SURE MISS THE RACES AND OTHER EVENTS"

From "somewhere in Italy" comes this letter — so typical of thousands pouring in from our fighting men:

"Owned a Harley-Davidson before this war came along and since I've been in the Service I've put plenty of rugged miles on one of your 45's. Am certainly convinced of their dependability in all kinds of terrain and weather. Am looking forward to the day I can again own my own cycle . . . I sure miss the races and other events."
—Pfc. P. E. T.

Every letter tells of that same longing for motorcycling days to come — and they can't come too soon for most of the fellows. More reason than ever to *Buy More War Bonds*. Make sure of having your own Harley-Davidson after Victory.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wis.



Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE, filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLES

They all prefer Benner!

Fashionable styles and leathers for every occasion.

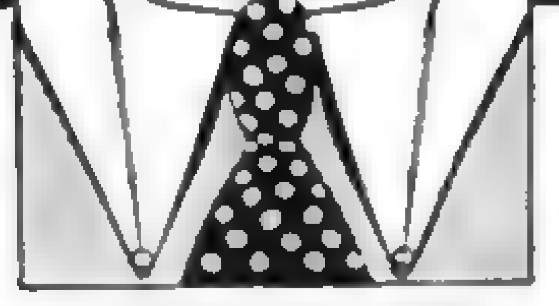
Equally at home on the job. No stitching on edges, saves wear and tear.

First in the service. Sturdy all weather construction.

Women, too, prefer Benner smart styles, gay colors and compact construction.

BENNER
LEATHER GOODS CO.
315 W. WRIGHT ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

How to enjoy starched collar neatness and soft collar comfort



Invisible Under Collar

The answer is SPIFFY—the invisible collar stay with the self-adjusting springs. Smooths away wrinkles and collar curl—holds down the points—keeps a fellow looking neat, smart and trim the whole day long.

19 Million Sold to Servicemen!

It's a "Must" with the boys in khaki . . . they're easy to mail. Why not send three or four to *your* man in the service!

Every man should have three or four—**25c and more at men's stores, P.X.'s and Army Stores everywhere.**

"Spiffy" COLLAR STAYS

CREST SPECIALTY CO., 663 W. Washington St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Royalton CROWN

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES
TRANSPARENT MOUTHPIECE
CONDENSING CHAMBER traps and holds bitter juices and sediment
MOUTHPIECE TUBE prevents backflow of moisture
UNBREAKABLE JOINT
BOWL GUARD keeps shank and bowl dry
Patented
CHAMBER GUARD bars tobacco fragments from bit

$1.50 Selected Briar

NOT A MIRACLE-PERFORMING PIPE . . . Royalton Crown has no mystic gadgets—no secret elements to make a poor tobacco taste wondrously fragrant . . . But it DOES have SIX PATENTED FEATURES that distinguish it as the only pipe of its kind—a pipe that STAYS EVERLASTINGLY DRY. Condensing well traps bitter impurities, assuring an ever-dry bowl and ever-dry mouthpiece. Special construction permits easy, speedy cleaning.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC., OZONE PARK, N. Y.

not very large as these water hogs go."

"I believe the record for the British Isles is fifty-four pounds," said Gill mildly.

"There are pike in this lake that will go eighty or ninety pounds."

"Ever seen one that size?"

"What? Perhaps I have. Perhaps I have." The major's unblinking eyes surveyed Gill, his thin jaws working again. "Tell me, what did Joyce say about me?"

Gill managed a smile.

"He said nothing about you. Why should he?"

Major O'Corvin did not answer. Instead he looked from the stuffed fish to Gill, said, "You go after pike, Mr. Gill. You'll find them much easier," and left the room.

After he had gone Gill saw for the first time a silver cup mounted on ebony on a small table. He lifted it and read the inscription, which included the name of the donor and the information that it was presented to the winner of an annual fishing contest. Beneath were inscribed the dates: "1939, 1940, 1941, 1942," and after each date the words, "Major Cornelius O'Corvin."

So the major was an expert angler, the most unpleasant specimen of the breed Gill had encountered. He dreamed in the night of broken sleep he was on an island watching Major O'Corvin distilling poteen over an enormous fire while Joyce and himself staggered under the weight of a gigantic stuffed pike which O'Corvin forced them to throw into the flames. He awoke to a watery sun in a mackerel sky. It would be another bad fishing day.

It was a bad fishing day, but not so bad as the next and the others following it. Foul winds and rain squalls kept the fish down. Joyce was working now with a better will, and had even taken a liking to him. Every evening as they returned he gave the gillie a drink from his flask but he could never induce the man to enter the inn.

One raw evening when the wind blew half a gale, against which he had helped Joyce pull the boat back to the inn, they encountered O'Corvin. He came up the path from the water, his speckled bare legs showing beneath an old raincoat, his bald head and face glistening with waterdrops.

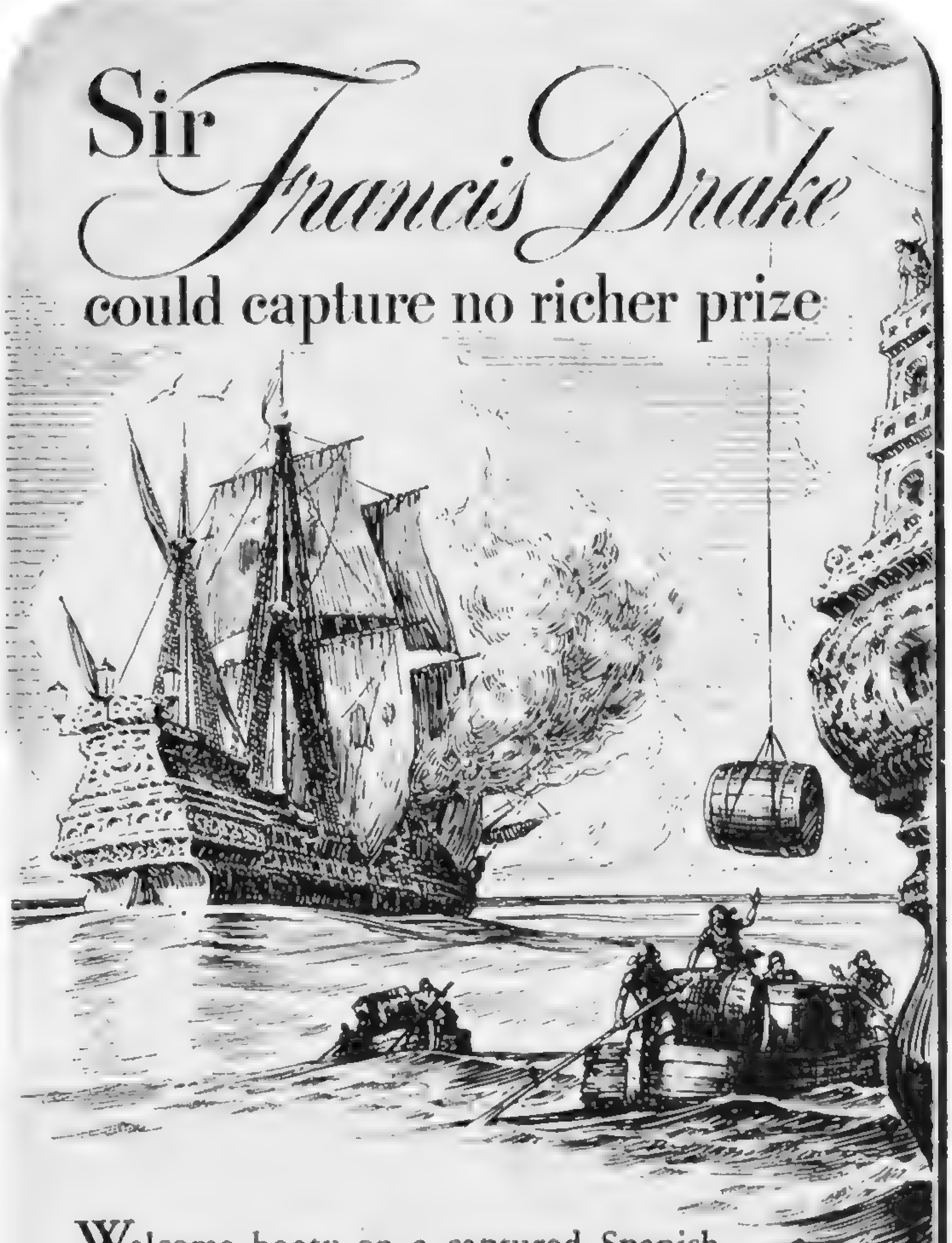
"You haven't been swimming in this?" said Gill.

"I have and enjoyed it," answered O'Corvin. "Come out with me in the morning, I'll show you something." He turned on Joyce who had made an inarticulate sound and demanded, "What was it you said?"

"Nothin' a-tawl, sor," mumbled Joyce humbly and looked away. In the fading light Gill could not be certain, but he had the impression Joyce was frightened. When the major had left them Joyce asked in a troubled tone, "For God's sake, sor, you wouldn't be goin' in wid him?"

"Why not?" replied Gill, who

Continued on page 300



Sir Francis Drake could capture no richer prize

Welcome booty on a captured Spanish galleon back in the 16th century was *any* cask of wine from Andalusia. But that which came from the vineyards of the Marques del Merito's ancestors must surely have been prized as a treasure of treasures. Since 1264, these wines have been cherished as among Europe's finest. Today's Merito wines maintain the family tradition for unexcelled quality and taste. Superb Merito Sherries and Ports continue to arrive in this country, where "capturing" them today means simply asking for them by name at any good dealer.

★ ★ ★

Each Merito label carries helpful information on taste, color and use. Look for the distinctive Merito label the next time you buy wine.

MERITO
NO. 120 SHERRY
MERITO
NO. 120 TAWNY PORT

MERITO Imported SHERRY AND PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Symbols of America's Flying Supremacy

P-38 LIGHTNING
CORSAIR
P-47 THUNDERBOLT
B-25 MITCHELL
B-17 FLYING FORTRESS
HELLDIVER
US
B-24 LIBERATOR
C-46 COMMANDO
C-54 SKYMASTER
CORONADO
P-39 AIRACOBRA
DAUNTLESS

THE ORIGINAL BANCROFT FLIGHTER
In elastique. Exclusive with Bancroft.

NAVY PAK CAP. Can be packed in grip, suitcase or foot locker without losing its shape.

OUTSTANDING among officers' caps worn by our skybirds is the Bancroft. Distinctive in design, distinguished in record of service, the Bancroft has no equal. Behind its jaunty, dashing appearance is a leadership built on tradition . . . a tradition of almost half a century of specialization in the construction of fine officers' caps.

BANCROFT
Military Caps

BANCROFT CAP COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
* *At better stores everywhere* *
Write for free booklet "HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR BANCROFT CAP"

The Connemara Black Fly

Continued from pages 105-299

had not the slightest intention of bathing in the chilly water.

"Don't ye do it, Misther Gill. It would be the death of ye."

"By God, you are afraid! Why don't you tell me about it?"

"Don't ask me, sor. An' don't be goin' near the water wid the divil."

He turned and walked back to the boat, stepped into his seat and rowed away, with Gill watching until he disappeared in the growing dark.

The morbid fear that had driven Gill to get away by himself was leaving him. He knew for certain that the drug which had made his pain bearable in the hospital was not a necessity. If he could smooth the raw edges of his temper and rein back his mind when it went wandering into the crazy twisted labyrinths it sought when he was alone, it would be safe for him to return home.

But his imagination played bad tricks with him when he was across the table from Major O'Corvin. He jerked himself back from the incredible thought . . . he was as bad as Joyce . . . poteen or morphine—a man was worse than insane who gave the least part of himself to either.

Again in the boat with Joyce he prodded him about O'Corvin, and the man evaded him. It made him sorry to see the gillie's sick face. Gill produced his whiskey.

"Don't drink it all at once. We've got the whole afternoon before us."

Joyce tilted his head and drank half the contents of the flask in one long swallow.

"Excuse me, sor," he pleaded, "I needed it."

"Joyce, I'm beginning to doubt if we'll ever raise another trout."

"Be castin' away, sor. Ye niver can tell when ye'd come over one."

"I suppose even the expert Major O'Corvin draws blanks sometimes."

Joyce's face darkened. "He always gets trout one way or another. Even to poachin' 'em."

"Poaching them?"

"It's the truth o' God, but he'd have me life if he knew I'd said so. When he wants trout he goes in the wather afther thim. What do ye think o' that, sor? Strips down to his skin an' swims under for 'em. More'n once's the time I've seen him come out wid a three-pound trout in his fist."

"He uses a harpoon?"

"No, sor. He uses nothin' but his hands, or mebbe his teeth."

"That's impossible."

"Mebbe, but I've seen it wid me own eyes."

The story amused Gill, and explained something of what he had not understood of the suspicion and fear between Joyce and Major O'Corvin, although he dismissed at once Joyce's assurance that the Major's under-water ac-

KENTUCKY
OLD FITZGERALD

OLD FITZGERALD
Old Fashioned
BUT
STILL IN STYLE

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

A copy of the beautifully colored, historical map of Kentucky, shown above will be sent you on request.

WRITE DEPT. E.
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, Inc.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

SPEIDEL EXPANSION WATCH BAND
for Men $12.50* for Women $9*
ASK YOUR LOCAL JEWELER

by Speidel
JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME
*Federal Tax Included

STOP
GOO
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
$1

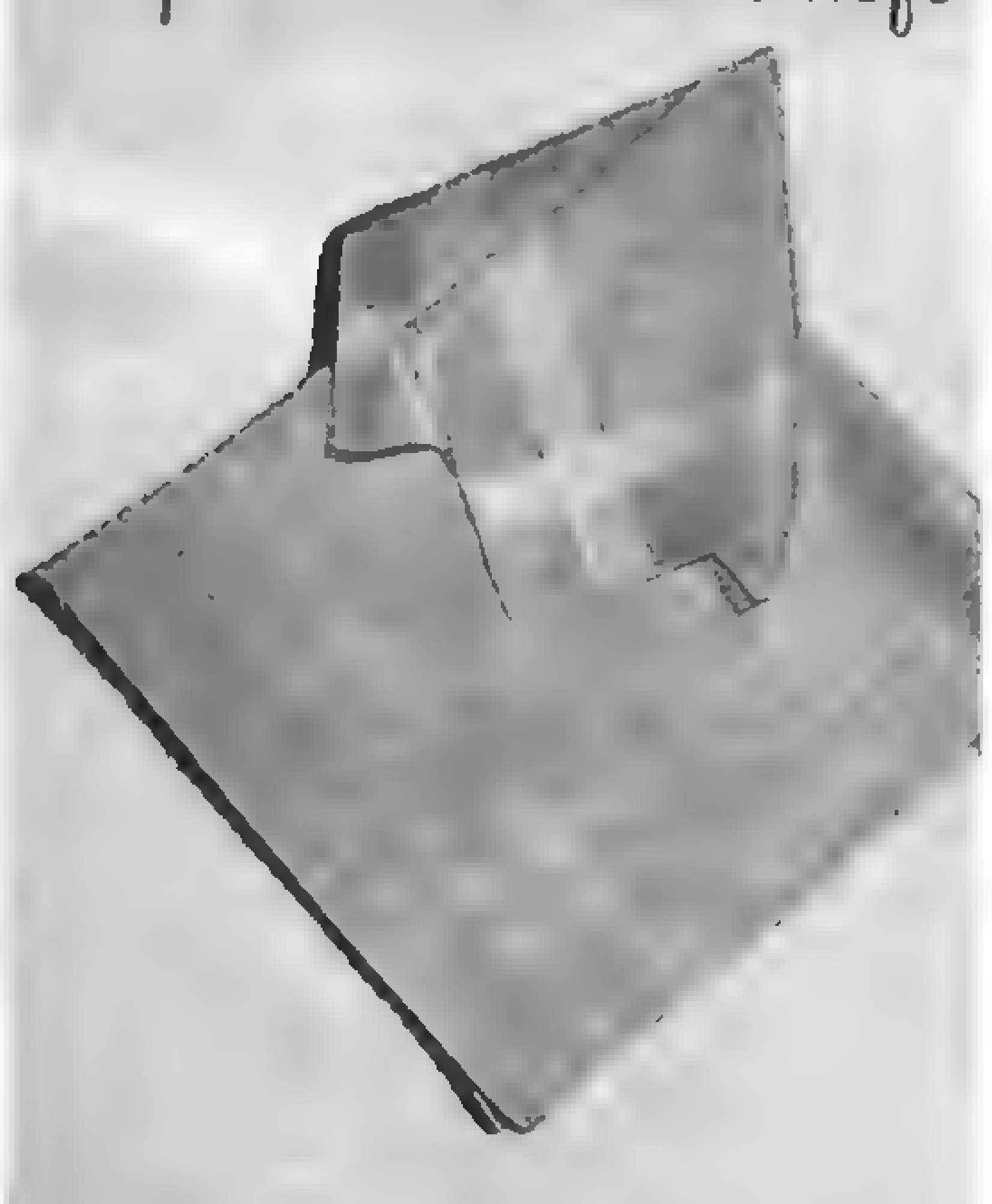
HANDKERCHIEF TEST

PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!* WDC

HESSON GUARD
MILANO

BLOCH FRÈRES

imported handkerchiefs



Swiss staple fibre, tissue sheer. Corded borders, hand-rolled hems. White only.
Men: 21 inch 1.00 each.
Women: 13 inch 50¢ each.

BLOCH FRÈRES

Look For The Red, White And Blue Label
AT FINE STORES
11 East 38th Street, New York

tivities were unaccompanied by a spear or other tackle.

"He told me there are eighty-pound pike in the lake."

"It could be, sor. He knows the bottom, he does. He's a curse, Misther Gill, an' it would be a judgmint o' God if somethin' could happen to him."

Black hatred swam in Joyce's bloodshot eyes, but he parried further questions, finally relapsing into a silence in which Gill left him and returned to his fishing, casting monotonously. The wind rose, bringing on an early dusk with a layer of steely-edged dark clouds. Gill reeled in his line.

"I've had enough, Joyce," he said. "I think I'll leave in the morning."

The boatman resting on his oars brought out the flask and finished the whiskey in it. He studied Gill for a long moment before he asked:

"Would ye be havin' a try for somethin' before we go in?"

"Try for what?"

"Ye have a salmon rod. I was thinkin' we might be givin' it a last try. Where the Lanney River comes in. It's not so far from here."

There was a pleading tone in his voice. Gill hesitated a moment, then with the true optimism of the angler, removed the salmon rod from its canvas and mounted it. When the heavy cast was tied on, Joyce produced a fly from his coat and handed it to him.

"What do you call this?" asked Gill studying the lure. "I never saw one like it."

"It's a kind of a Connemara Black I tied meself. It's niver been tried. Tie it on, sor, and tie it strong. I have a feelin' about it."

Gill turned the fly over in his palm. "It's not a fly I'd use in a hundred years."

"Do be havin' a go wid it, sor," coaxed Joyce. "It can do no har-rm. Please, Misther Gill!" The pleading was intensified in Joyce's tone.

I shouldn't have given him the whiskey, thought Gill and tied on the ridiculous fly. He would have a few casts with it to satisfy Joyce.

Joyce rowed until they were near the mouth of a small stream which tumbled down a rocky course into the lake. He turned the boat broadside to the wind, shipped his oars and stared at Gill with a fixed expression.

Crazy as a coot, thought Gill. *Why didn't I see it before?*

He stripped off a length of the salmon line, switched the rod overhead in a false cast and asked in as offhand a manner as he could manage, "Anything ailing you, Joyce?"

"If ye're ready, now," said Joyce, ignoring the question and speaking in a low voice. "Be havin' a cast. An' watch yerself. If anythin' rises to me fly it'll be no sprat."

The boat drifted away from the mouth of the stream to a place

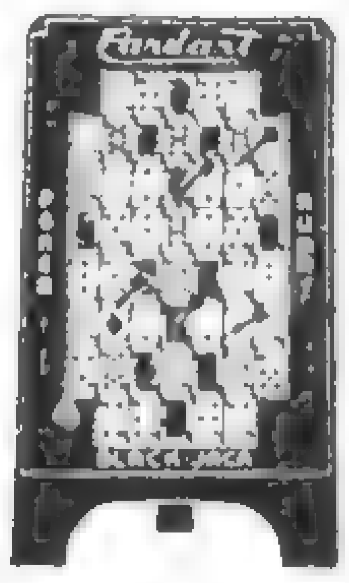
Continued on page 302

INVITATION TO FUN!
Dear Helen:
How's about another session with the dart boards Saturday night? Tell Joe the rest of the gang will be there
PLAY DARTS

DART-BOWL

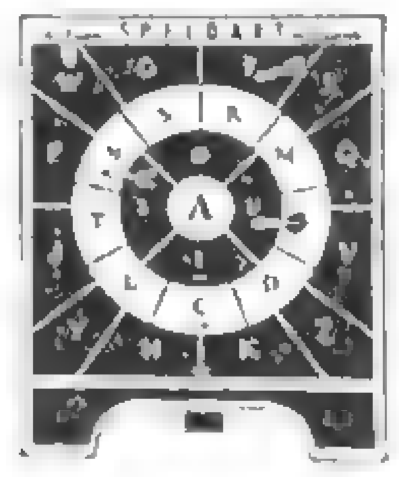
Hard up for things to do on a long winter's night? Get out the dart games and have the gang in for an hour or two of highly competitive fun! It's an ideal sport the year 'round but especially apt in winter when you may not be getting all the exercise you need. The gentle exercise of darts leaves you pleasantly tired . . . relaxed. You *feel* better, *sleep* better.

People like to *do things* at parties. Think of that . . . and think of Wilson's Super-Dart Games . . . when planning home entertainment for the coming holidays.



CARDART
Darts, Black Jack and Poker combined. Size 24 x 40". *Fully equipped.*

PAR-DART
Darts and Golf combined. Appeals to golfers. Size 24 x 40". *Fully equipped.*



SPELDART
Combines darts and a clever spelling game. Size 24 x 30". *Fully equipped.*

Give them the Gift of Fun!

Youngsters from seven to seventy enjoy dart games . . . *anybody* can play them, and sometimes with surprising skill. So, let your Christmas list include Wilson's Super-Dart Games—Cardart, Eight Ball, Dic-dac-dart, Speldart, Dart-Bowl and many others.

Strong, well-built toys are scarce. Wilson's Super-Dart Games, complete with accessories, are sturdily built to stand much wear and tear.

Service Centers, clubs, churches, etc. will be happy with your gift of one or more Super-Dart Games.

Sold by leading sporting goods, hardware and department stores everywhere. Insist on sturdy Super-Dart Games made only by WILSON.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., 2037 North Campbell Avenue, Chicago 47, Illinois. Offices in New York and other leading cities.

Wilson SUPER-DART GAMES

BY THE MAKERS OF WILSON SPORTS EQUIPMENT

"White Shoulders"...

dinner for two—at the Casino Monte Carlo

FOR AN EVENING OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

BY

Hartnell

The Connemara Black Fly

Continued from pages 105-299-301

near the shore where a heavy outcropping of blackish granite overhung the water. It was deep here. He cast at the edge of the rocks. The Connemara Black settled, the water broke in a huge swirl, the fly was sucked under and disappeared as the line tightened.

"Strike!" gasped Joyce with a harsh exhalation of breath.

Gill struck, and as he did so the rod was nearly torn from his grasp. The reel hummed madly as the line streaked from it and raced below the surface. He forgot Joyce; he forgot the mounting waves now splashing over the sides of the boat; he forgot everything as the heavy rod strained and bent. He did not know that Joyce was pulling with every ounce of muscle away from the shore.

Fifty yards of line ran out, then twenty more. There was no stopping this first mad rush. Gill's feet were braced against a thwart, his shoulders bent back, both arms rigid against his sides as he clutched the bowed rod.

Suddenly the pressure relaxed, the rod sprung back, the line trailed lifeless. The tension died in Gill's body, replaced by the laxity of disappointment that comes when a man loses his best fish. He reeled in slowly, the line came back and with it the length of frayed and broken gut.

"He broke me... what the devil are you up to, Joyce? What's the race?"

Joyce made no reply until they were a hundred yards offshore and then he resumed a measured stroke.

"It's a pity of God," he said.

"A salmon and a monster. Turn around, man. I'm going to have another try if you have another Connemara Black."

Joyce shook his head. "It's no use, sor. You'd niver raise him again. The fly's stickin' in his jaw."

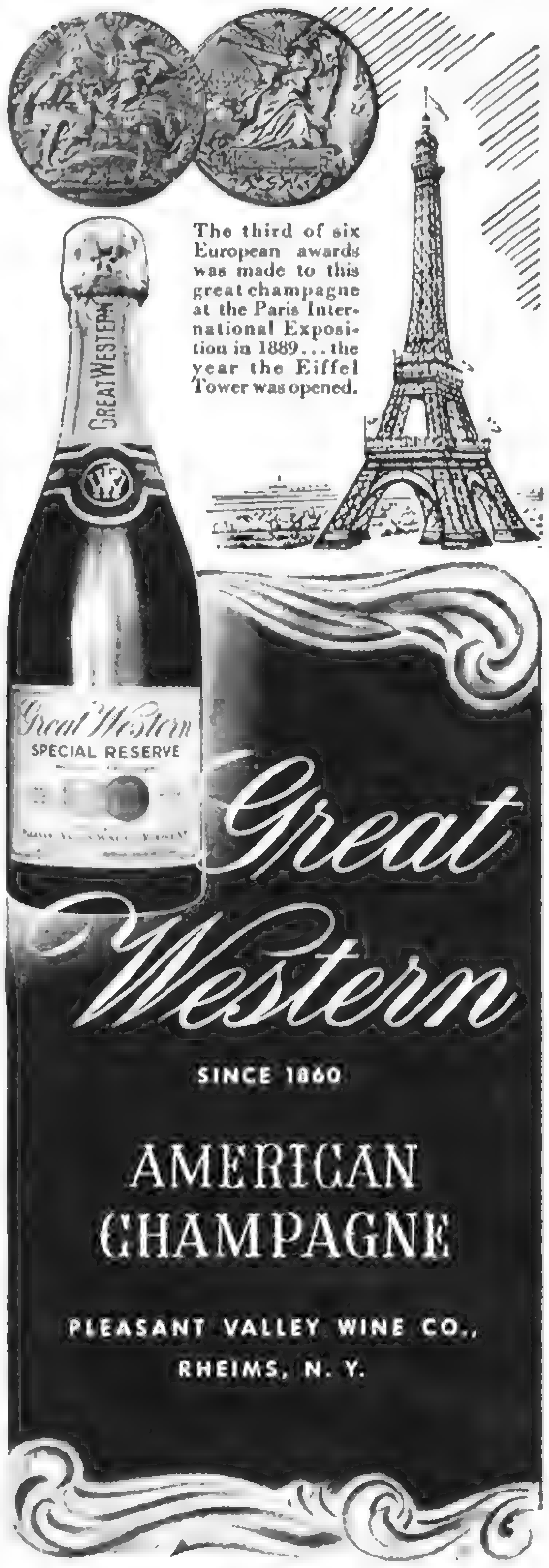
It took both of them, each pulling an oar, to hold the boat on its course and, even so, an occasional wave sloshed in, drenching them. Gill was near exhaustion when they reached calm water in Tuohy's cove.

"Do come in and have a last drink," he invited Joyce, but as before he was met with refusal.

They shook hands. "Good-bye, Misther Gill, an' the best o' luck. Be watchin' yerself 'til ye're safely home. Good-bye, now."

Joyce carried the gear to the door, unexpectedly made the sign of the cross on his breast with a finger and returned to the boat.

The wind had risen to full gale force, driving the rain in furious drumbeats against the windows and the slate roof as Gill, changed into dry clothes, went down for his last evening meal. As usual he was alone. He ate slowly and with enjoyment, thinking again of the fish he had lost. The maid


The third of six European awards was made to this great champagne at the Paris International Exposition in 1889... the year the Eiffel Tower was opened.

Great Western

SINCE 1860

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N. Y.

When you undress tonight

Just Notice This... *You'll take off 4 times more clothes above your waist. To balance this way men dress, now there's an improved underwear. Indoors or outdoors, it assures*

HEALTHFUL COMFORT

It's the most VITAL advance ever made. Revolutionary design... TWO WEIGHTS combined in ONE-PIECE streamlined styling... *Lightweight* from the waist up—*extra weight* from waist to ankles where chill-free protection is needed most. Helps prevent colds and the strain placed on the heart in equalizing body temperature. Air cell, ribbed-knit construction... no binding, bulging or bagging. Washes easily... stays trim and neat. See it at better stores... $2 up. Prepare for chilly days. Get

Balanced Protection

for HEALTHFUL COMFORT that thousands of former wearers of shirts and shorts or union suits now enjoy.

LIGHT WEIGHT TOP—No Overheating INDOORS
EXTRA WEIGHT BOTTOM—No Chilling OUTDOORS

Jones Quality Health Underwear

MAKE THE COFFEE TEST

Note how quickly heat is drawn out by your spoon. That's how chilled legs drain off your body heat and overburden the heart.

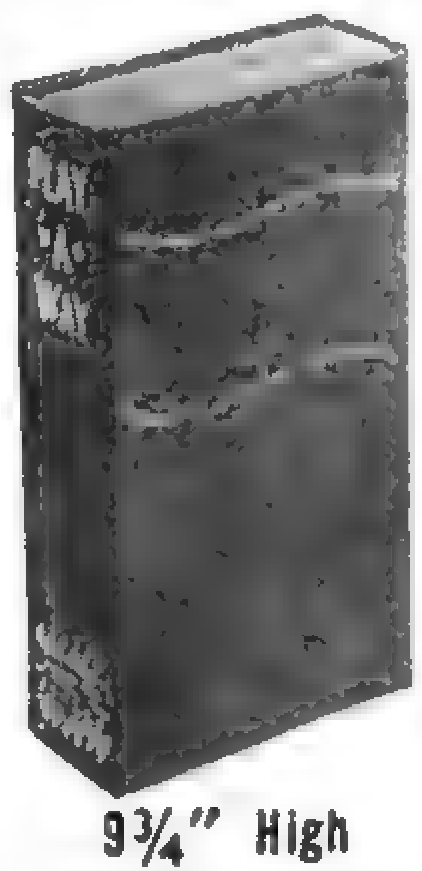
Send for Health Protection Booklet!

Augusta Knitting Corp., Dept. B, Utica N.Y.

Recipe for FUN

Drueke's
PLAY-A-WAY
10-Game Party Hit

Under your arm it goes, this handsome book-sized package of entertainment! Snap it open—and you find games to keep a whole roomful of people busy.



There's a complete roulette layout with wheel and pad . . . poker chips for a man-sized game . . . 2 cribbage boards . . . backgammon, acey-deucey, Michigan rum . . . A chess board with exquisite miniature chessmen and checkers . . . playing cards and dice. You'll burst with pride when you show off your PLAY-A-WAY. A superlative gift, of course. Sold in better sporting goods, department and gift stores.

9¾" High
Genuine Leather
$15.00
Fabrikoid
$10.00
If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

Made by originators of the famous Drueke Pocket Games . . . sponsors of the Game-of-the-Month Club.

WM. F. DRUEKE & SONS
605 Third St., N. W.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

"NORTH BAY" — styled by Lakeland

. . . smart, warm, lamb-lined utility coat . . .

Out of the North comes this healthful protection against raw winter weather. Whitman's twill gabardine, Cravenetted to shed rain and snow. Large Laskinlamb collar. Electrified lambskin lining; all wool, red bottom facing. Inner sleeve wristlets. See this and other smart Lakeland garments at your dealer. Or write for his name.

Lakeland Mfg. Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

carried away the dishes and brought the greasy liquid that passed as coffee. He thought of Joyce fighting the storm in his boat as a fresh onslaught rattled the windows. It blew so for a minute or two and then moderated a degree.

He heard someone coughing outside. The door opened and Major O'Corvin came in, his clothes streaming water. He stood in the doorway, battered by the wind which whipped the lamp flame into a crazy dance and coughed heavily. Gill rose and closed the door.

"A hell of a night," he said. "You'd better take a drink and get out of those clothes."

O'Corvin brushed him aside and left the room, and a moment later was heard coughing furiously as he moved about above. Two minutes later he was back with a half-empty whiskey bottle in his hand, puddles of water forming where he stood in the saturated garments he had not removed.

"You'll kill yourself, man," protested Gill. "Why don't you change?"

O'Corvin tilted the bottle to his lips and drank until he choked, his body shaken with the cough again. He placed the bottle on the table, steadied it, gasping for his breath.

"Eh!—clever, Mr. Gill—Oh, very clever—You—and that creature—Joyce! Such a good boatman!—Joyce is dead."

"You're drunk." The contempt in his voice was edged with something Gill could not fight down.

"The fish have got him—the poor hungry little fish! Joyce is forty feet under water."

Fear was clutching at Gill, pulling at his stomach.

"Such a clever angler—you murderous swine!" O'Corvin raised the whiskey bottle and hurled it at Gill. It struck the wall and splintered. He stood for what seemed a long, horrid space of time, his eyes protruding, his jaws working inhumanly, then burst into a violent fit of coughing.

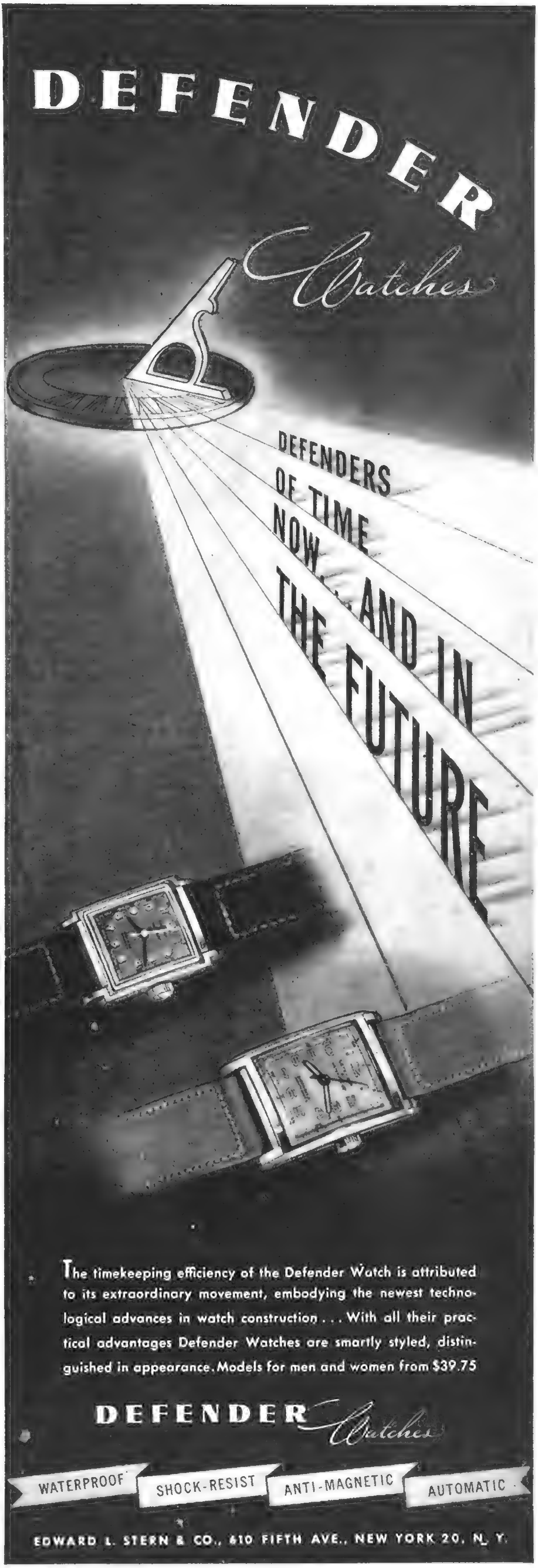
"Tuohy!" shouted Gill. "Tuohy!"

O'Corvin fell across the table, gasping. His face was turning greenish purple. Gill tried to lift him and failed; his hands slipped from the drenched clothes. He screamed again for Tuohy. No one came.

He fought at O'Corvin's shirt and the cold touch of the man's flesh on his fingers repelled him, as O'Corvin writhed, fighting for breath. Gill succeeded in ripping away the sodden coat. He flung it aside, easing the stricken man down in a chair.

O'Corvin fell forward, slumped across the table, twitched and lay still. Gill knew he was dead. He lifted the head, dropped it again and swayed trembling on his feet.

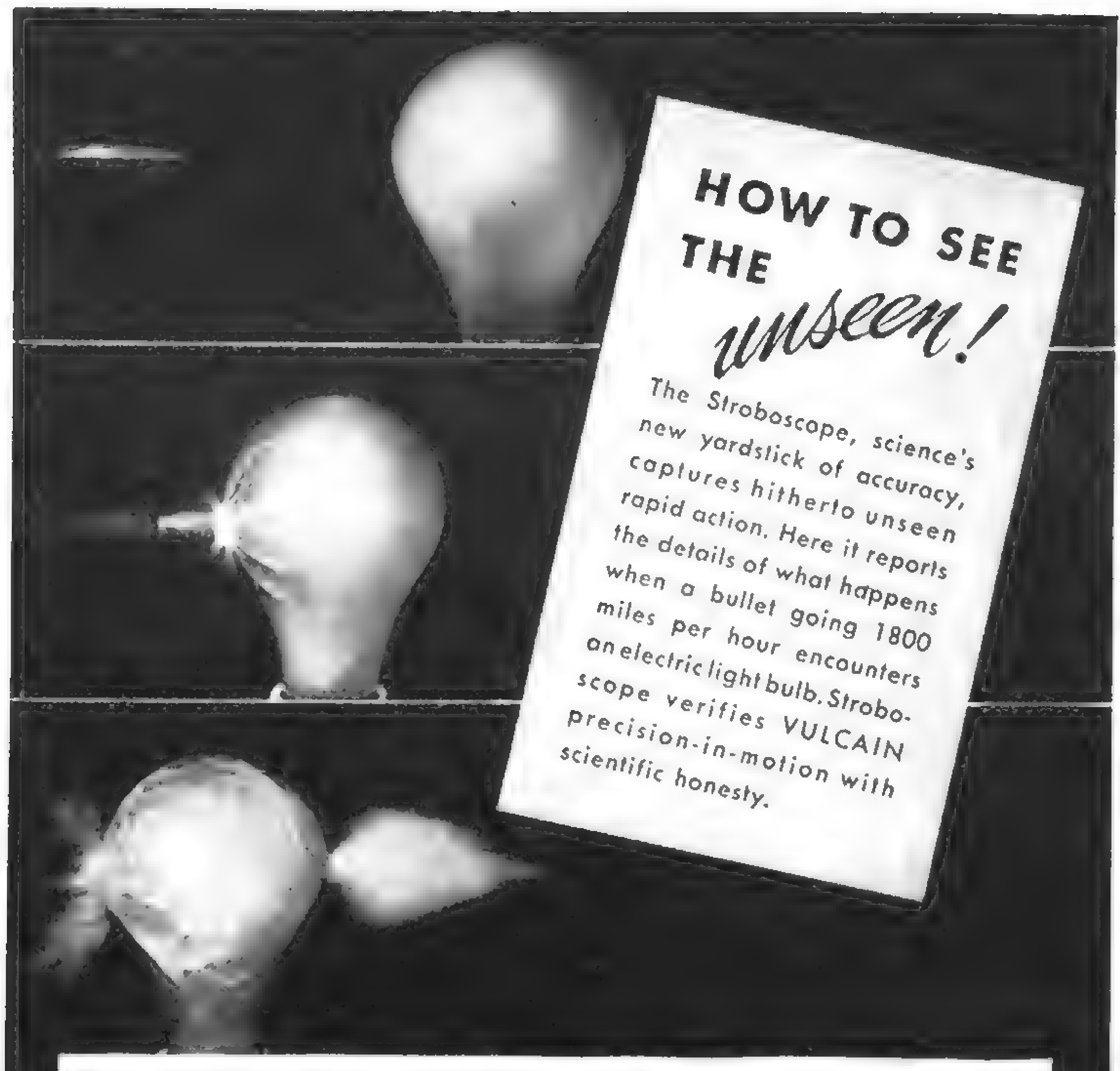
Inside O'Corvin's open mouth—bloodstained and still tied to an inch of broken gut—was the Connemara Black. ###



The timekeeping efficiency of the Defender Watch is attributed to its extraordinary movement, embodying the newest technological advances in watch construction . . . With all their practical advantages Defender Watches are smartly styled, distinguished in appearance. Models for men and women from $39.75

DEFENDER Watches

EDWARD L. STERN & CO., 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



HOW TO SEE THE *unseen!*

The Stroboscope, science's new yardstick of accuracy, captures hitherto unseen rapid action. Here it reports the details of what happens when a bullet going 1800 miles per hour encounters an electric light bulb. Stroboscope verifies VULCAIN precision-in-motion with scientific honesty.

PROVED BY THE STROBOSCOPE!

VULCAIN

Grand Prix Watches

Add "Stroboscope" to your vocabulary. It will help you identify the watch which has passed the most exacting accuracy-test devised by modern science. It reveals what you want to know about the watch you buy — its precision-in-motion.

Every VULCAIN Grand Prix Watch—world-famous for over 86 years for symmetry, beauty, dependability—is marked *stroboscopic-tested*. Look for this additional assurance of year-in, year-out satisfaction.

VULCAIN Grand Prix Watches are necessarily limited at present to a selected list of fine jewelers.

VULCAIN WATCH COMPANY

630 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

DECEMBER 1944

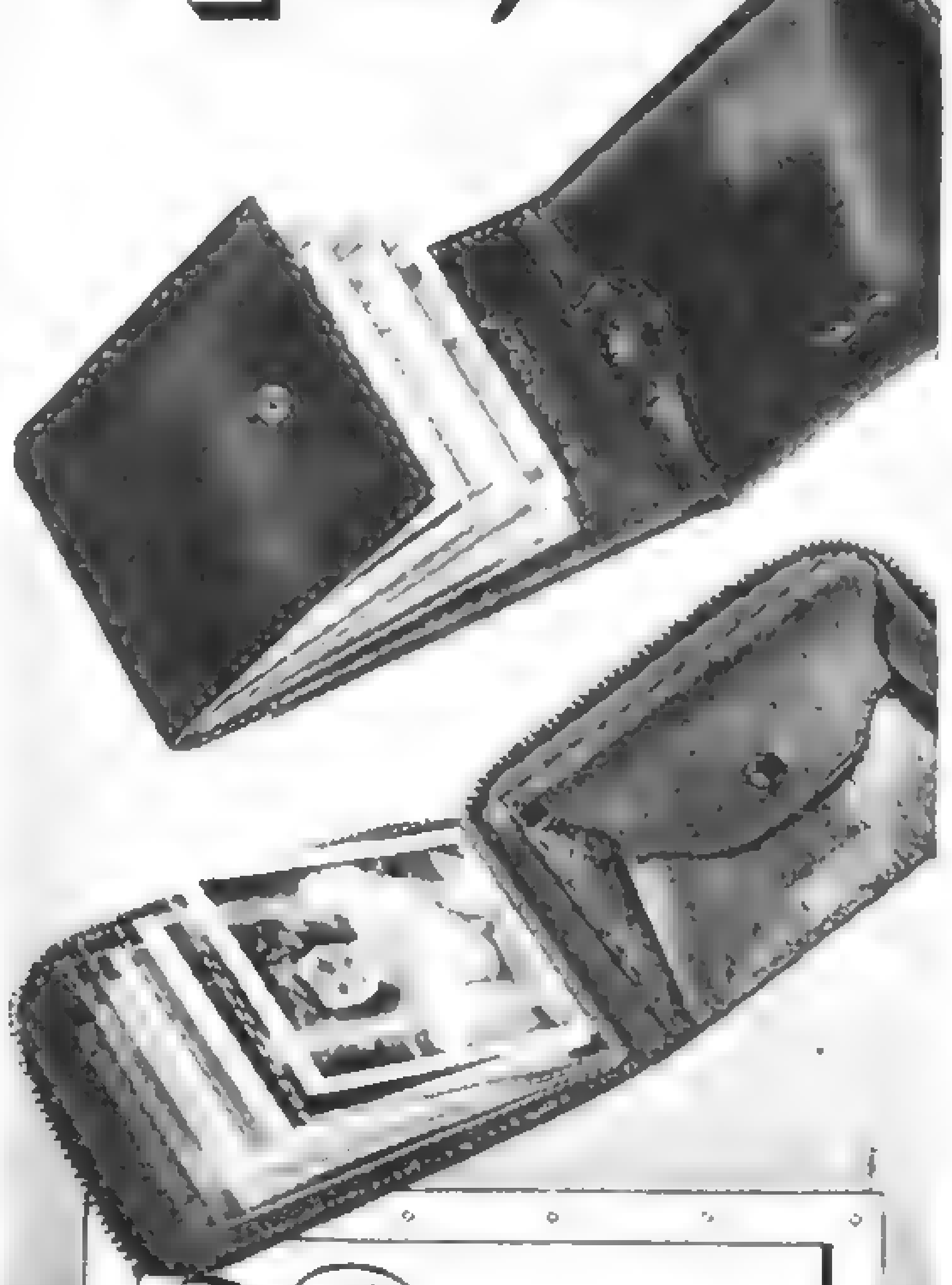
Abbott's Bitters 50
Abels, Robert 16
Adler Shoes for Men 8
Air-Tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 279
Albert Richard 235
Allen Edmonds 307
Alligator Co., The 217
Alpagora (Stratbury Mfg. Co.) 273
American Extension School of Law 24
American Fruit Growers, Inc. 16
American Optical Co. (Calobar) 285
American Safety Razor Corp. (Gem) 298
American Wine Co. (Cook's) 277
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. 265
Antell, Joseph 42
Apple Jack (Speas Co.) 306
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) 287
Aridex (DuPont) 289
Arlington Mills 211
Arrco Playing Card Co. 246
Arrid 278
Arrow Importing Co. (Ayrostar) 297
Arrow Ties (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 165
Ascot (Solon Palmer) 270
Augusta Knitting Corp. (Jones Health Underwear) 302
Autograph Cigarettes 32
Ayrostar (Arrow Importing Co.) 297

B.V.D:
  Pajamas 182
  Shirts 289
Bancroft Cap Co. 300
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 192
Bean, Inc., L. L. 26
Beau Brummell Ties, Inc. 242
Bell Watch Co. 8
Benedictine D. O. M. (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 285
Benner Leather Goods Co. 298
Bergamot (Jean Vivaudou Co., Inc.) 183
Berghman Co., D. 40
Berke Cake Co., Inc. 48
Berk-Ray Corp. (Berindo) 248
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J. (Red Horse) 244
Biltmore Pipe Co. 34
Blatz Brewing Co. 257
Bloch Freres 301
Blue Sapphire (Lynette Perfume) 264
Book League of America 15
Boston Braces (George Frost Co.) 292
Botany Worsted Mills:
  "500" Fabric 167
  Wrinkle-Proof Ties 178
Brentwood Sportswear (Mirapaca) 168
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. (Sir Walter Raleigh) 260
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester) 189
Brugal Rum (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 186
Buchsbaum Co., S:
  Style King Toiletries 52
  Style King Wallets 188
Burger, Joseph 16

Calobar (American Optical Co.) 285
Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 166
Camels (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.) IV Cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale) 23
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Nuyens 172
  Johnnie Walker 218
  Sparkling Water 169
Canadian Club (Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.) 249
Cartier 275
Cash's Woven Names 32
Castle Hats (O'Rourke of California) 281
Catalina Knitting Mills 229
Chantilly (Houbigant) 33
Chateau Martin (Eastern Wine Corp.) 206
Chichi (Renoir Parfums, Ltd.) 274
Chippewa Shoe Mfg. Co. 241
Ciro, Parfums:
  Danger, New Horizons, Reflexions, Surrender 202
Cisco, Inc. (Sportville) 219
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 228
Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Ties) 165
Clyde Associates, Inc. 306
Coates & Co., James (Surfspray) 261
Cohama Tie Fabrics 44
Cointreau, Ltd. 288
Columbia Walescraft Co. 18
Conformers (Harwood Mfg. Corp.) 258
Conklin Pen Co., The 245
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 56

Continued on page 305

Billfolds with a Pedigree

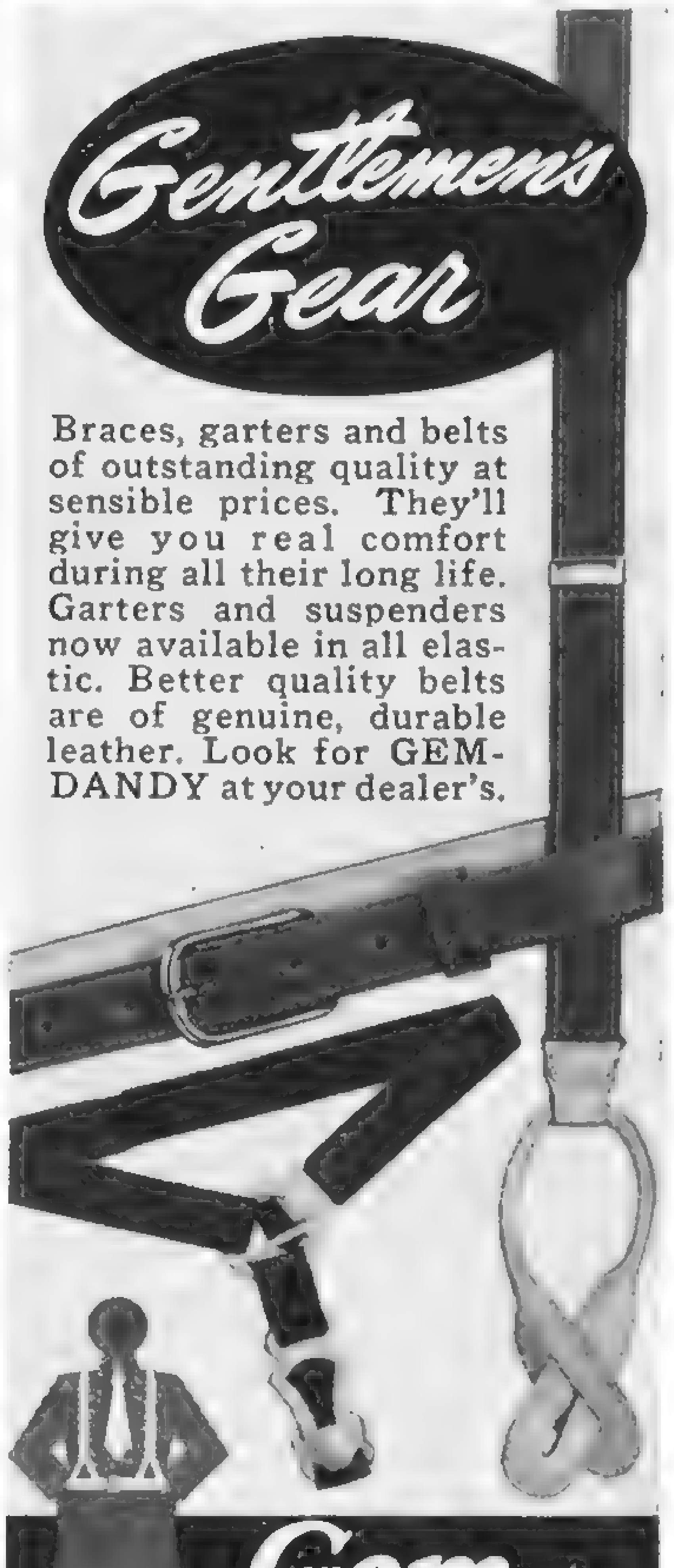


Noymer
DISTINCTION IN LEATHER

A tradition of fine leathers and flawless craftsmanship stands behind NOYMER Billfolds . . . making them doubly appealing to discerning men and women.

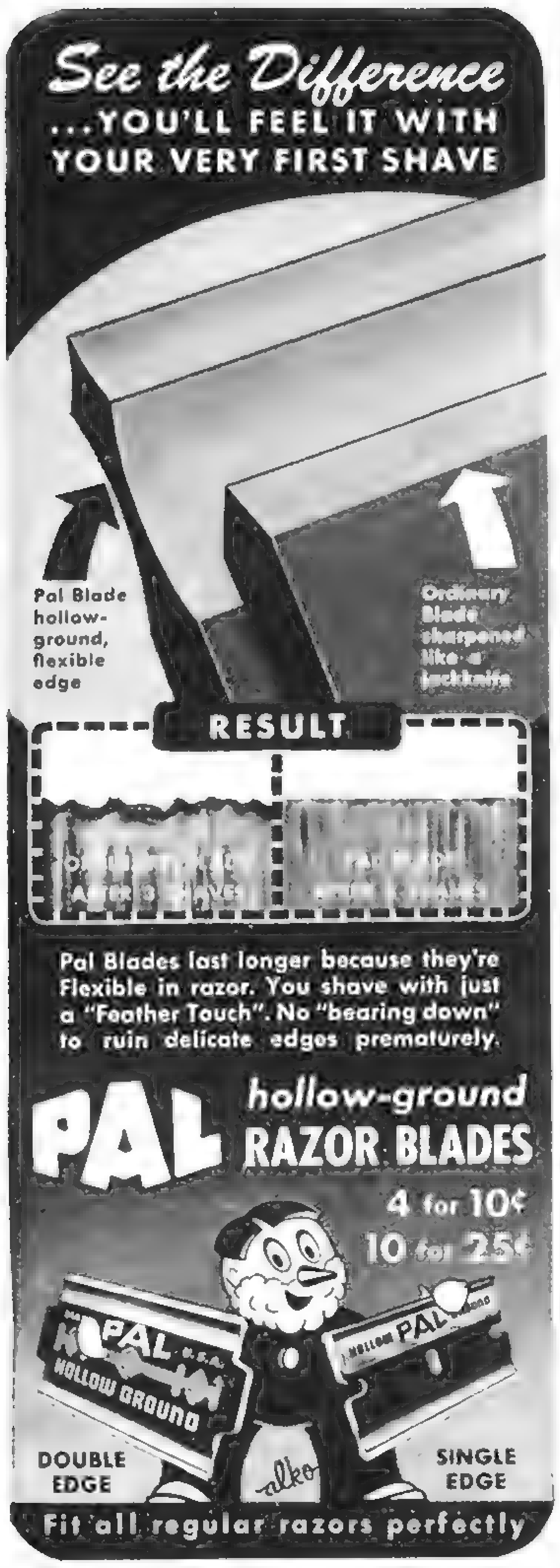
At better stores everywhere
NOYMER MANUFACTURING CO.
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen's Gear



Braces, garters and belts of outstanding quality at sensible prices. They'll give you real comfort during all their long life. Garters and suspenders now available in all elastic. Better quality belts are of genuine, durable leather. Look for GEM-DANDY at your dealer's.

Gem-Dandy
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · NECKTIES
Gem-Dandy, Inc., Madison, N. C.
New York Office: 432 Fourth Ave.



See the Difference
...YOU'LL FEEL IT WITH YOUR VERY FIRST SHAVE
Pal Blade hollow-ground, flexible edge
Ordinary Blade sharpened like a jackknife
RESULT
PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE
Fit all regular razors perfectly

Pal Blades last longer because they're Flexible in razor. You shave with just a "Feather Touch". No "bearing down" to ruin delicate edges prematurely.

Your MASON Man Gives You More for Your Shoe Stamp!
Right In Your Own Home Or Office
SALUTE the Amazing Air Cushioned "Commando"

Hang out the "WELCOME" sign when the Mason Factory Fitting Expert calls. Because he can perform miracles of foot comfort for you. He can fit your foot because he knows how, and because he draws on our stocks of over 60,000 pairs of high-quality, finely styled, carefully built shoes, at low Factory prices. No extra charge for his Personal Fitting Service. He serves you as the representative of the Leading company of its kind in the world, backed by 40 years of Success. Truly, he's a man to rely on!

VELVET-EEZ AIR CUSHION COMFORT

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.

Dept. M-75 Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Affiliated Companies:

Consolidated Shoe System Victor Thomas Shoe Co.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Royal Duke)........ 291
Cook's (American Wine Co.).... 277
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey).......... 229
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 192
Coro Inc...................... 255
Coronet Brandy (Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc.)............ 14
Cortina Academy.............. 18
Courtley, Ltd................. 200
Crest Specialty Co. (Spiffy)...... 299
Croix Royale (Cameo Vineyards Co.)...................... 23
Cross, Mark.................. 275
Croton Watch Co.............. 293
Cusenier (W. A. Taylor & Co.)... 295

Dan River Mills (Spunray)...... 268
Dana Perfumes (Tabu)......... 213
Defender (Edward L. Stern & Co.) 303
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum).............. 259
Deleith, Ellyn:
  Iola, Pampa, Symphony in Blue 296
Dennis Co., The Martin (Lexol).. 42
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 233
Disney Hats.................. 282
Distinctive Creations, Inc....... 16
Dobbs Hats................... 17
Dr. Grabow (M. Linkman & Co.). 190
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.)... 267
Doniger & Co., Inc., David D. (McGregor)................ 13
Doppelt & Co., Charles (Dopp-Kit)................ 267
Dorset Foods, Ltd............. 56
Drucke & Sons, Wm. F. (Play-a-Way)............... 303
DuBouchett (Many, Blanc & Co., Inc.).................... 296
Duncan, Muriel............... 24
Dunhill, Mary (Escape)........ 191
Dunhill of London, Alfred....... 25
DuPont (Aridex).............. 289
Dutch Masters................ 206

Eagle Clothes................ 281
Eastern Wine Corp. (Chateau Martin).................. 206
Electric Auto-Lite Co., The..... 49
Electrovox Co., Inc. (Walco Tru-Trac Stylus)............ 18
Elgin American............... 180
Elgin National Watch Co........ 195
Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Emperor)................ 210
Enger-Kress Co............... 47
Escape (Mary Dunhill)......... 191
Eterna Watch Co. of America.... 274
Eunice Novelties.............32, 40
Evans' Son Co., L. B........... 28
Expanso Suspenders & Belts..... 209

Fellman, Ltd.................32, 40
Field & Stream................ 48
Fields & Co. (Readinjack)....... 8
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.)..II Cover
Flagg Bros...................18, 32
Florists' Telegraph Delivery Assn. 305
Foreign Traders............... 34
4711 (Ferd Mulhens)........... 218
Foster Bros. Sportswear Co...... 286
Fownes Gloves................ 248
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal).................. 199
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses)................. 11
Freeman Shoe Corp............ 196
Frost Co., George (Boston Braces) 292
Fun Films.................... 24

Gates-Mills, Inc............... 214
Gem (American Safety Razor Corp.).................. 298
Gem-Dandy, Inc.............. 304
General Distilleries Corp. (Old St. Croix)................. 252
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman).... 45
Gerlou....................... 16
Germaine Monteil (Noel)....... 171
Gift Clues.................... 40
Giftcraft..................... 18
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O... 222
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern)........... 53
Globe Aircraft Corp........... 55
Globe Novelty House (Royal London)................. 24
Glover Co., H. B............. 193
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. (William Penn)............ 255
Gordon Rouge (G. H. Mumm & Co.).................. 209
Gothic Jarproof Watch Corp.... 277
Gould Glove Co............... 254
Great Western (Pleasant Valley Wine Co.).............. 302
Gregory Fount-O-Ink Co........ 26
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe).......... 34

Continued on page 306

TRAVELLING?...Wire Flowers Home
She'll know you miss her if you say it with flowers — by Telegraph
Arrived safely—Miss You Love and Flowers John
In any event—wire Flowers

When you're away from home or when someone dear to you in another town has a birthday, or *any* event you want to remember—wire flowers.

It's easy as 1-2-3, and not at all expensive

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers — state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire — except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere — but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

FLOWERS BY WIRE AUTHORIZED FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOP

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

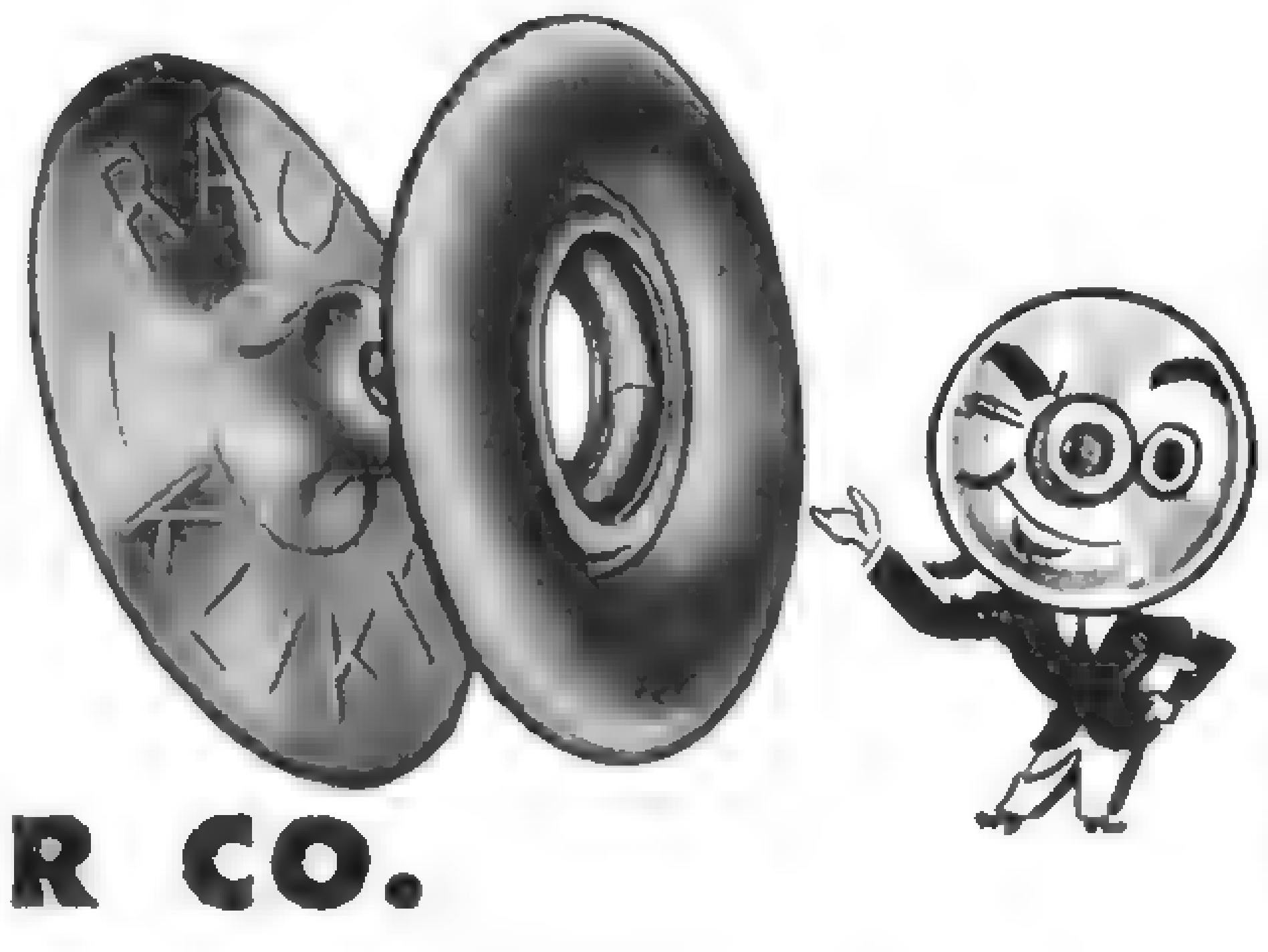
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

THERE'S A MAN IN MY HOUSE . . .
HE IS WOND'ROUS WISE
HE NEVER GROANS THE BUTTON BLUES
HIS SHORTS ARE **KLIKIT**-IZED

● No, there'll be no button-blues for the needle-wary bachelor or the busy little lady who is smart enough to insist on shorts, pajamas, play togs, and scores of other garments with Klikit snap fasteners! They're best by test.* Klikits come through rubbing and scrubbing good as new, because they're laundry-proof. No split metal, no wrecked fingers, no ruined tempers! After thousands of times, the responding snap will still tell you they're fastened securely . . . not too tight . . . not too loose . . . *just right.* That's the KLIKIT way!

*Test No. C8664-7-41

BUY MORE BONDS



Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

Commended Parents Magazine Consumer Service Bureau

RAU FASTENER CO.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New York Chicago Los Angeles Gloversville, N. Y. Montreal Toronto

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Gripper Fasteners (Scovill Mfg. Co.)........ 284
Gruen Watch Co., The........ 3
Grun & Co., Otto........ 32

Haig & Haig (Somerset Importers, Ltd.)........ 198
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah Sole)........ 258
Hamilton Watch Co........ 19
Hammond & Co., C. S........ 34
Hansen Gloves........ 20
Harley-Davidson Motor Co........ 298
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc.)........ 215
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero King)........ 260
Hart Schaffner & Marx........ 43
Hartmann Trunk Co........ 257
Hartnell (White Shoulders)........ 302
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)........ 283
Harwood Mfg. Corp. (Conformers) 258
Havana Club (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.)........ 231
Helbros Watch Co........ 9
Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc. (Royalton Crown)........ 299
Hesson Guard Milano........ 301
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F:
  A-1 Sauce........ 50
  Club Cocktails........ 228
Hickok Belts........ 237
Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co. (White Stag) 283
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc........ 231
Hollis Co. (Klipette)........ 42
Hollywood Polish Co........ 8
Home Game Co........ 24, 26
Homis Co........ 307
Houbigant (Chantilly)........ 33
House of Imperial Russe........ 268
Hudnut, Richard (Yanky Clover) 250
Hull Mfg. Co........ 42

Inkograph Co., Inc........ 290
International Shoe Co. (Winthrop) 170
Interwoven Stocking Co.... III Cover

Jackman & Sons, M........ 230
Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 240
Jacquin et Cie, Inc., Charles........ 293
Jarman (General Shoe Corp.)........ 45
Jensen Inc., Georg........ 34
Jewel Electric Mfg........ 18
Jobey (Norwalk Pipe Co.)........ 233
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.)........ 229
Jones Health Underwear (Augusta Knitting Corp.)........ 302
Juvenia Watches........ 210

Kahn, Inc., David (Wearever Leads)........ 26
Kaye-Meyers Co........ 253
Kaywoodie Co........ 29
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.)........ 272
Kelly's, Jimmy........ 50
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.)........ 53
Kings Men (Windsor House, Ltd.) 234
Kingston Watch Co........ 40
Klikits (Rau Fastener Co.)........ 306
Knopf Mfg. Co., S. H........ 273
Knox Hats........ 12
Kreisler Jewelry........ 232
Kuppenheimer........ 226

Lakeland Mfg. Co........ 303
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The........ 220
Lambert Brothers........ 307
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc........ 16
Lektrolite Corp........ 297
Lentheric........ 176, 177
Leon & Eddie's........ 56
Leroux & Co., Inc........ 308
Lewis & Conger........ 16
Lido Luggage Co., Inc........ 24
Lilianelle (Pinaud Parfumeurs)........ 222
Linguaphone Institute........ 8
Linkman & Co., M. (Dr. Grabow) 190
Lion of Troy (M. Nirenberg Sons Inc.)........ 276
Longfellows (Penn Tobacco Co.)........ 280
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.)........ 166
L'Orle Inc:
  Aroma Blend, Buckskin, Touchwood, Walnut........ 187
Lowe Co., Inc., E. S........ 39
Lubin-Wecker Co., Inc. (Weldon). 264
Lynch, William E........ 40
Lynette Perfume (Blue Sapphire) 264

Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Schick)........ 278
Mail-Bag Film Service........ 32
Mallory Hats........ 179
Manhattan:
  Shirts........ 203
  Ties........ 212

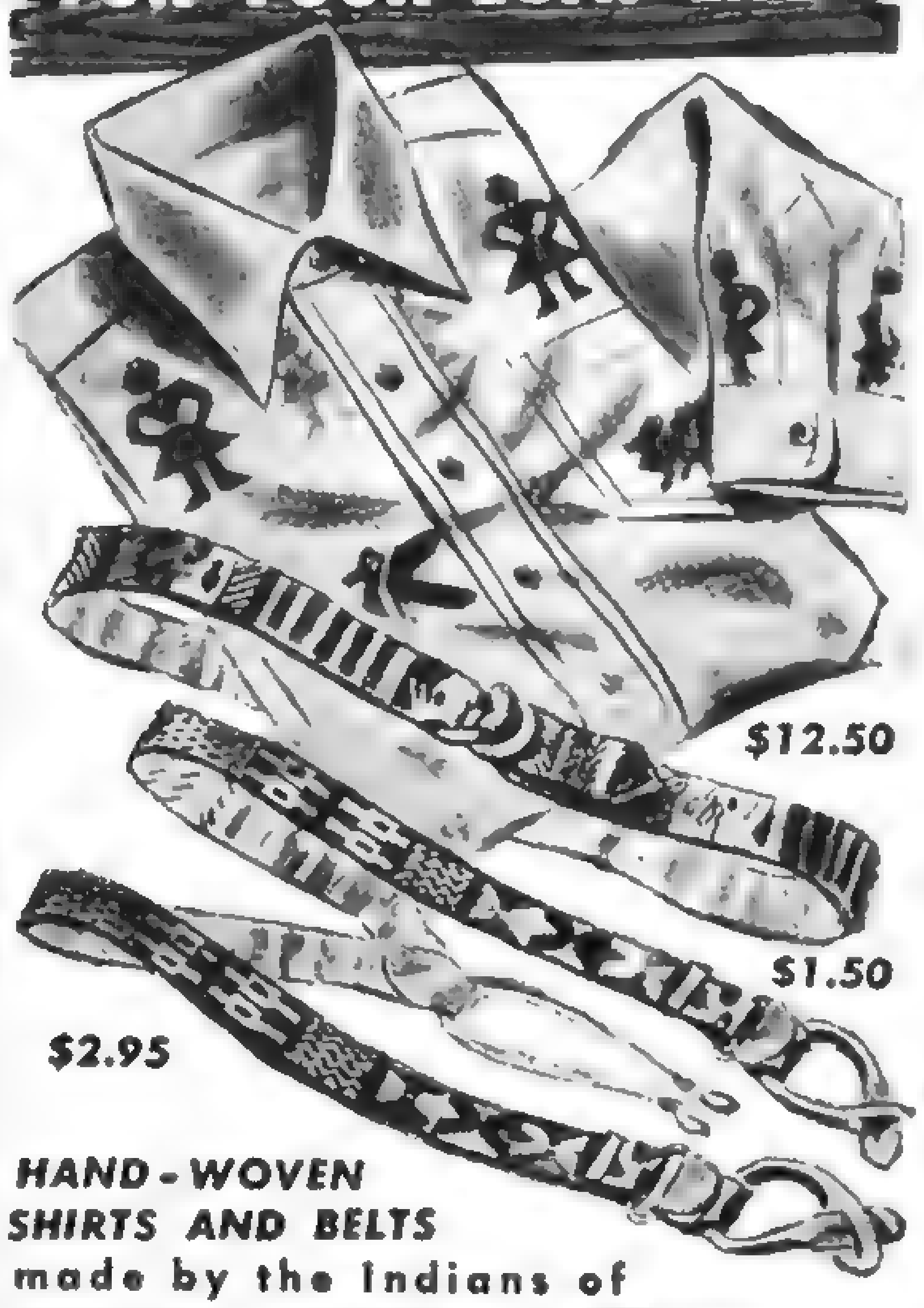
Continued on page 307

SPEAS
APPLE JACK
BRANDY
86.5 Proof

Enjoy its
SMOOTH RICHNESS
Neat—or in any mixed Drink

SPEAS
Apple Jack
BRANDY

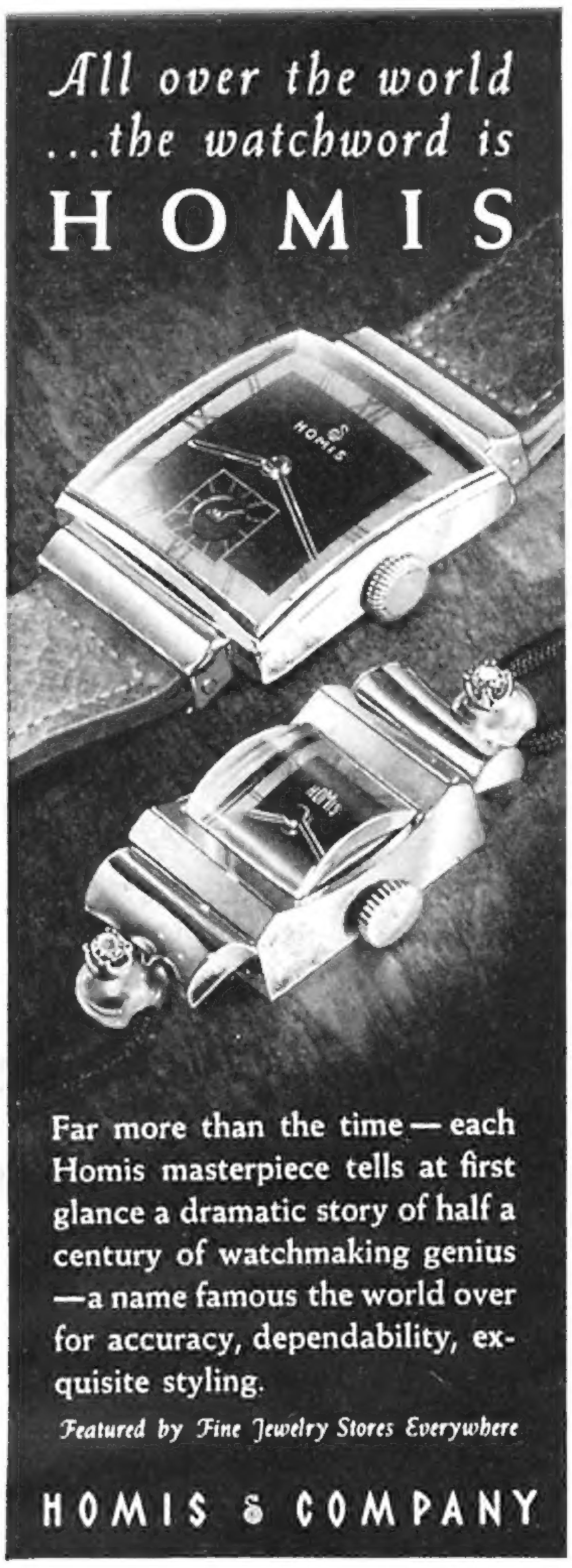
FOR YOUR 'LOAF LIFE'



HAND-WOVEN SHIRTS AND BELTS made by the Indians of Guatemala especially for Clyde. Shirts in plain colors with embroidered figures of contrasting colors—small—medium—large.
All belts and suspenders are multi-colored.

STRIP-TEASE SET,
suspenders $3.95
tie $3.50
ALL PRICES POSTPAID.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

Clyde ASSOCIATES, INC.
425 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



All over the world ...the watchword is
HOMIS

Far more than the time — each Homis masterpiece tells at first glance a dramatic story of half a century of watchmaking genius — a name famous the world over for accuracy, dependability, exquisite styling.

Featured by Fine Jewelry Stores Everywhere

HOMIS & COMPANY

...MANUFACTURERS OF PRECISION TIMEPIECES SINCE 1898 • LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

"Silver Dollar" Clip for his dollars

Something new! Something "noteworthy"! The gift for the man who has everything...a sterling silver money clip with one of Uncle Sam's shiny U. S. silver dollars for its decoration ...for a talisman, too.

$10 including 20% Federal Tax

AT
LAMBERT BROTHERS
60th at Lexington, New York
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO
J. L. HUDSON CO., DETROIT
MERMOD JACQUARD KING, ST. LOUIS
TILDEN THURBER, PROVIDENCE
And at leading stores everywhere
Mail orders filled in U. S. A.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. (DuBouchett) 296
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 219
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc. 290
Marxman Pipes 227
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co. 305
Mathey-Tissot 256
McGregor (David D. Doniger & Co., Inc.) 13
McKelvy Co., Alfred D. (Seaforth) 239
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc.) 291
Meeker Co., Inc., The 284
Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.) 299
Merz & Co., F. O. 241
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 31
Middleton, John (Walnut Tobacco) 276
Mido Watch Co., of America, Inc. 270
Miles Kimball Co. 40
Miracle Products Co. 34
Mirapaca (Brentwood Sportswear) 168
Monarch Mfg. Co., The 236
Monogram Glass Co., Inc. 32
Moore, Inc., John Hudson:
  Sportsman Tobacco 32
  Sportsman Toiletries 216
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 8
  Marlboro Cigarettes 219
  Philip Morris 194
Mount Hope Finishing Co. (Wat-a-tite) 295
Movado Watch Agency, Inc. 207
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas Slacks) 272
Mulhens, Ferd (4711) 218
Mumm & Co., G. H. (Gordon Rouge) 209
Myers's Rum (R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.) 259
Mysticum (Scherk) 174

Namechain Mfg. Co. 42
National Briar Pipe Co. 32
National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  DeKuyper's Delecta 56
  Merito Wines 299
  Old Angus 287
  Old Crow 262
  Penn Maryland 62
  Ron Merito 204
National Magic Co. 8
National Premium Beer 48
New Era Shirt Co. 224
Nirenberg Sons Inc., M. (Lion of Troy) 276
Noel (Germaine Monteil) 171
Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.) 30
Norwalk Pipe Co. (Jobey) 233
Noymer Mfg. Co. 304
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. 37
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 172

Oconomowoc Game Fields 16
Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.) 287
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.) 262
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 300
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc.) 189
Old St. Croix (General Distilleries Corp.) 252
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 61
O'Leary, Inc., Lydia (Spot-Stik). 42
Omega Watches 261
Oppenheim Collins 282
O'Rourke of California (Castle Hats) 281
Oshkosh Trunks & Luggage 181

Pal Razor Blades 305
Palmdayl Shirts 271
Palmer, Solon (Ascot) 270
Paris (A. Stein & Co.) 173
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 50
  Brugal Rum 186
  Harvey's 283
  Private Stock 21
  Reserve 265
  Vat 69 247
Parker Pen Co., The ("51") .. II Cover
Patek Philippe 263
Pendleton Woolen Mills 254
Penn Maryland (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) 62
Penn Tobacco Co. (Longfellows) .. 280
Penn, William (Gooderham & Worts, Ltd.) 255
Peper Tobacco, Christian (London Dock) 48, 60
Personna Precision Blades 208
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 54
Phoenix Socks 208

Continued on page 308

A Christmas Treat for Any Feet . . .

Unique Imported Design in Genuine Wild Boarhide!

"U TURN" FLEXIBILITY
Perfect support without confinement!

$10.00
West of Rockies $10.50

ROLL
Like walking barefoot—so comfortable!

STYLE
Smartest wear in smartest places!

BEND
Rugged protection but no restriction!

To put your stocking in, there's nothing more distinguished than this dashing SKOS design, Norway-inspired—worked out in smart, unusual Wild Boarhide. And nothing more comfortable than Osteo-path-ik *Nailess* Construction—so f-l-e-x-i-b-l-e these shoes need NO breaking in. Distinctiveness and correctness of design assured by the famous words, *"Styled by Allen Edmonds!"*

DEALERS: "The Shoe of Tomorrow" may suit your plans for tomorrow. Write today.

STYLED BY Allen Edmonds

See classified phone directory "Allen Edmonds" for dealer, or order direct, including ration coupon. Write for free booklet, "The Shoe of Tomorrow!" Dept. ED.

ALLEN EDMONDS, Belgium, Wisconsin

THIS BRIGHTER* XMAS deserves finer gifts.. give him Professional

PRECISION-MADE ★ RUST-RESISTANT

BLADES

. . . the really deserving gift for men who are "finishing the job." Whether it's a "quickie" for the production executive, a "cold water" shave in a foxhole, or one "on-the-run" for a war worker — PROFESSIONAL shaves are more refreshing . . . more satisfying. For a better blade in every way—smoother, cleaner, luxury shaves at ordinary prices—buy PROFESSIONAL Blades.

**And for a brighter future—keep on buying War Bonds and Stamps!*

SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE
5 BLADES FOR 25¢

If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to
PROFESSIONAL BLADE CO., 32 GREEN ST., NEWARK, 2, NEW JERSEY

Men Who Wear Weyenbergs Do Something To' Me

Down in your heart, you know being well-dressed DOES make a good impression. That's why fellows who get around choose fine shoes—Weyenbergs. You'll take pride in them, too . . . their good leathers, fine workmanship and comfort-fit. That combination gives you real shoe satisfaction. See your Weyenberg dealer—or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

THE STROLL
Model 158
Martin's Imported Scotch Grain

THE PREP
Model 6873-1
Popular "Chucker" Style

Weyenberg
SHOES FOR MEN
$5.50 TO $8.25

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Piedmont Shirt Co. (Wings)..... 263
Pinaud Parfumeurs:
  Apple Blossom, Lilianelle, My Obsession, Playtime...... 222
Pioneer:
  Belts & Braces.............. 220
  Wallets.................... 221
Play-a-Way (Wm. F. Drucke & Sons)...................... 303
Plaza, The.................... 56
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. (Great Western).................... 302
Pleetway (Stadium Mfg. Co.).... 243
Plummer, Ltd.................. 42
Plymouth Mfg. Co.............. 292
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds).................. 272
Prince Matchabelli, Inc. (Stradivari)................. 46
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.)............. 21
Professional Blade Co.......... 307

Rabsons...................... 26
Rainfair, Inc................. 205
Rajah Soles (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.)....................... 258
Raleigh, Sir Walter (Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.) ... 260
Ranger (Superba Cravats)....... 238
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikits)...... 306
Raynster (U. S. Rubber Co.).... 4
Recoton Needles............... 32
Red Horse (D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.).............. 244
Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.)....................... 199
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals)... 271
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.).. 291
Renoir Parfums, Ltd. (Chichi)... 274
Revere-Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo).................. 223
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. (Camels)................IV Cover
Richards Co., Susan............ 42
Richelieu Pearls............... 294
Riondo (Somerset Importers, Ltd.) 221
Robinson Reminders............ 223
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-Tite).. 279
Rolfs "Director" Billfold........ 175
Rolls Razor................... 40
Roma Wine Co................. 57
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.)............. 204
Ron Rey (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.)...................... 211
Ronrico Corp.................. 56
Ronson Lighters............... 286
Roper Knitting Co. (Scotty Kote) 253
Rough Rider Mfg. Co........... 246
Royal Demuth Filter Pipes...... 266
Royal Duke (Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc.)............. 291
Royalton Crown (Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc.)............ 299
Rugby Products Corp........... 234
Rumpp and Sons, C. F.......... 294

Sachs Pipes................... 16
Saddle Craft (TexTan).......244, 245
Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) 207
Saylor's Chocolates, Inc., Miss... 34
Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.).... 271
Schenley Reserve (Schenley Distillers Corp.)................ 59
Scherk (Mysticum)............. 174
Schiaparelli (Shocking)......... 22
Schick (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.).................. 279
Schieffelin & Co:
  Don Q Rum................ 267
  Hennessy................. 48
  Teacher's................ 280
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross).. 8
Schulz Watches................ 236
Scotty Kote (Roper Knitting Co.) 253
Scovill Mfg. Co. (Gripper Fasteners)....................... 284
Seaforth (Alfred D. McKelvy Co.) 239
Seggerman Nixon Corp. (Ron Oliver).................... 50
Selby & Associates, Allen....... 26
Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer)...................50, 243
Seven Seas Slacks (Moyer Mfg. Co.)....................... 272
Shocking (Schiaparelli)......... 22
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice)........ 61
Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite) 207
Simpson, Inc., J. B............ 232
Somerset Importers, Ltd:
  Haig & Haig............... 198
  Riondo................... 221
Southern Comfort Corp......... 50
Speas Co. (Apple Jack)......... 306
Speidel....................... 300
Spiffy (Crest Specialty Co.)..... 299
Sportsman Toiletries (John Hudson Moore, Inc.).......... 216
Sportville (Cisco, Inc.).......... 219
Spunray (Dan River Mills)...... 268
Stadium Mfg. Co. (Pleetway).... 243
Stein & Co., A. (Paris)......... 173
Stern & Co., Edward L. (Defender) 303
Stern, Inc., L. & H. (Sterncrest).. 184
Stetson Co., John B............ 51
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)................ 300
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.......... 42
Stradivari (Prince Matchabelli, Inc.)...................... 46
Stratbury Mfg. Co. (Alpagora)... 273
Stromberg-Carlson Co.......... 7
Style King (S. Buchsbaum & Co.):
  Men's Toiletries............. 52
  Wallets................... 188
Sugar Mfrs'. Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The.................. 48
Superba Cravats (Ranger)...... 238
Surfspray (James E. Coates & Co.) 261
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 185
Swank, Inc:
  Jewelry................... 35
  Wallets................... 41

Tabu (Dana Perfumes)......... 213
Tappin's..................... 24
Tavannes Watch Co., Inc........ 269
Taylor & Co., W. A. (Cusenier).. 295
Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.)..... 280
Temple's..................... 16
TexTan (Saddle Craft).......244, 245
Textron, Inc.................. 251
Three Feathers Distributors, Inc.. 201
Time Mart.................... 24
Timely Clothes, Inc............ 269
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.)...................... 223
Turoff-Hodes & Rosenberg...... 18

U. S. Rubber Co. (Raynster).... 4

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 54
Van Merritt Beer (Sellers Co., Ltd.)...................... 243
Van Roy Co., Inc.............. 256
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)..................... 247
Vivaudou Co., Inc., Jean (Bergamot)................. 183
Vulcain Watch Co............. 304

W. B. Associates (Softol)........ 26
Walker & Sons, Inc., Hiram (Canadian Club)............. 249
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)............ 218
Walker, Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride) 185
Walnut Tobacco (John Middleton) 276
Wat-a-tite (Mount Hope Finishing Co.)................... 295
Waterman's Pens & Inks........ 225
Weber & Co., C. B............. 40
Webster Cigars................ 27
Weissman Watch Co. (Welsbro).. 235
Weldon (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.). 264
Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East)....... 30
Westminster Socks............. 288
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co........ 308
White Shoulders (Hartnell)...... 302
White Stag (Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co.) 283
Wiesenfeld Co.................24, 40
Wildroot Co., Inc.............. 259
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius:
  Benedictine D. O. M.......... 285
  Ron Rey.................. 211
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C. (Havana Club).............. 231
Wilson Sporting Goods Co....... 301
Wimbledon Shirt Co. 266
Windsor House, Ltd. (Kings Men) 234
Wine Advisory Board........... 38
Wings (Piedmont Shirt Co.)..... 263
Winship Co., Inc............... 262
Winthrop Shoe Co. (International Shoe Co.)................. 170
Wonder Lock.................. 16
Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R......... 242
Worthington.................. 26
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes)............ 287
Wrisley's Toiletries:
  Old Fashioned Lavender, Saddle Club, Spruce.......... 36
Wyler Watch Agency........... 230

Yale, George.................. 18
Yanky Clover (Richard Hudnut). 250

Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 260
Zippo Mfg. Co................. 247

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The LEROUX Masterpiece
LEROUX
LEROUX Cocktail
Made from specially selected Brandies, Rums and Orange Liqueurs
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
LEROUX & Co. INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Simply stir with ice until cold and strain into Cocktail Glass

60 PROOF

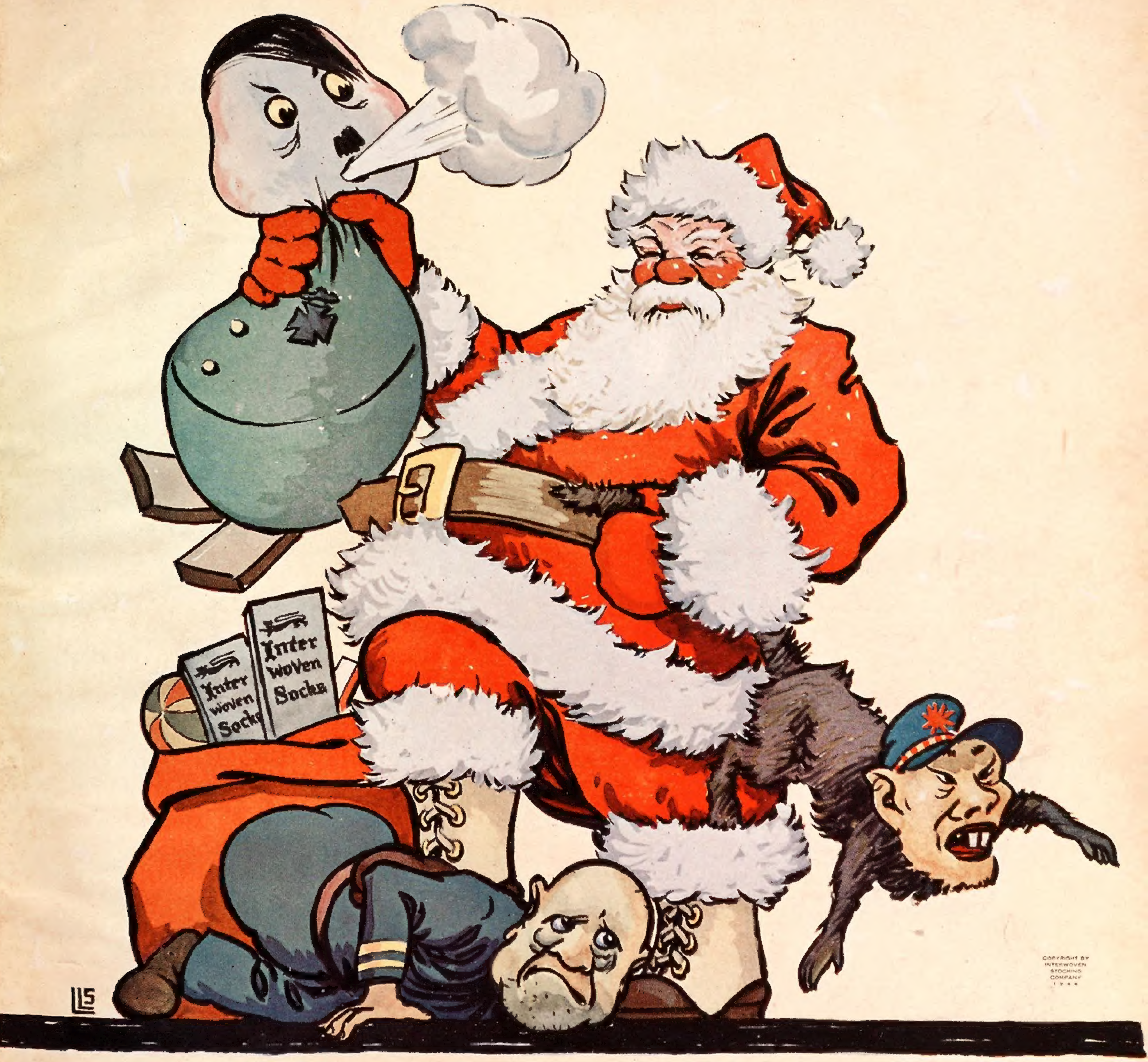
The all-occasion Cocktail — Ready Mixed—Simply stir with ice and serve—Available at all good package stores and bars.

Made and Bottled by
LEROUX & CO., INC.
Philadelphia New York City

PRODUCERS OF
LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.


Inter woven Socks
Inter woven Socks
LLS

COPYRIGHT BY
INTERWOVEN
STOCKING
COMPANY
1944

A Very Merrie Christmas
and a Happy New Year
from

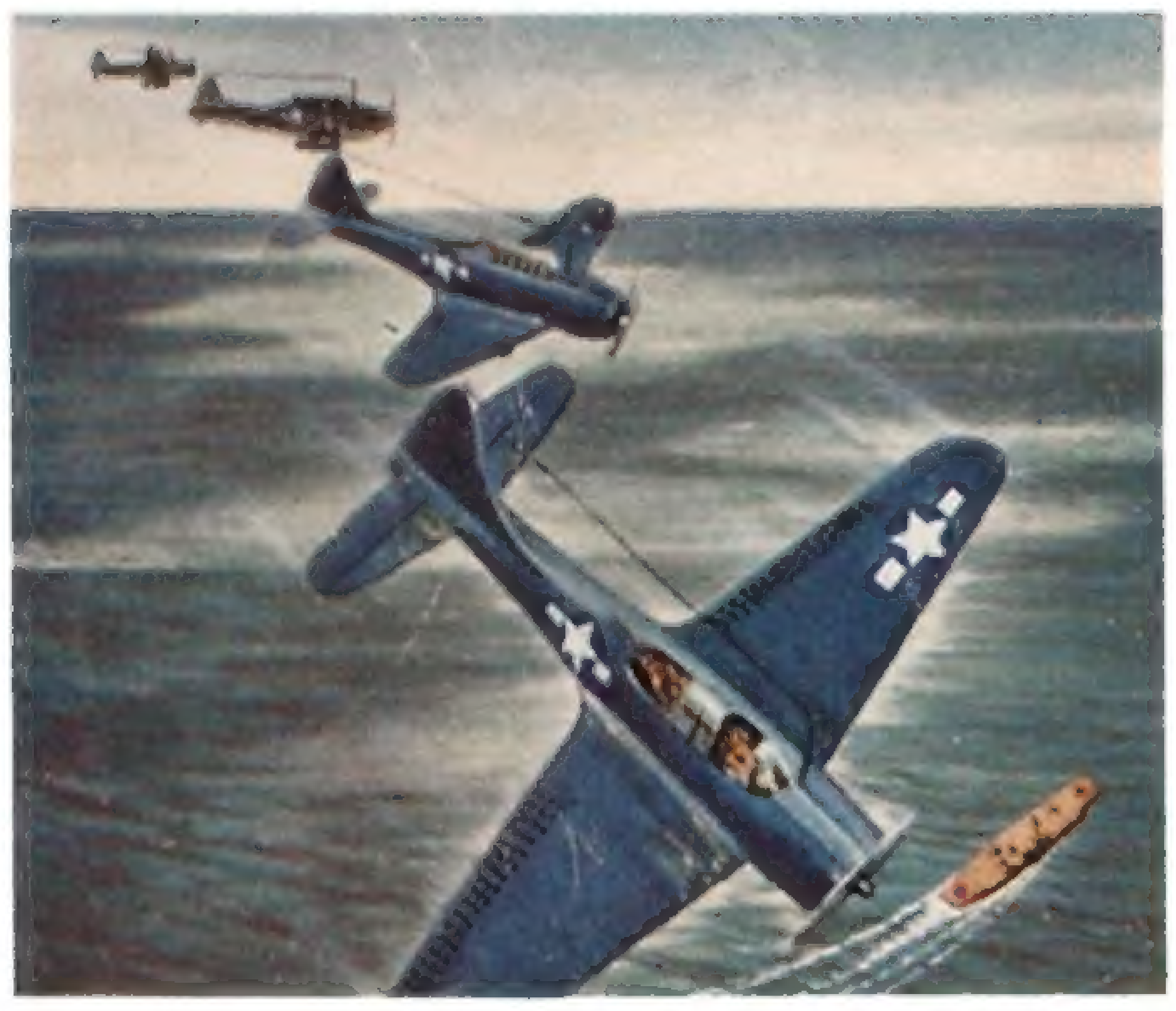
*Inter woven

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

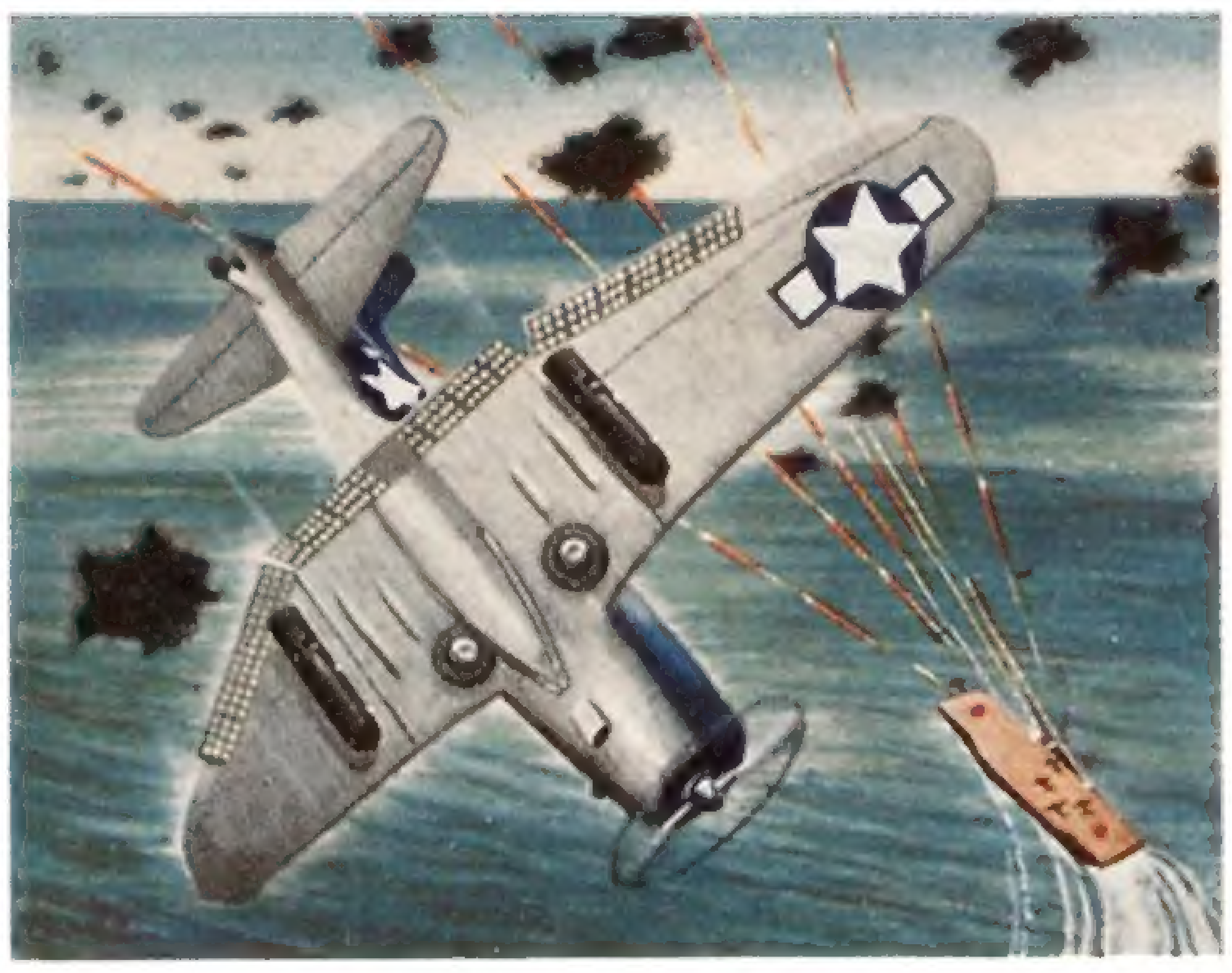
* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Pair of Aces... back to back

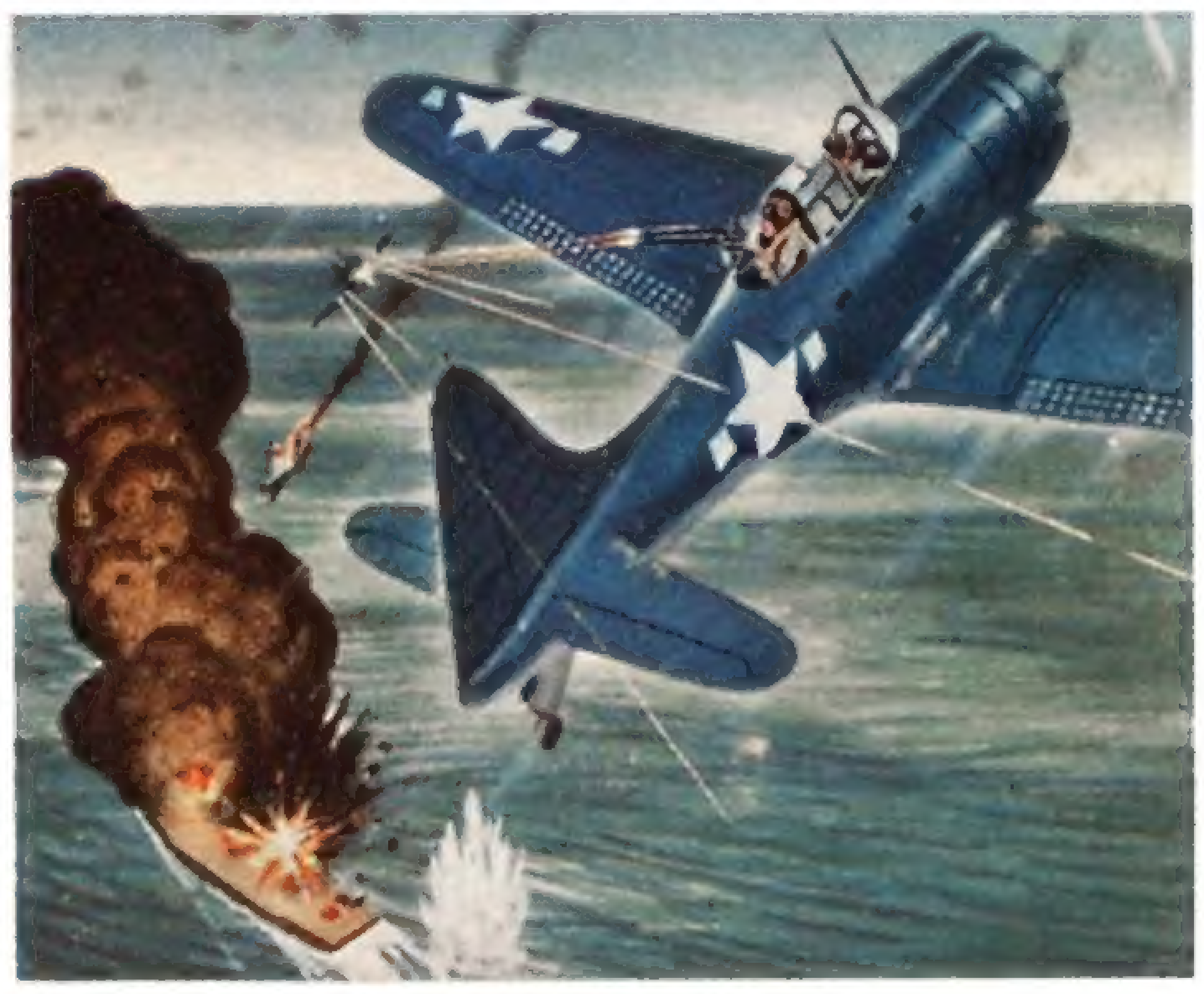
Typical Navy Action in South Pacific—
how pilot and rear gunner of a dive bomber team up for attack



1 *Only fifteen minutes before that Jap carrier was sighted, we stubbed out our cigarettes (yeah, Camels) and ambled into the back-to-back cockpits of the* Dauntless. *Did I say ambled? Scrambled! Soon, target sighted. Then came the peel-off and the dive.*



2 *Down . . . Down . . . Down! The Nip planes couldn't get a shot in . . . yet. But wait! They have their innings. Wow, that ack-ack! Filthy stuff. Greasy-black, deadly. Shrapnel and tracers tear the sky apart. But—luck holds. No vital spot touched. And . . .* bombs away!



3 *The pull-out . . . and the climb. Our rear guns start talking—and, brother, don't think those twin-thirties aren't eloquent! Swivel 'em around. Slug it out. Hot lead is the only weapon at a time like that when you're practically down on the enemy's deck. That takes shootin'. And . . . well, we don't want to brag, but look at the Navy's record!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL'S OUR CIGARETTE. SUITS THE THROAT AND THE TASTE TO A T
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

HOW COME that from Guam to Germany you keep hearing "They suit me to a T"? Well, try Camel's mildness, coolness, and kindness on *your own* throat. Try the rich, full flavor of Camel's peerless blend of costlier tobaccos on *your own* taste. See what *your own* "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tells you about this favorite-of-millions cigarette. Could be that you, too, will be saying "Camel's my cigarette—suits me to a T!"

Camels

TRY THEIR COSTLIER TOBACCOS ON YOUR "T-ZONE"—T FOR THROAT; T FOR TASTE